

Chapter 25

Alan was sweating, like a pig.

The numbers he saw didn't lie. A billion dollars was confirmed to be paid in the club's owners account.

Elijah now owns the club. It was Alan's turn to fulfil his end of the bet.

Party was over. Elijah's first order was to kick every one of Alan's friends out of the Emperor's Room.

Being the only one left with Elijah in the Emperor's Room, Alan felt trapped.

The cameras were shut down on Elijah's orders and the live broadcast was turned off.

To Alan's dismay, he watched Elijah walk up to the lions throne and sat down on it, crossing his legs majestically on it.

"I don't know if you could take it," Elijah said. "You now owe me half the Knight family's assets."

Alan snapped. "Bullshit. I don't owe you anything."

Elijah glared down at him. "You seemed to forget you accepted my bet on live television in front of everyone in Springfield city. If you go back on your words, you'll only ruin your family's reputation."

"You bastard," Alan cursed him. "You set me up."

Elijah hide a grin. Indeed this was part of his plan. He knew the Knight family's reputation was more important to them than gold.



However, that doesn't mean gold meant nothing to them. If half their assets was given away, they'd suffer.

"Take it however you want to," Elijah said. "It doesn't change a fact your family owes me money."

"Even if we did, I know my family. They won't pay you squat," Alan grinned. "It's just a bet. There was no contract signed between us, Elijah. I'm a lawyer. I could sue you for this."

Elijah wrinkled his nose. "I don't like that shitty grin on your face. I'm going to leave my number with the manager."

Alan laughed. "You're being silly, Elijah. What makes you think I'll come searching for you?"

Elijah smiled inwardly. "Oh, you will, Alan. You will."

Alan spat at Elijah's feet. "You disgust me, Elijah. Mess with me and I'll make sure you regret it."

Elijah watched him leave The Emperor's Room. The moment he was gone, Elijah spoke to Zenith.

"Zenith, I connect me to the Knight's family's direct home line. I want to have a word with them."

Zenith replied. [HOLD ON A SECOND, SIR]

Elijah gave a satisfactory sigh. "Now all I have to do is seat back and wait."
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* * * *

Alan drove recklessly home. He was nervous about something.



As soon as he arrived at the Knight's gates, he met his brother, Curtis waiting for him.

Curtis sat down on a stool, his arms folded, his face a dark scowl.

Confused, Alan got down the car and approached him. "Curtis, what's happening? Why are you seating outside the gate?"

Curtis stood up and brushed passed Alan. He sat down in the passenger seat and shut the door.

Alan walked over and leaned in through the window. "You're freaking me out, Curtis. What's happening?"

"Get in the car and drive," Curtis said in a controlled tone. "Grandfather wants to see you."

Curtis suddenly felt uneasy. If his grandfather wanted to meet him this late, there was trouble.

All of a sudden, Alan didn't want to return home.

However, he entered his car and drove passed the large acres of lawn until he pulled up in front of the Knight's luxurious fifteen bedroom mansion.

The servants didn't come out to greet Alan as usual, neither did he see the family's butler to take his coat.

This was strange. What could be happening?

Curtis opened the oak door leading into the sitting room and jerked his head in. "Come inside. Everybody's waiting."

Alan swallowed and entered.



The atmosphere in the sitting room was suffocating with tension.

Alan caught his breath when he saw his grandfather's hunting rifle laying on the table.

Every member of the knight family were gathered, glaring at him.

Seated at the head chair was his grandfather, Sir Holman.

Sir Holman's face was purple with a rage Alan had never seen before.

Sir Holman was breathing hard, his chest rising and falling, and there were wrinkles on his face formed by his thick frown.

Curtis locked the door behind Alan and stepped away. He didn't say anything.

Alan remained rooted at the spot, sweats running down his face.

"Alan," Alan's father stepped forward. "You should understand you just escaped death. If it weren't for our intervention, your grandfather would've shot you the moment you crossed that door."

Alan only had to look at Sir Holman's expression to know this was no joke.

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