 +25 BONUS

Mr Smith

Margaret Vince was one of the organisers of the White Tusk gala. Her job was to invite special guests to the gala and see to it that they're well taken care of.

For the last ten years, she had tried times without number to invite the Smith's family to the gala.

Her invitation was always turned down for one reason or the other.

However, Margaret wasn't the type to give up. She always sent an invitation card with flowers every four years when the gala is hosted.

Earlier that evening, she received a call from the Smith family saying her invitation would be honoured at this year's Gala.

A VIP membership card was demanded. She didn't have any trouble convincing the other organisers to arrange a VIP card ready immediately.

Coming in attendance was the new chairman of Smith Industries, Arthur Smith.

However, she was warned Arthur Smith wouldn't like too much attention pressured on him.

He preferred to be addressed as Mr Smith instead.

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Margaret was overjoyed by this news. She dedicated herself to prepare for Arthur Smith's arrival.

Her dreams of having a member of the Smith's family at the gala had come true. She swore not to mess things up.

When she heard there was someone seating on Mr Smith's premium table, she was immediately alarmed.

No one was to know Arthur Smith would be coming to the Gala. She has to make sure nothing ruins Arthur Smith's mood.

"Margaret, Thank goodness you're here," Barrett said, still clenching hold of Elijah's collar. "Call your security guards. I found an imposter."

Margaret turned to Elijah. At first, she was impressed by the young man's choice of clothing and his charming face but she didn't know who he was.

There was no pictures of Arthur's Smith which she could use to recognise him. The only way to be sure was to see his membership card.

"Are you Mr Smith?" She asked quietly.

Elijah frowned at her. "You dare ask me such impersonal question when this riffraff is still clenching hold of my collar?"

Elijah's sharp tone made Margaret flinched. She realised her

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mistake.

"Barrett, release him," she said.

Barrett hesitated then let go.

Margaret returned back to Elijah. "I'm sorry for that, Sir. As you see can see, we have three seats reserved for three special guests."

"I know," Elijah said sharply.

Margaret paused then continued. "May I see your membership card, please?"

Before Elijah could respond, Barrett interrupted him. "You're wasting time, Margaret. This man has no membership card. He needs to be kick out and thrown in jail."

"That's right," Abigail ranted. "You may not know who he is but I'll tell you. This imbecile was once my son-in-law. He molested my youngest daughter and got sentenced to prison. He just got out after a presidential pardon."

Margaret was surprised.

Due to the nature of her job, she travelled all over the world a lot so it wasn't likely she had heard the story of Elijah yet.

But even until now, she was being careful. She wasn't the type of woman to judge someone on first sight.

She regarded Elijah closely, and saw how calmly he received these accusations with a straight face.

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"Sir, I don't know if what these people are saying about you is true. However, I'd really like to see your membership card before I could take any action," Margaret said carefully.

Elijah liked how smart she was. "I'll show you my membership card but when I do, you'll have Lucy and her stupid son-in-law, Barrett kicked out of the gala and their membership revoked."

Barrett and Lucy bawled with laughter.

"Is this a joke?" Barrett wiped an imaginary tears off his eyes. "Do you know how many years I've been a member of the White Tusk gala? Six years and you, a nobody who just got out of jail is going to have me revoked? Dream on."


Lucy chipped in. "Since that is your game, then we'll play along, Elijah. If you turn out to be a fraud like you've always were, you will be thrown back in prison for impersonation."

Elijah stroked his chin, thoughtfully. "You've heard her Margaret. I'll advise you start calling the security."

"No need," Abigail announced, showing her phone. "I've already sent a complaint to the security department. They're on their way now. Let's see how cocky you'll be once you're surrounded, Elijah."

Margaret didn't want to play this game. All she wanted to see was his membership card.

"Sir, can I see your membership card?" Margaret asked, her

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tone impatient.

Elijah produced a gold coloured card and placed it on the table.

Margaret took the card with trembling fingers and read the names written boldly in gold: MR SMITH.

Margaret immediately bowed slightly before Elijah, her voice quavering with excitement. "Welcome to the White Tusk gala, Mr Smith."

Barret's jaws dropped when Margaret acknowledged Elijah as Mr Smith.

"Unbelievable," he raised his voice. "There must be a mistake, Margaret. That man is Elijah, not Mr Smith."


"Yeah, what's going on?" Lucy demanded, suddenly confused.

Abigail and Scarlett could only stand by the side and watch, their mouth hanging opened.

Margaret glared at Lucy and Barrett. "You two idiots are the ones who made a terrible mistake. You disrespected my guest."

"Your guest?" Barrett raised his hands in frustration. "For crying out loud, this guy is a loser—"

Before he could complete his words, Margaret slapped him

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on his cheeks. "Watch your tongue, Barrett. Disrespect my guests again and I'll ensure you wind up in jail."

Lucy glanced from Elijah to Margaret, her eyes like ice. "I don't believe it. Let me see that card. You two must be working together."

Elijah warned Margaret. "If Lucy takes a look at my card, I'll not just leave the gala but I'll ensure its four years events gets cancelled forever."

Margaret nodded. "Yes, Mr Smith. I won't let her take a peek."

Lucy was so angry and confused she began to rant like a mad woman.

Just then the security guards came.

Margaret took charge. "Men, take these two pigs out of the Dome and kick them out. As from today henceforth, Barrett and Lucy's membership has been revoked."

Lucy and Barrett stiffened.

"You can't do that," Barrett snapped. "I've been a member of the gala for six years."

"Mr Smith is a VIP member. His judgement holds more weight than yours," Margaret explained. "Besides, you two agreed to his game, didn't you?"

"We thought he was bluffing," Barrett yelled.

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"It's no longer a bluff, Barrett," Margaret snapped then turned to the security guards. "What are you waiting for? Take them outside and kick them out."

The security guards grabbed Barrett and Lucy, and dragged them all the way out of the gala.

When they were outside from the guests view, the guards kicked them out like they were a couple of stray dogs.

Barrett felt so humiliated he swore under his breath. "I'll kill him. I swear I'll kill Elijah."

Meanwhile, back inside the Dome, Abigail and Scarlett were the only ones left.

Margaret turned to Elijah. "Mr Smith, what shall I do with these two women."

Elijah sat down on his chair and crossed his legs, a satisfied smile lit up his eyes.

"Scarlett and Abigail embarrassed me in front of everyone. Abigail even went ahead to slap me. What are the consequences for disrespecting a VIP guests, Margaret?"

"Whoever disrespect a VIP guest would be fined twenty million dollars," Margaret revealed. "Afterwards, an apology must be teetered to the guest."

Abigail's face fell. "Twenty million dollars?"

Elijah glared at Margaret. "I am not just any ordinary VIP

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guest, Margaret. I demand you to triple her fine."

Margaret beamed at him. "As you wish, Mr Smith," then she turned to Abigail and Scarlett. "You two are hence charged sixty million dollars each for disrespecting our guest, Mr Smith."

Abigail raised her voice. "I can't raise sixty million dollars right now. It's not possible."

Elijah knew the Lee-Wood family could raise sixty million dollars, but if Abigail paid the fine, she would receive heat from every members of the Lee-Wood family.

For throwing away sixty million dollars for an apology, Abigail would lose face in her family.

She couldn't risk that.

Elijah beckoned to Margaret to come. When she came, he whispered something in her ears.

Abigail and Scarlett were already sweating.

"Mr Smith would forgive you two, but under one condition," Margaret announced. "He demands you become his personal waitress tonight."

Abigail and Scarlett shouted in unison. "WHAT?!"