

## Chapter 26

The hunting rifle on the table was a testament to his father's words.

"What did I do?" Alan asked even though he already knew.

Alan's father approached him and punched him hard in the belly.

Alan bent over and dropped on his knees, gagging in pains.

"You still have the audacity to ask what you did?" Alan's father yelled. "Because of your stupidity, you've destroyed your family."

Alan hugged his stomach, trying to subdue the pains he felt there. "I don't understand."

"Let me put it to you clearly," his father went on. "You accepted a stupid bet to pay half the Knight family's assets to a man you know nothing about, if he could buy the Black Orchid club."

"I was set up," Alan defended himself. "That bastard Elijah put me up to it but I swear I'll get to the root of the matter and expose him. We don't have to pay anything. We can sue the club."

Sir Holman growled. "I swear to God, let me grab my gun. We're wasting time talking to this rat. Let me kill him."

"Sir Holman, calm down, please," Alan's mother soothed him down. "Let the men handle this."

Sir Holman relaxed but his death stare was still fixed at Alan.

Alan's father continued. "As I was saying, Alan. We're not suing the club. We're not filing any legal actions against Elijah or whatever his name is called. Wanna know why?"



Alan looked up at his father, his eyes wide. "We're not suing? Why?"

"Because, thanks to your stupidity, the entire country knows about your bet with Elijah, even Smith's industries," Alan's father said.

A chill ran down Alan's spine. "What does Smith's industries have to do with a bet?"

"They want to see how trustworthy we are. You may call it a harmless bet but what you just did was place our reputation on the line. Now, an hour ago, before you arrive here, the new chairman of Smith's industries, Arthur Smith called us."

Alan's lips suddenly ran dry. "What did he say he want?"

"He wants to know if we've met our side of the bet. He's very interested in your bet, Alan. According to him, it was quite a show you put out there. He would like to see you finish it."

Alan immediately felt like drinking. His throat was as dry as a desert sand.

"I don't believe it," was all he said.

"The knight family's assets put together, amounts over a billion dollars. The man you met at the club bought the club for 1.9 billion dollars. He's obviously richer than we are."

"You're wrong," Alan said, rising to his feet. He had completely forgotten about the aches in his stomach. "Elijah is a nobody. He wouldn't own such money. You all knew his history. Allow me to investigate this. I'll expose the truth."

"Too late, Alan," Alan's father shouted at him. "We're stuck between tarnishing our transparency and losing Smith's industries contract or we could pay up to this Elijah and retain our chance at recovering our loss."



Alan wasn't a fool. He knew what his father said was true.

If Smith's industries dissolved their contract, the Knight family was done forever. Nobody would do business with them.

They would fold up their companies. They couldn't risk losing Smith's industries.

"So we're paying that piece of shit, half a million dollars?" Alan shouted, his hands on his head.

"That's correct. Everything you own, your cars, your houses, your clothes, your expensive wrist watches, we'll sell it all to make up for what we're paying Elijah," his father announced.

Alan felt his whole world shatter. "Holy shit, You can't do that."

"Oh yes he will," Sir Holman said, reaching for his gun. "We have a second option. I can shoot you dead and not worry about a thing."

Alan stepped back. He looked at Curtis for help but Curtis wouldn't even look his way.

"From now on, Alan, you're no longer a member of the knight family. You'll leave this house with nothing to your name. Only the clothes you're wearing. I've frozen your accounts and I've stationed guards not to let you in your houses," Alan's father proclaimed.

Alan fell on his face, begging with tears in his eyes. "Forgive me. If you send me out like this, I'd die."

"Get out," Sir Holman picked up his rifle and fired three shot to the ceiling. "Get out of my sight before I pump lead in your body."