



The Bet

Word got around very quickly that Alan had rented The Emperor's Room at the Black Orchid club.

This caused a buzz in Springfield city because such an extravagance was broadcasted on live television.

The people at home gets to witness the events in the Emperor's Room.

The interior has marble columns that rose majestically to the vaulted ceilings.

The walls were draped with rich fabrics, and the floor covered in rich Persian rugs.

The chandeliers, the bar counters and even the edges of the lavish seating were featured with golden inlays.

The table was adorned with crystal glassware and gold-rimmed plates.

The tables holds the weight of the most expensive drinks in the country, ranging from the Diamond Martini to the Golden Emperor's champagne.

The serving women, skillfully play harps, violins, and pianos to entertain the guests.

Then there was the throne of the Man of the Event.



The throne, was carved by experts in a lion's form. It was the centerpiece of the event.

Built on a raised platform, the man of the show sits on it like a king, crowning the height of the occasion.

Alan Knight was excited. He only has an hour to show off his family's wealth.

He was dressed in a purple outfit, signifying royalty. The two women walked beside him as he entered The Emperor's Room.

Alan saw his friends whom were all gathered in the room. They cheered when they saw him and stood up to greet him one by one with their congratulatory messages.

He felt like a king. Just when Alan was about to seat on the throne, the door swung opened and Elijah walked in.

All heads turned to Elijah. Everyone was surprised to see him.

There were only twenty guests allowed inside The Emperor's Room, how did he get in?

"Hey," someone said. "Who let the loser in?"

Elijah ignored him and travelled his gaze to Alan.

Alan barely recognize Elijah. He was well aware of the presidential pardon granted to Elijah.

However, he didn't think much about Elijah. Looking at him now, Alan was surprised at Elijah's growth over the past six months.

Despite donning on casual wears, Elijah looked like he stepped out a magazine.

Alan's mood turned sour and he yelled at the female supervisor whom was left in charge of the party.

"What is this man doing here?" Alan barked. "He isn't supposed to be here."

The supervisor, began to sweat. She didn't know what was happening either. "Forgive me, sir. I'll call security immediately."

To everyone's surprise, Alan slapped the girl hard. "You're useless. This was supposed to be my big day and because of your incompetence, it's ruined."

The girl sobbed, keeping her head lowered. "I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again."

Elijah dug his hands in his pockets, a jeering note in his voice. "And they call you the Bringer of justice. You're a bad person, Alan. You're not a lawyer. You're a fraud."

Alan's face fumed. "It seemed I made a mistake. I should've convinced the judge to sentence you to death."

Elijah smirked. "And how's that working out for you?"

Alan recalled Olivia mentioned her brother, Wyatt was gunning for Elijah.

Five minutes ago, Alan would've called Olivia to inform Wyatt he had found Elijah, but now, he was so mad he wanted to tear Elijah apart on his own.

"I'll fix you," Alan took out his phone and called the manager. "Hello, where the hell are you? Get your ass in here or I'll be having a field day in your stupid club. Also, bring your bastard security guards along with you."

Hanging up, he faced Elijah. "You made a grave mistake barging in here, Elijah. You should've never returned to Springfield city. I'll have you chewed and spat out like chaff."

Elijah was indifferent. "You don't know who you're talking to, Alan. If you did, you wouldn't hold your head so high."

Alan and his band of friends laughed. He approached Elijah. "Look at this clown. Who do you think you are? Need I remind you of your pathetic story in this city?"

Elijah rolled his eyes. "Go ahead."

Aware, the cameras were running Live, Alan took this as his advantage to destroy Elijah beyond repairs.

"You're the piece of garbage son-in-law to the Lee-Wood family. Late Lord Owen made a big mistake marrying you to the beautiful Olivia. He never knew he housed a scum and a greedy bastard in his home."



Alan's friends laughed at Elijah's expense. The camera zoomed in on Elijah, showing his nonreactive expression.

Alan, already drunk with wine, delved further. "Lord Owen left the family business to you in his will, Elijah and how did you repay him? You molested his granddaughter when everyone had gone to bed."

The atmosphere changed into anger and spite. Elijah could feel heated gazes burning holes on his face.

"You monster," a friend of Alan spat.

"I was there at the court. He's full of shit." Another said.

"Ungrateful son-in-law. I wished he had died."

Elijah clenched his jaws. Being reminded of his past fueled his past.

All the more reason why he must destroy this proud man, Alan with all his might.

Alan spread his arms wide. "As you can see, Elijah. Everyone remembers the trash you are. We never forgot."

"It doesn't matter if you got pardoned by the president. It doesn't matter how buffed or good-looking you are. Your reputation is ruined. You'll suffer in Springfield city."

Elijah cleared his throat. "You're the one who's going to suffer, Alan. You'll regret what you did to me six months ago."

"

Alan stepped forward and spilled a whole bottle of champagne on Elijah. "I'll like to see you do that, you piece of shit."

Just then the door opened and the manager rushed in with ten security guards. His eyes were filled with tension.

If the owner of the club learns a high status customer's party was interrupted in the Emperor's Room, he was as good as dead.

When the manager saw Elijah, he wondered how Elijah managed to gain access into the Emperor's Room.

He instantly yelled to his men. "Men, take this man away and beat him up into a vegetable."

Elijah pointed at the manager. "How much does the club worth. I want to buy it."

The security guards came to a standstill.

The manager folded his arms. "The club is not for sale."

Elijah cocked his head. "I learned you're just a manager. Call your boss and let me speak to him. Once I buy the club, I'll make you my partner."

The Emperor's Room roared with laughter from Alan's friends.

"Can you believe this joker," Alan held his stomach from laughter. "I admire your confidence, Elijah but this is too

much."

Elijah maintained a determined expression. "Wanna bet? I'll buy this club and everything in it."

Alan scoffed. "Quit making a fool of yourself Elijah. For your information, this is The Emperor's Room. An hour to rent here is ten million dollars. You just came out of prison. There's no way in hell you'll be able to afford even the spoons used here."

Elijah smirked. "I learnt the Knight family owns a total asset networth of two billion dollars. If I buy the Black Orchid club, your family must pay me half of the knight family's networth."

Alan was drunk and when he's drunk, his mind doesn't think straight anymore.

"I accept your challenge, you clown," Alan laughed. "And if you turn out to be a fraud, I'll not just beat you up but I'll make you a slave in my house. I'll have you locked up in a kennel like a dog."

Elijah faced the camera and announced. "The world is bearing this bet as witness. You won't go back on your words."

"Fuck you," Alan spat. "Buy the goddamn club if you can."

Elijah returned to the manager. "Call your boss."

The manager reluctantly called the club owner and handed the phone to Elijah.

Everyone watched Elijah as he talked to the club owner. "Hello. How much are you selling the Black Orchid club?"

"1.9 billion dollars," the owner answered. He was watching the whole drama from his mansion on TV.

"Zenith, credit his account with a 1.9 billion dollars," Elijah ordered Zenith.

A screen appeared before Elijah's face: [DONE. ACCOUNT CREDITED]

The owner received an email on his phone. The moment he saw the money he announced excitedly on the phone.

"The club is all yours, sir. I'll be with my lawyer tomorrow to finish the paper works, have a wonderful night, sir."

Elijah returned the phone back to the manager whom was spell bounded.

Silence. No one made a sound.

"Wait a minute," someone suddenly spoke. "What just happened?"

"Just like that? The club now belongs to Elijah?" another man muttered.

"He just said a few words and the club owner sold it?"

"Is this a hoax?"

"I don't believe it."



Alan snarled at Elijah. "Who do you think you're fooling here, Elijah? There's no way you—"

Alan stopped talking when the manager along with the security guards went down on his hands and knees and bowed to Elijah.

"Master," the manager shouted. "What are your orders?"

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