

Traumatized

Wyatt had always known Elijah to be weak. There were countless number of times he had beaten Elijah like a donkey.

The gap in their strength was wide. Wyatt had the advantage and experience so he was confident he would end Elijah with just one punch like he always does.

What Wyatt failed to realise was that Elijah was now different. He wasn't the same weakling Wyatt had known him to be.

Wyatt leaned against the ropes, breathing hard. This was their third round and he hadn't yet landed a hit on Elijah.

Elijah was as fast as lightening. He could deliver four punches in two seconds. Each punch felt like a steel hammer slamming into Wyatt's face.

Wyatt was bleeding from his mouth and nose. How was this possible? Why couldn't he land a hit on Elijah?

"What's the matter, Wyatt," Elijah beckoned to him. "Come. I'll keep entertaining you until I tire from this."

Wyatt was provoked. He charged at Elijah with everything he had.

Despite Wyatt's best efforts, not a single punch landed but

Elijah's series of punches battered Wyatt's face.

Reiner, being the referee was amazed. Arthur Smith was an incredible man. He had never seen a man fight like that.

"Time to finish this," Elijah slammed an uppercut to Wyatt's jaws.

Wyatt felt a light explode in his head. He dropped down on both knees and passed out.

Reiner inspected Wyatt then declared Elijah the winner.

Elijah got off the ring while Reiner's men struggled to revive Wyatt back.

"Well done, sir," Reiner clapped his hands, following Elijah from behind. "I'm surprised at your capabilities."

"Wyatt underestimated me," Elijah admitted. "But I went easy on him. He should be okay when he wakes up."

"Indeed," Reiner passed his tongue over his dried lips. "So, about my punishment. I wouldn't want the president to trouble me."

Elijah took a bottle of water and emptied it. "I'll forgive you if you swear to be loyal to me and do as I say."

Reiner felt thrilled. "Is that all?"

"For now," Elijah glanced at Wyatt whom had suddenly been revived back. "I don't suppose Wyatt would be of any use to you or the army."

Reiner nodded. "Of course, right this mommy, he's no longer part of the army. I'm sending him back home."

"Good," Elijah turned and headed for the exit. "Until we meet again, general. Keep your phone line opened. I might call you some other time."

Abigail was having her nails polished by one of the servants when Olivia and Alexander Lee walked in.

"So, how did it go?" Abigail asked.

"Lee-Wood enterprises are now affiliated with Smith's industries and Gregory & Sons," Alexander Lee broke the news.

Abigail sat up straight, her face brightening. "Wow, this calls for a celebration. Congratulations, Olivia. You've made me so proud."

Olivia smiled cheerfully. "We were lucky but then again, we deserved it. From now on, I'll have to work really hard to meet this project."

"What's the project?" Abigail asked.

"Lee-Wood enterprises was awarded the logistics contract. We'll be distributing Smith's industries products for a very long time."

While Olivia broke down how they would operate and how

much money was to be made for each day, the servants brought in Champaign and wines.

"I'm calling for a family dinner," Alexander Lee announced, sipping from his glass. "Every member of the Lee-Wood family must be present to celebrate this huge milestone we've crossed.

"Think you can invite Arthur Smith?" Abigail asked Olivia, earnestly.

Abigail was obsessed with Arthur Smith. When she learnt he was appointed as the new chairman of Smith's industries, all she could think about was him.

She desperately desired to see him. Her admiration for him made her wished to see him in person.

Oh how would her dreams come true if Arthur Smith happens to fall in love with Olivia and eventually becomes her son-in-law.

She would be on top of the world. If Olivia played her cards right, she might just land herself a husband from the Smith's family.

Olivia shook her head. "It's impossible to even get in contact with him. He's a very mysterious man and he hates publicity."

"Give it a try," Abigail urged her. "How could you be certain if you don't try?"

Olivia thought hard about this. "I don't know but I'll make

enquiries."

This made Abigail happy. At the very least, it's a gamble. If things works out in Olivia favour, the gamble would pay off.

"Has Wyatt returned home yet?" Olivia asked her mother. "Shouldn't he be back by now?"

"He's probably still out there looking for that trash, Elijah," Alexander Lee said. "Don't worry, dear. When he comes back, he's bringing that bastard along with him."

"I can't wait to tear him apart," Abigail said with glee. "I'll make sure he suffers ten times more than he's suffered before he left to prison."

In all these, Olivia kept quiet. She didn't want to think about her ex-husband now.

Suddenly, a servant rushed in, he has panic written all over his face.

"Master Alexander Lee, Madam Abigail," he announced. "Wyatt has returned home. Something bad has happened to him."

The mood in the room turned sour.

Wyatt was being led by two soldiers into the mansion. His face was patched with bandages and bruises he had sustained from his fight with Elijah.

The Lee-Wood household could barely recognise him.

Wyatt couldn't say a word to anybody. He freed himself from the soldiers and walked towards where his family stood.

"Oh my God," Abigail cried. "Who did this to you, Wyatt?"

Wyatt hung his head in shame. He couldn't face his family. He couldn't afford to let them know that Elijah, the pathetic weak man had beaten him up like a child.

If word went round of him losing to Elijah, he would be made a pathetic laughing stock.

"I got into a fight with some thugs," Wyatt lied. "Don't ask about the details. I'll be fine. The thugs have already been taken care of."

The two soldiers whom had accompanied him home struggled with an effort not to laugh.

On the way, Wyatt had pleaded with them not to tell his family what happened at the penthouse with Elijah.

Alexander Lee frowned. "I've never known you to lose in a fight, Wyatt. You're lying to us. Tell me what happened to you?"

Wyatt gritted his teeth. He couldn't say anything.

Olivia stepped forward, her face creased in worries. "Wyatt, did you meet Elijah?"

At the mention of his name, Wyatt suddenly felt cold and scared.

Images of Elijah's wicked grin and lightening fast punches echoed in his mind.

He was traumatized by those images.

"Don't call his name again," Wyatt yelled like a mad man at Olivia then brushed passed his family. "I'll be in my room."

Everyone watched him as he walked up the stairs.

He was shaking like a leaf.

The two soldiers announced to the family, "As of this day, Wyatt is no longer with the army. We wish him luck."

Shock waves went through each member of the Lee-Wood household.

"Impossible!" Alexander whispered under his breath.

"Was Elijah responsible for this?" Olivia thought to herself. She suddenly felt very cold and afraid.