

### Chapter 95

Mr. McCarthy couldn't even talk, he watched silently as Ryan smiled lightly and the man who was on the floor fainted out of pain and the other walked away. He wanted to speak up but the words were lacking, so he closed his mouth again.

"You really chose to step on the tail of the tiger," he said to Ryan through his clenched teeth and Ryan scoffed.

Ryan raised an eyebrow and then spoke calmly and pretending to be polite. "There is no tiger here other than me, and it is totally impossible to step on my own tail, right?"

Mr. McCarthy's jaw twitched from anger. "You really have the nerve to stand here like this, after everything? Using other people's money to orchestrate some low-budget circus just to humiliate us?"

Ryan kept calm. "I don't think anyone at that party looks humiliated. Except the ones who came expecting to be worshipped, like you and your brat of a daughter."

Mrs. McCarthy, who had remained quiet, took a step forward. Her cold eyes scanned him from head to toe with barely concealed disgust. "Don't even dare call my daughter a brat! Tell me, Ryan," she said sharply. "What's your price, what do you want? I know you could use some money to brush yourself up properly, you even look hungry, but it seems you are not focused on finding your daily bread, rather you are after humiliating us."

Ryan frowned slightly. "Price? And for your information, I am not hungry for food or money, I don't need anything from you."

"Yes price," she snapped. "How much do you want to walk away from



our family? To stop this pathetic campaign for attention. You've clearly made it your mission to bring shame to us, stop it already... Just stop it."

Ryan chuckled and ended it with a scoff, "You think this is about attention? You think I'm doing all of this because I still want Elizabeth back?"

"Don't you? Every man there is in this town wants my daughter because of her beauty and power, and it is obvious that you are obsessed over her and you want to get her back." Mrs. McCarthy asked, arms crossed tightly. "Why else would a man go this far? She left you, Ryan. It's time to accept that."

Ryan stepped forward slowly, stopping just a few feet from both of them. His voice was steady, clear, and full of conviction. "Let me make something very clear to both of you. I don't want Elizabeth. I never want her back. And if there's one thing I've realized recently, it's that she never had the ability to love anyone except herself."

Mr. McCarthy narrowed his eyes, his tone became sharp. "Then what is it, Ryan? What's this little anger about? You win one award and suddenly think you're better than the family who gave you shelter?"

"Is that what you think you did?" Ryan asked, his eyes flashing. "Gave me shelter? No, Mr. McCarthy. What you did was treat me like a project. Like a broken stray you could parade around and call charity. And when I didn't bow like you expected, you discarded me like trash."

Mrs. McCarthy sneered. "If we discarded you, why are you still bothering with us? Why are you dragging our name through the mud at every opportunity?"

Ryan raised his head slightly. "Why don't you tell me what you've been up to lately?"

They froze instantly, their eyes turning to each other before they faced Ryan again.

Mr. McCarthy blinked. "What do you mean?"

Ryan took another step forward, his voice becoming cold, "You paid a visit to the Lord's Villa last week. Right?"

Both their eyes widened. Mr. McCarthy's lips parted slightly, there was a sign of unease flashing across his face. "How do you know about that?"

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