



Chapter 97

"It is never possible for you to go against me, then what more for you making me regret any of my decisions? It is never going to happen, and I am never going to regret anything or any step I took towards you, not in this lifetime or the next," he said to Ryan and Ryan smiled calmly.

A faint smile played on his lips as he replied, "Not for long."

The boldness and confidence he used in saying it made the McCarthys wonder what he was up to. Their eyes scanned him up and down, and his fists clenched from what Ryan said.

Mr. McCarthy's head snapped toward him. "What did you just say?" he growled, his voice low and dangerous.

Ryan leaned in slightly, just enough to make the moment feel intimate and threatening. "I said..." he whispered, "...not for long."

For a brief second, Mr. McCarthy's expression twitched. His jaw clenched, his eyes narrowed, and his hands balled slightly into fists. It was as if he couldn't decide whether to strike Ryan or summon security to throw him out. But neither move came.

Instead, Mr. McCarthy straightened his back with a huff, adjusting the knot of his expensive tie in a pathetic attempt to look unbothered.

"You know what?" he said dismissively, waving his hand. "I don't have time for this childish ranting. I have an important meeting tomorrow morning. With the seven investors who just bought into McCarthy Technologies. Real businessmen who require my attention, and so, I cannot waste all my energy and time on a riffraff like you."

"A riffraff, right?" Ryan said with a cold smirk... He knew the McCarthys



were about to get hit tomorrow morning by the same man they call a riffraff.

Ryan remained utterly still, his expression unreadable, but his eyes never left Mr. McCarthy's.

The older man mistook the silence for intimidation and carried on, emboldened by his own voice. "I'll be surrounded by actual power tomorrow. Not children playing dress-up in a world they can't begin to grasp. You see, Walker, I'll be speaking with people who matter, unlike you. If I weren't busy holding this city together, I would've crushed you beneath my heel a long time ago."

But Ryan simply smiled.

It wasn't warm. It wasn't a mocking smile, knowing that Mr. McCarthy would soon realize the extent of his own foolishness.

"He really has no idea", Ryan thought.

The seven investors Mr. McCarthy was so eager to impress, those mysterious names on the shareholder list were nothing more than fabrications, ghosts...

Each one was a carefully constructed alias.

And behind every one of those false identities stood Ryan Walker.

Seven separate blocks, ten percent each.

Seventy percent in total was his share in the McCarthy company and even the CEO, Mr. McCarthy has no idea yet.

Ryan now had enough power to seize full control.

McCarthy Technologies, once the pride of the McCarthy dynasty, no longer belonged to them.

It belonged to him.

And tomorrow morning, when the boardroom doors opened and the McCarthys arrived, expecting seven new investors, they would instead come face-to-face with a single man.

Ryan Walker

With all the legal documents and majority ownership, he would claim the throne they never dreamed he could reach.

As Mr. McCarthy continued to greet his teeth, Ryan studied him calmly, as if watching a man sign his own downfall with every boastful word.

"Good luck with your wretched life, Ryan Walker," he said to Ryan dismissively.

Ryan merely inclined his head, his voice still sounded composed. "Good luck with your meeting tomorrow morning," he replied.

Mr. McCarthy's eyes narrowed, his contempt so intense it almost seemed personal. "Enjoy your borrowed power while it lasts," he spat. "Men like you always lose it in the end."

Ryan didn't say another word.

He turned on his heel and walked away without a backward glance, leaving Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy in a cloud of delusion and pride, completely unaware that by the time the sun rose tomorrow, everything they had built would belong to the very man they tried to destroy.