Arthur Smith

Paradise Oasis was called the city of gold.

Figuratively, it was a city where money was created and spent—a billionaire's playground.

This city was under the control of the Smith's family. Today after five years, the heir to the Smith's trillion dollars fortune was returning home.

Excitement filled the air. The Smith's family had prepared everything in advanced for this special day.

Powerful figures across the world were invited as special guests.

The streets were crowded with masses whom were curious to see what the Smith's heir looked like.

The Smith's Tower was the most luxurious sky scraper ever built, worth over \$80 billion.

It pierced the sky with a glass facade adorned with gold accents, casting a radiant shimmer in the sunlight.

Suddenly a procession of luxury cars came to a standstill.

A gold-plated Rolls-Royce phantom, resplendent with the Smith family crest pulled up.

The chauffeur, impeccably dressed in a black suit, stepped out of the Rolls-Royce and opened the rear door.

Arthur Smith, the enigmatic heir of the Smith family, slowly descended from the luxurious vehicle.

His custom-made shoes were meticulously crafted from the finest Italian leather, glistening with gold accents.

He wore a \$10 million suit, tailored from the rarest fabric money could buy.

It clung to his body, emphasizing his muscular build.

On his wrist, he wore a limited edition watch, studded with the rarest of diamonds and customized with the Smith's family initials.

Dark, designer sunglasses concealed his eyes, creating an air of mystery around him.

Arthur's dark, wavy hair was swept back and he kept his beard clean shaven.

An aura of charisma and sexiness radiated off him like a blinding light.

As Arthur Smith walked the red carpet, the gathered crowds couldn't help but be captivated by his magnetic presence.

Paparazzi's flashed their cameras in all directions and reporters struggled to throw him

whatever questions that came to their mind.

It took the guards great efforts to restrain the crowds from reaching out to him.

Arthur's was greeted by Sebastian whom waited for him at the entrance to the building.

Sebastian bowed slightly to him. "Welcome home, young master. Your family shall see you now. If you would please follow me."

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The Smith's family and their special guests had gathered together in the banquet hall, waiting for Arthur's arrival.

The moment Arthur was ushered in, the hall erupted in applause and cheers.

They were impressed by him. He was nothing like what they imagined. He was much more.

His aura of power and commanding presence enveloped them.

Benjamin Smith, Arthur's father couldn't recognize his son after five years.

From the scrawny man he had seen from the photos Sebastian showed him to this dashing young man, it was evident that Arthur underwent a complete transformation.

Arthur regarded the man whom Sebastian had introduced as his father.

Benjamin Smith was blond with a full mustache, strong jawline and had powerful brown eyes.

Unlike most billionaires, Benjamin Smith still possess his good looks and an impressive build even in his late forties.

Arthur was impressed. Although he looked nothing like his father but he could tell they both shared the same aura of power and determination.

He bowed slightly and said, "I have come home, father."

Benjamin Smith felt a heaviness in his heart. "You still don't remember who I am, do you?"

"My memories is still foggy but I've come to accept that you're my family," Arthur replied. "It doesn't matter if I remember the past or not. What matters now is the present."

Benjamin Smith felt the weight of guilt he bore lifted off his chest. He gave a warming smile.

"Come, my son," he embraced his son. "Welcome home."

Arthur was then showed to his mother Regina Smith. Her eyes were filled with tears as she welcomed her son.

Arthur bore an uncanny resemblance to his mother. He shared her nose, her facial features, her smooth skin and her Jet-black hair.

There was no doubt about it. Even though he didn't remember her in his memories, he was certain this was his mother.

"Welcome home, my son," she wept in his arms. "I know you don't remember me but I'm just so glad you're home. I couldn't bear to watch you suffer all these years."

Arthur smiled and hugged her tighter. "It's alright, mom. Don't cry anymore. I'm home now."

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The celebration of the Smith's heir

homecoming ceremony lasted for three days.

On the fourth day, it was time to get down to business.

Benjamin Smith wasted no time: he convened a board meeting at the Smith's Tower.

All twelve members of the board were assembled in the vast luxurious conference room.

Benjamin Smith entered the executive board meeting accompanied by his lawyer.

He sat down at the head chair and began to address the board members.

"As you all know, I've been running Smith's Industries since I was eighteen. That's thirty years of my life, dedicated to the business. I've been preparing myself for this very moment."

He paused for effect. The eagerness in the eyes of the board convinced him he's gotten their whole attention.

"Smith's industries was founded in 1920 by my great-grandfather. The company has been passed from father to son within the Smith's family for generations up till this very day."

Benjamin Smith took a deep breath. "I've called you all here today to announce my retirement."

Everyone saw this coming but they weren't expecting it to happen so soon.

"The future of Smith's industries is secure and lies solely in the hands of my successor, my son, Arthur Smith."

The door opened and Arthur entered the vast conference room looking Smart in his suit.

He stood before the board as they stood up to acknowledge his presence with a round of applause.

Benjamin Smith walked up to Arthur and draped his arms over his shoulder then he waved his other hand at the board.

"Son, all these is yours. These people here are my most trusted business partners. From now on, you're in total control of Smith's industries."

The board members were ecstatic to see Benjamin Smith's son. He exceeded their expectations.

He oozed so much power and authority they could only help but gape at him in wonder.

Arthur settled down at the head chair as the new chairman of Smith Industries.

"Have your seats," he commanded. "Let's begin."

With everyone seated, Arthur leaned forward forming his hands into a steeple and speaking into the desk mic.

"I am happy to become your new chairman. I promise to fulfill my role in all my endeavours in the business."

Everyone nodded, visibly impressed by his speech. He spoke like an intelligent man.

Arthur went on after a moment pause. "In that order. I'd like to introduce our new program

for the year. Operation Phoenix."

The projector shot at the screen as Arthur began to explain. "I've been planning this for six months. I would like to establish a branch of our company in Springfield city."

Everyone was startled.

"But sir, the market in Springfield city is highly competitive. No one wants to invest there."

Arthur noticed their disapproval then he stood up. "I have unfinished business in Springfield city. My goals are personal but to achieve that I must do it in a way it doesn't tarnishes the image of the Smith family."

The board felt a chill ran up their spine as Arthur's eyes glint with hatred.

"I'm going to destroy Springfield city and everyone in it."