

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 1

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Chapter 1

The sound of the tick and tock from the clock had Elijah's feet bouncing on the tiles of the dining room floors as he stared at his watch, a sense of nervousness creeping into his chest.

It was Ten-thirty, and he had been staring at this same watch for hours now, still no sign of his wife.

Even though it was like her to come home late, He didn't expect her to do so on their birthday since she knew how important today was to him.

Looking away from his watch, Elijah sighed and glanced up, the clock showing Eleven pm. Then his gaze directed to the phone, lying on the table, in front of him.

"Will she not pick up again?" Elijah asked out loud, his voice low and soft.

There was a brief pause before he reached for the phone, his fingers fumbling with it as he tried to dial Melina's number.

"The number you have called is currently unavailable..." A robotic female voice said on the other side of the line, causing Elijah to drop his head backward on the chair, a frown plastered on his face.

"Is she not going to answer me anymore?" He muttered in slight disappointment.

"Eleven Fifteen," The clock on the wall read, and Elijah continued to be patient, hitting his foot repeatedly against the tiles.

Eleven twenty-two and still no sight of his wife. It has been the whole day since she left this morning that he had not seen her, and it was starting to worry him.

Elijah's eyes wandered back towards his phone, then up to the clock again, watching the minutes tick by one by one until eleven-thirty.

That's when Elijah finally had enough and woke from the chair, abandoning the table filled with food that he had made for Melina, and left the dining room.

The feeling of love is a heavy burden that weighed on Elijah's heart for years since he married Melina and started living with her as a stay-at-the-home husband.

Respect was not something she would give to him often because of his low status in life, being a man who had no job and just lived off her.

But his love for Melina was something that Elijah has never given up on. His affection for her came first than anything else. She was the most important person in his life, and he felt like it was time for him to be honest to her about a lie he had been telling all these years.

The romantic dinner he set up back in his dining room was not only to celebrate both of them thirty years old birthdays, but he was finally going to be truthful to her.

The cab came to a stop in front of a five-story glass building, and the driver looked back at Elijah and said, "We have arrived."

Immediately, Elijah snapped out of his thought and gazed away from the time on his watch, which was twelve on the dot now, and reached his hands into his pocket.

After paying his cab fare, he pushed the cab door open and stepped out, and walked slowly towards the doors, not knowing if anyone was in, even though the building was bright with lights.

When Elijah reached the entrance, the security stopped him, flashing his flashlight in Elijah's face, and then furrowed his brow as he let out, "Mr. Elijah Hayes?"

"Hayes," Was his wife's last name, and people usually looked down on him for taking her surname.

But he could care less about what they think or say, even though most of them said he was doing so to use Melina for her wealth and reputation.

However, Elijah always knew better than to get involved in such petty arguments with people he did not want to associate with because they knew nothing about him and spoke out of ignorance.

"What are you doing here at this ungodly hour?" The security questioned in an irritated tone, eyeing the watch on Elijah's wrist as if looking for something that wasn't there.

"I'm looking for my wife," Elijah answered plainly, making sure that the guard knew who he was talking about.

There was silence between the two men as the security continued staring him down, his cold demeanor hardening, as well as the boldness in Elijah's expression.

"Are you kidding me?! Is that damn thing on your wrist not working?!" The security exclaimed, glaring at him as if Elijah was some criminal. "Don't you know how to tell

time or something? If you weren't Mrs. Hayes' husband, I would have kicked you out of here myself!"

Such rude tones did not bother Elijah that much because after marrying Melina, his worth in the eyes of others had changed drastically because he was a stay-at-home husband, and people saw that as him being a useless man who leeches on the wealth and power of his wife, instead of being a successful businessman like other men.

"Is my wife still in the building? I know she stays here late to get work done, so can you please take me to her office?" Elijah asked politely, his face calm and composed.

As soon as the words left Elijah's mouth, the security became visibly annoyed by his attitude, as if he had said something offensive, and then he lashed out at Elijah, "Look, Mr. Hayes! You don't have the right to barge into this building without any warning at such an hour and demand something!"

Staring at the glass door, Elijah felt restless, and anger boiled inside his chest, making him clench his fists tightly, and he subconsciously stepped forward.

Immediately, the security strode in front of him, pushing his palms against Elijah's chest forcefully, preventing him from advancing further.

"Hey, hey! Step away now! Or I will call for backup and have your ass kicked out of here!" The security shouted at Elijah, who remained rooted on the spot in shock and anger, his eyes widening at the sudden aggression from him.

Speechless, Elijah took a step back, restraining himself from reaching up to slap the guard in the face, who looked like he was ready to beat the living crap out of him.

"Not even employees are allowed to be here at this time, except security and Janitors. How dare you try to enter the building without permission!?" The guard shouted, his voice echoing with the wind.

Raising a brow, Elijah took another step back, putting his hands into both his trouser pockets to stop himself from grabbing the security by his shirt and knocking the shit out of him.

The look of rage and hate in the security eyes was unsettling as he pointed an accusing finger at Elijah and asked, "Mr. Hayes, what are you up to here actually? Huh?! You think you're entitled and above everyone just because you're married to the CEO?!"

Ignoring the security words, Elijah wandered into his thoughts for a moment and then asked, "Did you say only the securities and janitors are in the building?"

The fact that Elijah was playing his anger off and dismissing him made the guard madder. His fist clenched into a tight ball as he took a few steps forward and replied, "You're not getting it, Mr. Hayes, are you?!"

A frown appeared upon Elijah's face, and his eyebrows scrunched together before he gave the guard an exasperated look.

"Leave here now before I call the police and have you arrested for trespassing!" The guard yelled at Elijah, pointing his hand towards him with the finger extended.

Looking at his watch, Elijah realized that it was already half past midnight, and he grew even more frustrated and irritated by this security.

"Is Melina in there or not?!" Elijah asked a bit louder this time, his voice carrying an authority behind the question which made the security flinch.

It shocked him for a second that Elijah could have such a dominant aura around him, but he was quick to recover and scoffed, "No, she isn't here. Mrs. Hayes left the building at five o'clock today. Now if you excuse me, I need to continue working."

Before Elijah could say anything else, the security slammed the double doors shut in Elijah's face, leaving him alone outside with nothing but a cold gust of air hitting his cheeks and messing up his hair.

The fact that Melina left work at five o'clock and did not go straight home, knowing what day it was, made Elijah more worried about his wife than suspicious of her.

His eyes darted around the street nervously, not knowing who to call because she never tells him about her friends or who she would meet during her work schedule.

So without thinking further about his actions, Elijah pulled out his phone and dialed her number, waiting for her to accept his call.

But she didn't answer, and his heart began to pound loudly inside of his chest, his breath shaky as he called her once again.

He dialed her number three more times before hanging up the call abruptly, dropping his phone back into his pocket as he leaned his forehead against his fist, wondering if he should go to the police or call her family, who detested his existence in their daughter's life.

"Where could she be?" Elijah mumbled to himself, rubbing his forehead to ease the throbbing pain.

Then the ringing sound from his phone made him snap back into reality and reached into his pocket, pulling out the phone.

A soft smile appeared on his face as he stared at the name displayed on the screen, a feeling of happiness bubbling within his stomach.

“Melina?” He breathed out, his voice barely above a whisper, yet he sounded hopeful to hear her voice.

“Who else will it be?!” Melina’s harsh voice snapped through the speaker, followed by a sigh. “Where are you?! Why are you out so late?! It’s midnight, for crying out loud! And you are not home. Is there something you want to tell me, Elijah?!”