

Back in the Cloud Palace, Nathan was enjoying his lunch together with Penny and her family, soaking in some wonderful, quality family time.

Suddenly, the Benson's phone let out a loud shrill.

He could not believe his eyes when he saw the number on the screen, "Wait, it's Samuel calling. Why would he call me all of a sudden?"

"My instincts tell me he must have called for the pill," Nathan stressed out, with an indiscernible curl of his lips.

With that being said, he laid out the pill on the table. The pill had been sealed up to preserve its freshness and effect.

It had dawned upon Benson and his family that Nathan had seen this coming when he had said that it would be a matter of time for Samuel and his men to come begging for the pill.

With a smidgen of skepticism in his eye, Benson put the call on speaker mode, “Hello?”

Samuel’s voice resonated across the other end of the call, “Benson, dad is in terrible shape now and he needs Phoenixia to save his life. Bring the pill over now, right away.”

Benson’s startled eyes grew bigger and rounder when he heard Samuel’s quivering voice asking for the pill - It’s true! Nathan had hit the bullseye again!

He flashed an unbelievable look at Nathan and was about to open his mouth to agree to Samuel’s request.

Benson had always been wary of his elder brother; he would never dare to defy Samuel.

Leah snatched the phone away before he could say a word. “Huh! So you’re asking for Phoenixia now?”

She cried scornfully, “Didn’t you guys throw it on the floor and say that it was a rotten pill? And you even told us to save it for ourselves?”

“What makes you think that you can just take it back now since you’ve treated it like dirt?”

“Don’t think that it’ll be so easy to take it back just like this. Come and beg us if you really want it!”

With an angry grunt, she hung up the call.

The phone shrilled again the moment she hung up; it was Samuel again.

She switched off the phone altogether, along with her own and Penny's phone. "Didn't they just put us to shame in front of our friends and relatives when they'd dumped our present to the floor?" The red-faced Leah spoke agitatedly, "Not to mention how they singled us out by making us sit outside the banquet, feeding us with leftovers."

"Yet they have the guts to demand us to hand over the pill as if they have every right to own it."

"There's no way I'm going to give in unless they come to us and plead for it. Not over my dead body!"

Penny could not tear her eyes away from Nathan. It was unfathomable to her how he could say things with absolute accuracy. This was just like the previous occasion when he expected that Mr. Harvey would show up at their door with an apology. It had turned

out to be true.

Now his prophecy seemed to materialize again when he said that Samuel and his men would come back for the pill, and he was right again. Samuel had just called Benson asking for Phoenixia.

It dawned upon Penny that Nathan had always kept his word; his prediction was never wrong.

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“What are you talking about?” chided Nathan with a lighthearted smile, feeding Queenie with her food.

“Don’t give me that look.” Penny puffed at him, “What made you think that Samuel would come and beg us for that pill? How did you know that in advance?”

Her words prompted Benson and Leah to fix their suspicious eyes on him.

“When I was mulling over what should be the best birthday present for Sean, I heard that he had a medical condition of the three highs, which was prone to illnesses such as stroke,” Nathan explained.

“That’s why I wanted to give him the pill as a present.”

“As for what makes me so sure that they would come back and beg us for the pill, it all began at the banquet when I saw him offering rounds of toast to his guests.”

“Drinking is the largest cause which has led people with such medical conditions to fall ill, hence I’ve secretly feared the worst for Sean.”

“I was sure that Samuel and the rest would be bound to find out about Phoenixia from the doctor, should anything have happened to Sean. That’s why I said that he would come to us and ask for the pill in order to save Sean.”

As if they had just unlocked the greatest mystery on earth, Benson and Leah gave out a revelatory expression after they had heard Nathan’s explanation.

Though Penny was still feeling skeptical about the whole matter, the explanation from Nathan sounded plausible to her.

“So is it true that Phoenixia can work wonders for those illnesses caused by three highs?” Benson

asked, awed by the miracle pill.

“Yes, it really does.” Nathan nodded firmly.

“I presume that it would cost a bomb?” Leah wheezed.

“It would be extremely difficult to find such an ancient pill these days,” Nathan acknowledged with a smile, “the last time they saw one was at an auction. It was sold for ten million.”

Ten million!

Penny and her family gasped in awe when they heard its price tag.

“Since it’s such a precious thing,” Benson immediately handed back the pill to Nathan, “you’d better keep it somewhere safe.”

“This thing only cost a few bucks in the old days.”

Nathan explained, “Now its price has soared to some astronomical figure, thanks to those rich men who had found out about its miraculous effects and wanted it for the sake of their own health.”

“Yeah, but even a few bucks in the old days was still quite a sum of money for this pill. How did you get the pill, Nathan?” Penny inquired.

“It had always been with my family.” Nathan gave a beguiling wink, “It wasn’t costly when we first had it.”

“But this pill has become so precious now. You’d better take it back and make sure you keep it well,” Leah stressed.

“Since Samuel had asked Benson for the pill. I believe that it has got to do with Sean’s condition. Why don’t

we let Benson decide on what to do with it?” Nathan suggested with a friendly smile.

His message was obvious to Penny and her family.

Knowing that Sean needed the pill badly for his condition, Nathan wanted Benson to have the pill, empowering him with not just the choice of giving or keeping the pill, but with the choice of saving Sean’s life.

“Yeah, this was what we had wanted to give Sean as his birthday present, but he had thrown it on the floor and made a scene out of it. Think about how he made us sit on a solitary table outside the banquet, feeding us with leftovers.” Leah glared at her husband reproachfully, “Should you dare to give the pill to them just like that, I’ll make sure that you’ll never get a day of peace in the rest of your life,” she warned.

Nathan jumped in to offer his support, “My mother-in-law is right, Benson. Sometimes we need to flex our muscles and let them know that we have our pride too.”

His words were music to the ears of Leah, who would usually have chided Nathan for calling her as his mother-in-law since she hardly had a favorable impression of him. However, things seemed to have changed for the better now for Nathan in Leah’s eyes, as she began to see him in a more positive light.

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An ambulance arrived at the Grand Hyatt Hotel and rushed Sean to the hospital.

Samuel sent his wife and kids along with the rest of the relatives to wait at the hospital, while he beckoned for Paul, his young brother, to follow him to a discreet

corner at the hotel for a secret chat.

“I’ve called Benson up, asking him to send over the pill, Phoenixia. But he just hung up on me,” Samuel grumbled, “and now he’d even turned off his phone.”

“I bet he’s pissed off with us now,” spat Paul, grudgingly, “he doesn’t even give a damn for dad’s condition.”

“Dad is getting on in age. This may be his last straw and he could leave us forever.”

“But isn’t that a good thing for you, Samuel? With dad’s gone, you could take over as the patriarch of our family.”

“The problem is that dad has not made a will, Paul.” Samuel shook his head in frustration, “If dad should pass away so suddenly in the absence of a will,

Benson would get up to one-third of the family's fortune too, according to the inter-state laws."

"What? What gives him the right to such a claim?" Paul cried out in exasperation.

"Being the son of Sean Smith, he's entitled to dad's fortune, just like you and I," Samuel explained.

"What should we do now, Samuel?" Paul was running out of patience.

"We need to ensure that dad stays alive so that we can get him to make a will. It should only include you and me as the beneficiaries to his estate." Samuel said with a grave voice, "I'm sure that I can get dad to do that since he listens to me."

"But we need the pill from Benson to save dad. By any means, I need you to go to Benson now and get

the pill from him.”

“That’s easy.” Paul flashed a sinister grin, “I’ll take Dico and his guys along with me. They’ll beat the shit out of Benson if he refuses to hand over the pill.”

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