



Zenith

Elijah was ushered into Mr Gregory's office.

"What can I offer you, Master," Mr Gregory asked sheepishly.

This was a big moment for him. He must ensure his guest was as comfortable as possible.

Elijah sat down opposite Mr Gregory's desk and crossed his legs.

"First of all, I want you to drop the, "Master" act. Just call me Mr Smith when we're in private and Elijah when we're in public."

Mr Gregory leaned forward. "Of course, Mr Smith. You don't mind my asking why?"

Elijah smiled. "You don't need to know. On no account should anyone know I am Arthur Smith. The day you breach this agreement, I shall destroy you ten times more than I destroyed the Black family."

Mr Gregory gulped.

He realized this man meant business. It would be foolish of him to mess with the Smith's family.

"I'll keep my mouth shut, Mr Smith," he said. "Unlike that fool, Franklin, I don't run my mouth like a donkey."

Elijah's smile slipped. "About Franklin, I'm disappointed in you for reserving a contract for him without informing me or the Smith's board of directors."

Mr Gregory felt his heart sink. "Are you still mad at me, Mr Smith? I wasn't thinking right when I did that. I'd accept whatever punishment —"

"Hold your horses," Arthur snapped. "You won't be punished, Mr Gregory. I have great use for you here in Springfield city. I must know firsthand, are you ready to serve me?"

"Yes," Mr Gregory replied sharply. "I'll serve you with my life, Mr Smith."

"I'll make you my tool," Elijah said. "You'll be my eyes and ears. Whatever I demand must be met without questions. If by any chance, you betray me, I'll crush everything you've ever built to pieces."

Mr Gregory became afraid. The glint he saw in Elijah's eyes made him break out in sweats.

"I swear my loyalty to you, Mr Smith," Mr Gregory

declared with a full body bow. "Use me however you like."

"Good," Elijah was satisfied. "Now about the contracts, there are two families I want you to award them to."

Mr Gregory waited with bated breath as Elijah mentioned them. "The Lee-Wood enterprises and The knight family. You can give out the third contract to whoever you like."

Mr Gregory was surprised but he didn't ask any questions. "As you wish, Mr Smith. I'll give them a call tonight."

Elijah stood up and shook hands with Mr Gregory. "It's a pleasure doing business with you, Mr Gregory. I look forward to the future."

Just as Elijah was about to walk out the office, Mr Gregory asked, "Forgive me for asking, but aren't you Elijah, the Lee-Wood family's son-in-law who got sentenced to prison six months ago?"

Elijah didn't turn. "Yes I am. What about it?"

"I never expected you to be the heir to the Smith family," Mr Gregory voice was shaken and his eyes bulged. "All these while, we all thought you were

useless, poor and pathetic."

Elijah looked at him over his shoulder. "For now, you're the only one who knows who I am, Mr Gregory. I mustn't remind you the consequences for betraying me."

Mr Gregory thanked his lucky stars he was never amongst the many people who mocked and ridiculed Elijah.

He realized why Elijah wanted the Lee-Wood family and the Knight family to have the contract.

This man here, Mr Gregory thought, is about to destroy those two families.

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The crowd had cleared up when Elijah walked out of Gregory & Sons building.

He felt energetic and full of life after dealing with Franklin. His little show of power must've registered in the mind of Olivia.

"It's my bet Olivia is telling her family about me by now," he thought to himself as he strolled over to where he parked his motorbike.

Half an hour later, he entered his penthouse suite, the

most luxurious suite in Springfield city.

Bowing slightly before Elijah was Sebastian in his immaculate butler outfit. "Welcome home, Arthur Smith. I believe your day was profitable."

Elijah smiled. "Very much. Thank you Sebastian."

"The afternoon news broadcasted about the Black family's financial crisis. They're sinking like a ship," Sebastian announced, taking off Elijah's coat.

"Beautiful," Elijah felt pleased with himself. "This is just the beginning. All my enemies shall face the same fate."

"What would you have for lunch, Master," Sebastian announced. "Should I recommend some Lobster and —"

"Later, Sebastian," Elijah flopped down on the luxurious chaise lounge. "I'm more interested in this A.I assistant you were telling me about this morning."

Earlier that morning, Sebastian had spoken to Elijah about an advanced A.i assistant that was created exclusively for only members of the Smith's family.

"This A.i assistant is called Zenith," Sebastian explained, approaching Elijah. "Only two people in this world have access to Zenith and they are your

parents."

Elijah shrugged. "Why would they need an A.i assistant when they've got thousands of people who do their biddings?"

Sebastian drew out a brief case beside the chaise lounge and placed it on the table before Elijah.

"Zenith is more than just an A.i assistant, Arthur Smith," Sebastian opened the briefcase. "She does the job of a thousand people. In your quest for revenge, Zenith would prove useful to you where others can't."

Elijah peered into the briefcase. He saw a chip and an injecting gun.

"You're not going to plant that chip in me, are you?" Elijah asked.

"Your father suggested you also have access to Zenith," Sebastian said. "But if you're not comfortable with this arrangement, you have the liberty to bail out. It's not by force."

Elijah realized this could be for his own good. "Alright. Do it. As long as it doesn't hurt."

Sebastian felt happy. "I assure you, Arthur Smith. It won't hurt a bit."

Elijah turned the back of his head as Sebastian fixed the chip and injected it in the back of his neck.

"That didn't hurt at all," Elijah said when they were done. "So what now, Sebastian?"

Sebastian smiled a knowing smile. "You should probably be seeing an invisible screen at your front, Arthur Smith."

"You're right," Elijah caught his breath sharply. "I can see a screen floating in my face. You don't see anything?"

Sebastian shook his head. "I don't use the chip. In order words, only you can see the screen. Zenith is exclusive to you and your parents. Congratulations, Arthur Smith."


Elijah heard a female voice in his head and bold letters depicted across the screen:

[WELCOME, ARTHUR SMITH....

I AM ZENITH, YOUR PERSONAL A.I ASSISTANT]

Elijah smiled. "It's nice to meet you, Zenith. Your voice sounds nice."

Sebastian was pleased to see Elijah happy. "Zenith was built with her satellite in space. There's no limit

 +10 BONUS

to her capabilities. Whatever you want, just make a request."

"Is that so?" Elijah stroke his chin thoughtfully. " Zenith, show me what's happening at the Lee-Wood family mansion on the television."

[RIGHT AWAY, SIR!] Zenith replied.

The television screen on the wall suddenly opened, playing a video of the activities going on inside the Lee-Wood family mansion.

"They're having a meeting," Elijah leaned forward in his chair. "Olivia is talking. Zenith, turn up the volume."

Zenith raised the volume up.

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