

## Mr president

Reiner sipped his wine and smiled contently. This was the best wine he had ever tasted and the most expensive he's ever had.

Since his arrival, he was given the best treatment. His suite was so luxurious Reiner was afraid to use it.

For lunch, the chef served him Lobster Macaroni and Cheese, a rare specialty that Reiner never had the luxury to taste until now.

He couldn't wait to meet Arthur Smith and quickly establish a long lasting relationship with him.

This was an unexpected meeting. Reiner wondered what Arthur Smith wanted to discuss with him about.

He trusted Wyatt would do a great job in making a good first impression on Arthur Smith, which was why he sent Wyatt to escort Arthur Smith to the lunchroom.

Suddenly, Reiner saw Wyatt returning back with his men. They dragged a half beaten man along with them.

Confused, Reiner stood up sharply. "Wyatt, what's the meaning of this? Where's Arthur Smith?"

Wyatt kicked Elijah forward to Reiner's feet. "We couldn't find Arthur Smith in his suite. However, I found this piece of shit, Elijah."

"Elijah?" Reiner glanced down at Elijah. "You're that good for

nothing son-in-law that molested Chloe and bullied Madam Abigail?"

Elijah's face was purple and red from the punches he receives from Wyatt. If Wyatt's men hadn't retrained him, he would've strangled Elijah.

Elijah felt grateful for taking marital art lessons. He was capable of taking in Wyatt's punches without losing a tooth.

Elijah raised his face and looked eye ball to eyeballs with Reiner.

"Yes I am," he replied. "I am also the man who invited you here."

Reiner's face darkened. He looked up at Wyatt. "Is this a joke?"

Wyatt grinned. "That's what this animal is claiming to be. He claims he is Arthur Smith, can you believe that?"

Reiner's happy mood was replaced by thunderstorm. "What happened when you caught him in the suite? Did you search for Arthur Smith? Are you even sure you were in the right suite?".

"I had my men search the entire place. There was no sign of Arthur Smith anywhere. Elijah kept claiming he's Arthur Smith. I believe he's kept Arthur Smith hostage."

Reiner glared murderously at Elijah. He saw the swollen face. This couldn't be Arthur Smith. If what Wyatt was speculating was true then this could cause a serious national issue.

Reiner glared murderously at Elijah. He saw the swollen face. This couldn't be Arthur Smith. If what Wyatt was speculating was true then this could cause a serious national issue.

"Allow me to kill him," Wyatt grinned, his eyes gleaming with murderous intent. "I'll make him spill the truth before I take him to his grave. Elijah is mine. I'll deal with him personally."

Elijah hid a smile. Wyatt had fallen for his trap.

He stood to his feet and faced Reiner. "General, tell Wyatt to leave us alone. Then I'll tell you the truth—"

But before he could complete his words, Reiner slapped him hard.

Elijah was surprised. He had thought the general had enough common sense to listen to him.

Reiner was blinded by rage and frustration. He grabbed a fistful of Elijah's collar and jerked him close.

"Listen up, you punk," he spat. "You better say your prayers because this is the last time you'd be breathing. I'm not listening to whatever you have to say. I'll make sure I skin you alive and make you beg for death."

Wyatt's face twisted into an ugly mask of glee at the general's threat. This was now a national issue and Elijah was toasted.

Elijah's eyes hardened. "You'll regret threatening me, general. You rode in my private jet, you ate my food, you enjoyed the luxurious suite I booked for you. But now you won't even listen to a word I said?"

Reiner punched Elijah in the face, breathing hard. "I should kill you where you stand for still claiming to be Arthur Smith. However, I need you alive to make you suffer."

Elijah tasted blood in his mouth. He swore to deal mercilessly with the general.

"Zenith," he whispered quietly. "Inform Sebastian to make a call to the president."

Zenith replied: [DONE, MASTER]

Reiner waved to Wyatt. "Take this idiot out of my sight."

Wyatt's grabbed Elijah's collar and grinned down evilly at him. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun, Elijah. I'm looking forward to it."

Elijah didn't say anything. He waited.

\*\*\*

Sebastian whom was seated at the other end of the lunchroom, watched the little commotion with interest.

He was disappointed in Reiner's judgement.

When he received Zenith's message to call the president, he

didn't hesitate.

He had the president's direct line. They were on first name basis.

The president answered Sebastian's call at the first ring.

"Hello, Sebastian. How nice of you to call. I was just about to have lunch."

Sebastian in his cool voice, snarled. "Henri. You and I are no longer friends."

The president stiffened and suddenly began to stutter. "W-what do you mean, Sebastian... Did something happen?"

"Plenty happened," Sebastian growled. "Your bunch of monkeys walked into my masters suite, beat him up and are currently taking him to the barracks to torment him."

Blood left the president's face. He held on to his desk for support. He suddenly wanted the earth to swallow him.

"There must be a mistake, Sebastian," the president chuckled uneasily. "Maybe my men caught the wrong man."

"Your stupid general hit my master in the face and threatened to kill him," Sebastian's voice was on edge. "I'll send you a clip of the video so you can see for yourself."

Sebastian hung up and sent him the video clip of Reiner's punching scene that Zenith had recorded with the penthouse camera in the lunchroom.

When the President saw the video, he nearly had a heart attack.

This was a massive disaster. It was worse than a terrorist attack.

With an unsteady hands, he immediately called Reiner.

\*\*\*\*

Reiner was about to head out of the lunchroom when he received the president's call.

Perfect timing, he thought.

As he answered the call, he wondered what the president would think about the current situation.

"Hello, Mr president," he greeted.

"You bastard!" The president screamed. "You fucking piece of shit. You've ruined not just me but your country at large. I'll have your head. I swear to God, I'll have your head."

Reiner felt blood drain from his face. Icy fingers crept up his spine.

This was the first time he had ever heard the president curse like this.

"Mr president, did I do something wrong?" Reiner asked, shakily.

"Why did you punch Arthur Smith?" The president demanded.

Reiner felt his entire world shattered to many pieces. His mouth hung open.

"T-that....w.... wasn't.... A-arthur Smith, Mr president," he stammered. "I'm sure of it.... I....I wouldn't do something stupid like that."

"You bloody fool," the president bawled. "That was Arthur Smith. I watched the video. You should have listened to him when he told you to. Instead you punched him in the face and threatened to kill him."

Reiner's legs felt wobbly. He couldn't speak. He felt dead inside like a log of wood.

"Hello, are you still there?" The president asked. "Bastard, answer me!"

"I'm here, Mr president," Reiner didn't recognize his voice. He sounded like a dying frog. "Give me five minutes. I'll fix this."

"You've got two seconds, general," the president said darkly. "Or I'll have you hanged on the gallows in front of everyone at the barracks."

And the president hung up.