

The Marvelous Elijah's Return

Chapter 152-155

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 152

The Marvelous Elijah's Return by Rever Chapter 152 I want Elijah and Peach dead

The sound of the doorbell echoing through the house made everyone tense up, especially Peach because by now, they all knew that Elijah's father was visiting. "Mama," Peach whispered as Miss Grace reached for the doorknob, grabbing onto her mother's arm. "Breathe, honey." Miss Grace mumbled, twisting the doorknob, and then she pulled it open. Standing on the porch was a pure white-haired man with a casual dress shirt and jeans, and yet, he had this aura of importance, and his presence was commanding as he stared from beneath his glasses a sinile tugging on the corners of his lips.

Looking over at Peach, his smile widened, and he said cheerfully, "Let me guess, you are Peach?"

With a nod, she gave a nervous grin, saying, "Yes, sir. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Maxwell."

His smile faded, and Peach remembered what Elijah said about his dad and him having this thing about his identity, and a sense of worry shot through her. "Ah... I feel guilty that it's my fault my daughter-in-law is calling me, 'Sir'..." Mr. Maxwell looked apologetically, suddenly taking her hand in his gently. "All this must be overwhelming for you, right, child?... I am sorry for the confusion. Please forgive this old men for "It's okay, Father-in-law... I am just glad that I can finally get to meet the man that I love's father." Peach chuckled, nervous by the sad look that had settled on his expression.

When Mr. Maxwell's eyes locked with Miss Grace, he smiled, saying, "You must be my in-law, Grace?"

A grin broke out across her face as she nodded, and she stepped forward, offering her hand," Yes. I am glad that Elijah finally opened up about his side of his family and to see you... Please, come in."

The conversation was dragged into the mansion with Mr. Maxwell running his mouth, spitting out kind words, and the sound of laughter echoed through the house as stories of Elijah as a kid slipped into the conversation.

The living room was glowing with positive energy as Mr. Maxwell drew Peach and Miss Grace deep into his stories, and their genuine laugh only deepened the conversation making them lose track of time and their surroundings. "This is the longest I have seen him be so carefree, talkative, and lose from that cold aura that makes him feared so much in Bordoria." James thought, staring at his boss's smile resting his eyes the entire time he talked.

After a while, it finally clicked to Peach, and she blurted out softly, "Oh, my God, Elijah! He doesn't know you are here. I should take you to him because... the incident... Umm... He can't put pressure on his body."

Watching how the excitement in her eyes slowly shifted into pain as she talked about his son's injury, Mr. Maxwell smiled, keeping it to himself that he texted Elijah when he was on the porch, and Elijah asked him to entertain Peach to give her that sense of security because she

was freaking out about meeting him.

"Can I show you the way?" Peach asked, giving a soft smile as she stood from the couch. Waking to his feet, Mr. Maxwell said, "Please lead the way, dear."

A moment later, Peach and he reached a door, and she gently opened it, her eyes instantly meeting Elijah's own as she walked in with Mr. Maxwell.

When Peach reached him, Elijah laced his fingers with her, kissing the back of her hand, and said, "Dad, meet my wife. Wife, this is my father, Romney Maxwell."

"My daughter-in-law has the kindness eyes." Mr. Maxwell complimented with sincerity in his voice.

Chuckling faintly, Elijah teased as he squeezed Peach's hand, "That's what she trapped me with..."

At first Peach was laughing, then she noticed Elijah gazing at her intensely, and she nervously darted her gaze away, thinking, 'Come on. Don't do that to me. Your dad is right here... I might have kind eyes, but yours is bewitching and seductive.!

After a light chit-chat between the three, Peach woke from the bed, excusing herself, "Since you will be staying more than a day in town, I should get a guest room ready for you."

As she walked away, Mr. Maxwell gazed after her, saying, "Thank you, dear."

Then he focused on his son, his expression hardening the moment he heard the door shut, and then he let out firmly, "I am going to kill them all!" 2

"Dad," Elijah tried to reason with him. "You are not a killer or criminal. And I will be damned if I am the reason your reputation gets stained."

"I have been scared to death two times in my entire life, and that's when your mother was in labor, and recently, when I got the call that you were in the ICU."

"I can understand the feeling that you would do anything to protect the one you love, but let's keep our hands out of the filth yet."

"Why are you keeping your hands out of the filth when they are shitting all on your name. I saw the news, Elijah. Do you know how hard it is for me to block all the crap these people are spreading on the media about you from entering Bordoria?"

"I am planning on fixing it."

"How?!"

Silence fell between them, Elijah leaned against the pillow and said, "I made a call to Bryan Check

"Toby Checks grandson?" Mr. Maxwell interrupted, raising an eyebrow. "What does he want with you?"

“He has been helping me immensely here. Anyway, he’s organizing a press conference and Jerome is supposed to get me a wheelchair and wheelchair-accessible van so that I can attend. I have something in my possession that will prove my innocent.”

“Since that’s the case, you are not going to this conference.” Giving his father an are-you-really-serious look, Elijah sighed deeply and stated, “Why not?”

“If there is one thing I have learned from the emotion I felt, knowing you were in that hospital bed was that time is too short to play games with your loved ones, and son, I want to be a proud father to you no matter your faults, accomplishments, or failures. That’s why I will be the one to attend this conference.”

At three o’clock, the hall was quiet with reporters from every news platform because the allegations against Elijah were the hottest topic in the country.

The noise grew louder with each passing moment as reporters started second-guessing if Elijah would be brave enough to show his face.

Suddenly all the mumbling died down when Mr. Maxwell suddenly appeared on the platform, drawing the reporter’s attention immediately to him, confusion settling in the room.

Cameras immediately started going off and on with people shouting, and a reporter asked, “Mr. Maxwell, what are you doing in Syldavia?”

Then another one of them blurted out, “Meanly, what are you doing in this hall?”

“What is Bordoria’s biggest business tycoon doing in our humble country, at such a random event.” A journalist rushed in with a question.

Taking a seat behind the table, Mr. Maxwell’s eyes dark, his expression stony, and his voice clipped, he answered, “My only heir, Elijah Maxwell, the first, known to you all as Elijah Darius, wants me to present you all with a gift.” Suddenly, Matt, Rick, Jerome, and Larry started walking among the chairs, sharing a

twenty four GB hard drive with all the reporters, and after they got done, the room was cold because every one of them was still in shock that Mr. Maxwell was Elijah's biological father.

"Did you say Elijah Darius is your child?" A reporter asked, her eyes nervously lowering when Mr. Maxwell glared her way.

"I don't think I stuttered..." Mr. Maxwell muttered, his tone low and dangerous.

The room was cold, as tension settled in the atmosphere, and fear drowned the reporters, causing them to carve in.

"I am giving all news platforms till eleven-fifty nine today to release news about the actual happens at Senator Butcher's birthday party, or else, I am raging hell, and won't stop until your companies crumbled to aslies for thinking you can bully my heir, and walk away unscathed," Mr. Maxwell warned in a low voice that sent shivers down each of the reporter's spines. "I am not a forgiving man, and I better see the truth out, or else tomorrow, I will strike the match and toss it in wasted gasoline and burn it all down. I hope my words are clear!" Darting her gaze away from the night sky through her window, Melina sighed, drinking her hot cocoa as she glared at the newslady.

"Breaking news, Multibillion dollar business tycoon, Romney Maxwell of Bordoria, a man of wealth and high prestige just revealed the identity of his sole heir to our news team this morning in a heated Conference, and our crew was stunned to find out that Elijah Darius, is in fact, rightsully called, 'Elijah Maxwell,' the only child of the Maxwell family and a third generation multimillionaire."

The mug froze to Melina's lips as her brows furrowed in doubt, not wanting to believe the words her ears had heard.

"All this while, so many misconceptions of his identity have been circling... But, honestly, him being the only child of a multi-billionaire was far from our guest. However, it's the truth. If you don't believe us, here's a recording of Mr. Maxwell confirming it with his own words."

Pausing, Melina glared at Mr. Maxwell's face on the screen as his voice echoed out the speakers, "My only heir, Elijah Maxwell, the first, known to you all as Elijah Darius, wants me to present you all with a gift."

Suddenly, Melina threw the mug at the tv, causing the glass to explode, the ceramic shards flying everywhere as she screamed, "Peach, you bitch! You stole my life! You stole my fucking life!" :

"In other related news, According to the new video recording that has been made available, Elijah Maxwell was falsely accused by Jessica Astor, and it was a plot between Josh Hayes to frame the Maxwells' sole heir of a such hideous crime as a way to destroy his marriage between him and his wife, Peach Hayes." Dumbfounded, Madam Jewel just stared at the television screen, her mind blank.

"No wonder that bastard was always one step ahead of us!!" Dean screamed, tossing the TV remote aggressively on the table. "He's a fucking multi-billionaire son!"

"This footage was captured by Elijah Maxwell of Jessica as he was getting harassed in the bathroom by her while playing the victim."

"This doesn't change a damn thing," Madam Jewel finally mumbled. "Elijah being rich doesn't change the fact that I want Elijah and Peach dead."

"I thoughte you can't kill her?" Martha mumbled in confusion.

Looking at her daughter-in-law, Madam Jewel sighed and said in a dead tone, "If someone goes missing and their body is never found, then technically, they can not be considered dead without any evidence... just like lawyer Meeks."

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I am not going to run When the sound of her room door cracking open echoed in her ear, Miss Grace jumped from her sleep and looked over at her daughter, standing in the doorway. "Peach, honey... It's five am... What's the matter?" Miss Grace asked, sitting up in bed, her voice still raspy with sleep. Pouting, Peach shut the door, walked over to her mother, and climbed into her bed, hugging her.

"I am nervous, mama... Not even the internet knows how much he's worth.... It was easier when he was just an ordinary man, but now..." Peach trailed off as she held onto her mom. 1

Smiling softly, Grace stroked her daughter's hair, and after a while, she whispered, "Honey, why did you fall in love with Elijah?"

"The first time I met him, he was grumpy, but his eyes told me a different story... I could tell he was hurt... Maybe there was something about his wounded soul that made me curious, and then he slowly unraveled his personality..." Peach whispered.

Then she raised her head to stare at her mother, mumbling, "How he treated his friends, how he cared for those around him... He seemed so genuine when we were together... Underneath all his brokenness, anger, and frustration, I saw someone worth loving, worth being patient with, caring for, respecting... Someone who deserves happiness. I wanted to make him that person. But, why I love him is something I can't put into words... I just felt like he was the one."

"Do you feel any different now that he's a third-generation multi-billionaire?" Miss Grace inquired, smiling.

When Peach shook her head, she kissed her daughter's forehead, whispering, "Love is pretty scary when it is true. You are with your husband for who he is, and not what he is, and that kind of feeling is what love really is... For better or worse, sickness or health, in riches or poverty... You have loved him when he was nobody, now you get to stand by him with your chin high as a proud wife and love him as you have always done."

His back resting against the wall, staring at his son, Mr. Maxwell sighed, saying, "You were right, but not hundred percent."

"About what?" Elijah asked, wondering while Peach sneaked out of the room an hour ago.

"Not only Matt, but all four of your men report back to me, after all, I made them take an oath to have me updated about your every step..." "Others have weirdos as stalkers. Mine is my dad. Joy."

"Your wife gets so much praise in all of their reports... and just one day with you guys and I do see why. She's precious. Your mother will be proud." "That's why I want us to do this."

The sound of the door opening made both men turn to see Peach entering the room, and when their gaze rested on her, she gave a weak smile. "I will excuse myself." Mr. Maxwell said before leaving and closing the door behind himself.

Looking at her husband, Peach's feet felt frozen to the ground until Elijah said softly, "Come here."

Slowly, she took steps closer to him, and when she reached the bed, Elijah pulled her onto the mattress next to him, hissing slightly in pain.

"I hate this, not being able to hold or treat you like I used to because of my bruises," Elijah whispered.

Suddenly, placing her hand on Elijah's chest, she could feel his steady heartbeat underneath her palm, and then she rested her head on him, listening to it as she mumbled, "This is enough for me."

A smile tugged at the corners of Elijah's lips as he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her against his torso as he ignored the pain, kissing her temple, and murmuring in response, "After my bruise heals, let's take a trip to Bordoria? I want to take you to the home that holds all my childhood and most of my adulthood, memories. Also, my mother really wants to meet

you."

"I would like that very much." Peach answered, turning her head to face him, smiling.

The long hand on the wall clock rested on ten, and the brightness of the television reflected in Josh's eyes as he watched Senator Butcher deliver, if I could go back in time to the second Josh Hayes approached me, I would have done things differently, like remember that Elmer Hayes is behind bars because of Elijah Darius... I mean, Elijah Maxwell stood up for his wife's right, fought for her, and gave her back the company that her grandfather gave her in his will..." 1

“This bastard is throwing me under the bus to save his ass now that he knows who that bastard is.” Tosh muttered, taking a sip from the wine bottle in his hand.

“Because if I had remembered that, then I would have also known that the Hayes had a motive to frame and ruin Elijah Maxwell’s reputation... it saddens me that I was naive to ignore those things and acted from my heart because Jessica Astor was a friend of my daughter and I was tricked by her and Josh Hayes to act a fool and hurt an innocent man.”

“Bullshit! What a load of it!!”

The sense of frustration that boiled inside Josh was evident as he slammed the wine bottle down on the table.

“I now know that I owe Mr. Maxwell an apology, and I am never too big of a man to do so. And I also understand that the Hayes, well, Josh Hayes is not a man to be trusted, and in the future, I want nothing to do with such scum,” Josh scolded at the television as he watched the serious look on Mr. Butcher’s face after he uttered those words.

A bitter laugh that sounded more like a cry escaped Josh’s throat as he shook his head, and he took another swig from the bottle, draining it. “My Secretary is already reaching out to Elijah to schedule a meeting to personally apologize to him.” Mr. Butcher stated.

“That’s honorable and all, Senator Butcher. But some people may say that the only reason you are doing this is that Elijah Darius is now Elijah Maxwell. What do you want to say to those people?” The reporter hastily asked. “Of course, he’s only fucking doing it because of that!!” Josh screamed, grabbed the whiskey bottle, and threw it across the room with full force.

Then he laughed loudly, slamming his hands down on the table, but his laugh was cut short however when he heard his office door open and his secretary, Laker entered, closing the door slowly behind him.

“Boss, you know how we lost 20% of our investors when you and Iris got a divorce? Well, the Senator’s speech has only been on the air for five minutes, and we have a worse crisis than that.” Laker quickly spoke.

“What? How bad is it?” Josh questioned as he pushed himself up to a sitting position, gripping the armrests of the chair tightly.

“At this rate, the company is going to crash within less than a month... it’s not only the investors, but we have super pissed clients on the lines.”

“I see.”

Suddenly, Laker’s eyes widened when he saw his boss stand up abruptly, aggressively shoved all of the things on his desk onto the ground, and scream, “It’s all that bitch fault.”

*The hell, Laker mumbled in his head, taking a step back.

“She had to go running her mouth to that bastard and betray me!”

“Okay... I will be stepping out now, boss.”

Suddenly, his phone started buzzing like crazy, and Josli snatched it off his desk, answering it quickly.

His dark eyes glanced over to Laker, shutting the door, and then he blurted out, “What is it, grandma?!”

“Come home, now!” Madam Jewel’s voice boomed through the phone. “Everyone is there, isn’t it?!”

“Just get here!”

The living room of the Haves mansion had this weird, tense energy as everyone sat stiffly. their expression dark and somber.

Finally, when Josh walked into the room, the tension only seemed to add up in the air, and as soon as he took his seat, Madam Jewel said, “We have to sell Revest, and you need to travel out of the country.”

A cold chuckle left Joshi’s throat as he crossed his legs, leaning forward in the chair, looking straight at his grandmother as he replied, “I am not going to run!”

“Did you know that within the hours it took you to get here, Mr. Astor released a press statement, claiming that you threatened his daughter’s life to force her into doing your plan?!”

“It was that bitch idea from the very being!” “It does not matter, Josh! The Butcher and Astor are using you as their escaped goat, and they have their ropes tightly around your neck! There is no coming back from this!”

“Grandma —”

“Reinvest is going to crash if you insist on keepin, it. To salvage this mess, we have to sell the

company. I will host a press conference removing the rest of the family from the situation, and you will have to travel.”

“You guys are throwing me under the bus too?! Wow, you all are liypocrites and cowards!”

Watching her grandson stand from his seat, Madam Jewel cried, “Josh, sit back down. Your

father has already booked the ticket... even him knows that this is for the best.”

“Screw all of you!! I will fight my own damn battle!” Josh snapped.

Frowning, Dean glared at his son’s back and let out, “Josh, don’t do anything stupid that will mess you up.”

“That bitch has already fuck up my life, and I am not leaving until I mess up someone else’s!” Josh uttered, his voice numb from emotion. 1

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Dangerous sacrifices “Are you sure that you want to go?” Elijah mumbled, watching Peach as she left the bed., Looking back at her husband, Peach smiled softly. “I am just going to pop in and out of the company. I have been feeling a bit restless, and I want to check how things are going there.” Even though Elijah knew that they had capable employees, he could see that Peach was stressed, and he sighed, saying, “Okay.” “Thanks, babe. I will be home before you know it.” Peach replied, kissing him gently on the cheek before leaving for the bathroom.

After the door shut behind her, Elijah climbed out of bed and walked over to the window, opening it slightly to look outside

When the sound of their bedroom door opened after three knocks, Elijah turned his gaze away from the window to meet Rookie’s eyes, and his man let out, “Should you be standing up with those wounds?”

“The pain is not the same as one week ago,” Elijah said, taking careful steps away from the window.

His feet felt heavy on the tiled floor as he slowly made his way over to the couch. He sank onto it and pulled his legs up, letting the coolness sink into his aching muscles.

“Have you found out who Jewel and the others are selling Reinvest to?” Elijah asked.

“No one in the business circle is willing to take the risk. They all seemed to be scared to even interact with the Hayes, even though it’s been one week since Jewel did the interview, sacrificing Josh through their claim that he hasn’t been to himself since he and Iris divorced.” Rookie replied. “I guess I have to push some buttons then.”

“What do you mean?”

A half-smirk settled on Elijah’s lips as he looked up at Rookie, and a mischievous look settled in his eyes as he raised a brow, saying, “Reinvest is not theirs to sell... It’s Peach’s.” There was a brief pause as Rookie thought about it, and then he heard Elijah say, “I heard Mr. Astor been calling to make an amendment with me for what his daughter did. Tell Ryan to invite him to lunch at DuskyGold Restaurant.” “Yes, boss.” Rookie said, even though he knew nothing of his boss’s plan. After Rookie left, a couple of minutes later, Peach walked into the bedroom, and Elijah smiled at her. “I heard a voice?” Peach said as she walked over to him. “Did your father—”

“No. It was Rookie. Umm... What do you say about expanding Investic?” Elijah asked as he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her toward him, resting his head on her stomach as she ran her fingers through his hair “Hmm, in what sense?”

“I want to buy Reinvest... What do you think? It will be better if your grandfather’s company ends up in his blood hands than some stranger’s.” At nine o’clock, Investic was still crowded with reporters that had been camping outside of the building for days, hoping Peach or Elijah would make an appearance. The moment they saw the black SUVs approaching, the crowd of reporters rushed toward the vehicles, but they were pushed aside by Larry and the others as soon as they stepped out the car doors, trying their best to keep Peach hidden behind the barrier.

Questions were flying left and right from every reporter while forcing themselves to see Peach, and yet, Larry and his men were showing no weakness in their defense system as they guarded Peach towards the building.

“You bitch!!” Melina’s voice boomed across the parking lot. “Give me back what you stole, slut!”

Even though Peach was trying to ignore her, Melina said, “How could you do this to me? Marrying your cousin’s ex-husband! Did your father not teach you morals? You know that I love him!” ?

Stopping in her tracks, Peach turned to face Melina's voice and said gently, "Let me see her."

Although Larry and the others were hesitant, they slit up, making Peach's eyes rest on Melina, and immediately, Melina rushed for Peach, clearly wasted, lashing out, "You little bitch! Give me back my husband!"

Camera lights were flashing on them as Melina moved for Peach, and the moment she came closer, Peach whacked her hard in the ear, causing her to stumble backward into the reporters surrounding her.

Immediately, Larry stepped between her and Melina as Peach calmly said, "I wanted to do that for so long after what you did to Elijah and me with the whole Jacob incident. Stay away from me and my husband." Before Melina could gather her thoughts to make a comeback, Larry and the others had already escorted Peach further toward the building as reporters screamed after her.

The dining table was covered in delicious appetizers and wine at eleven o'clock as Elijah sat, staring at the uncomfortable Mr. Astor at the other end of the table.

"This restaurant is a smart choice for breakfast," Mr. Astor said. "You got good taste." "Thank you," Elijah mumbled.

After a prolonged silence, Mr. Astor cleared his throat, saying, "Elijah, I mean, Mr. Maxwell...! About what my daughter did, you should know it was not of her own doing. She has been friends with Josh and Melina Hayes for so long and they have brainwashed her. But she recently vowed to me, back when she was in the hospital, that she would never meet or get involved with them again."

"Well, that's good for her. But I will need your help in doing business transactions with the Hayes. As you said, your daughter was close to them, and I was hoping you could buy Reinvest Co. and sell it to me?" Elijah said, leaning back in his chair. Immediately, Mr. Astor's brows furrowed slightly as he thought, 'Didn't he hear about my press release statement against the Hayes?!

"If you can not do it, it's okay. It is not a problem." Elijah continued.

"No, of course not, Mr. Maxwell!"

“It’s just that with the conflict between the Hayes and me, I think it will be more complicated having to buy it myself from them...”

Subconsciously meeting Elijah’s eyes, the aura from him made Mr. Astor feel like he was being scrutinized, and the pressure of his stare made him squirm in his seat.

“Of course! I understand that. I can buy the company.” Mr. Astor quickly stated.

“Excellent! Once you have it, I will reimburse you the money.” Elijah responded.

“No, no, no! It’s a gift from me to you. I bargain for a fresh start between our family and –”

“No offense, Mr. Astor, but I don’t accept such pricey gifts. I will wire the money to your account once you have the complete documents.” Elijah cut in.

The Astor had a strong influence in Syldavia, which Mr. Astor knew, but outside of Syldavia, the Maxwells had the power to suppress him and his international business to a great extent that he feared would cripple and crush him.

So, he forced an awkward laugh, striving to ease that hostile atmosphere, and replied, “Very well, Mr. Maxwell. I will get Mr. London to buy it from Jewel, and then I will purchase it from him and sell it to you... But still, after all this, I am hoping to have a relationship with you in the future...”

The two men held each other’s gaze for a while, and then Elijah smirked, saying, “You should try the Coq au vin. It’s a memorable dish.”

Looking at the number 3 o’clock on her phone screen, Madam Jewel swiped to answer, saying hastily, “Mr. London, what a lovely surprise, how are you?”

“Madam Jewel, hello.” He said politely. “I am doing quite well. I called because I am interested in buying Reinvest.”

“That’s wonderful! When do you want to get in touch with us to carry out the paperwork?!”

“Is this evening preferable to you?!”

“This evening?”

A sense of confusion and suspicion overcame her as the only thing running through her mind was ‘why would London need to buy the company so urgently?’

“We both know that the state of Reinvest is awful, and it’s better for me to have it now before it goes bankrupt than to get it when it has crashed.” Mr. London added seconds later. “I see your point... Since we have all the paperwork ready, I can meet you—”

“At five.”

“Sure...”

After ending the call, Madam Jewel frowned when she saw Dean, the pissed look on his face.

“What’s the matter?!” Jewel blurted out in annoyance when her son turned to leave.

Halting in his steps, Dean looked up at his mom, trying hard to contain his irritation and

disappointment, and said, “Josh is missing.” “Did you check his houses?!” “Martha visited them both... Melina has been drowning herself in alcohol these days. But Josh is nowhere to be found.”

Frowning at her son, Madam Jewel kept her silence for a few moments before saying, “Where can he be then?”

“My biggest fear is not where, but what can he be doing.” Dean mumbled, fear evident in his voice. The sound of footsteps echoed into the living room, and then Matha walked inside, looking mad as she blurted out, “Peach slapped my daughter on live television... Have you watched the news? It’s all over! They are now badmouthing my daughter.” Silence settled in the room and the tension that filled the air felt suffocating. “Has she gone crazy!!” Dean shouted, turning to his mother. “I think it’s time Eli and Mathew visit Thornton, so he can help us take care of this pest problem.” Madam Jewel calmly said. A hesitant look, filled with fear settled in Dean’s eyes as he said, “Are you sure you want them to work with their father? I mean, Elmer is in prison, Cora’s brain is half–damaged, and she won’t be the same if she wakes up from the coma... Asking Eli and Mathew to mess with Thornton is a rabbit hole they should not go down. You know how dangerous Thornton is, and the job he does.”

“Desperate times cause for dangerous sacrifices, and everyone has to play their part.” Madam Jewel said with no emotion, her voice cold.

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He was watching us

Like wildfire, the news about Elijah purchasing Reinvest Co. spread all through the country within just one week of him buying it from Mr. Astor, and as he and Peach sat in the car, he could hear the noise from the reporters outside, their screams and the flashes from the light. Because his ribs were not completely healed yet at that time, Matt, Ryan, and the others had been the ones running things discreetly at the company.

But it had been two weeks since the incident, and Elijah was barely in pain anymore, and he could walk just fine and only experience slightly discomfort because his ribs still were not fully recovered

Looking away from the window, Peach rested her gaze on her husband, afraid because he had not gotten “clear” from the doctor yet, and secondly, this was the first time they were going to get seen together with him being a Maxwell.

“The reporters can be very pushy. Are you sure your body is about to take such a big strain?” Peach whispered, looking into his eyes for reassurance. “I don’t want you to overdo it or anything.”

Pausing as he stared at her, Elijah let out a small chuckle since this was the fifth time he had got this question. “My ribs are fine, I promise.”

Suddenly the back door opened, showing Dice outside the car, and the camera lights began to go crazy as Elijah stepped out, and then he reached into the vehicle for his wife, helping her out of the car.

The moment Peach’s foot rested on the ground, Elijah secured his grip on her waist, meeting her eyes with a soft gaze when she looked at him.

The intensity of his stare made her breath hitch, and Elijah raised a brow, not losing sight of her eyes as he gently traced loose strings of her hair behind her ear.

Like starving people, the sight of Elijah Maxwell being affectionate to his wife in public was something the reporters were hungry to eat up. The flashes from their cameras seemed to intensify when she smiled at him, her face glowing.

“Are you okay?” Elijah asked softly, caressing his thumb along her cheek.

When she nodded, a faint smirk appeared on Elijah’s lips, and when Peach lowered her head, he reached his hand under her chin, slowly raising her head so she would meet his gaze.

Then he leaned in towards her ear, the warmth from his breath hitting her neck making goosebumps appear all over her skin as he whispered, “Smile, babe.”

“They mock us openly. It’s time they respect and fear us publicly.” Elijah thought as he withdrew from her car to see her smile shyly.

Tightening his grip on his wife, Elijah faced his front, and his expression grew stony at the sight of the same reporters that were judging him a few weeks ago standing in front of him, screaming his name,

“Mr. Maxwell!” Their questions were flying from left to right as Elijah escorted Peach towards the building. “Mr. Maxwell, why keep your identity for so long?!” A journalist yelled.

But soon another reporter asked, “Was profiling yourself as a commoner part of any plan in particular or something that just happened to be spontaneous, and did you do it to hide your true self?!”

“Mr. Maxwell, why did you let the Hayes see you as useless and didn’t tell others your identity after your humiliating divorce with Melina?” Another man shouted. “Are the rumors that you cheated on Melina with your current wife and that’s why she divorced you true?!”

Immediately, Elijah felt Peach tense up in his grip, and he stopped turning around to glare at the reporter who asked, and for somewhere that was crowded with a bunch of people, it grew awfully quiet and dead in the parking lot. Suddenly, a reporter blurted out, “Mr. Maxwell, can I meet with you one-on-one?”

A hesitant look crossed over Elijah’s features, but then he said, “Follow me,” Immediately, the other reporters grew desperate, knowing that their rival just got an opportunity that all of them were dying to earn, and they started screaming, “Mr. Maxwell...” But Rick and the others kept them back as Elijah led Peach into the building with the reporter following them.

The office was dead silent as the journalist stared at Elijah and the atmosphere from him cause the reporter to drop his gaze down, feeling uneasy being alone with him. “Name?” Elijah asked.

“My name is Thomas, Sir.” He replied.

“What do you want to talk about Thomas?”

“A bargain. I have something that you would be very much interested in, and I want an exclusive interview with you in exchange for it.”

Staring a bit harder as his index finger traced his lips, Elijah hesitated and then he sighed, mumbling, “What is it?”

“I was at the bar that night... I was invited to the party that Mr. Manson’s son, Derrick Manson threw for Melina Hayes, on the day of her birthday... I know that she cheated on you that night because I have videos of her and him being intimate the entire time... As a journalist, news like that is huge, and I thought, back then, it was going to give me a raise...” Thomas explained.

“But,”

“The Hayes was so powerful at that time that my boss told me to get rid of all the videos and never tell a soul about it if I wanted to keep my job and my life.” “And now?”

There was a brief pause as Thomas studied Elijah’s eyes, and then said, “And now, news like that will give me the promotion that I desire because you are not the same man from months ago, and the Hayes is not as powerful as before.”

His words were met with silence from Elijah, and after a couple of quiet minutes that made Thomas’s anxiety rise to the roof, Elijah calmly said, “I will do the exclusive interview with you. But you are only allowed to release it after a week from now and upon my order?” Even though Thomas wanted to ask “Why?”, he held back his tongue and nodded happily.

The dark sky was so beautiful as Peach admired the moonlight from the car windshield, loving how the sky resembled that of a starry night. Then she looked back at Elijah, happy that he was healthy enough to take her on dates again.

Smiling, her gaze darted toward her fingers entangled with his, and when he caught her looking, and then he pulled her hand to his lips, kissing the back of her hand.

When the car came to a stop, Elijah grabbed her gaze with his stare and mumbled, “Ready?” “Yes!” Peach said with a cute, wild smile that made him chuckle at her silliness.

After leading her out of the car, Peach was about to follow Elijah into the building when the hair on her neck suddenly stood, and she looked back, instantly her sight met with a guy wearing a baggy jacket, the hoodie covering his face and his hands stuck in his jacket pocket, watching her from afar.

“Are you okay?” Elijah’s voice drew her gaze back to him, and seeing the fear dancing in her eyes, Elijah caressed her cheek.

“There was a guy right there...” Peach whispered, looking back only to see that the sketchy dude was gone. Following her gaze, Elijah scowled, mumbling, “What guy?” “Nothing. It’s nothing.” Peach quickly reassured him, grabbing onto his arm.

Immediately knowing that she was lying, Elijah looked over at Jerome, saying, “Spread some of the guys around to watch out for anyone sketchy.” Then he took off his coat, placed it around her, and mumbled, “Let’s get you inside and out of this cold.”

As Peach obediently followed him in, she looked to the right and stared intensely at the guy walking away in a black hoodie jacket before facing her front. After a couple of hours of eating out, the ride back to his mansion was very quiet because Peach fell asleep in the car a few seconds after they left the restaurant.

Running his fingers through her hair, Elijah kept his gaze downward, staring at his wife’s head resting on his lap, and the smile on his face didn’t fade from his lips the entire time.

“Boss, we are home,” Dice said, looking in the mirror as he brought the car to a stop. “Do you want me to help you with Miss?” 1 “I got her,” Elijah let out.

After getting out of the car, he reached inside for Peach, but she suddenly opened her eyes, mumbling, “What do you think you are doing?”

“Nothing,” Elijah said, knowing that she was going to complain about him trying to carry her when he wasn’t fully healed yet. Raising her brows at his suspicious tone, she signed, and then she got out of the car, and like some triggering trauma, Peach looked back at the gate in fear, her heartbeat suddenly rising.

“You look pale,” Elijah mumbled, frowning slightly. “What’s wrong?”

“Huh?” Peach whispered in confusion. “Nothing,”

Then she shook her head, clearing her mind, and she smiled as she grabbed his hand and walked into the mansion with Elijah beside her.

The moment they got into their room, Peach dropped flat on the bed, but with a smile, Elijah gently grabbed her wrist, and pulled her out of the bed, leading her into the bathroom. Obediently, she followed him, and when they reached the basin, he stood behind her, pulled her hair back, and wrapped it in a bun.

After he got done, Peach looked back at him as he mumbled, “You need to freshen up or you wouldn’t sleep soundly.” Once they had brushed their teeth, Peach looked at the shower and then back at him, feeling her cheeks hot.

A moment later, Elijah turned on the showerhead as Peach stood bare with him in the shower, and then without holding back, he claimed her lips.

Wanting this as much as him, her fingers ran through his wet hair, and Peach felt goosebumps on her skin as her back pressed harder against the shower glass.

Breathing heavily, she pushed Elijah’s hair away from his face and whispered, “Babe, please get me the body wash?”

“Of course,” He murmured back, reaching for the soap and pouring some into his palm. His hands stroked down Peach’s body as he rubbed the soap on her skin, sending a wave of heat flowing through her.

Slowly, she closed her eyes and groaned softly, pressing hard against his body, wanting more friction.

After putting the bottle aside he began massaging her body, taking Peach by surprise, and she couldn’t hold it any longer.

“Babe, stop teasing me!” Peach cried.

Suddenly, he lifted Peach in the air, holding her against him as he nibbled her neck passionately.

And then he entered her, slowly, taking his time, as if not to hurt her too much, and Peach gasped loudly as she felt him inside of her.

“Elijah,” Peach breathed, closing her eyes as he began thrusting slowly, taking control. Water dripping on their wet skin, Elijah’s body slammed against hers in rhythm, and his lips claimed hers, tasting her slowly with passion. After the longest bath of their lives, Peach and Elijah came back into their bedroom, and once “they were dressed in their Pajamas, Peach was wild awake now.

So she grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. Chills immediately ran down her spine when she recognized the jacket. “Josh Hayes! Josh Hayes! Why did you do it?!” she heard the reporters screaming on the tv as the police escorted her badly bruised–up cousin to the car. In fear, Peach took a step back, resting against Elijah as he stood behind her, and he immediately wrapped his arms around her, kissing the top of her head.

“A few minutes ago, according to Miss Jessica Astor’s head of security, Josh Hayes broke into her house and attacked the young woman. She has been rushed to the hospital for her stab wounds...” The journalist announced. “It was him.” Peach whispered. “Who?” Elijah mumbled, feeling her tremble in his arms.

“The guy I saw at the restaurant was Josh. I can recognize that jacket, even with my eyes closed.”

“He was watching us,”

Turning Peach around, away from the television, Elijah pressed her head against his chest, mumbling, “It’s time to get you out of this madness and take you somewhere safer.”

