Springfield court

The next day, Elijah was brought before Springfield city court.

The court was packed with members of the Lee-Wood family and other notable citizens.

Elijah stood in the defendant box, his heart pounding hard against his ribs.

The judge, sat at the bench and banged his gravel. "We'll now begin the trial of the accused, Mr Elijah."

Elijah's breath came in hard. He didn't know if he was coming or going. His blood roared in his ears and he felt like he was about to pass out.

"First things, first, Elijah," the Judge began. "Where's your lawyer?"

"I-I don't have one," he stuttered. "I can't afford one."

"Is that so," the judge turned to Elijah's prosecutor. "Prosecutor, step forward."

Elijah swallowed. He was alone. He was his only defendant.

A tall handsome lawyer, aged 26 with high cheek bones and a flashing white teeth that women dig for stepped forward.

Elijah instantly recognized him.

Alan Knight, youngest son of the Knight's family, one of the four most powerful families in Springfield city.

Alan was a successful lawyer and reputable the most ruthless in his field. He's never lost a case in his career.

Alan was representing the Lee-Wood family. He had always had an eye for Olivia, being one of her numerous suitors.

He hated Elijah just as much as Elijah hated him.

This was an opportunity to destroy Elijah and who's better at the job than him, Alan Knight?

"I'm dead," Elijah's thought out loud. "There's no way I'm getting out of this case alive."

Alan grinned evilly. He had been waiting for this moment his whole life. He called out Chloe to the stand.

As she stepped out, Elijah was shocked to see Chloe's eyes were red from crying.

"She's faking it," Elijah thought, his face falling. "Why is she faking her tears? Is she trying to act the victim here?"

Alan spoke to Chloe. "Chloe, tell the court and everyone seated here what Elijah did to you."

Chloe trembled as she took the stand and opened her mouth. "I called Elijah into my room to take my clothes and do the laundry. Then he took advantage of me, knowing everyone had retired to bed."

Elijah's eyes grew wide. The hell is she talking about? That wasn't what happened.

Chloe choked then started crying. "I was so scared. He held me up against the bed and tore off my dress then he took the scissors and cut my undies."

The courtroom erupted in mad chattering. Elijah felt angry eyes boring at him from every corner.

Chloe continued. "I was so scared. He said now he's in charge of the family business, he could do whatever he wants. He violated me. If I hadn't screamed he would've....he would've..."

Chloe bursted out crying helplessly. She buried her face in her palms and ran away from the stand.

The court rained down shouts and curses at Elijah.

Elijah was as pale as a belly of a fish. He couldn't believe his ears.

"She's lying," he yelled, desperately trying to defend himself. "That's not what happened. I didn't do any of the things she just said."

"You villian," Alan yelled at Elijah. "Your crime is already grave enough and you're still trying to deny it? How low can you stoop?"

"But I'm innocent," Elijah defended. "I was... I was set up. You have to believe me."

"Look around you, Elijah," Alan raised his hands. "Do you think anyone seated in this court believes a word you've just said?"

Elijah's eyes roved around the angry faces glaring at him. He settled for Olivia's face and a chill ran down his spine.

He saw disappointment, disgust and scorn written on that lovely face. She was ashamed of him.

That was the last straw. The only woman he cared about and loved didn't believe him. She must hate him now.

Then his gaze drifted to Chloe and his eyes widened a trifle.

Chloe hide a smile and stuck out her tongue at him.

Something died inside Elijah that very moment. It was his humanity. He was suddenly consumed with rage.

A rage he had never felt before.

"I gets it now," he thought. "They had all planned this out. How I'm I certain even Olivia has a hand in this?"

The judge turned to Elijah. "Do you have anything to say, Mr Elijah?"

Elijah's voice went grave. "What's the use. Even if I did say I was innocent none of these folks here would believe me. Not even you, Mr Judge."

Silence descended on the court at Elijah's sudden deep grave voice. He sounded like a wild animal.

"We're wasting time with this trial," Alexander Lee banged his fists on the table. "Execute him already!"

"That's right," Wyatt stood up. "If I wasn't restraining myself with an effort, I'd have killed him with my bare hands. The way I'm feeling now, I wouldn't hesitate to charge in there and tear his lungs out with my bare hands."

The Judge nodded and a gleeful smile formed across his mouth. "On the basis of the prosecutor and evidences, I declare Elijah guilty of sexual assault to Miss Chloe."

Elijah looked at the Judge, his eyes as dead as last year's snow. He didn't say anything.

"As punishment for your actions, Mr Elijah," the judge announced coldly and unforgivingly. "You'll be stripped of your inheritance from Lord Owen. You're hereby sentenced to spend the next eight years in prison with nothing to your name."

The judge banged his gravel, sealing Elijah's grim fate.

"You'll regret this," Elijah grinded his teeth bitterly, tears smarting his eyes. "I swear to God, I'll make every single one of you pay!"

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Elijah was thrown into the Purgatory Isle prison, a series of island jail, built for hardened criminals.

This was where he was condemned to spend eight years of his life.

It was common knowledge that Elijah wouldn't last long. Not every man who step behind the bars of the Purgatory Isle comes out alive.

He would be forgotten and left to die. This was his fate.

Meanwhile, back at the Lee-Wood household, the air was filled with celebration.

With Elijah out of the picture, Olivia had assumed full control of Lee-Wood enterprises as it's new chairwoman.

Olivia felt very happy. She had been contemplating to divorce Elijah since Lord Owen's demise but was constrained because of Lord Owen's will.

The incident between Elijah and Chloe had just killed two birds with one stone for Olivia.

"I'm so proud of you, Olivia," Abigail hugged her. "Now you're free from that trash your grandfather forced you to marry."

Olivia let out a relieved sighed. "I'm glad I'm finally through with him. I can't believe he was a scum all these while. He obtained a little power and it went straight to his head. He feels like he could do whatever he likes."

"Let's make a toast," Alexander raised his glass, and everyone followed suit. "To a better future for Lee-Wood enterprises and to Chloe, for riding us of that bastard."

Everybody cheered and they partied all night.

Meanwhile, in the cold of his cell, Elijah sat in the shadows, his body shivering.

Rats scurried around him, crushing on dried skeletons.

All Elijah could think about was revenge. He had endured enough bullshit with the Lee-Wood family for years.

If he was given a chance to leave this place, he would make them pay.

He would crush them to pieces until they have nothing to cling back to.

Suddenly, he heard heavy footsteps approaching his cell.

A man in a brown overcoat and hat stood before Elijah, peering into his cell.

Elijah glanced up to meet the man's unwavering gaze. "Who the hell are you?"

The man turned to the warden, who was waiting nearby, and issued a command. "Open the cell."

The warden obeyed immediately.

The man entered inside the cell and to Elijah's surprise, he went down on one knee and pulled out a chained gold necklace.

The necklace featured a gold-crested shield pendant engraved with the initials of the Smiths in diamonds.

With a faint smile, he looked into Elijah's eyes and said, "Young master. I've come to take you home."