

Chapter 99

He nodded. "Yes, please..."

The ride was unusually quiet. For the first time in a long time, Elizabeth wasn't thinking about fashion shows, tabloids, or her I*****m followers. She was thinking about her father's legacy.

And how, sooner than she thought, it would be hers.

The black Mercedes glided to a smooth stop in front of the towering glass building of McCarthy Technologies.

It was exactly 9:50 AM.

Mr. McCarthy stepped out first, adjusting the knot of his royal blue tie as he cast his eyes upward, feeling proud of his achievement.

The towering building bore his name at the top in proud silver letters.

They started walking away from the car towards the entrance.

Mr. McCarthy glanced sideways at his daughter, eyes filled with expectation even though he had told her what he was expecting.

"Walk like you own the place," he said under his breath.

"I intend to," she whispered back, flashing him a smile.

Inside the main lobby, employees walked around the corridor in uniform smart skirts, a few of them paused when they saw the McCarthy family enter.

They offered polite nods and half-bows, but many of their gazes lingered on Elizabeth and they couldn't help but narrow their eyes at her in



curiosity.

"She's never been here before," one intern murmured to another behind the reception desk.

"She's stunning," the other whispered, "but isn't she the influencer type, I have never imagined her to be into business?"

Elizabeth noticed the stares. Her smile didn't falter, but internally, she rolled her eyes.

Mr. McCarthy paused near the front desk, sensing the confusion and curiosity from the people there, and cleared his throat.

"I see some of you are meeting my daughter for the first time," he said, his voice carrying the same authority it always did. "This is Elizabeth McCarthy. She'll be taking on executive responsibilities from now on."

There was surprise across their faces. A couple of assistants murmured congratulations. The receptionist quickly straightened up. "It's an honor, ma'am."

Mrs. McCarthy stepped forward with a smile. "Start getting used to seeing her around. She's the future of this company. And don't let the glamorous look she has make you think she is too soft to handle this.... Elizabeth is sharper than she looks."

Elizabeth gave a gracious nod. "Thank you. I'm looking forward to working with all of you."

They moved past the reception, and approached the boardroom.

Just before they reached the final hallway, they noticed a man standing silently near the entrance.



He was tall, neatly dressed in a crisp black suit. His posture was rigid and professional. He wore a pair of rectangular glasses, and he clutched a slim leather folder in one hand and a chrome-handled briefcase in the other.

Elizabeth's gaze moved to him curiously, and Mr. McCarthy slowed his steps, narrowing his eyes slightly.

"Excuse me," he said politely but with a commanding tone. "Can I help you? Are you with the staff or one of the investors?"

The man turned toward them and gave a respectful nod. "Good morning, Mr. McCarthy. I am not part of your staff. I'm here on behalf of one of your shareholders, as his legal representative."

Elizabeth raised her head and leaned closer to her father, whispering, "He's a lawyer?"

The man heard and responded with a slight smile. "That's correct. I'm here representing my client's interests in today's board meeting."

"Ah, I see," Mr. McCarthy replied, the tension in his shoulders easing. "You must be here on behalf of one of the new investors. The ten percent shares, right?"

There was a brief pause.

"Actually," the man said smoothly, opening his leather folder and producing a business card, "I'm representing the shareholder who acquired the seventy percent ownership block."

Silence fell.

Mr. McCarthy blinked once. "I'm sorry—seventy?"



The lawyer nodded. "Yes. Seventy percent."

There was a visible twitch in Mr. McCarthy's jaw. "That... that must be a mistake. A miscommunication of some sort. It was supposed to be seven investors, each acquiring ten percent. That's what the brokers said. Seven diversified partners, not one dominant party."

The lawyer's expression didn't change. "Understandable... These sorts of clerical errors happen often. I imagine your office wasn't made aware of the real deal."

Mrs. McCarthy let out a soft, amused chuckle. "Ah, no.. the error must be from the person you are representing."

"I suppose that's possible," the lawyer replied tactfully, though something in his calm demeanor made Elizabeth's stomach flutter with unease.

Mr. McCarthy narrowed his eyes at the man's lapel pin. "You're from Hemsworth, Royce & Lyon, aren't you?"

"I am," he confirmed. "Senior legal associate."

"Well," Mr. McCarthy said, breaking into a grin, "Now that's a firm. To get one of their lawyers on a case? Ha! You could spend that money on a fleet of Rolls Royces instead."

They all chuckled.

"Your client must have some serious backing to retain a firm like that," Mr. McCarthy added with a slight nod of admiration. "Whoever they are, we're glad to have them on board."

The lawyer smiled politely. "I'm sure my client will appreciate that."



Elizabeth stepped forward slightly. "Will we be meeting this client today?"

The lawyer shook his head. "Not at the moment, but yes.. he should be on his way. But everything I say and decide today reflects his interest and authority. Rest assured, he will be very much present in a few minutes from now."

Mr. McCarthy extended a hand toward the boardroom doors. "Well then, let's begin. Please, come in, come in..."

The lawyer gave a curt nod and followed them inside.

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