

## The Reign of Zane Gardner Chapter 4

### A Lavish Get-Together

The charity gala was a lavish affair, boasting an opulent venue adorned with crystal chandeliers and plush velvet drapes. The elite guests were dressed to the nines in designer gowns and tuxedos, exuding an air of sophistication and wealth.

As Zane arrived, heads turned and whispers spread through the crowd. He made his way through the throng of well-to-do individuals, his tailored suit catching the eye of many. The doorman greeted him with a respectful nod as he presented his invitation, granting him entry into the prestigious event.

Stepping into the grand hall of the luxury hotel, Zane took in the scene before him. Soft music played in the background as guests mingled and sipped on champagne, their polite conversations filling the air.

In one corner of the room stood a small stage, surrounded by tables and chairs arranged neatly for the evening's entertainment. Zane confidently navigated through the sea of wealthy patrons, commanding attention with his mere presence. It was clear that among this crowd of privilege and extravagance. Some people who saw him recognized him. A woman and a man looked at him from a distance, both familiar faces to Zane. She is his ex-wife, Nora, and her new husband, Morel. He didn't seem too happy to see Zane at the event.

“Nora, am I not seeing it wrong? Isn't that useless Zane?” Morel asked skeptically.

Nora turned to see what Morel was looking at.

"Really? That's impossible, right? How is he on this show?" Nora said.

The sight before Nora made her heart stop beating. She was still in denial that it couldn't be  
Zane, he thought.

But as they walked towards Zane and got closer, there was no denying it. Zane stood alone  
in the middle of a room attended by rich people. Nora took a deep breath and pulled Morel  
‘with her.

"What are you doing here, Zane?" His voice trembled with discord and anger. “Do you know

‘where you are? This is not the place to see someone like you.”

Nora's eyes fell on the clothes Zane was wearing. She wonders where he got the branded suit

and it is an expensive suit. He knew that Zane would never be able to afford it.

"And, where did you get this suit? Did you steal it? Even renting it you definitely wouldn't

be able to afford it." She continued.

"I don't think I need to explain it to you." Zane said indifferently.

The tension in the air was palpable as all eyes gathered on the unexpected guest.

The other

partygoers exchanged whispers and curious glances, eager to see how this drama would  
unfold.

Zane's expression remained calm as he looked at Nora, unfazed by her outburst.

His calm

demeanor only added to her disappointment.

"Are you losing your mind, Zane?" He pointed at her accusingly. "What could possibly

cause you to come here?"

Zane firmly answered, "I was invited here," expressionless.

Nora's jaw dropped in disbelief. How could he casually come across this famous event? And

'why is Zane so indifferent to it?

"Hahaha," Morel laughed, Morel's finger poking Zane's face accusingly as he spoke in a

disdainful tone. "Do you really expect anyone here to believe your bold claims?

This party is

filled with rich and successful people, not people like you. How did you get in here? By

faking an invitation?" His words were full of scorn and bad taste.

Zane remained calm and collected, his demeanor showing no signs of agitation.

"Please call

security if it makes you feel better," he replied nonchalantly. "But perhaps instead of judging

me based on my past, you should seek answers to your own curiosity."

Morel turned to the doorman, sounding audible. "Hey you, are you crazy? You let this trash

into our exclusive event?"

The doorman stood firm, maintaining his professionalism despite Morel's harsh words.

"But, sir," answered the doorman calmly, "their invitation is valid. They have a right to be here."

Morel refused, refusing to believe what was before his eyes.

"Don't be ridiculous," he retorted angrily. "I know this man. He is just a poor con man trying

to pass himself off as a high-class individual. I ask that you remove him from this place immediately." His annoyance and disappointment were evident in his tense body posture and increased gaze.

Morel's face contorted into a mask of fury as he stared at Zane, his eyes blazing with rage. If

T were your invitation card, he demanded with a sneer, I would prove to everyone here that it was fake.

Nora shook her head in disgust at Zane's courage. "You have no shame," he scolded her, "you are not among us."

But Zane just ignored her words, determined not to let their attitude get to him. "I don't need

to prove myself to anyone," he stressed. "If you have any doubts about the legitimacy of my

presence here, please convey this to the organizers of this event." Without them realizing it, the invited guests directed their gazes at the three of them, "Hey, did something happen?" someone asked.

"I don't know, maybe someone got caught faking an invitation?" The second person answered.

"Who? Is that man? From the moment I saw him, I wondered who he was. I've never seen him before." A third person answered.

"Yes, that's true. I'm getting suspicious that he really faked that invitation." A fourth person chimed in.

"You idiot, does he want to look rich and show it off on social media?" The first person to

comment.

"Hey," someone intervened, he directed his voice towards Zane. "Never mind, get out of here before you embarrass yourself even more."

"Hahahaha," A mocking laugh echoed throughout the room as someone mocked Zane's nonchalant response.

"Did you hear that, Zane? I don't care where you got that invitation, it's definitely in your best interest to just get out of here." Nora said.

At the entrance, all eyes unexpectedly shifted to one figure stepping in with an air of confidence - Charles Scott, the esteemed organizer of the event and a highly respected 74 year old business tycoon.

Charles approached Zane with a warm smile and extended his hand in greeting. "I've read about you in your profile," he said warmly, "and I'm sure you will make a significant contribution to the business world in our country."

Zane shook hands with Charles. "Thank you for this opportunity, Mr. Charles," he replied gratefully.

The spectators could not hide their shock and disbelief as they watched Charles engaging in friendly conversation with Zane. It was clear that Zane had impressed even the most prestigious among them.

Charles's smooth voice filled the room, his charming smile barely masking the scheming glint in his eyes. "Please, enjoy tonight's event," he said before turning and walking away.

Zane, with his head held high, strode past Nora and Morel without so much as a glance.

"That's impossible," Nora muttered in shock. "How does he know Charles so well?"

Cecilia had warned Zane before that Charles was a close companion of his grandfather. He 'was aware of Zane's background, even though the details were only based on external sources and not related to cultivation matters. Charles, however, insisted on keeping his identity a secret from everyone.

"I didn't expect to have this much luck." He muttered softly, he smiled faintly.

Zane sat in the luxurious chair provided for him, he ignored the shocked and confused expressions on Nora and Morel's faces.

"What just happened? How did he get that invitation?" Morel muttered to Nora, unable to comprehend the strange encounter.

"I can't believe this," Nora muttered back, her brows furrowed in disbelief. "He must have deceived Charles."