

Chapter 23

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."

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