

Chapter 24

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 network of two billion dollars. If I buy the Black Orchid club, your family must pay me half of the knight family's network."

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?"