

The unexpected appearance of Derek Harvey left Penny and her family reeling from the sudden, inexplicable turn of events.

Curiosity got the better of Benson when they were back at the dining table, continuing their breakfast. “Your words came true when you’d said Mr. Harvey would show up today to apologize in person.” He cast an inquisitive glance at Nathan, “Do you have something to do with this?”

“How could this be possible? I’m sure that it’s merely a coincidence.” Leah snorted, “He hardly had stepped out of the house the entire night. There’s no way that he could be involved,” she insisted.

“Besides, what makes you think that a homeless bum like him could get Mr. Harvey to show up with his

apology?”

“I’m sure that this is due to his conscience that has been haunting him with horrible nightmares, reminding him of what karma would befall on him if he’d continued with his vices.”

“That’s why he showed up at such wee hours of the morning.” She shrugged, “He was merely following his conscience, that’s all.”

Leah was a devout believer who had never skipped a prayer throughout her life. Hence she would attribute all unexplained events to karma, fate, and retribution.

Benson was skeptical of Leah’s explanation; he found it wrought with superstition.

Yet he could not agree more with Leah when she proclaimed that Nathan was incapable of performing

such a heroic feat when all he had done was loitering around doing nothing. How could he get Derek Harvey to show up and apologize, let alone if he could not even get himself a proper job?

He speculated that it had all boiled down to Derek Harvey's own conscience, which had prompted him to feel remorseful.

A different vibe struck Penny about the whole matter. She reckoned that it was likely masterminded by Nathan and executed by Thomas Dunn.

It takes a monster to kill a monster. There would be no suitable candidate for the job, other than Thomas Dunn, who was a hundred times more ruthless and diabolical than Derek Harvey.

While she was glad to escape unscathed from the turmoil, she knew that it was all due to the influence of

Thomas Dunn, whom of which Nathan had already helped Nathan on two occasions.

She firmly believed it would be impossible for Thomas Dunn to help them again for the third time. Their luck would run out soon, and it was vital for Nathan to rein in his rashness.

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Meanwhile, at the Royale Villa Residences, the Smith Family's Mansion.

Sean Smith, the patriarch of the Smith family, together with Samuel Smith and Paul Smith, his eldest and his third son, was having a conversation in the study.

"I found it simply outrageous," Paul complained. "How could Mr. Harvey let Penny off the hook and, calling

us up to inform us that he would continue to partner with us?”

“Mr. Harvey is a shrewd businessman. I bet that he would not want to meddle with Penny’s lunatic boyfriend. A mad and penniless guy like him has nothing to lose. Mr. Harvey knew better than to waste his time with that hooligan, subjecting himself to unnecessary risk.” Samuel explained, “It’s better for him to drop it altogether and let the matter pan out.”

Sean expressed a scornful grimace the moment he heard Samuel talk about Penny and Nathan. “It sickens me to the core whenever I hear her name. What have I done to deserve such a shameless granddaughter like her? She has utterly ruined our family’s name!”

Samuel came up with a baneful suggestion, “Dad, since we’re having your seventieth birthday banquet

tomorrow, why don't we banish Benson and his family from attending the party, using this opportunity to disown them from the Smith family?"

Paul played along, "Yes, Dad. Wouldn't it be an utter humiliation in front of our friends and relatives to let them attend your anniversary party?"

"Let them come." Sean waved his hands in disagreement, "Now that Mr. Harvey had the leniency to let them off the hook, what would others think of us if we expel them from our family? It would look bad on us and make us look petty and callous if they compare us to an outsider like Mr. Harvey."

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In the afternoon, Penny and her family were delighted to know that they had been invited to her grandpa’s seventieth birthday banquet, which would be held at the Grand Hyatt Hotel.

That meant that they were still regarded as part of the Smith family since Sean had given them the green light to attend the banquet.

Nonetheless, it was a thorny issue when they had tried to think of a suitable birthday present for Sean.

“I know that we can’t afford something lavish, but we shouldn’t give him something too cheap either, or it could reflect badly on us.” Penny suggested, “We should think of a present that is moderately priced, yet useful and meaningful to him in a certain way.”

They racked their brains to think of one, but it was easier said than done.

It was Nathan who finally made the bold call, “Why don’t you just leave it to me? I assure you that we’ll give Sean an extraordinary present which would mean the world to him.”

“Nathan, are you sure about this?” Penny eyed him skeptically, “Do you really think that you can find a present that would please grandpa on his seventieth birthday?”

“Trust me, I know what to do.” Nathan offered her a confident smile.

Soon after, he walked out to the balcony, giving Colin Dunne a call, “I need a present for Sean Smith, who will celebrate his birthday tomorrow. The present doesn’t have to be most lavish, but it must be the best



for him.”

“Understood, Sir!” Colin Dunne answered with absolute subservience.

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The following day.

It was a big day for Penny and her family, as they prepared themselves for Sean’s birthday banquet.

Just as they were about to leave the house, Penny asked Nathan whether he had the present ready. It had almost slipped her mind.

“Here it is.” Nathan smiled, unearthing a small box.

It was an inconspicuous, worn-out box.

What was inside the box was a pill, all sealed up in plastic. It was almost the size of a marble.

Penny and her family brooded with fear. They dreaded to think of Sean's response upon seeing such a preposterous present at his seventieth birthday banquet.

"How could this tiny little pill be our birthday present? Are you out of your mind, Nathan?" Penny was on the verge of tearing at her hair.

"This is no ordinary pill, Penny." Nathan explained benignly, "This pill was cultivated more than sixty years ago, its name is Phoenixia. It was made with the rarest and most precious medicinal herbs and ingredients that have a miraculous effect on illnesses caused by what we commonly termed as the three highs - hypertension, high blood sugar, and high cholesterol. These are the three harmful killers that

could lead to typical chronic diseases such as stroke.”

Unbeknownst to them, it was a gift carefully chosen by Colin Dunne, as required by Nathan.

After conducting a thoughtful analysis on Sean Smith, Colin Dunne knew that Sean was flushed with cash; he was never short of money.

His greatest worry was his health since he was aging and plagued with the three highs; hypertension, high blood sugar, and high cholesterol.

These three highs were potential killers that could lead to illnesses such as stroke, diabetes, and other chronic diseases. Colin Dunne splurged an enormous amount of money to get ahold of the miracle pill which could work wonders at treating such chronic diseases. That was how it had ended up being the birthday gift for Sean Smith.

Penny and her family were taken by surprise when they heard about the miraculous effect of this unsightly pill.

Besides, they could hardly afford any lavish gift because of their shoestring budget, not to mention they were running out of time to get themselves another present.

“Are you completely sure of this, Nathan? This pill could really work wonders?” Penny needed a double confirmation to dispel her doubts.

“Absolutely.” Nathan asserted.

So they gave him the benefit of doubt and made the pill their birthday present.

All they could do was pray hard that what Nathan had

said was true, that this was indeed a miracle pill. Otherwise, they could land up heading home with their tails between their legs.

With Queenie in his arms, Nathan and company showed up punctually at the entrance of Grand Hyatt Hotel - the venue of Sean's birthday banquet.

The whole of Peony Hall of the hotel had been reserved for the grand occasion of Sean's seventieth birthday banquet. Fifty tables were spread across the hall, which was bustling with activity.

Donned in a classic tailored suit, Sean was busy welcoming their guests at the reception area, accompanied by his two sons, Samuel and Paul.

"Compliments from Mr. Joseph Jenkins, President of Harvest Corporation, a Monet masterpiece with his message, Happy birthday to Mr. Sean Smith."

“Compliments from Mr. Zack Tyler, President of Sky Property Group, a century-old Pine Bonsai Tree with his message, All the best to Mr. Sean Smith on your seventieth birthday.”

The staff at the reception announced the names of the arriving guests and even the nature of their gifts and birthday messages.

When it came to Nathan and company, the staff read out aloud, “Compliments from Benson Smith and his family, a tattered, broken pill with their message, Best Wishes and Happy Birthday to father.”

A tattered, broken pill!

The words sent a burst of roaring laughter from the hundreds of guests in the hall.

This made Sean see red. His cheeks were puffed, like two blobs of red paint as he glared heatedly at Benson, who had just come up to Sean, about to greet him.

“What kind of shit are you giving me as a birthday gift, Benson?” Sean spat out at Benson, furiously.

“Don’t get so worked up, Dad.” Benson explained nervously when he saw the rage in Sean’s eyes, “This is a pill called Phoenixia; it is said to be a miracle pill against chronic diseases caused by the three highs in...”

“What do you mean by that, Benson?” Samuel cut him off with a sardonic grin. “Are you trying to say that you can’t wait for Dad to catch those chronic diseases? Is that the reason why you have given him the pill as your present?”

“No, Dad, Samuel. That’s not what I mean...”

Benson’s face turned deathly pale.

Plop!

An old-looking, worn-down box was thrown to the floor, right in front of Benson and his family. It almost shattered the box to pieces. A tiny round pill came rolling out of the broken box; it was Phoenixia.

It was Miles Smith, the son of Samuel Smith, who had thrown the box to the floor.

“Look at the broken pill you’re giving us here,” scoffed Miles. “Save it for yourself!”

Rage and shame were all over the faces of Benson, Leah, and Penny, who was carrying Queenie in her arms.



Nathan gave them a cold, hard stare before he bent over and picked up the pill. “Wait till you find out the monstrous prowess of this tiny pill. You’ll come back begging on your knees for it.” He uttered impassively, “And you’ll live to regret throwing away a piece of treasure like this. “

“Huh? A broken pill like this is a rare treasure? Save it for yourself, we’ll never beg you for it! Haha!” Samuel snorted, while the rest of his men laughed mockingly.

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