

The Gala

Alexander Lee was having a very delightful lunch when Olivia rushed in like she was being chased by a bear.

"Father, you wouldn't believe what I just witnessed today," Olivia said breathlessly.

She had drove passed the speed limit all the way from Gregory and son's back home.

Alexander Lee stopped eating when he saw the anxious expression on Olivia's face.

"My God, what happened to you?" He stood up. "You're breathing hard. Did you run. Seat down and rest."

Olivia sat down but she was still restless. "I need whiskey. Can't the stupid maids in this house get me whiskey?"

Alexander Lee's voice boomed across the table. "Bring my daughter whiskey, now!"

While the maids scabbled for Olivia's drink, Alexander Lee sat down beside her and stroke her hair.

"Olivia, talk to me," he said. "Did something bad happened at Gregory & Sons?"

Olivia frowned at him. "Have you seen the news yet?"

"What news?" Alexander Lee asked, confused. "I just woke

up from a nap, had a swim and was enjoying lunch when you came in."

"Maybe you should go through your phone first before we talk," Olivia looked around the house. "Where's mother?"

"She's out shopping with her friends," Alexander Lee answered while he gave orders for his phone to be brought in. "She should be on her way now."

Olivia's whiskey was brought in and she took a few shots before her nerves relaxed.

She watched Alexander Lee out of the corner of her eyes as he paced up and down the room, staring at his phone screen that was brought in.

His face was a mask of shock. "I don't believe it. How is this possible? The Black family has gone bankrupt in just two hours?"

Olivia did not say anything.

Just then Abigail walked in, a servant bearing her loads of shopping boxes.

"Darling, I have news. Have you heard about the black family?" Abigail asked then stopped when she saw Olivia. "Olivia you're back. How did your meeting with Mr Gregory go? Did you bag the contract?"

Olivia's face darkened. "Can we just forget about the contract for now?"

Abigail and Alexander exchanged looks.

"Tell us what happened back there," Alexander Lee urged.

With a deep breath, Olivia narrated what happened at Gregory & Sons. She left no details out.

By the time she was done talking, Alexander Lee and Abigail were as still as statues.

They looked at each other, unable to comprehend what Olivia just narrated to them.

"I find it hard to believe that pieces of trash has that much power to stage the financial crisis the Black family are currently facing," Abigail said, her voice sharp.

"You weren't there, mother," Olivia stood up. "Mr Gregory addressed him as master. He treated Elijah as if he was some god."

"Must've been a mistake," Alexander Lee said. "Mr Gregory is getting old. There's a chance he must've mistaken Elijah for someone else."

"I don't think so," Olivia defended. "He wouldn't be that foolish to slap his best friend's son nor listen to a nobody like Elijah."

Abigail was losing patience. "Seriously, Olivia. If you think me nor anyone else in this city believes Elijah is capable of even a shred of power, then you're mistaken. For crying out

loud. He just came out of prison. What good would he be to anyone?"

Olivia frowned. "You should've seen Elijah, mother. He looks different. He acts different. He speaks different. He's not the same man I knew."

Abigail hissed. "I think you're under a lot of stress, my dear. I really don't have time for this. I've got to attend an important event tonight. It's a sad shame we couldn't get the contract but at least we tried. Let's put Elijah behind us."

And with that, Abigail walked out, leaving Alexander Lee and Olivia behind.

"Your mother is right, Olivia," Alexander Lee returned back to his seat to continue with his lunch. "Elijah may have returned but he's harmless. Regardless of however he looked."

Olivia stared at him for a long time. Then she relaxed a little.

"Maybe I was worried over nothing," she thought. But she couldn't forget the powerful aura of confidence that oozed out of her ex-husband.

Elijah leaned back in his seat, a satisfied grin on his face.

"Wonderful," he clapped his hands. "This is going even better than I expected. Even after my little display of power these fools still have doubts about me. They believed I'm still the

same old piece of trash I was six months ago."

"They do not deserve your mercy, Arthur Smith," Sebastian said, switching off the TV screen. "Your revenge is justified."

Elijah stood up. "Zenith, give me an update about this event Abigail is going to."

Zenith displayed his answer. [THE WHITE TUSK GALA. IT'S BEING HOSTED TONIGHT AT 10.PM]

Elijah smirked. He knew about the White Tusk gala.

The White-Tusk Gala was hosted once every five years.

It was an exclusive event, so exclusive that only members with a coveted membership card could attend.

Getting a membership card was a daunting challenge and it cost the earth.

VIP cards were a luxury reserved for the ultra-rich.

"Zenith," Elijah ordered. "Make immediate arrangements for a VIP card to be approved in my name. I'm attending this event tonight."

[I'LL MAKE THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS, SIR] Zenith said.

Elijah turned to Sebastian, "Now I can take that lunch you recommended."

Sebastian beamed. "If you'd come with me, sir Smith."

As Elijah followed Sebastian, he demanded. "Also, fly my fashion stylist on my private jet. I want to look the best of the best tonight."

Sebastian nodded. "Understood."

The Emerald Dome was buzzing with a lot of celebrities many whom Abigail recognized from TV shows, fashion and music.

Her friend, Lucy had invited Abigail and Scarlett to attend the event with her.

"I'm surprised how you got a membership card," Abigail said as they were being allowed into the red carpet by the bouncers guarding the exit. "I've been trying for years to own a membership card but to no avail."


Lucy, glittering with her diamonds raised her nose. "My son-in-law pulled a few strings. I learned his friends with the organisers of the event."

"Your son-in-law is the best," Scarlett said, green with envy. "Is he attending the gala?"

"Of course," Lucy smiled. "This is the perfect opportunity to introduce you all to him, isn't that right, Abigail?"

But Abigail wasn't listening.

Her eyes were twitching and her jaws were dropping. A

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young handsome man had just walked into the Emerald Dome.

Her face flushed as she instantly recognized him. "Elijah?" She whispered under her breath.

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