

## Chapter 0022

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Alan Knight drove into the club to celebrate his family success of acquiring a contract with Smith's industries.

The Black Orchid club was the most luxurious club in the city. A bottle of water costs three thousand dollars.

It was so luxurious, only the super rich could afford to throw a party there.

However, this was not a problem for Alan. He had money to spend.

A valet came over and held the door of his Rolls Royce opened.

Alan stepped out with two hot girls, dressed in scanty wears.

They laughed and squealed excitedly around Alan as he led them towards the entrance of

The Black Orchid club.

The bouncer recognised Alan instantly and waved him in with a bow.



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Alan was a regular at the club and everyone liked him. He was a great tipper.

The moment Alan stepped inside the club, the atmosphere changed. Everyone cheered and clapped.

News in Springfield city travelled very fast. Everyone knew the knight family were now working under the umbrella of Smith's industries.

This was the Knights family's biggest accomplishment.

Alan laughed, reveling in the attention he was getting from all corners.

"Thank you, very much," he grinned. "As my treat, order up anything you want. All the bills on me."

Another resounding round of cheers and applause shook the foundation of the club.

The manager of the club rushed up to Alan side and bowed slightly. "Welcome, Alan. Congratulations for bagging the Smith Industries contract."

"If it weren't for me," Alan boasted so everyone



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could hear. "My family wouldn't have stood a chance. It was thanks to my brilliance and legal knowledge we made it. I deserve all the accolades."

Everyone knew Alan's capabilities so they weren't entirely surprised. Instead they admired him.

"You most certainly do, Alan," the manager grinned. "May I arrange the VIP section for you as usual?"

Alan frowned and grabbed the manager by the collar. "Don't be stupid. I want the Emperor's Room, tonight."

The Emperor's Room was at the top floor of the club.

It was rented out once a year because it was so bloody expensive. No one could afford it.

Last year the governor rented it out to celebrate his birthday but he could only afford to rent it for twenty minutes.

The manager felt happy. "The Emperor's Room has always been kept in good condition, Alan. For how long do you intend to rent it?"



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Alan was sober, so he could think more clearly. He had over thirty million dollars in his account right now.

He could afford to splurge ten million tonight until his next allowance.

"Let me have the details of the costs," he demanded curtly, releasing the managers collar.

"But of course," the manager straightened his suit. "The Emperor's Room per hour is ten million dollars."

Alan raised an eyebrow. "Ten million dollars. For just an hour?"

The manager rubbed his palms together, his teeth shinning. "It is your big day after all. Surely ten million is chicken feed to the Knights family."

Alan smirked. "Yeah, you're right. Ten million is chicken feed. I'll rent it."

"Splendid," the manager was feverish with excitement. "I'll have it ready in ten minutes. Do you have anyone you want to invite into the Emperor's Room?"

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Alan wrapped his arms around the two women's waist and pulled them close to him. "Why, yes. I have hundreds of friends. How many can The Emperor's Room accommodate?"

"Twenty people, sir," the manager said. "It's a really exclusive section of the club. Not just anybody can enter. Your friends must be of high status."

Alan loved the sound of that. "In that case, I'll make a call immediately."

The manager led him towards the elevator that would take him to the changing room.

On the way there, Alan invited twenty of his friends.

"I want you all to come to The Black Orchid's club now," he said to his phone while the two ladies caressed the hairs on his chest. "I'll be entertaining y'all at The Emperor's Room."

\* \* \* \*

Elijah had stalked Alan from Alan's penthouse to the club.

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When Elijah entered the club, he was intrigued by The Emperor's Room.

He had overheard everything between the manager and Alan because Alan was shouting at the top of his voice so everyone could hear he was renting the Emperor's Room.

Now, the club was buzzing with noises about how amazing Alan was.

Elijah chuckled. "I've never been in the Emperor's Room. Might be an opportunity to see what it looks like."

He wandered off to the bar and beckoned to the bartender.

The bartender came over and regarded Elijah with disdain.

"What do you want?" He asked curtly.

This bartender had been at this job for ten years. He knew every customers by their real names and families.

He could tell who has more money and who was a "tag along" as he calls it.





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Elijah, was dressed so simple and classless, it was easier for the bartender to place him in the "tag along" categories.

"Everyone's making a big fuzz about this Emperor's Room," Elijah said. "It happens to pique my interest. Tell me about it."

The bartender regarded Elijah from head to toes. "Get out of my sight. What would you find interesting about The Emperor's Room when you can't even afford the most expensive cocktail here."

Elijah studied him for a while. "What's the most expensive cocktail you've got here?"

"The most expensive cocktail is White Victoria and it costs two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," the bartender jeered. "Think you can afford that?"

Elijah wrinkled his nose. "That's not expensive. That's dirt cheap."

The bartender snapped. "Oh, yeah? Then why don't you just buy it?"

Elijah looked around then tapped a lovely blonde

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who sat next to him by the shoulder. "Hey, sweetheart. Let me buy you a drink."

The girl shrugged. "Sure."

Elijah returned to the bartender. "Make that two cocktails and I'll pay."

The bartender crossed his arms. "Just to be clear, this doesn't add to the bills Mr Alan Knight is going to foot tonight. This bill is solely for you."

"That's enough talking already," Elijah faked a yawn. "Mix my drinks."

"I only accept payment before service," the bartender said curtly. "I must be sure you're not a fraud."

Elijah grinned. Then took out his cheque book and began scribbling some figures in it.

As he did so, he spoke, "See, before the night is over, I'm going to buy this club and make some..... er..... changes about the bartenders. Also, the drinks served in here are too damn cheap."

The bartender stiffened when Elijah handed him a cheque of five hundred and thirty thousand dollars.



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"The thirty thousand dollars is your tip," Elijah leered at him.

"Hold on a minute, let me confirm this cheque," the bartender excused himself and went behind the bar.

Elijah waited. He knew the bartender would make enquiries.

He knew the bartender would be shocked when he learnt this cheque was from the Phoenix Bank.

He knew the bartender would also receive another shock that Elijah owned a Diamond account.

There were only ten Diamond accounts in the world from the Phoenix Bank.

Opening such an account cost the earth. Only elite billionaires can afford to own one.

The bartender returned back, his face was as pale as the belly of a fish and his eyes were wide with shock.

"Now then," Elijah leaned forward, aware the blondie beside him was watching him with

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interest. "Tell me more about the Emperor's Room while you mix our drinks, would you?"

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