

## Chapter 91

Elizabeth stood frozen watching Ryan and Lena in total shock. Her lips slightly parted, her heavily made-up eyes were wide from the disbelief. She didn't say a word perhaps because she couldn't find the right one.

Right in front of her, Ryan calmly reached for the contact number posted near the entrance of the event hall, peeled it off the wall, and dialed it on his phone without any urgency. His demeanor was so casual, so annoyingly composed, it made Elizabeth's blood boil.

"Copy off the account number as well," he said to Lena, who nodded and immediately followed his instruction, copying the official account number of the APEX HALLS manager where he intend to send the money for booking.

He held the phone to his ear and glanced at Lena briefly. Her mouth had dropped open in pure confusion, her brows furrowed in disbelief. What was he doing?

"Hello?" Ryan said, his tone sounded so cool that it shocked Elizabeth how he managed to always feel that composed. "Yes, good evening. My name is Ryan Walker, and I'm calling regarding the reservation at APEX HALLS. Yes... I understand the McCarthys have paid for the bottom hall. That's fine... I'm hosting an emergency birthday celebration this morning for a dear friend of mine, Miss Lena and she requires both halls for her guests."

Elizabeth's breath hitched as she tensed, waiting to see how what Ryan was doing would end. She was already so confident watching him, believing that he would fall face down.

Ryan continued, "We're prepared to pay three times whatever the McCarthys paid. Yes, three times, no negotiation needed. Just let us know



the transfer details, and the money will be processed immediately.”

On the other end of the line, the manager's voice could be heard faintly, and Ryan nodded with a light smile. “Perfect. We'll be expecting you soon.”

He ended the call and slid the phone back into his pocket. He didn't gloat, he didn't even look proud. Instead, he turned to Lena, who looked like she was about to faint from the shock of everything that Ryan was doing to her.

“Ryan...” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Why... why did you do that? Three times their payment?”

Ryan leaned slightly toward her, his voice was low. “Remember what I said, just trust me.. you still have up to 8 million dollars left in your account from what I just sent you, right?” he said and she nodded.

“But they think it's me paying, are you willing to waste that much of your money for me. You're making it look like I am rich.”

“Yes,” he cut her off gently. “That's the point, let them think it's you... Let them wonder who you really are.”

Lena stared at him, confused, overwhelmed, and speechless all at once.

Across the room, Elizabeth's mother grasped her husband's arm tightly. Mr. McCarthy's jaw was locked, his face flushed with anger and disbelief. Julian looked like he wanted to speak but couldn't find his voice.

They didn't even have time to fully react before the double doors swung open, and a tall man in a black suit briskly entered eager to make more money. The APEX manager had arrived.

“Mr. McCarthy, Miss Elizabeth,” the manager said, with a firm but



apologetic tone. "I'm terribly sorry to inform you of this in such a setting, but we've received a new offer for both halls, top and bottom floor and... and the payment is not only full, but triple the original amount."

Elizabeth blinked. "Triple? Wait... this girl dressed in rag, you really believe she can pay triple? Even though you haven't even heard from her mouth, just because a man like Ryan called you, you believed it? Come on! Take a look, take a proper look at the man who even called you to make such an offer..."

"Yes," the manager said. "And just to be clear, we did not receive full payment from your family. You paid only half—five hundred thousand dollars. That was below our minimum requirement for this floor, but due to my respect for your father, I allowed it."

Mr. McCarthy's fists clenched at his sides. "We told you we were finalizing the balance after this party, for crying out loud we have been your great customers for years."

"And I understand that perfectly Mr. McCarthy," the manager interrupted politely. "But I must also be honest, I did it out of pity. Your secretary mentioned financial constraints..."

Elizabeth's face turned red instantly from the embarrassment. "Excuse me?"

"Miss Lena," the manager turned to the young woman beside Ryan. "Has not only fully paid for both floors but has offered three million dollars to secure exclusivity. I'm afraid we'll have to ask your party to vacate the bottom hall. You should have relocated upstairs, where we had a smaller venue available."

Elizabeth shrieked. "Relocate?! To the top floor?! Do you know how



small and cramped it is up there? There's barely enough room for a 10 guests!"