

Chapter 96

Mrs. McCarthy attempted to regain her composure, her voice became tight from the tension rising in her chest. "And what business of yours is that, Ryan?" she asked, forcing a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

They were both so nervous that they couldn't really look at Ryan's eyes, and their eyes darted up and down, but they avoided his gaze and something told them that they had been caught. They didn't quite expect him to be aware of their recent engagements.

"What business do you want with what we have been up to lately? Are you our manager or something, or do you still consider yourself part of our family? Don't fool yourself, you can never be part of this family," she said to Ryan and he huffed.

Ryan didn't even glance her way as he responded, his tone sounded so sure already that they knew he was knew what he was talking about. "Let me guess... You went there trying to buy something." He paused deliberately, letting the silence in before continuing, "Or should I say—someone? My mother."

"You went to buy her, to teach me a lesson, right? And you had taken enough money to make sure you are the top bidder, in order not to lose the chance to secure her, right?" Ryan said with a smile on his face.

The entire space fell into an intense silence. The McCarthys never expected this at all.

Mrs. McCarthy's confident expression faltered in an instant. Her face lost all color, as though the blood had drained from her body. She looked as if she'd just been caught stealing from her own dinner guests.

"You really thought that by purchasing her, by dangling money in front

of someone so dear to me, you could somehow strike back," Ryan continued, his voice was filled with anger but he didn't shout, his voice was cold, and at that point, even the McCarthys were afraid of him.

"You wanted revenge. Not just for losing that golden award to me at the Stallion Night event, but for the very idea that someone like me, someone you once considered beneath you, could outshine your precious family."

He stepped closer, each word sharper than the last. "You didn't just want to humiliate me. You wanted to break me, and use it as leverage to hold me down at your mercy. For that little mistake, I will retaliate... and it is going to be very intense that it will shake your entire family."

"Enough," Mr. McCarthy cut in harshly, his voice rising with tension as he attempted to contain the growing panic in his chest. "I don't know where you're getting this ridiculous story from, but that's all it is, nonsense."

"What do you think of us, to accuse us in such manner, do you think we are low class like you who are jobless to the point of chasing you about? No! We are wealthy people with businesses and we are too busy to notice people like you if not that you keep throwing yourself at our faces," Mr. McCarthy said casually, denying.

Ryan looked at them both with anger in his eyes, but he controlled it so well that he managed to put a smirk on his face, and that smirk confused the McCarthys the more.

"You are denying, you are denying that you had such intentions right? But the thing is that, you have drawn the battle line, Mr. McCarthy. You have made an enemy, and I will make you regret every decision you made," Ryan said with the same cold smirk on his face. "I know everything."



Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy turned to each other instinctively, and for a fleeting moment, the mask of superiority slipped from their faces. Fear crept in. It was subtle, but unmistakable. The kind of fear that came from realizing you had underestimated your opponent far too late.

Ryan's eyes didn't blink as he went on. "I'm not just stepping on the tail of the tiger anymore," he said quietly, his voice now deadly calm. "I'm going for its teeth and its claws. When I'm finished, there will be nothing left of the beast you both pretend to be."

Mr. McCarthy gave a hollow scoff, puffing up his chest like a cornered lion. "You're bluffing. You walk around trying to sound like a king, but you're nothing more than a barking dog without a bite. Do you even understand who you're talking to? I run this city!"