Lord Owen's will

Lord Owen's death brought great grief on the Lee-Wood household.

But Elijah felt the worse grief than the rest. Lord Owen wasn't just his saviour. He was more like a father to him.

A week after Lord Owen's solemn funeral, the Lee-Wood family gathered around to chose a new leader as well as read Lord Owen's will.

At 85 years, Lord Owen had many children and grandchildren.

His vast wealth and properties was to be shared accordingly amongst his heirs.

This was why the entire family of the Lee-Wood family were gathered from across the world for this occasion.

Servants went round, offering food and drinks.

"What would you like, dear?" Elijah asked Olivia. "Do you want me to refill your glass or clear your plates?"

Olivia shot him a looks of disgust. "What's the matter with you? Do I look like I wanted something?"

"I'm just trying to make sure you're Comfortable, dear," Elijah said, his voice weak.

Olivia hissed. "It's no skin off your nose if I'm comfortable or not. Go wash the other guests feets."

"Yes, dear," Elijah rose to his feet and, taking the basin of water, he wandered aimlessly around the hall, washing each guests feets.

As he did so, he stole occasional glances at Olivia. She was a beauty to behold.

She got her eyes and figure from her mother and her ruthlessness from her father.

Additionally, she was Lord Owen's favourite grandchild.

Olivia worked very hard as the managing director of the Lee-Wood enterprises. Yet she was mean to Elina as much as everyone else were.

Elijah knew deep inside he was unworthy of her love.

He knew she despises him. He knew the sight of him grosses her.

He understood she only agreed to marry him to honour and respect her grandfather's wishes.

It hurts him that he couldn't sleep in the same bed with his wife nor see her nakedness.

Despite it all, he loved Olivia more than anything. She was his dream woman.

It was because of Olivia he endured his trials and tribulations in the hopes he could win her approval.

He didn't give up. He believed with time, Olivia would warm up to him and accept his love.

"Hey, trash. My feet is dusty. Must I tell you what to do?" Came a sudden voice that jolted him from his thoughts.

Elijah stiffened when he heard that voice. It was a voice that filled him with dread.

Turning around, he faced Chloe Lee, Olivia's younger sister. Chloe was a pretty blonde Bob cut girl in her late teen.

She had flown back home earlier this morning to witness the occasion.

She couldn't make it to the funeral due to her studies. Elijah wasn't happy to see her. She was the most terrible person in the house.

His worse nightmare.

"W-welcome home, Miss C-Chloe," Elijah stuttered as he poured fresh water into the basin and began washing her feet with an unsteady hand.

Chloe watched him closely, her eyes filled with mischief. "It's been a while. I missed torturing you."

Elijah swallowed in fear. He couldn't say anything.

She knocked him hard on the head, "You fool. Why the hurry. Take your time and wash my feet clean. That's right. Dry it and apply the best fragrance on it."

Elijah obeyed. Chloe was a black belt in karate. She derives pressure using him as a punching bag whenever she pleases.

She wouldn't hesitate to drop kick him right infront of everyone if the mood strikes her.

Suddenly, Alexander Lee took the stage along with Lord Owen's lawyer.

If there was one thing about the Lee family it's obviously their shared genetic trait of height.

Owen's lawyer looked like a small kid beside Alexander Lee.

Alexander Lee was Lord Owen's second born. Age 54, he stood at an imposing height with a well built body that a body builder would envy.

Donning on his favour grey suit, he leaned forward to the microphone and addressed everyone.

"Brethrens," his deep voice boomed across the hallway. "We have gathered her to witness the ceremony of the new head of the Lee-Wood family as well as read the will of our deceased father, Lord Owen. May he rest in peace."

There was a moment of silence before Alexander Lee continued.

"Once again, I welcome every members of the Lee-Wood family whom had come from every corner of the world to honour this very day. Let's begin."

Alexander Lee backed away after an applauding clap and the lawyer took the podium.

Lord Owen has Eight children and twenty-five grandchildren. Each of his children were to receive an equal share of 60% of his wealth.

The remaining 40% was split amongst his grandchildren with each receiving an additional bonus portion based on their parents share.

As expected by everyone, Lord Owen's successor was no other person but Alexander Lee.

This was satisfactory and accepted by the Lee-Wood family. Alexander Lee has proven himself worthy of such title. He deserves it.

Now what was left was the family business, Lee-Wood enterprises.

The hallway was filled with tension. Everybody waited with bated breath to hear the new CEO and successor of Lee-Wood enterprises.

Lee-Wood enterprises was worth \$800 million.

It needed to be in the hands of someone who could manage it's resources and expand the business.

"Who do you think would be chosen?" Someone whispered.

"Definitely Olivia," another responded. "She's worked very hard. It's definitely going to be her."

Abigail felt proud. She was confident her daughter would be chosen as head of the Lee-Wood enterprises.

Lord Owen's lawyer cleared his throat. "And now for the Lee-Wood enterprises. I'll call out the successors name."

Silence. Everyone leaned forward, eager to hear whom Lord Owen had chosen.

Lord Owen's lawyer announced. "The Lee-Wood enterprises is passed down to it's designated successor, Elijah."

There was a loud commotion as all eyes turned sharply to where Elijah was crotched, drying Chloe's foot.

Elijah's jaws dropped the moment he heard his name.

"What?!" Alexander's voice boomed. "How's that possible?"

Chattering filled the hall.

Chloe withdrew her feet from his hand and stared at him with unbelievable eyes. "This is a joke right?"

In all these, Olivia remained quiet. She was devastated. All her years of working hard and Lord Owen chose this piece of shit as his successor?

Abigail was screeching at Lord Owen's lawyer. "What sort of joke is this, huh? Do you have a death wish or something?"

"I'm telling you," Lord Owen's lawyer pointed shakily at the deed. "It's exactly as Lord Owen wrote in his will."

"Give me that," Alexander snatched the will from him and read it, furiously.

His face darkened when he saw Elijah's name, scribbled in Lord Owen's own handwriting.

"It's true," he said darkly. "As much as I hate to admit it, Elijah is the successor of Lee-Wood enterprises."

Gasps of shock filled the air. Olivia, boiling with rage stood up and marched out of the hall.

Abigail and Chloe went after her.

Meanwhile, Elijah was still in disbelief. He owned Lee-Wood enterprises. This was a dream. This has to be a dream.