

The Marvelous Elijah's Return

Chapter 164-167

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 164

A couple of blood Seeing Madam Jewel lying unconscious with her wrist cut, blood pooling on the ground beneath her like a small puddle of red paint made Amelia screani again, "Dean! Tommy, get your asses up here now!" The echo of their sister's scream made the two frown, Tommy mumbled, "What is she freaking out about?" "Let's just get up and see what's all the fussing is about," Dean stated.

A moment later, when they arrived in Madam Jewel's room, at first, Dean scowled at his sister, the way she was sobbing hysterically, and then she pointed her finger at their mother's body.

Then his face went cold, and he shouted, "Tommy, call the ambulance!"

A while later, the sound of an ambulance siren was echoing in the premises of the Hayes mansion, and the EMTs rushed into the house, returning outside a moment later with Madam Jewel on a stretcher, and Dean helped them lift the stretcher to the ambulance and he looked over to his mother, and then he saw her lashes fluttered before her eyelids tightened. "Mother," He called out, but Madam Jewel's eyes remained closed.

"Excuse me, sir. We need to close the door and take the patient to the hospital." An EMT said.

After frowning slightly at his mother, Dean turned away and

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walked over to his siblings.

"Are we all riding in the same car to the hospital or not?" Amelia asked, wiping her tears on her sleeves.

"I am not going," Dean announced, causing Tommy and Amelia to turn toward him.

"What are you saying?! Our mother is dying, and you choose now to act selfish!" Amelia yelled out angrily.

Narrowing his eyes at his sister, Dean scoffed, "She's not dying. She's faking it. I bet she cut her wrist the second she heard your footsteps coming to your room."

Without holding back, Amelia raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face, shouting, "You bastard!"

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Dean didn't react though, and he simply rolled his eyes and scoffed at her as if she were an idiot, mumbling, "You can beat me all you want. But I am done with mother nonsense."

As he was about to turn and leave, Tommy asked, "Are you sure she's faking it?"

"The walls of this mansion are crumbling. We know it... Control is slipping out of her grip, and she wants it back. You know she will do anything to reclaim it." Dean replied before walking off.

Staring at her brother, Amelia frowned and said, "Are you coming with me a not?"

"No. I have better things to do to save my ass from this mess that our dear old mom has caused once again." Tommy said, sighing before turning around and heading towards the front door.

Frustrated, Amelia stared around at the empty yard, and then she walked over to her car, quickly got in, started it, and drove down the driveway, following the ambulance to the hospital.

A moment later, Amelia entered the emergency entrance hall where a nurse was waiting patiently, her hands clasped together, her lips pursed, and she had a deep frown etched upon her forehead.

When Amelia approached her, the nurse cleared her throat and said, "Miss, can you fill out these papers and sign them before I allow you to see your mother?" She offered a paper.

"Of course. What's wrong with my mother?" Amelia frowned, accepting the clipboard and writing down the information. "She lost a couple of blood. But not much. And she's fine. The doctor had bandaged her wound, and he wants to keep her overnight for observation and to monitor her further." The nurse replied.

"Can I go in and see her now?" Amelia asked.

When the nurse nodded, Amelia handed over the clipboard back and hurriedly followed the woman through some double doors. They stopped in front of a room, and the nurse knocked softly and opened it.

Inside, Madam Jewel sat on the bed, an IV in her vein, and then she slowly looked over at Amelia, her eyes void of emotion.

"You did this to prove a point," Amelia's mumbled as she approached the bed, sitting on the edge of it.

"A point that only you got." Madam Jewel whispered, raising

her hand out to caress Amelia's face. "My beautiful baby girl... You didn't abandon mother."

Pushing a string of her daughter's hair behind her ears, Madam Jewel leaned forwards and pressed a gentle kiss

against Amelia's forehead. A tear slipped from her eye and fell onto the side of her daughter's face.

"Do you think I have ruined our family?" Madam Jewel muttered against her daughter's skin.

Closing her eyes for a moment, Amelia let out a shaky breath, "If anything, it is Elijah and Peach's fault that our family is ruined. All you have ever done is protect us."

"Good, girl... Mommy got an assignment for you." Madam Jewel continued stroking Amelia's cheeks, looking into her eyes sweetly, "Do you think you can do mother a little favor?"

For a moment, Amelia held back her tongue, remembering Dean's words and what happened to her other siblings, but as Madam Jewel caressed her cheek lovingly, she couldn't stop and blurted out, "Yes, mother." Smiling widely at her daughter, Madam Jewel leaned forward to place another lingering kiss on her forehead. "Good." She sighed contently, "Remember that I love you very dearly."

"What should I do?" Amelia asked.

A smile played on Madam Jewel's lips, and then she stared away from her daughter, saying, "I have learned a thing or two from Elijah and Melina's messy situation this morning... And it got me thinking..."

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Sitting in the backseat of the car with Ryan, Elijah listened quietly as he said, "We will have to do filing at the civil court with the original will. And then pass through the Pre-trial stage, Trial Stage, and Post-trial stage before finally, we can get Peach back what Jewel had stolen."

"That's a lot of time," Elijah mumbled, knowing that each day that Jewel and her children have a bit of power to their name, it's still dangerous for Peach and his baby.

After a while of silence, Elijah's phone started buzzing, and he picked it up immediately, seeing that it was an unknown number.

"Mr. Maxwell... I hope I am not calling at the wrong time." Mr. Butcher's voice came through the line.

"I'm not busy right now," Elijah responded. "What is it, Senator?"

"Well, actually... There are some things that I must speak with you about. Can we meet today at the Golden Gate restaurant?"

Mr. Butcher asked.

"Sure. I will be there. Give me 20 minutes."

"Alright. See you then."

After ending the call, Elijah looked over to Dice and said, "Change route. We are heading to the Golden Gate Restaurant."

"Alright, boss." Dice replied.

After exiting from the freeway, Dice pulled into the parking lot of Golden Gate Restaurant, stopping along with five other cars.

When Elijah got out, his men swamped around him, moving in

sync with his steps as he made his way to the door. Opening it, Elijah entered inside, followed by his entourage.

As they walked down the hall, the restaurant staff immediately lined up to greet him, bowing slightly, and then a lady approached them, saying calmly, "Please come this way, Mr. Maxwell. The Senator is expecting you."

Afterward, she turned and guarded them down a hall, and then they walked through a set of double doors and entered a private room.

Behind the table sat Mr. Butcher, and when he and Elijah's eyes locked, he had this nervous glimpse.

"Have a seat, Mr. Maxwell," Mr. Butcher said after smiling at

him.

Taking his seat, Elijah glanced around the room, and Elijah gazed at Mr. Butcher and questioned him silently. Seeing the number of men surrounding Elijah in the room, the senator cleared his throat, and as he reached into his pocket, Matt's eyes didn't leave the movement of his arm until he pulled out a black envelope and said, "I hope there's no bad feeling between us from the past." "I bear grudges against my enemies. We are not enemies, right Senator?" Elijah said, folding his arms and leaning back in his chair.

With a faint chuckle, Mr. Butcher shook his head, saying, "Of course not. In fact, I want to invite you to an event to meet four of my close buddy... Events surrounding you have made them quite interested in you."

'The five,' Elijah thought.

Then he picked up the envelope on the table, took out the contents and read it, then put it back down and asked, "Is Bryan Checks invited to this?"

"This is not my birthday, Elijah. This event is a top-notch affair. Checks are cool and all... But the guests are quite prominent people in this country. They are all well-respected individuals, and I would like it if you came." The senator said, watching Elijah carefully. Glancing at the senator, Elijah sighed and said, "I cannot accept. Bryan is my plus one. If he's not going. Then I'm not coming."

"Mr. Maxwell, I can't make that happen. The president and..." The Senator cried, pausing when he saw Elijah stand to his feet.

Then a sigh escaped Mr. Butcher's mouth and he looked up at Elijah, who stood over him with a stony expression on his face, and he spoke, "All right. I understand. I will make some calls and have an invitation ready to be sent to him." "That's all I asked," Elijah said, picking up the envelope from the table and putting it in his pocket.

As he sat in the dining room with a wine bottle, half full in front of him, Dean wallowed in his feeling, allowing it to consume him.

Then the sound of footsteps approaching brought Dean out of his trance and he looked over towards the door, seeing Martha looking at him through worried eyes.

"Where have you been?" Dean questioned her.

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"Out," Martha replied, walking over and sitting down across from him, "Looking for our daughter."

"Did you find her?"

"No."

Silence fell between them, then Martha broke the silence with, "Why is the house so quiet?"

"Mom thought it was wise to split her wrist to get us to walk in line with her absurd plan," Dean answered, grabbing the glass of red wine from the table and taking a sip. "It was stupid of her."

"Should we move... After everything that has happened, I say, we break away from this mess and start over, Dean... I love you, but your family is falling apart... Our family has fallen apart, and I can't keep doing this."

"Are you thinking about divorcing me?"

“No-”

“If you can’t do this anymore, then don’t! But just because I am not allowing my mother to lead me, that does not mean Elijah is not going to pay for every single thing that he’s done.”

“Dean,”

“Leave, Martha!”

Frowning, Martha stood from the chair, clutching her fist slightly, saying, “What about your daughter...”

“What about her?” Dean asked, his tone sounding cold and unfeeling.

The airport was a bit chaotic when the announcement came in, “This is the final boarding call for passengers booked on flight 372A to Bordoria. Please proceed to gate 3 immediately. The final checks are being completed and the captain will order the doors of the aircraft to close in approximately five minutes. I repeat. This is the final boarding call for Bordoria. Thank you.”

Frowning, Melina grabbed her suitcase handle, adjusted her cap to cover her shade properly, and then began to make her way through the terminal.

In less than an hour, the plane took off, and she was seated by the window, staring at the dark sky.

The buzz from her phone made her look down at the screen, seeing her father’s message, “Where are you? Your grandmother is in the hospital. Come home now?” “Sorry, dad. I can’t come back home. Not until I do what I so desperately want to do right now.” Melina replied as she continued to stare at the dark sky outside.

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An arrest

Silence engulfed the room, and Mrs. Taylor frowned before she cleared her throat and said, "We trusted you and give Emma to your bastard, and you betrayed us the moment your son—",

"He's not my child anymore." Mr. Briggs coldly interrupted.

"Well, the moment he rebelled against you, you turned on our family... So how do you expect us to trust you when you have the means and ability to back out from any deal you make?"

"Well, that's why I drafted out a contract. Mr. Alfred is offering fifty million for the project, and if we settled on Theo marrying your granddaughter and living with you, I will offer you fifty percent of the fifty million."

Shock by her husband's sudden decision that she knew nothing about, Deborah cried, "Honey—"

"Stay out of this woman." Mr. Briggs sternly replied, shooting his wife a deadly glare, and then, his gaze shifted to Mrs.

Taylor as he added, "What do you say to such an offer?"

"Also, you wouldn't need to feed me like that bastard or worry about me becoming a liability in your home. After all, I am the Chief Financial Officer of my father's company. I have a master's degree and Doctorate Degree." Theo bragged.

His titles immediately drew their attention like a mosquito is to an o blood person and also because of the offer Mr. Briggs was making, the pair were immediately sold and smiling widely at Mr. Briggs, Mrs. Taylor said, "Emma is not here, but

“We are not here for Emma!” Theo scoffed, already knowing the history behind Emma in the Taylor family.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Briggs glared at his son before looking at Mr. Taylor, saying, “We are interested in Ava, your oldest granddaughter.”

A slight frown crossed Mr. Taylor’s face, anger boiling inside him, but he forced it aside, knowing that twenty-five million was at stake, and then he said, “The first agreement we had, I reap nothing from in it, except headaches, disrespect, and problems because my granddaughter got married to such a man that is unworthy of her. And now, you are asking me to give another of my granddaughter to you?”

A nervous look passed Mr. Briggs’ face at Mr. Taylor’s words as he continued, “Emma is a beautiful young lady, and another wealthy family would have been excellent to have her as their daughter-in-law, but now she’s stuck with the child you don’t want.”

A line formed between Deborah’s eyebrows as she looked at her husband and then said to Mr. Taylor, “Why doesn’t she just dump him and remarry? it’s only been a couple of days that they have been wedded, so what’s the issue?” Now it was the Taylors’ turn to feel uneasy as they exchanged glances with one another, knowing Emma already refused, and yet, they still wanted more out of the deal. “Zane had already know about our granddaughter, devaluing her worth to get married to the next suitor, and the title of a divorced woman is also degrading... Because of you, she has become corrupt.” Mr. Taylor spat.

“50.5 percent of the fifty million.” Mr. Briggs stated, giving Mr. Taylor a smug grin. “Honey,” Deborah cried.

“sixty percent.” Mrs. Taylor said. “After all, this project was supposed to be her dowry... Now, you want to use it to marry another one of our granddaughters.”

Scowling, Deborah met Madam Taylor’s eyes, and she was about to object to such a bizarre request when her husband suddenly interrupted, “Deal. My son, Theo, is going to marry your granddaughter then.” “Who is Theo going to marry?” Zane asked, his eyes darkening at the sight of his father. As Zane led her into the room, Emma kept close by his side, seeing how her grandfather was glaring at her.

“Mr. Briggs has come to ask for my granddaughter’s hand in marriage.” Mr. Taylor proudly uttered.

“Grandfather, I already told you that I am not divorcing my husband,” Emma said, keeping her tone low, even though she was furious inside. A wild laugh left Theo’s lips as he sized Emma with his eyes, saying, “Don’t toot your own horn. I don’t want what had already been thrown into the trash and stunk up.”

‘I will make you pay for those words soon...’ Zane thought, giving Theo a hard stare.

“That’s good then because I don’t want a man whose mouth is filthier than trash,” Emma blurted out, making Theo jump to his feet.

Immediately, Zane pulled her behind him, challenging his half – brother with a look that was filled with rage.

His aura made Theo hesitate, seeing how dangerous Zane looked, and he quickly regained his composure and stood up straight, saying, “Teach your wife to watch her mouth, do you hear me?”

“I am not going to. So how about you come over here and do something about it?” Zane growled, glaring furiously at Theo as he clenched his fists.

Frowning at Emma behind Zane, Mr. Taylor scoffed, “You should apologize to Theo now! He’s going to be your older cousin’s husband, and you will address him respectfully, do you understand me.”

Knowing that Ava and she were the only two females among the cousins, Emma mumbled, “Your brother is marrying Ava.” Those words left a frown on Zane’s face, and then he grabbed Emma’s wrist, leading her out of the living room.

Then Deborah looked back at Madam Taylor and then said, “It doesn’t seem like he corrupt your granddaughter, but it’s her that wants to be corrupted, and yet you make it seem like—”

“Deborah, stop talking.” Mr. Briggs mumbled to his wife again.

When they got to their bedroom, Emma looked at Zane and said, "I don't like your brother... He is arrogant and conceited..."

"You are not alone in that thought. I don't like him either." Zane mumbled.

It was taking everything in him to suppress the rage he felt as

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he thought, 'Why would father all of sudden want to get Theo married into the Taylor family? It doesn't make sense.'

The buzzing sound from his phone made Zane reach into his back pocket, took out his phone, and answer it, seeing that it was Mr. Alfred calling.

"Zane, why didn't you tell me what happened between your father and you?" The old man's voice came over the receiver.

Sighing, Zane closed his eyes as he took a deep breath and then answered, "I—"

"Come over to the address I am about to send you, and let's talk it through." Mr. Alfred ordered.

"Alright," Zane agreed, ending the call. Then he glanced back at Emma and said, "I have to go. Will you be okay here till I get back, or do you want to—" "I will be fine. You should leave." Emma said, smiling at him.

“Are you sure... You can come-”

“I will be fine. I will even lock the door and don’t leave the room until you get back.” “You promise?”

“I do.”

Even though Zane was hesitant, he sighed and then turned away, leaving the room, and closing the door behind him.

Now that he was gone, the silence in the room slowly started to make the Taylor mansion feel like a haunted home to Emma, and she knew going downstairs was not a good option, so she locked the door and crawl back into bed.

Soon, a loud, “Bang,” on her door echoed, and she immediately jumped from her sleep, hugging her knee as she stared at the door, fear rising inside her heart, and then she called out, “Who is it?” Another, “Bang!” “Bang!” “Bang!” echoed loudly before she heard Abner’s voice, “Your grandmother requested your presence downstairs.”

Keeping her silence, Emma slowly crawled out of bed, knowing what she promise Zane, and yet, she didn’t want to disobey her grandparents again and have him come home to a chaotic house.

When she opened the door, the cold smirk on Abner’s face immediately made her heart drop. But she quietly walked past their and headed downstairs.

The moment she arrived in the living room and saw that Ava was back home and the Briggs were still there, Emma knew that she shouldn’t have left the room.

“Where is your so-called husband?” Ava asked with a smug smile, hugging unto Theo’s arm. “Did grandmother tell you that I am getting married to the second son of the Briggs family?... It seems like I got the better end of the stick here, dear cousin.”

“Congratulations, Ava. I am happy for you.” Emma forced herself to say politely. Narrowing his eyes at her, Theo let out, “Now that you don’t have that bastard to hide behind, you have stop acting like a loose woman.”

Slightly tightening her fist, Emma looked over at her

grandmother and said, “Grandma, you ask for me.”

“The Briggs are staying over for dinner. Go and help Abner in the kitchen and help with tonight dinner.” Mrs. Taylor said.

“Okay, Grandma.” With that, Emma left the room, ignoring the snort from Ava.

When they got in the kitchen, Abner handed over a apron to Emma, saying, “Your grandmother warn us only to supervise you and not to help you. Dinner is solely yours to make.”

Walking through the door of a large penthouse, Zane mind was half focus, and the other half of his brain was worry about

Emma... That he had left her in that place alone.

The servants immediately bowed as he walked passed them, and then this older gentleman approached him, saying, “Good afternoon, Sir Zane... Mr. Alfred is waiting on you in the study hall. Please step right this way.” Calmly, Zane followed him, more servants bowing to him until they arrived in this massive room that appeared to be a large library with shelves of books all around. A beautiful mahogany table sat in front of the fireplace, and Mr. Alfred sitting there, staring out of the window.

“Master, Sir Zane is here.” The older gentleman said before turning away, when Mr. Alfred dismissed him with a wave, and then he walked out the room.

“Sit, Zane.” Mr. Alfred commanded, abandoning the beautiful sight of the window in favor of facing Zane head on.

Without any hesitation or questioning, Zane stepped forward,

standing in front of the desk.

“Your father had made a move... A ridiculous move at that rate, so what’s your plan, boy...” Mr. Alfred stated, looking at him closely.

“I still need to downplay things until I can figure out what I am going up against.” Zane replied calmly.

Tapping his fingers on the desk, Mr. Alfred didn’t look pleased with Zane’s response, and he could tell by how the old man’s brows furrowed together and that the corners of his lips twitched slightly.’

However, Mr. Alfred pushed it aside with a frown and then asked, “So, you want me to continue with your father on this project after what he did to you, and even made the half brother, Theo, the one in charge of it.”

“Actually... I know this is too much to ask, but can you hold back on kicking off the project just yet.” Zane asked.

A smile crept upon Mr. Alfred’s lips, and then he stopped hitting the table, saying, “I can hold it as long as you want me

to.”

At eight o’clock, Zane walked into the Taylor’s mansion and he could hear laughter coming from the dining room, but he marched straight upstairs. When he entered the room, Emma’s back was turned to him, and whatever she was doing had her distracted because she didn’t hear him walk toward her.

A hiss then suddenly left her lips and Zane’s brows snapped together, hearing the pain laced in her voice.

“What happened?” Zane asked.

Immediately, she jumped at his voice, and when she refused to turn around or answer, Zane walked around her. “What the hell happened to you?” He let out, scowling at the blister on her finger as his anger flared. “It’s nothing,” Emma mumbled.

Not buying her story, Zane turned to head downstairs when she grabbed his wrist and said, “Honestly, it’s nothing. I promise.”

“Don’t lie to me, Emma.” Zane said, his dark eyes boring into hers.

“I was bored so I when to go help out in the kitchen-“

“You are still lying.” Seeing the look of frustration on his face, Emma hesitated, but then he pleaded, “Please don’t lie to me, little wife.”

“Promise me you won’t do anything. I don’t want you getting in trouble again.” Emma whispered. 2 “I promise.”

“Grandmother said, since the Briggs was staying over, I should be the one to make dinner tonight. I was frying the last batch of steaks when the oil spilled and I got burned.”

Taking Emma by the back of her head, Zane pulled her face against his stomach, caressing her hair gently as he thought, ‘ I am sorry. But I am going to break my promise to you.’

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An Arrest As her eyelids widened, Miss Grace couldn’t bear to watch the video anymore, and she dropped her phone on the table, not having an appetite to touch her food, and then said, “Elijah would never... never do something this gross! This has Jewel’s handwriting all over it.”

Slapping his hand on the table, Mr. Maxwell's face went cold as he screamed, "I can't believe Jewel and her children are still doing shit like this!" "This old lady is mentally ill," Mrs. Maxwell mumbled, completely in awe of what she was staring at. "My son would never do something this brutal and unkind to a woman so helpless as that."

The dining room went quiet and then a sense of worry suddenly hit Mr. Maxwell, and he said, "Can someone check on Peach? She hasn't come down yet, and I am sure that she has seen the videos."

Immediately, both Miss Grace and Mrs. Maxwell stood from their seats, and they smiled at each other's sudden response before leaving the dining room and heading upstairs, Miss Grace with quick, determined steps.

As they approached the second-floor hallway, they could hear Peach's angry voice coming from inside. "I just know that it's Melina... Or Jewel... And I can't believe that that old witch is trying to play you at your own game. You

put out the truth to the media, and then she went and made these disgusting videos and used an illegal site to post it up!" Peach lashed out, pacing back and forth with the phone in her hand.

Her breathing was becoming shallow, and Elijah started to grow worried as he mumbled, "Babe, breathe." "I am breathing, Elijah! I am just pissed! Her granddaughter made such a bizarre accusation against you a couple of days ago, and now, they want to make it seem like she was speaking the truth!" Peach threw her hands up in the air in exasperation. "Babe,"

"What?!!"

Looking at the way he raised his brow in the video call, Peach hesitated, and then she frowned as he softly said, "In, and then out." After a second of reluctance, she sighed, drew a deep breath, and then slowly exhaled, repeating several times on his cue as he said, "Go on."

After a moment, Elijah smiled slightly and then he asked, "Do you feel better now?"

“No!! Of course, I don’t!!” Peach cried, her hormones still running high from what she felt. “I hate those people so much for what they are doing to you!!”

Suddenly, her room door opened and her mother alongside her mother-in-law both entered, smiling at her even though she looked super pissed.

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“You two watch those absurd videos, right?!... How far is Jewel willing to go... Doesn’t she know when to stop?!” Peach lashed out.

Seeing his mother and mother-in-law in the video call, Elijah greeted them, and then asked, “Can you please help me calm her down? I am going to handle things on this end. But I can’t focus if she keeps exploding like this.”

“Don’t worry. We will take care of her. Go and do what needs to be done to stop that mad woman, son.” Miss Grace said as Mrs. Maxwell wrapped her hand around Peach’s shoulder, making her go back to her breathing exercise.

“Thanks, guys,” Elijah uttered calmly.

Then he met his wife’s eyes, his face hardened all of a sudden as he said, “I promise you that I am going to fix this. You trust me right?” “Yes,” Peach whispered.

“Good. Then keep trusting me, and stop stressing yourself. I got to go, but I love you.” “Love you too.”

After ending the call, Elijah’s face went cold as he looked at his men, standing in the living room with him, and then he looked at Rookie staring hard at his computer screen and then said, “What is it?”

“It’s definitely a face swap. Whoever did this shit is intelligent in a dangerous way and amazing with tech and editing softwares because it looks so realistic that it’s in some way convincing. They even got all of our faces inside this

nonsense.” Rookie said, making Ryan frown.

“Are you praising the asshole that has made all of us some brutal bastards on the internet?” Ryan mumbled in annoyance.

Lifting his head to see everyone giving that look, Rookie sighed heavily and said, “Sorry, It’s just that the videos are so well done that it doesn’t seem like they are just some random videos that the person used to do a face swap with... These videos are well filmed, so they can look as realistic as possible... Which means it was recently staged.”

“Meaning... They hire people to act these absurd videos out, and these people getting beaten up are innocent victims.” Elijah said in disgust.

“Okay... But if that’s the case, why are there victims not debunking this shit?” Ryan said, feeling lost by this whole situation.

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The sound of the doorbell echoing inside the mansion made Elijah sigh, and then a moment later, he saw the chief constable walking into the living room with James. “Did you know that you have an angry mob outside your gate?” Mr. Bamford calmly uttered , frowning slightly as he stared at Elijah. “What is happening? There are videos of you all over the net of you commanding your men to beat up people.”

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“Do I look like a madman, chief?” Elijah asked in irritation.

“Don’t get mad at me. It’s people on the internet that are eating up this shit... You know who’s behind it?”

“Right now... No.”

Looking back at his screen, Rookie frowned and said, “But our biggest guess is—” “Jewel or Melina... Days ago, she spoke about you being an abusive man, and now, you got these videos coming out... Those Hayes are playing your game well, and they just said, Checkmate,’ with this iness.” Mr. Bamford stated. Sighing, Elijah studied the Chief Constable’s face, and then he stared down at the handcuffs and said, “You are here to arrest me, ain’t you?”

“Well, all of you, except James, since he’s the only one in the video.” Mr. Bamford reluctantly said.

“The person that created this rubbish used an advanced face swap software, and James is not in it because he’s the only one who hasn’t been moving with Elijah when the paparazzi are taking videos and pictures of him...” Ryan mumbled in annoyance.

After a brief pause, Elijah met Mr. Bamford’s eyes and asked,” Who asked for my arrest?”

“A Magistrate named, ‘Eliot Trenchard.” Mr. Bamford answered, and after a slight hesitation, he added, “He seems pretty hell–bent on getting you locked up.” Raising his brows, Elijah was confused with one question, How is this so–called Magistrate related to Jewel and her children?’

“Look, Elijah, I like you kid, and there’s not a single doubt in my mind that you didn’t do this. But the people are too emotional to analyze the video and see the faults in the films so this is what we are going to do. I am going to make the

arrest, take you in for questioning, and then release you guys so you can continue your investigation.” Mr. Bamford calmly uttered.

Looking away from the Chief Constable, Elijah took his time to text his mother and mother–in–law the same messages,” Please take Peach out of the house, away from all devices, and keep her active outside, in nature. I am about to get arrested and the media is here, at my place, and I don’t want her to see it. Tell me once you have done that.”

Then he looked back at Mr. Bamford for a while before saying, "Can we chill for a while here... I am waiting for a text."

The chief constable took one look at the worry in Elijah's eyes and knew that whatever message he was waiting for was important, so he sighed and walked over to the couch, taking a seat. "Since you all are not leaving just yet, I made breakfast," James announced.

"I am so down for a few bites before I go to jail!" Ryan exclaimed enthusiastically.

When he stood to leave the room, Rookie, Jerome, Dice, Rick, Larry, Ryan, and Matt all stood and followed him out to the dining room.

"Chief?" Elijah asked, looking at Mr. Bamford. "Coming?"

"Well... Fine." Mr. Bamford said with a smile.

The angry mob screaming outside were chanting at the top of their lungs, seeing the police standing watch outside Elijah's mansion, "Bring him out! Bring that criminal out?! Bring him out now! Bring him out right now!!"

"So, you do believe Elijah Maxwell is the one in these videos?" The news lady asked one of the protesters.

"Are you blind lady? The guy's face is in all of these videos... These rich folks are all filthy bastards with blood money and shady businesses. They think they are above the law... But we must get justice!!" The protester shouted.

"Why do you think that none of these victims have press charges?" "Would you want to go against a Maxwell?!" "Well..."

AL V

“No, you won’t!!! That’s why the person that linked these videos used the dark web!”

Their chanting went on for a while and then one of them shouted, “Why the hell is the Chief Constable staying forever in there!”

Staring at the empty plates on the dining table, Elijah Mr. Bamford, and the others chuckle faintly at Ryan’s words when he said, “Wow, James, why did you cook these dishes so deliciously like it is our last meal of freedom?”

Suddenly, Elijah’s phone buzzed and he picked it off the table, reading Miss Grace’s message, “We are taking Peach to the farmer’s market, and your mother has her phone. We are going to keep her distracted. Please, take care of yourself.” Then he looked up at Mr. Bamford and said, “Let’s get this over with.”

The mob outside the gate chanting was slowly dying down because of how long it was taking for Mr. Bamford to bring

Elijah out of the house.

But a couple of minutes later, the moment the front door opened and they spotted Elijah, they started chanting again,” We want Justice!... What do we want... Justice! Justice! JUSTICE!!!”

Hearing their screams, Elijah sighed as he entered the back of the police car, handcuffed around his wrists, and then the door slammed closed behind him.

LL

The moment the gates opened, it got chaotic with the reporters trying to take pictures and the mobs screaming. When the police cars drove out, the mob didn’t stop chanting and they chased after the cars for a while before stopping, panting heavily.

“A couple of minutes ago, Elijah Maxwell was arrested at his residence because of a couple of videos that surfaced on the internet early this morning. In the video, you can clearly see Mr. Maxwell and a couple of his gang members that also got arrested with him, beating up people at a warehouse that have not been identified yet.”

A smile built on Madam Jewel’s lips as she sat in her hospital bed, staring at the TV, and then she turned to look at the door to see Amelia entering the room.

“The police have kicked off the investigation concerning the videos and the victims within them... So far, the victims are yet to be found or spoken to, so we have to wait and see...” Madam Jewel heard the news reporter say before she turned off the TV.

“I have wired the money to the people I hire to be an angry mob,” Amelia whispered, walking towards her mother and

sitting down beside her. Smiling at her daughter, Madam Jewel took her head and guarded it towards her lap, and then she slowly combed her fingers through it, whispering, “You have made mother proud. Now, let’s wait and watch Elijah’s reputation burn. Tomorrow, you will host a press conference, and I have taken my time to write what you would say. Slowly, we will gain the public’s trust and fix our reputation by ruining his.”

After an intense two hours of questioning from Mr. Bamford and another officer, Elijah and his men were released from the interrogation room because they couldn’t detain them since Mr. Bamford and the others were waiting on a decision to charge from the prosecutor.

The moment Elijah stepped out of the station, into the afternoon light, news crews were already waiting outside for him, and so were his other men, who immediately shielded him from the angry mob that was booing him and chanting insults.

“Mr. Maxwell, what do you say to the accusation? That you are the one in these videos?” A Reporter shouted as Elijah walked past them, heading for his car.

Suddenly, he stopped, turned around to face her, and walked over to her mic, smirking faintly as she pointed it gently in his face.

"I am the sole heir to my father's multiple companies, each of them worth billions of dollars... I have shares in companies that bring me billions in dividends... My wives own two of the growing companies in Syldavia... Are you sure you want to be on the opposite side of me?" Elijah said, staring directly into

the camera like he was talking to someone.

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 167

An eye for an eye What Elijah said made the angry mob start eyeing each other nervously, knowing that they all just got paid to be there.

"Is he threatening the journalist?" A protestor mumbled.

"I think he's talking to us." Another protestor whispered. "And what he said makes sense. Why should we accept peanuts from Amelia Hayes when he can offer us a bigger bag of peanuts?"

The ones around him that heard his remarks started nodding in agreement as they began forming small groups to discuss amongst themselves, forgetting to chant.

Seeing their reactions, Elijah smirked, knowing that the hint in his message was getting picked up by the right people, even though at that moment, he heard one of the reporter's whisper, "How arrogant of him to say something so insensitive... Bragging is not going to help his case at all."

After those words, Elijah turned away from the news Lady and walked off, getting into his car.

When he looked outside the window, the once—angry mob that was chanting insults was now standing there, silently looking confused.

When a nurse entered her room, Madam Jewel put on a sweet smile and so did Amelia. "How are you feeling today, Mrs. Hayes." The nurse asked.

Madam Jewel laughed softly before replying, "A bit better than yesterday."

There was a prolonged pause after those words, and then the nurse laughed, saying, "It's funny how some people's true characters don't show until they are caught in an awful act."

Immediately, Madam Jewel's face went cold along with her daughter, and then she forced a smile asking, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's your son-in-law..." The nurse said, "The reporter asked him, 'what do you say to the accusation circling on the Internet—'"

"What did he say?!" Amelia blurted out.

11

A laugh escaped the nurse's lips as she said, "I'm not even trying to be extra. These are his exact words, 'I am the sole heir to my father's multiple companies, each of them worth billions of dollars... I have shares in companies that bring me billions in dividends... My wives own two of the growing companies in Syldavia... Are you sure you want to be on the opposite side of me?"

... Like we get it. You are rich and corrupt."

Another dry chuckle echoed from the nurse's lips as she focused on the IV line, saying, "He's so boastful. After doing something so horrible—"

"Shut up and get out!!" Madam Jewel yelled. She immediately regretted her outburst as soon as she saw the nurse flinch. When she realized that the nurse had gone silent, she immediately said, "I'm sorry... But please, get out."

1

“Yes ma’am.” The nurse whispered before leaving the room.

Once the door closed, Amelia let out an audible breath before turning back to her mother and saying, “You think someone is going to betray us because of Elijah stupid speech?”

“Shut up and let me think!!” Madam Jewel’s voice raised, causing Amelia to jump in shock.

Soon, Amelia’s ringtone started echoing, and her shaking hands reached into her bag, pulling out the phone to see that it was one of the protesters calling.

“They have already started calling. What should I do?” Amelia whispered, afraid of her mother’s reaction.

“Call that gang you hired to act out the video and put a kill order on Tony.” Madam Jewel commanded casually. “The gang will not be betrayed you because if you go to jail, they go too... The mob are just lowlife less business

people that society doesn’t give a shit about. But Tony... Nah, he is not trustworthy since he played a lesser role in all of this and can cause more dangerous than anyone.”

“Tony is my boyfriend, Mother!!” Amelia shrieked, startling herself as she did.

“And so?! If you don’t kill him now, it’s guaranteed that you will go to jail. He has the raw footage of the videos, and indirectly Elijah just offered him a million of dollars deal on air. Who side do you think he’s going to take?”

“Mother! I am not killing my boyfriend!!”

LL

"I killed my husband to protect you guys because to me, family comes first! You would choose a man over your own freedom and family!"

Darting her eyes nervously around, Amelia tried holding her tears in but failed. She quickly composed herself before answering her mother, "Tony will not betray me. He loves me. That's why he even agreed to something so hideous to help out our family."

"I also thought that my husband loved me, and yet, he also betrayed me, putting everything he owned in the name of the child that his son of him and his first wife had, leaving me, my children and grandchildren out of the will." Madam Jewel said, slowly losing control of her anger.

1

"Mother

"He even went as far as putting a protective order in with an international insurance company that if Peach die, all of his properties goes t charities... He betrayed me, so I had to take the necessary actions... Tony is an opportunist, and even the most loyal person have a price."

"—«

"You can get another man. But you wouldn't get an chance of freedom when Tony betray you."

LIL

Even though Amelia was reluctant, her mother final words made her give in, "You know that I love you right? All I want is your safety... I have lost four of my children. I don't want to lose you too." After a long moment of hesitation, Amelia took out her phone and dialed a number, saying the moment her call got answered, "Axel, you know the guy that did the props, setup, and video shoot of you guys beating up those people?"

The was a brief pause and then she heard, "Yes. He's your boyfriend, right?... I saw you guys kissing and..."

"Kill him... Today!"

"Wait what?!"

"If you don't, we are all going to jail. I just got a tip that he's planning to sell the raw footage to Elijah Maxwell which have all of you guys faces in it!"

"Fuck!"

"Do it soon."

After a prolonged silence on the line, Axel's voice came through, "Fine. I will have it done immediately."

At five o'clock, the front door of Starwood headquarters opened, and the security smiled at the man who walked out, saying, "Goodbye, Mr. Jones."

"Bye, Joel." Axel said before heading over to his car.

When he got into the backseat of his vehicle, he heard a knock on the door, and the moment he looked at the window glass, he quickly rolled the windshield down, mumbling, "What are you doing here, Axel?" "Amelia wants me to give you this." Axel said before reaching his PSS silent pistol into the car and hastily shooting at Axel before walking off quickly, jumping in a car that drove off at full speed.

“Boss!” Axel’s driver shouted the moment he realized what had happened and heard his boss groan.
“Did you just get shot?!”

“It missed.” Axel cried, opening his coat. “Of all days, I chose today to wear a coat larger than me because of the weather.”

LLLLL

Eyes widening, the driver gazed at the bullet hole that penetrated Axel’s coat and then got stuck in the seat, and

then he mumbled, “Wow, the space in your coat safe

you.”

But Axel was too distracted by his thoughts to care for his driver’s words, mumbling, “After everything that I did for her and her family... jeopardizing my life and career, and she dare tried to end my life! That bitch! I thought what we had was love!!”

LLL

“Boss? Should we go to the police and report this?!” His driver asked, worry laced in his voice. Ignoring his driver again, Axel took out his phone and made a call, and the moment the person answered, he commanded, “Kate, I need you to do a brief news coverage on how I have been allegedly shot and rushed to the hospital.”

After ending the call a moment later, he stared at his driver and said, “No. Take me to Elijah Maxwell’s mansion. I will show that traitor, an eye for a fucking eye!”

“Umm... Yes, boss.”

Immediately, putting the car in gear, the driver turned and began driving away, heading straight in the direction of Elijah mansion.

“How dare you free him!” Eliot Trenchard shouted in Mr. Bamford face, slapping the table.

“Sir, we interrogated Elijah and since we were waiting

on a decision to charge from the prosecutor, we couldn’t hold him after two hours.” Mr. Bamford calmly explained to the older gentleman in front of him.

“Well, it have finally been done! So collect your men and arrest him, and lock him up!”

“Yes, sir!”

When his room door opened and Dice entered, Elijah asked immediately, “What is it?”

“There’s a guy name Axel Jones that is requesting for his car to enter the compound. He claim that he can fix things surrounding the video.” Dice stated.

Immediately, Elijah stood up and grabbed his jacket before saying, “Let’s go.”

A while later, Elijah and his men where seated in the living room, staring at Axel, and after a prolong silent, Elijah said, “I am listening.”

“I never would have come to you if what just happened to me today did not happen. But I guess I survived it so I can fix my wrongs.” Axel said, a hesitant look on his face. “I work at Starwood headquarter. I work on movie edits and stuff for fantasy, animation, and shit, that’s how it was so ease for me to create those videos of you.”

TRE

“So, what happened to you today that changed you from a sinner to a saint?” Elijah asked.

“Do you see the hole in my coat... it’s a bullet hole!

Amelia tried to kill me a moment ago, and the sick part of this, I am her lover! We have been dating for years now! So, I don’t feel safe with her loose and free... Also, I want my pound of flesh.”

“I guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree that bear it... So, what do you want?” Even though Axel was confused about what those words met, he pushed his thoughts aside and said, “A close friend of mine is right now airing a fake news about me being in critical condition. Amelia will lay her guard down. I know where they are keeping the victims they beat up for us to make the videos...”

When Elijah scowled at him, Axel sighed and said, “I know what I did wasn’t right. But I want to fix it. I will give you the hard drive the has the raw videos on it, Show you the location of the victims that they are still keeping hostage, and even explain in detail to the police how I managed to swap your faces with the actual criminals

faces.”

Hearing the sound of boots approaching them, the living room grew quiet, and a moment later, Mr. Bamford walked into the living room with a bunch of officers, announcing, “Elijah Maxwell, you and your men are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent, anything you say may be used against you in court. You have the right to speak to an attorney and you do not have to answer any questions you may be asked unless

the question is related to your crimes. Anything else you may say, can and will be used as evidence against you...” Seeing the bunch of police behind Mr. Bamford, Elijah frowned, knowing that this was not his willing action.

TEL

“Well, you came at the right time.” Elijah calmly uttered, not leaving his seat, and then he darted his eyes toward Axel. “Do you want to tell the officers what you just told

LL

me?”

“Mr. Jones,” Mr. Bamford mumbled, recognizing him as one of the big games in the movie industry. “I thought you were at the hospital, in a critical condition?”

“Hello, chief Constable...” Axel said with an awkward smile. “Well, the thing is Elijah Maxwell is not the one in those videos. I edited the videos because Amelia Hayes threatened to kill me if I didn’t help her. I have the hard drive with files of the original video, and I know the warehouse where the men working for her are keeping the victims. I can prove it.”

LL

Looking over at Elijah, Mr. Bamford smirked as he thought, ‘You are one lucky guy, Elijah Maxwell... a very lucky man.’

LI

As the gate opens, the black limousine drove into the yard, and both Mrs. Maxwell and Miss Grace smiled at the sight of Peach sleeping soundly in the backseat.

“Miss, you said I should stop here, but why are you not getting down?” The cab driver cried.

LLL

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Frowning at the sight of the gate automatically shutting, Melina hesitated for a moment and then commanded the driver, “Take me back to the hotel that you drove me from.”

