

The premium table

Elijah sauntered into the Dome bearing an air of confidence and elegance.

He donned on a perfectly tailored charcoal grey suit, and on his wrist was a crafted silver watch.

He was just as Olivia had described. Abigail couldn't believe he was the same man.

"I don't believe it," she said. "Elijah?"

Abigail's two friends followed her eyes to Elijah.

"Are you kidding me. That couldn't be Elijah," Lucy said.

"No, look closer," Abigail pointed out. "I recognized him. That's Elijah."

Lucy caught her breath sharply, realization dawning in her eyes. "I don't believe my eyes. It really is Elijah. He looks very different. What did they feed him in prison?"

"I believe the real question is what is he doing here?" Scarlett demanded. "He shouldn't have left prison."

"Maybe you haven't heard but a presidential pardon was granted to five prisoners and Elijah just happened to be among the lucky ones," Abigail explained.

"He just got out of prison and he was allowed inside the

gala? Who the hell let him in?" Lucy demanded.

"I'm going to find out," Abigail said and marched towards Elijah.

Elijah saw Abigail approaching with her friends. He maintained a calm expression as he greeted her.

"Madam Abigail, good evening."

"Keep your greetings to yourself, you filth," Abigail snapped. "I learnt you were released from prison. What are you doing here?"

Elijah cocked his head. "I came to enjoy the gala. Isn't that the reason why you're here, Madam?"

Abigail laughed. "You're sounding a lot more confident aren't you. Don't tell me you've landed a job as a waiter here. That must explain your flashy attire."

Elijah looked at himself. "Perhaps you're mistaken. I bought this suit with my own money."

"With what money?" Abigail asked. "You'll never be able to afford a suit this expensive even if you worked nine jobs."

Elijah studied Abigail. She still hasn't changed a bit from the bitchy woman he knew.

Lucy took charge. "Let's not cause a commotion, ladies. I'm sure there are better ways to handle matters like this. Elijah, I'll be entertaining my friends at the high table. You'll serve

us drinks and—"

"I hate to burst your bubbles but I'm not a waiter," Elijah said matter-of-fact. "If you want a waiter, you can call them. Now if you ladies would excuse me."

To their shock, Elijah brushed passed them and made his way towards the bar.

Lucy's face went purple with rage. "How dare that bastard. I'm calling my son-in-law."

Abigail watched as Elijah strolled towards the premium table where the most important guests are being served.

There were three types of tables in display at the events and each were in accordance to the ranks of members.

The High tables were for regular members, the gold tables were for and the premium table were for VIPs members.

There were only three tables for premium members and Elijah was sweeting in one.

"Unbelievable," Abigail poked at Lucy. "That son-of-a-bitch is seating on a premium table."

Scarlett urged Lucy. "Tell your son-in-law to call the manager. The table Elijah is seating on has the name Mr. Smith on it. We have an impersonator here."

Abigail rushed up to Elijah's table and dragged him by his ears. "What do you think you're doing, huh?"

Elijah freed his ear from her grip. "What does it look like I'm doing? I'm at my table reserved for me."

"Reserved for you?" Abigail spat. "Is your name Mr Smith? I'll have you known impersonation is a federal crime. You'll be going to jail for a long time, Elijah and I'll make sure of it."

Elijah frowned. "You'll only be making a fool out of yourself, Madam Abigail. Don't say I didn't warn you."

This statement pissed off Abigail. She swung her hand and landed a slap on Elijah's face.

The slap dragged the attention of other attendees at the event.

Abigail raised her voice. "You pig. As if molesting my daughter wasn't enough, you were pardoned from prison and the first thing you did is to impersonate a high profile guest in an important event such as this? Who do you think you are? Scums like you shouldn't be here. Where is your membership card? It appears your freedom. I'll see to it you return back to jail where you truly belong."

Silence. Elijah didn't say anything.

"What's happening here?" A man in his mid thirties appeared alongside Lucy.

"Abigail, this is Barrett, my son-in-law," Lucy introduced. "He's called one of the organisers. She'll be on her way now."

Abigail felt happy. "Thank goodness you're here, Barrett. You remember the trash that my father-in-law married to my daughter, Elijah, right?"

Barrett stiffened and he took one good look at Elijah. "No way. Is this him?"

"You're looking at him in the flesh," Abigail said.

Barrett had known Elijah since Lord Owen married him to Olivia.

Barrett was one of the millions suitors who admired Olivia and on many occasions, asked for her hand in marriage.

However, since she was married to Elijah, Barrett had to give up his love for Olivia and marry Lucy's daughter.

This was an opportunity, he thought to enact his frustration on Elijah, but looking at Elijah now, he had doubts.

This couldn't be the same man that was sentenced to prison six months ago. He looked more attractive, healthy and strong.

Do they give better treatment at prison? He wondered.

Nonetheless, now was his chance to destroy this useless man once and for all.

"Elijah, do you realise who's table this is?" Barrett asked curtly.

Elijah looked at him squarely in the eyes. "I can read, Barrett. I'm not blind."

Lucy gasped in shock. "How dare you address my son-in-law by his first name, you piece of shit."

She shoved Elijah in the chest and cursed at him. Barrett restrained Lucy with an effort.

"Don't worry about it, mother-in-law. I'll deal with him personally," Barrett reassured her.

"Make him pay for the disrespect," Lucy huffed. "Just because he's grown a little muscles he thinks he's it. Break him to pieces."

Barrett turned to Elijah. "Elijah, get out."


Elijah smiled. "And why do I have to do that?"

Blood rushed to Barrett's face. "Look, pal. I'm playing nice with you. If you don't want your sorry ass in jail, then get the fuck out of this event before I kick you out."

Elijah sat down on the cushion chair and crossed his legs. "What if I don't feel like leaving?"

Barrett grabbed Elijah by his collar and jerked him up. "Try me," he scowled.

Just then one of the organisers appeared, immaculately dressed in a red dress.

 +20 BONUS

She stood before the two men and called them out. "Gentlemen, if you must have a fight, take it outside or I'll have my men kick you out."
Elijah looked at the woman and hide a grin.

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