



The escort

Olivia had never felt so excited before in her life.

She was such in a hurry, she forgot her breakfast. She was at Gregory & Sons an hour before her appointment time.

She told herself she couldn't afford to fumble this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Alan Knight was reclining on the lush cushions in the lobby when she entered.

"Well, well, well," Alan rose to his feet as Olivia approached him. "Who do we have here. If it isn't the lovely Olivia Lee-Wood."

"Congratulations, Alan," Olivia said, all smiles. "I also learnt you won the contract last night."

"Coincidentally, we both bagged the contract," Alan said. "It's strange don't you think? We didn't even apply in person but somehow, we were considered."

"A massive stroke of luck," Olivia looked over his shoulder. "Are you alone?"

"I'm with my elder brother," Alan introduced the man who had suddenly stood to his feet. "You know him, Curtis Knight."
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Olivia knew who Curtis was.

In his mid forties, Curtis Knight was considered the most ruthless businessman in Springfield city.

He dominated the market with an iron fist. People respect him as well as feared his judgement.

Curtis gave Olivia a strong handshake. "I understand we'll be working under the same umbrella, Miss Olivia. I look forward to it."

Olivia smiled. "Same."

"Curtis handles the business aspects, while I do the legal work," Alan explained after they broke handshake. "That is why I'm here."

Olivia nodded. "That's understandable. You're the best lawyer this city's ever had after all."

Alan's smile widened. "Words around the block says Elijah was granted a presidential pardon. I heard he's back in Springfield city."

Olivia's smile slipped. "He's been causing a lot of trouble for my family."

"What sort of trouble?" Curtis chipped in. He seemed more interested in Olivia.

Olivia took her time to explain how Elijah humiliated her mother the other night.

Alan and Curtis found it incredibly difficult to believe Elijah was capable of owing such authority or power.

"Are you sure that man's Elijah?" Alan asked. "The man I threw in prison was a coward and a nobody. There's no way he could humiliate Madam Abigail like that."

"It doesn't matter anymore," Olivia said. "My brother, Wyatt is coming. When he gets back, he'll make Elijah pay."

Just then, the door opened and a man stepped out. "Mr Gregory would like to see miss Olivia now."

Wyatt's flight touched down the airport, but he wasn't alone.

The Commander of the armed forces, General Reiner Strongman, accompanied him.

Last night, Reiner received an invitation to a lunch meeting with the new chairman of Smith Industries.

This was a huge honour for Reiner. The Smith's industries has been a massive contributor to the national army.

Over the years the Smith's family had been providing advanced weaponry and even established a foundation for military education in the country.

Reiner was over the moon when he got the invitation. He had never felt so excited in his entire life.

That same night, he received a phone call from the president himself.

Apparently, Reiner's lunch meeting with Arthur Smith had reached the president's ears.

The president issued strict warnings never to offend the new chairman in any means possible.

When Wyatt approached Reiner for permission to return home, Reiner considered it a coincidence.

"We'll go together," Reiner said. "I have a lunch meeting with the new chairman of Smith's industries. You'll escort me, Wyatt, thereafter, you are free to deal with this rascal who bullied your mother."

Wyatt was delighted. There was no mercy for Elijah. By the time he was done with him, there wouldn't be anything left for anyone to remember him.

The private jet that flew in Reiner and Wyatt belonged to Arthur Smith.

Reiner and his men basked in the luxury delivered to them on the private jet and the luxurious convoy of cars that rode them to the penthouse Arthur Smith was living in.

After being shown to their respective suites, Wyatt made a call to Abigail.

"Hello, mother," he said. "I am back home."



"Thank goodness," Abigail's voice came with relief. "Hurry home now. I'm preparing a feast to welcome you."

"Sorry to disappoint you but I won't be back until sunset," Wyatt said sharply.

Abigail's voice went high pitched. "Why? You said you'd catch that trash and feed him to your dogs."

Wyatt began to explain his situation and how he was assigned to be the general's escort for his lunch meeting with Arthur Smith.

Abigail relaxed. She knew what a big deal Arthur Smith was.

"I didn't know Arthur Smith was in town," she gasped in surprise. "How come nobody told us anything?"

Wyatt laughed. "From what I heard about him, he's a mysterious man and he liked to stay low-key and out of sight."

"Try not to offend him, Wyatt," Abigail warned. "Your sister just bagged a contract with Smith Industries. We must treat Arthur Smith with the uttermost respect. If possible, you can try to invite him for dinner."

"That won't be possible," Wyatt laughed again. "General Reiner wouldn't allow it. Don't worry, mother, after this lunch meeting is over, I'm returning back home with Elijah's head on a silver platter. I've sent out scouts to find him. They should find him at any moment from now."



"Splendid," Abigail was glad. "I can't wait."

As soon as Wyatt hung up, a heavy knock fell on his door. Standing outside was a sergeant, delivering Reiner's message.

"General Reiner wants you to escort Arthur Smith from his penthouse suite to the lunchroom," he said, handing him a piece of paper. "Here is the suite number. Take the elevator."

Reiner thought so highly of Wyatt. If there was anyone who he could task to escort Arthur Smith, it was Wyatt himself.

Cursing under his breath for the additional workload, Wyatt wore back his uniform and bundled four of his best men.

Together, they took the elevator to the top floor of the penthouse where they were to meet and escort Arthur Smith to the lunchroom.

Wyatt who had nerves of steel, suddenly felt a little nervous about meeting this powerful man, Arthur Smith.

The Smith's family was the most powerful families in the world. Their estimated wealth were in trillions of dollars.

The president was on first name terms with the Smith's family's butler. The military valued the Smith family for their tremendous generosity.

Even the his family, the Lee-Wood family were now operating under Smith's industries.

He mustn't fumble this up. Any slightly mistake on his part, and General Reiner would chop his head off.

Just then, the elevator doors opened to reveal a charming young man in casual clothes of a sweatshirt and denim jeans.

Wyatt caught his breath sharply when he recognised the man.

This wasn't Arthur Smith. This was Elijah.

Elijah smirked when he saw the startled expression on Wyatt's face.

"Hello, brother-in-law," Elijah waved at him. "It's been such a long time, Wyatt."

Wyatt's lost his head and he threw Elijah a punch to his face.

"You bastard!" He screamed. "I finally found you. You're dead. You're so dead."