

Chapter 94

With that, Ryan gave her a reassuring squeeze on the shoulder and turned to leave the hall. The party continued behind him, Lena surrounded by newly loyal guests, all of whom now saw her as someone powerful and someone to be respected.

But the second Ryan stepped out into the wide corridor outside the banquet hall, his expression tensed up when he noticed something.

He stopped in his tracks, noticing that they were still there waiting for him, they had never left.

Standing a few feet away, flanked by two silent security personnel, were Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy. Their faces looked like they just took poison due to how intense the bitter look on their faces looked.

"What are they still doing here, for goodness' sake?" Ryan said as he shook his head lightly and scoffed. He didn't stop there or change his direction, he kept walking straight as if he had not noticed them standing ahead of him.

At first glance, Ryan had assumed they had followed Elizabeth and Julian out in anger and humiliation. But clearly, that wasn't the case. They looked more like they were waiting to confront him once he walked out.

Apparently, they had even brought thugs.

Mr. McCarthy folded his arms, his brows arched in anger the moment that Ryan stepped closer to them. "Ryan Walker, what a show you have performed in there, ruining our daughter's birthday and shattering what was supposed to be her victory," he began, his voice was clearly full of arrogance and bitterness. "So this is what you've become, the rat that nibbles at a lion's tail?"



"Bravo, Ryan... I do not blame you at all, I blame that old fool that calls himself my father and forced my daughter to marry you. If not for that, where would you have met us from? Huh!" Mr. McCarthy said gritting his teeth and pointing a finger to Ryan's face as if he would charge towards Ryan to beat him up the next moment.

The thugs that were beside him, tensed and flexed their muscles so as to scare Ryan or make him tremble, but Ryan looked at them and laughed.

"If you want a fight, you don't have to stay there flexing your muscles like you are trying to impress a lady, come.. fight me like real men do," Ryan said and at that instant, one of the men who was so huge picked up the challenge and attacked Ryan.

Ryan watched him approach, as he threw one punch at Ryan, he ducked, while standing on the same spot and then the next thing, he ran his knees into the man's gut and the man staggered backwards and coughed up blood.

He attacked Ryan again and Ryan kicked him hard on the knee cap, shifting it with a loud, brutal crack...

Crack!!

Ahhhh!!

A scream tore through the man's throat and he rolled on the floor, asking for help and then Mr. McCarthy focused on the other thug and slapped him on the shoulder yelling..

"You fool! Come on, help him out and beat the life out of that fool," he shouted at second thug, but then the thug couldn't move, he feared the brutality in Ryan's fighting skill and he shook his head slowly.



The first guard was bigger and huge, and he was broken so easily by Ryan, then how about him who was just like Ryan with a regular body. He feared an encounter with Ryan immediately so he turned to the McCarthys.

“Sir, I... I am sorry, but this man has a deadly fighting skill.. I can't. I can't fight him, I don't want to end up in the hospital, he is good at what he does, he was obviously trained,” he said and then brought out the money that Mr. McCarthy had given him and shoved it back into his hand.

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