

Humiliation

"How did I get myself into this situation?" Abigail thought to herself as she knelt before Elijah.

Dressed in the uniform of the waitress, Abigail and Scarlett washed Elijah's feet without complaints.

"Is there anything else you might like, Elijah?" Abigail asked, gritting her teeth bitterly.

Elijah glanced down at her. "Seems to me like you prefer to blow away sixty million dollars, Madam Abigail. I told you to address me as Mr Smith."

Abigail's face burned with anger. "My apologies, Mr Smith. Is there anything else I can get for you?"

Elijah shook his head. "My glass is empty. Do I have to tell you what to do?"

Abigail would have yelled at him to go to hell, but she knew better than to say out her thoughts.

She must bear with the humiliation for the meantime.

Fueling with rage, she opened a champagne and refilled his glass.

"How does it feels?" Elijah suddenly spoke, watching her expression. "To serve the man you once threw in prison,

Madam Abigail?" 1

Abigail snarled at him. "Enjoy your fun while it lasts, Elijah. When the night is over, you'll pay for disgracing me."

Elijah relished in her suffering. Abigail was a proud woman.

It gave him great pleasure to see Abigail melt in shame under the gazes of the other guests at the gala.

"How did you do it?" Scarlett suddenly asked him, her eyes probing. "How did you acquire a VIP card despite being out of jail not so long ago?"

"He definitely stole it and deceived that fool, Margaret," Abigail spoke. "But not to worry, after tonight, the truth would be revealed. I'll see to it he suffers."

It amazes Elijah how blind Abigail was to the absolute power he now possess.

He realized she still believes there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

Elijah decided to provoke Abigail even further. "How's Chloe, Madam Abigail? Is she still in Springfield city?"

Abigail almost lost it. "Keep my daughter's name out your fucking mouth."

Elijah rolled his eyes. "I was just curious. She's the reason why I got sent to jail. When you return home, send my regards to her."

"I swear, Elijah," Abigail bite her words. "If it weren't for one thing, I would've slapped you right now."

Elijah's smile widened. "I'm seated right in front of you, Madam Abigail. Give it your best shot."

It took every nerve in Abigail to control herself from clawing at his face.

She decided to remain calm and collected.

As the night progressed, Abigail and Scarlett continued to serve Elijah, attending to his every needs and cursing him in their thoughts.

Their resentment against him pent up with each passing moment until they thought they were going to run mad.

By the time Elijah was through with them, Abigail and Scarlett were already on the edge.

Satisfied, Elijah stood up, spoke with Margaret and exited the Gala like a ghost.

Margaret approached the two women, wrinkling her nose at them. "You're done for tonight, ladies. Mr Smith ordered me to let you return home."

Abigail snarled at her. "How could you let him deceive you? You joined forces with that guy to humiliate us. I'll see to it you suffer just as he did."

Margaret knew Abigail was making nothing but empty

threats.

Mr Smith had just donated a hundred and twenty million dollars secretly to the Gala.

It didn't matter to Margaret what weak threats Abigail was making.

"Whatever," she rolled her eyes and left the two women boiling with rage and humiliation.

The security guards approached them with their purses and shoes and car keys.

Minutes later, they were kicked out through the back exit like dogs.

Scarlett and Abigail were so embarrassed they couldn't say a word to each other.

They summoned up whatever strength they had left, and made their way to their respective cars, and drove for home.

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Alexander Lee and Olivia were in the living room when a maid came rushing in like a mad woman.

"Master Alexander Lee, something has happened to Madam Abigail," she announced.

Alexander Lee and Olivia were startled at the urgency in the maids voice.

Just as they were about to stand up, Abigail entered the living room, walking like a dead zombie.

"My God," Olivia covered her mouth. "Mother, what happened to you? What are you wearing?"

Abigail, seeing the shock written on her family's face, suddenly cried uncontrollably.

Olivia rushed up to her and assisted her towards the seats.

Alexander Lee could only stare in shock. His wife was wearing a waitress uniform.

Why is that so? He wondered.

When Olivia had settled her mother down, she asked, "Mother, speak to me. What happened to you?"

Abigail sniffed. "It's true what you said, Olivia. That bastard Elijah is a different person."

Alexander Lee frowned. "Elijah, did this to you? You of all people, Abigail! How is that possible?"

Abigail snapped at him. "You think I'd let that swine order me around? I was caught in a trap. There wasn't anything I could do about it."

"Forget about father and tell me what happened," Olivia said, her voice sharp.

Tears streamed down Abigail's face as she told them every

single details about what transpired at the gala.

Abigail's words were so hard to believe, but no one could doubt her, seeing the state that she was in.

Alexander Lee grinded his teeth bitterly. "If what you're saying is true then we'll have to ensure Elijah pays dearly for what he did to you."

Olivia was silent. She thought about what happened at Gregory & Sons and the White Tusk gala.

She couldn't pin point where Elijah might've cultivated such authority and powers from.

"I've made up my mind," Alexander Lee brought out his phone. "I'm calling Wyatt."

Olivia was still comforting her mother when Wyatt answered Alexander Lee's call.

"Hello, Wyatt," Alexander Lee said. "I know you're busy at the army barracks but hurry back home. Elijah has just returned from prison and he bullied your mother."

Olivia could hear Wyatt's growling voice over the line but she couldn't grasp what he said.

Alexander Lee hung up and turned to face Abigail. "It is done. Wyatt is flying back home tomorrow. He swore to break Elijah's bones and feed it to his dogs."

Abigail felt happy and she instantly stopped crying. "That's

my son. I'll be there to see him kill that fraud."

Just then Olivia's phone rang.

She pulled out her phone and glared at it. It was a business line from Gregory & Sons.

"Mother, father, hush," she urged them. "I'm about to answer an important call."

Her parents fell silent as she stood up and answered the call.

"Hello?" Olivia said.

"Hello, Olivia Lee-Wood," came the unmistakable voice of Mr Gregory. "Congratulations. You have been considered for the Smith's industries contract."

Shock waves washed all over Olivia's body. "B-but how? I haven't even applied in person."

"We made a list of potential companies to be awarded this contract and Lee-Wood enterprises was picked," Mr Gregory said. "Once again, congratulations. I'd like to see you in my office tomorrow."

As soon as Mr Gregory hung up, Olivia squealed with excitement. ¹

Then she broke the news to her parents. "Guess, what? Lee-Wood enterprises is now affiliated with Gregory & sons for Smith's industries contact."

This news brightened the atmosphere in the Lee-Wood

household as they celebrate.

ZENITH shut the TV screen showing footages of the Lee-Wood household celebration.

Elijah took his napkins and wiped his mouth. He enjoyed his steak dinner.

Sebastian approached him and poured him more wine. "I received a call from Gregory & son's, Arthur Smith. He told me to convey his message to you that he's done exactly what you told him to do."

Elijah sipped his wine, delightfully. "Yes, I've watched it on the screen. Everything is going accordingly to my masterplan. The Lee-Wood family has successfully entered my trap."

Sebastian smiled. "What should we do about this Wyatt fellow, Arthur Smith? He's coming for you tomorrow."

This was also part of Elijah's plans. He wanted Wyatt to leave the army barracks and return to Springfield city.

He knew nothing would trigger Wyatt more than the humiliation of his dear mother. His bet was right on the money.

Elijah grinned darkly. "Let him come. I have something special waiting for him."