

I Made \$900 Trillion In 24 Hours

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The heart transplant

The landlord revealed he sold Snow to the Nightingale family at an underground slave auction.

He revealed Reeves Nightingale ran the transaction, buying Snow in cash. Barry almost went nuts as the thought of Reeves claiming ownership of his sister's life filled him with cold dread. "You cold-hearted bastard," Barry bawled at Barnes' face. "How could you do this to me behind my back? You didn't have to sell my sister just because we owe you rent." Barnes was scared of the viciousness in Barry's eyes that he lost most of his colour. "I-It's not my fault," Barnes retorted nervously. "A member of the Nightingale family needed a heart transplant. They took your sister to the Central hospital, and she was a perfect match. I couldn't resist the price Reeves offered me." Barry smacked a blow to the side of Barnes' face, dislocating his jaw. "You're evil," Barry said breathlessly, his voice laced with malice. "When I get back, I promise you, I'll have this apartment torn to the ground. Mark my words." Without caring to check on Barnes, Barry rushed out of the apartment, waved down a taxi and urged the driver to drive as fast as he could to Central hospital. * * * Barry stormed into Central hospital, approaching the reception desk with hurried strides. "I need to speak with the doctor in charge of the transplant surgery for the Nightingale family." The receptionist hesitated at first before she responded. "He's currently having a meeting." Barry glanced over the counter at a list laying on her desk. It contained office numbers and names of each medical specialists. Barry was quick to grasp the little info on the heart transplant doctor and took off without waiting for her. He looked around every corridor and passages, his mind filled with desperation. Finally, he found the doctor's office and rushed in without knocking. Seated before the doctor was the Nightingale family. Reeves Nightingale was startled when he saw Moses. He jumped to his feet. "What the hell are you doing here, Barry?" Barry's blood boiled as he gazed at Reeves. Ignoring his tone, he stepped forward towards him. "Reeves, I learned you bought my sister from my landlord. Hand her over. I'm here to take her back." Reeves was taken aback by Barry's bold demand. "That girl was your sister? It's a small world indeed. If I had known she was related to you, I'd have paid lesser for her." "I don't want any trouble," Barry said. "Just hand her over. She's all I've got left." A cruel smile lit up Reeves' face. "What gives you the stupid idea I'll hand her over? Forget it, Barry. Your sister belongs to the Nightingale family now." Barry spread his arms, his voice rising with frustration and anger. "My stupid landlord sold her without my permission over our unpaid rent. I have every possible rights to claim her back." Reeves' grin widened. "That's no skin off my nose. She was brought to the underground slave auction this afternoon. I paid good money for her. She's mine now." "Then let me pay you back," Barry pleaded, staring around the office. "I'll double the price if it suits you. Just hand over my sister back." Reeves slapped Barry hard across the cheeks, startling him. "You're too loud and annoying, Barry," Reeves spat out. "You seem to forget you're standing before the Nightingale family- the top elite families in North Hills. Bow and show some respect." Barry waited for the other members of the Nightingale family to say something, but they all looked at Barry with their nose up in the air, expecting him to bow and beg them. To their surprise, Barry ignored Reeves, then turned to Kane Nightingale, the patriarch of the Nightingale family. "Mr. Kane. You paid \$250,000 for my sister. I'll double the price. Just release her." Kane Nightingale frowned at Barry's unusual confidence.

“Double the price, huh? Aren't you the broke son-in-law who's a leech from the Raven family? You can't even afford to pay your own rent without help from the deceased Mrs. Evelyn.” Barry clenched his fists until his knuckles turned white. “I'll get the money. If you want it now, I'll deliver.” Kane's eyes went icy. “I'm not giving your sister back, you piece of trash. My youngest daughter, Patty, is gravely ill and in need of a heart transplant. Your sister, Snow, is a perfect match.” “But if you do that, what's going to happen to my sister?” Barry demanded, almost viciously. “She would die. I can't stand and let her die just to save a total stranger. Name your price. I'll pay you whatever amount you demand to find someone else.” At that moment, Naomi Nightingale, Kane's wife, stood up abruptly and slapped Barry across the face. “You heartless pig,” she cursed. “So you would rather prefer my daughter to die while your stupid sister goes on living, right? Here's a news flash for you! Snow belongs to us now. You're never getting her back until our Patty's life is saved.” Barry realized something at that instant. These people didn't care about him or his sister. They were confident in their power and wealth to bend him to his knees. However, Barry wasn't intimidated anymore. Twenty-four hours ago, he would have broken into tears and pleaded on his knees. But not today. Barry was rich. Far richer than any human has ever been in the history of humankind. Something died inside Barry instantly. It was his humanity. He wanted to destroy these people. He wanted to dominate them and make them crawl on their knees. Not only that, but he wanted to make them suffer the humiliation and pains he endured all these years. Taking a deep breath, Barry narrowed his eyes and turned to the doctor. “How much are you willing to sell this hospital? I want to buy everything.” The doctor and the Nightingale family were taken aback by Barry's sudden demand. They weren't expecting it. “This institution is owned by the government,” the doctor replied. “It's not in my power to sell it.” “Everything has a price,” Barry said coolly, placing his hand on the table and leaning towards the doctor. “Call your superiors and inform them Central hospital is under a new management. If the government is willing to sell, I'll buy it.”

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