

Chapter 27

It was a brand new day. Elijah woke up and stretched his back.

He went through his morning routine of exercises at the gym.

For the first time in years, he slept well. He had dealt with Alan, Abigail and Wyatt brutally in less than a week.

From his sources, Alan had been trying to reach out to Elijah. He returned to the Black Orchid club requesting for Elijah's number.

But Elijah had made orders never to let Alan back inside the club.

Helpless, and without a dime to his name, Alan now wanders the streets of Springfield city like a homeless person.

The knight family couldn't afford to lose out on Smith's industries contract. They paid half a billion dollars into Elijah's account in order to save their reputation.

Alan suffered the consequences. He went ahead, telling people to help him beg Elijah for forgiveness.

Everyone thought Alan had lost his mind and avoided him as a result.

Many people in Springfield city, still have doubts about Elijah, being the man who ruined Alan.

They found it hard to believe Elijah could afford to buy a billion dollar club as the Black Orchid.

As for Wyatt. Elijah learnt he was now a shut-in.

He couldn't face his friends and families again, not after his ego got



shattered by Elijah. He couldn't recover from his trauma.

Elijah felt content. This was only the beginning.

He decided to give his enemies a breather for the day.

"Zenith," Elijah said, drying his body. He had just had a shower. "Are there any events happening today that might pique my interest?"

Zenith responded. [WOULD A CAR AUCTION INTEREST YOU, SIR?]

Elijah walked over to his wardrobe, changing into plain white shirt and a stripe pattern trousers.

"Maybe," he said thoughtfully. "Where is it being hosted?"

[AT THE CAR SHOW ROOM OPPOSITE SPRINGFIELD'S PARK] Zenith responded.

"I'll be there," Elijah wore his wrist watch. "I've got half a billion dollars to spend. Might as well see what I can buy with it."

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A powerful motor bike halted outside the Skytower show room, the biggest showroom in the country.

Elijah got down his bike and removed his sunglasses.

He was impressed by the banners and holographic advertisement by the entrance to the building.

Elijah joined the small crowd of people into the showroom and bought a first class ticket.

He was led by a personal attender into the main room where the auction

was taking place.

The atmosphere was charged with excitement as wealthy Collectors strolled around the large room, admiring the various collections of cars.

Elijah surveyed each array of cars, unimpressed. Sebastian owns at least five of these.

Which was why Elijah chose to own a bike. He didn't want to own the same sports car Sebastian owns.

Suddenly his eyes fell on a rare vintage beauty that captured not just his attention but the attention of everyone in the room.

"It's beautiful," Elijah thought to himself. "I want it. I must have it."

At that moment, the light dimmed down and a limelight beamed down on only the vintage beauty, drawing everyone's attention to it.

A man dressed in an expensive tuxedo walked on the raised platform with a microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you all today to our first car auction in Springfield city. We present to you, a piece of automotive history, the stunning 1961 Ferrari 250 GT SWB California Spider."

Elijah stared hungrily at the car, his eyes fixed on it with excitement.

The Auctioneer continued, "We start the bidding for this magnificent piece at 8 million."

A confident bidder raised their paddle. "\$8 million."

The Auctioneer grinned. "\$8 million, do I hear \$8.5 million?"



Elijah relaxed. He wanted to see the big shots around here. So he waited and watched patiently.

With time, the bids climbed higher and higher, causing the room to be charged with anticipation.

The Auctioneer was excited when they hit \$17 million. "Splendid. \$17 million so far. Now, who would take this beauty to \$18 million?"

No one raised their paddle. They were at their limits.

"This is my turn to shine," Elijah thought to himself. "A grand entrance to throw everyone off."

Just as he was about to raise his paddle, someone beat him to it. "\$20 million!"

Everyone turned to watch the new bidder whom hadn't said a word since the beginning.

It was Scarface, the most notorious mafia don in Springfield city.

He was known to be a dangerous man. He held so much power in the underworld that people were afraid to say his name nor look him in the face.

Scarface enjoyed a little challenge but there was no one to challenge him. Whatever he wanted, he gets it. No one questions his desire.

But now, he was bored. He wanted the vintage car but more than anything, he was hoping to see anyone else who might be bold enough to challenge him.

"Wow, we have a bold bidder with a bid for \$20 million," the Auctioneer announced nervously. He was scared of Scarface. "Do I hear \$20.5



million?"

Scarface smoked a big cigar, his expression bored.

Elijah studied him. He knows nothing about Scarface but this dangerous man intrigued him.

"Zenith," Elijah said. "Run a data on this man and give me a brief info about him."

Zenith responded:

[Real name: Bruno Sanchez.

Nickname: Scarface

Networth: \$400 million

Profession: Mafia don]

It wasn't much data but it was enough for Elijah to know whom he was dealing with.

With a measly \$400 million, Scarface was to Elijah, just an average guy on the street.

"He seemed the type that liked a challenge," Elijah smiled inwardly. "Very well. I'll give him a challenge he'd never forget."

Elijah raised his paddle and announced. "\$21 million."

Everyone stiffened in shock and turned sharply to Elijah's direction.

Scarface was surprised. This was the first time in years anyone had challenged him in an auction.



He turned to see who the idiot was. His face darkened when he saw the handsome looking guy smiling directly at him.

Scarface have an unredeemable hatred for good-looking men. That was because Scarface was ugly.

His ugliness was as a result of his past years of fighting and injuries he received in shady dealing.

Scarface could've had a plastic surgery if he wanted to but he hates hospitals so he left his face like that.

Still, it irks him to see a man this good-looking challenging him.

"I'll kill him," Scarface thought then stood up and announced. "I bid \$28 million."

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