The Smith family

The Smith family reigned as the wealthiest people on the planet with an estimated networth surpassing \$900 trillion.

Their empire spans across various sectors with a primary focus on space tech and nuclear power plants.

20% of their wealth was generated from real estate, built globally. They owned many small cities and territories.

Another 30% was derived from mining a rare space mineral called Stellarite. A gram of Stellarite was worth \$100,000.

However, 40% of their wealth was attributed to space tech and building cutting edge weapons for militaries of various countries.

"My name is Sebastian," the man introduced himself. "The Smith's family's most trusted butler. I have been assigned to bring you home."

Elijah stared at Sebastian for a long time, his brows furrowing. "How is this possible? I am a nobody. I don't have a family."

Sebastian sighed softly, his expression sober. "Forgive me, young master. I'll explain everything to you now. You're the sole heir to the Smith's family. Five years ago, you had a car accident that resulted to you losing your memory."

Elijah stiffened, his eyes widening in disbelief. "You're... you're lying."

Sebastian gently shook his head. "I'm afraid it's the truth, young master. Your real name is Arthur Smith. Elijah was merely a false identity created to protect you."

"What do you mean," Elijah stood up, breathing hard. "This doesn't make any sense."

"Lord Owen was close friends to your father, Master Smith. He allowed Lord Owen to adopt you, in hopes you would eventually recover your memory in the long run."

Elijah felt like he was coming and going. He leaned back against the walls of his cell for support.

"You're kidding, right? Why didn't they bring this up a long time ago? Why did they allowed me to suffer all these years?"

"It was part of the arrangement with Lord Owen to marry you off to his granddaughter inorder to unite the Lee-Wood family with the Smith's family."

Elijah couldn't blink. "You mentioned something about protection. Who was I being protected from?"

"In order to ensure your safety, you had to live under an assumed identity," Sebastian explained. "It was investigated that your car accident was planned. Someone was after your life."

Elijah raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yes," Sebastian continued. "On two occasions, your life has been in constant danger."

"After your car crash, you narrowly escaped a bomb letter mailed to you on your sick bed. On another occasion, your bodyguard was shot dead by a sniper while guarding you."

"And that was why I was entrusted to Lord Owen care, right?" Elijah inquired.

"Yes, young master," Sebastian glanced up to meet Elijah's gaze. "Good news is we've apprehended the assailant. It's now safe for you to return home."

Elijah grew angry.

He grabbed Sebastian by his collar and cried out with tears in his eyes. "I can't believe this. Do you have any idea what I've been through? The Lee-Wood family are devils. They made my life a living hell."

Sebastian expression darkened. "We're aware of that. Forgive us for our ignorance, young master. I promise you, we'll crush the Lee-Wood family for what they've done to you."

"No," Elijah released his collar and wiped his tears with the back of his arm. "Leave the revenge to me. I'll give them a slow painful reckoning they'll never forget."

"On that note," Sebastian stood up. "Shall I escort you home? Everyone's waiting."

Elijah's face hardened. "No. I'm not leaving."

Sebastian was surprised. "May I ask why, young master? Surely you do not plan on staying here."

Elijah stepped outside his cell and looked around him. He folded his arms, his eyes surveying every inch of the prison.

"I want to buy one of these Isle prisons. You can move the other prisoners to the other isle but this particular one is mine."

Sebastian was so confused. "Surely that isn't an impossible feat for the Smith family but young master, why would you want this Isle prison for yourself?"

Elijah's face dawned with fresh determination. "To level up. I'm going to spend six months in here to build my body, my self confidence and plot out the perfect revenge plan."

Sebastian pursed his lips. The wild looks in Elijah's eyes filled him with dread.

"Springfield city destroyed me. I'm going to destroy that city to the ground," Elijah said gravely. "To achieve that, I must isolate myself for six months and grow my resolve."

"But what about your family," Sebastian asked anxiously. "They're so eager to see you. They're waiting for your arrival as we speak."

"Tell them to wait another six months," Elijah snapped. "I'm still mad at them for neglecting me for years. I won't see them neither would I allow them pay me a visit."

Sebastian sighed then bowed. "As you wish, young master. Anything else you need?"

"Yes," he snapped his fingers at Sebastian. "I want this place renovated. I want a state of the art gym, a personal gym instructor, a boxing coach, a world renowned chef, a library, a beautician and a hot bath built."

Sebastian grinned. "As expected of you, young master. It would be a shame to meet your family the way you are right now."

Elijah looked so scrawny and his skin was very pale. It would be an embarrassment to meet his family looking like a walking skelton.

"Ensure no words gets out that I'm out of prison nor my true identity revealed," Elijah commanded. "You'll be in my service for a long time, Sebastian."

"Of course," Sebastian smiled knowingly. "The wardens and guards had already been warned to keep their mouths shut. You don't have to worry about anything."

"Good," Elijah nodded. "Very good."

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The prison isle was transformed within a week.

Fully funded by the Smith family, the renovation team transformed the stinky prison into a lavishly furnished facility tailored to Elijah's demands.

He was equipped with the latest fitness technology and a variety of workout stations.

A highly skilled trainer was hired to help Elijah build up his strength and self confidence.

He also had a world-class boxing coach to train him in self defense and the science of martial arts.

As demanded, the Smith family employed the finest chef they could find to provide Elijah with balanced and nutritional meals.

They also hired Elijah a personal beautician who offered him grooming and skincare treatment, ensuring he looked his best.

Elijah adhered to a strict daily lifestyle. He wakes up 5am in the morning, undergoes his rigorous workout routine and spend the rest of his afternoon studying after a delicious meal.

At night before retiring to bed, his beautician performs his beauty treatments.

As the calendar days flew by, Elijah's body transformed from a pale scrawny man to a strong, healthy good-looking individual.

He was preparing himself for his calculated revenge plot against the Lee-Wood family and everyone that had wronged him.

Finally, the sixth month arrived and as agreed, it was time for Elijah to leave the Isle prison, but he would be leaving a different person.

Sebastian whom had served him these past few months was proud of the man standing before him.

Elijah was unrecognisable. He looked more powerful, more refined and more stronger than before.

"Young master," Sebastian bowed slightly. "Your helicopter is ready. It's time we depart from the Isle. Your family are waiting to welcome you home."

Elijah was in his luxurious bedroom, overlooking the vast ocean, his hands spread on the balcony rails.

He had his muscular back turned to Sebastian. He has also gotten a new badass tattoo drawn on his right arm.

"It is time," Elijah's said gravely. "The next arc of my chapter begins today. From now on, I refused to be addressed as Elijah. My name is Arthur Smith."

Sebastian felt over the moon. "Impressive as ever, Arthur Smith."

Elijah smirked. "That's better. Now get me out of this stinking hole!"