

Chapter 93

“Now is the best time to prove it, you can't just let watch the humiliation we would go through by leaving the entire Apex Halls for Lena...”

Elizabeth was fuming from anger and disappointment, she had no idea what she could do. She knew very well her father and mother wouldn't give that much up for just a birthday hall. And she was so desperate to not be humiliated in front of her Ex Husband, Ryan.

Julian was quiet, he didn't have anything to say, he still though that the amount was too outrageous and Elizabeth kept forcing him.

“Are you even aware that our wedding is coming up soon? Do you know we are supposed to be saving up for that? What would this same Ryan say if we can't afford a big wedding? He would still look down on you,” he said and Elizabeth scoffed and rubbed her forehead.

“Is this how you are going to let my ex-husband win over us again? Is this how you want to humiliate me in front of him, to make him know even you cannot chest the bills?” Elizabeth said in anger and then Julian said.

“You need to support me, Julian.. I need your support this time the most. Is this how you are going to disappoint me, and let Ryan ruin my birthday party?” she said, shaking her head in disappointment.

“I supported you during Stallion Night, I have been supporting you, Elizabeth. Why are you making it look like I have never supported you before all because I have refused to splash 6 million dollars on this?” Julian shot back, he too was becoming frustrated at Elizabeth's reaction.

“And look how that ended... You made me lose millions, I am not ready to lose more money tonight. Our wedding should be the priority for now, it



is what we should be saving towards and how maybe we can start a business or something.”

Ryan watched from afar as the tension grew between the couple. Elizabeth’s eyes darted around the room and then she noticed that everyone was watching them, although it wasn’t obvious if they had heard their words or not.

Julian finally stepped away from her with a sigh, clearly unwilling to help.

“Julian! Julian come back, I am not done taking yet,” Elizabeth said and then Julian didn’t turn back, he just left her at the corner to walk to meet them at the hall. Elizabeth couldn’t move a step, the embarrassment made her foot so heavy she could barely summon the courage to turn back to the hall and walk back in where the people were gathered without presenting 6 million dollars to the manager.

She clenched her fists tightly and shook her head, taking a deep breath before she finally got that courage.

She swallowed her pride, and turned back toward Lena and Ryan, she had tried to regain her icy composure but at that point she failed, her eyes were now red from holding back tears from spilling and she tried to see how she could convince the crowd that she just didn’t want to do it. Her eyes burned with hatred as she stood there in front of everyone.

“If you are ready, I could give you my account details, Miss McCarthy. I know that 6 million is nothing to a woman of power like you, and like Mr. Walker here had said, once you are able to double the offer, then... perhaps, Miss Lena would be the one to vacate the hall instead,” the manager said and some of the guests murmured in agreement.

“I’m not doing this,” Elizabeth said coldly. “I have the money but I don’t want to be childish. How can I drag a space with such a person that



is not even worth the price tag of my shoe? Lea here is nothing, all the money she thought she spent in here is something I would use to get my hair done. This whole party is cursed anyway."

She began to storm out, but Julian reached to stop her.

"Babe," he murmured as he tried to reach her.

"Don't touch me," she spat, yanking her hand away from his grip.

She left without even waiting for her parents or Julian.

Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy lingered for a moment longer, but they too turned and followed their daughter in silence, shooting an intense glare at Ryan as they walked pass.

The room grew still.

Lena stood trembling beside Ryan, still struggling to understand what had just happened. The elite society of the city had just watched Elizabeth McCarthy, the untouchable Elizabeth walk out defeated.

"Ryan..." Lena whispered again, about to go down on her knees in front of Ryan to show gratitude but then Ryan shook his head and pulled her back up, and she hugged Ryan tightly, tears streaming down her face. "I don't know what to say."

Ryan turned to her with warm eyes. He leaned close and whispered so only she could hear. "Not yet. Don't say anything yet, remember everyone believes that it is your money... let it remember that way, okay?"

Tears formed in her eyes as she nodded.

"But... all these people think it's me. They think I did this, you didn't



benefit from what you did.”

Ryan smiled gently. “Trust me, I did... I had fun and someone almost walked out in tears.”

Lena’s lip trembled. “But I didn’t pay for anything... can we at least be friends?”

“Sure,” Ryan said. She took his phone and typed in her number. Ryan smiled lightly as she handed him back the phone.

“Thank you so much, for everything...” he said.

“You deserve this,” Ryan repeated firmly. “For every time you were made to feel less, for every slap, every insult. Let this be your moment.”

The guests, slowly recovering from the shock, began clapping. Some approached Lena to shake her hand, others to thank her for the generous gifts.

The manager came back with a golden key to the VIP suite of the bottom hall and handed it to Lena.

“Happy birthday, Miss Lena,” he said warmly. “The entire staff is now at your service.”