

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 41

Chapter 41

You don't want to die

After a few minutes of silence and tense tension between Elijah and Madam Jewel, Peach broke the silence and nervously said, "This is not Elijah's fault, and if you want me to apologize to

you."

"You don't need to feel remorseful for saying your truth" Elijah interrupted, his voice slightly calmer compared to before

Pinching his shirt, Peach pouted as she thought, 'I know But if you keep provoking her like this, you might also get hurt, and it will be my fault I can't let that happen, and I won't let myself be responsible for it!'

Staring at Elijah's body blocking Peach from her view, Madam Jewel's gaze flickered towards Elijah and she narrowed her eyes suspiciously, thinking, 'Is he being this defensive with Peach, so she can shield him too because of her connection with Bryan Checks. Does he know that they are dating, and that's why he's risking it all to gain her favor?!'

Raising a brow, Madam Jewel looked down on Elijah and mumbled in her head, 'That must be it He's way too bold and defensive of Peach to not know about her relationship with Checks. He must think that he's invincible because he's protecting Bryan's girlfriend. what a loser

A mocking laugh echoed from Madam Jewel's lips, and she shook her head, amused at the notion of Elijah, how pathetic he was to think that he is untouchable if he's close to Peach

"Melina was right You are just a leech who uses women to climb society's ladder and feed off them" Madam Jewel said in her usual harsh and sarcastic voice

Shaking her head, she drew a deep breath, glared at Matt and then at James, turning her cold eyes on Miss Grace before focusing back on Elijah.

"Don't forget this day because I will make you regret it for the rest of your pathetic life, you hear me!" Madam Jewel spat angrily, her eyes flashing with hatred.

The game was on, and Elijah knew it he realized just how detestable this woman was, and he took none of her words lightly because he could see it in her eyes that she truly meant them,

"I think I have found out what I came here to learn, so I will take my leave." Madam Jewel announced in an arrogant and haughty voice

With that she turned her heels and walked away from Elijah and Peach, leaving the lobby and everyone, except Elijah in a state of shock.

No one said much for a couple of seconds until Elijah and Miss Grace's eyes locked and she let out humbly, "You shouldn't have done that, Elijah... You guys should travel... leave here before the situation turns ugly..."

"Mama," Peach cried without thinking, only feeling a sense of grief about Elijah leaving

Giving her daughter a harsh stare, Miss Grace sighed, put her frustration, and uttered, "You know how ruthless that woman is! How could you make such a reckless remark, Peach!?"

With a pouty face, Peach lowered her head and said nothing. She felt wronged because her mother knew that the more to her grandfather's death... how everything played out after he passed was suspicious and unfair!

"My time in this place is barely beginning, and now, you want me to leave?" Elijah said with a raised eyebrow, his tone calm.

"If I had the money to refund you, within a heartbeat, I would. But I don't... Still, I am begging you for your safety, you and your friends should leave before things get worse." Miss Grace pleaded in tears.

Seeing Miss Grace in front of him like that caused something in Elijah to snap from his emotions, and he turned away from Miss Grace and walked off, wanting to give himself a minute to clear his mind and gather his thoughts.

When Elijah got to his room, he walked over to his closet, and after opening it, he was about to reach into the top shelf when a knock on the door made him pause. He stood still with his arm stretched above his head while listening carefully and then heard Peach's voice, "Hey, can you open up?"

Drawing a breath, he took a moment to compose himself and then turned around, heading for his door

When Elijah opened it, standing in the doorway, his gaze met hers, making him pause for a second or two before greeting her with a small smile.

"Can I come in?" Peach said nervously, looking down at her feet.

"Of course," Elijah replied as he stepped aside to let her inside.

The moment she walked in and saw his closet open her heart dropped as she thought, 'He's really following my mother's advice and leaving the motel.'

After shutting the door behind him, Elijah leaned against the wall next to it, watching Peach curiously "Why do you look like you are about to cry?" Elijah asked, his expression neutral, but the concern was obvious in his voice.

Not saying a word, she looked hesitantly into his eyes, fighting her urge to sob as she thought, Mom is right. His safety is at risk, and he must go somewhere far away. But I don't want him to go! It hurts to watch him leave, even though I'm aware of what is going to happen.'

Seeing a loose tear roll down her cheek, Elijah pulled away from the wall and approached Peach slowly as she closed her eyes tightly and tried to hold her tears.

his palms touched her cheeks, wiping a couple of stray tears away, and he said, "Hey, hey,"

Hearing Elijah's voice made her open her eyes, staring up into his eyes, and she swallowed hard Her eyes were red from holding back her tears, but she didn't try to hide them anymore as she gazed at him

As his thumbs brushed against the soft skin of her cheeks, his hands went lower, and he held both her face, forcing her to meet his eyes again

His thumbs caressing her cheeks, Elijah spoke gently, "What happened, Peach? Are you okay?" Shaking her head slowly, she choked on her sob, knowing if she spoke she would start bawling her eyes out, which wasn't what she wanted to do

I'm going to miss you,' Peach thought sadly, 'I am going to miss you so much, Elijah. But

what am I supposed to say? It would be selfish to ask you to stay because of me

"What's bothering you?" Elijah asked worriedly, noticing her expression Raising her hand to his face, Peach placed it on his cheek softly, and Elijah leaned into her touch as she smiled weakly at him and caressed his cheekbone with her thumb, feeling his warm skin under her fingertips.

'We might not see each other again, so this is okay, right?' Peach thought, gazing at his lips Slowly, her heels lifted to balance the weight of her body on her toes and brought herself closer to him, causing Elijah to raise a brow

Looking directly into his eyes, she tilted her head slightly and whispered lowly, "Will you kiss

me?"

Even though he didn't know what was going on in her head or why her mood had suddenly changed, Elijah could feel that something was troubling her, and his heart ached to see her sad, so he didn't hesitate at all, leaning forward and capturing her lips with his.

Elijah wrapped his arms around Peach's waist, pulling her close to him and deepening their kiss

Feeling the warmth emitting from his body, Peach moaned softly, and the sound sent shivers through her entire body, making her feel warm

Her hands ran through his hair lovingly and gently as their lips moved in sync, creating a sensation of euphoria and pleasure in the pit of her stomach.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer to her as Elijah tasted her lips

gently

Breaking their kiss momentarily, he rested his forehead on hers, breathing heavily as his eyes stared deeply into hers, trying to understand her sudden change in attitude and mood

"I can let you go now," Peach mumbled shyly as she glanced up at him, and she felt Elijah's hot breath fanning her face, which made her shiver slightly

He chuckled lowly, confused by her words, and asked, "Go where?"

"Aren't you packing your things from the closet to leave?" She questioned, glancing at his closet and then back at him

A chuckle rumbled low in his throat, making Peach frown at him, and he shook his head.

"No, I was just looking for something to wear for later on, to keep myself distracted. I'm not leaving here_ not yet." Elijah told her, brushing her hair away from her face tenderly. It took Peach a moment to realize what he meant and then, her eyes widened, and she immediately backed away from him

Her cheeks were red at the thought of the kiss and she looked down at her feet, flustered beyond belief and unable to make eye contact with him

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 42

Chapter 42

I will make them pay

Looking at Peach's eyes, Elijah sighed, walked away from her, and then sat on the edge of his bed, burying his head in his hands, sighing heavily.

"My dad was a hard-working man. He loved my mother like crazy and always tried his best to be a good father and husband. He was funny, caring, and intelligent. He had a good heart..." Peach uttered, pausing as her eyes filled with tears and her voice trailed off.

Slowly, Elijah raised his head and looked at Peach with a concerned expression, keeping his silence.

Taking another deep breath, Peach continued her story, "When my grandfather passed, Madam Jewel suddenly turned against my father, drove us out of the mansion, and from then on she and her children suppressed our family with all of their power..."

When she caught Elijah's eyes, he patted the side of the bed next to him, smiling sadly at her when he noticed her trembling slightly. Pushing back her hair behind her ear and taking a few steps towards him, Peach walked over to him, sitting on the bed beside him, staring at the tiles as she remembered her childhood. "My dad, for an unknown reason, became the enemy of the Hayes family... up to now, I don't understand why they all turn on us so quickly..." Peach muttered quietly, shaking her head in disbelief.

Nervously, she picked at her nails, playing with her fingers as she remembered the events that took place in their lives.

“My father was never violent to any of them... I know he’s the legitimate son and all, but it’s like... once grandfather passed, a switch went off, and they treated him and us so cruelly like we were nothing more than trash...” Peach spat bitterly, glaring at the floor.

Silence enveloped them for a while, and Peach began playing with her fingers again, still fiddling with them nervously, and her thoughts drifted back to her grandfather’s death.

“Grandfather... he was supposed to undergo surgery, and the doctor confirmed that he had an eighty percent chance of coming out of it healthy and alive...” Peach said, her voice trailing off at the end, her eyes filling with fresh tears.

She blinked rapidly to keep the tears at bay, not wanting to cry anymore as she whispered, “But before he could undergo the surgery, his heart suddenly stopped. My dad tried to find out what happened... that’s when the nightmare began...” “Do you really believe that Madam Jewel really had a hand in her husband’s death?” Elijah asked carefully, looking at her hand.

When he saw how red the tip of her fingers had gotten from her fingernails biting into her flesh, he reached out and laced his fingers with hers, intertwining their hands together so he would stop her from hurting herself any further. Peach glanced at his hand, then stared back at him, noticing the sadness and concern etched onto his face, and she sighed, squeezing his hand tight and nodding her head solemnly. “Yes...” Peach replied quietly, her voice full of sorrow, “There are so many mysteries behind this whole thing. How my grandfather died, why everyone started targeting my mother and me... why my grandfather’s doctor and his lawyer went silent... why no one seemed to care... it’s all such a mess...”

Silence consumed them both as Peach fell quiet for a while before she whispered, “Mother and I are somewhat used to all the pain and suffering we’ve experienced over the years... We are Hayes, and that’s our death sentence... for some unknown reason. But you, Elijah...”

Looking up to meet his eyes, Peach rested her palm against his cheek as she brushed her thumb slowly against his cheekbone, caressing it gently as tears rolled down her face silently.

“You have the chance to escape all of this... start up fresh, somewhere else and forget about all of this shit, and just live happily ever after,” Peach breathed softly as she gazed at Elijah with a serious expression. “Hmm,” Elijah mumbled, studying her eyes. “So, please, promise me... you’ll try to leave this place and just start over... forget all of the problems, all the pain, and everything that has happened... Just move on, Elijah... and live...” “Even if I agree to leave this motel as you want, Peach, I don’t plan to move out of Syldavia.”

Silently, Peach looked at his hand intertwined with hers and frowned, feeling her chest tighten slightly. She wanted him to go... she needed him to go.. "Elijah, I like you... like a lot, and I don't want to lose you, too... I just... I can't lose anyone else. It hurts too much when it happens..." Peach pleaded desperately, trying hard not to show how broken she felt inside as she spoke to him.

A confession was what he just got, and Elijah didn't expect it, and he immediately felt guilty because he knew what he felt for her... what he wanted from her, but it wasn't love. And it would probably never be love.

Sure, they kissed a couple of times, but that didn't mean that he wanted her... didn't mean that he wanted to fall in love with her... with any woman.

But he was human, and what he felt for Peach was care... he cared about her, and he wanted to protect her. He wanted to make sure that she wouldn't be hurt again, that she wasn't bullied like he was with Melina. And he wanted to protect her from whatever hellish life she had been living all this time.

"Hey, hey," Elijah murmured, raising his free hand to wipe away the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Don't cry. I promise you I won't let those bastards get away with anything... I will make them pay."

He was saying the opposite of what she wanted to hear, but Peach realized that it was useless to argue with him, so she just nodded and sniffed softly.

With a cocky smile on his face, Dean sat down as his friend, Mason, signaled him to sit on the couch in his office.

"Dean, good afternoon." Mason greeted him, smiling as Dean shook his hand before sitting down on the couch opposite of him. After both men took their seats, Mason eyed his secretary, and she immediately asked Dean, "Can I offer you anything, sir?" "No," Dean said firmly before he turned to look at his friend.

When she noticed her boss slightly waving his hand, she bowed quietly and then walked away, closing the door softly behind her. Finally, it was just both men in the room and Dean cleared his throat, asking, "Mason, I don't want to take up much of your time... I know that you and Bryan Checks are part of the League private club... right?" It fell silent as Mason studied Dean's face for a moment before he smiled and nodded, telling him, "Yeah. Why do you ask?" "Well..." Dean began hesitantly, rubbing the back of his neck nervously, "I was wondering if you would put in some good words with him for me, so I can join the League." Another long pause took over as Manson's expression turned serious and thoughtful as he considered what Dean requested. Finally, he broke the tense atmosphere by speaking softly, "Bryan just gave up the last invitation to the club."

“What?! To whom...?” Dean questioned, shocked. It was no secret that membership in the club was something that was of high value, and only elites of great wealth or prominence had the privilege to attend the club meetings.

Even the most ordinary members of the League were highly respected and powerful enough because they were invited by someone as influential as Bryan Checks.

“The identity is still a secret,” Mason stated casually, sighing in frustration. “Checks said the person isn’t ready to accept his invitation yet, and until he can get the go-ahead from whoever it is, he won’t reveal the name of the owner.”

Snapping his brows together, Dean found himself becoming even more interested in the mysterious person who could make Bryan regard him with such high respect that even Manson wasn’t worthy enough to know the identity of the person.

“So when is this person going to agree to join?” Dean asked cautiously, eyeing Mason suspiciously.

Smiling at Dean’s reaction, Mason leaned back in his chair and shrugged as he said, “That’s still unknown... But if Bryan is patient enough to wait, then all I too can do is wait.”

“Damn, this person must really be important if even Bryan wants to wait, huh,” Dean muttered, shaking his head in disbelief. “If this mystery person agrees to join the Club, then I’d have to meet him or her, see if they are worthy or not.” “Haha,” “Well,” Clearing his throat, Dean rested back against the seat, feeling defeated because he knew getting into the club would be the best way to strengthen his relationship with Checks and find out what his relationship is with Peach, After a couple of silent seconds, Dean finally asked, “Mason, I’m curious as to if Bryan has an interest in any lady... like in a romantic way.”

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 43

Chapter 43

More desirable than a million dollars

The office was filled with silence once again for a few moments until Mason suddenly laughed loudly, startling Dean and making him jump in surprise. “Bryan is a very attractive man, isn’t he,” Mason remarked with a chuckle as he wiped a tear from the corner of his eye. “Of course he would have an interest in a lady! He’s always flirting when we are out, drinking.” “Yeah...?” Dean responded quietly before he continued, “So... Who do you think he’s serious about right now?” An intense expression covered Mason’s face as he stared directly at Dean without looking away, furrowing his brows as he asked, “You have a daughter, right?Melina... Haha, is this about her?”

“Uh... I wish! But, no.” Dean answered quickly with a chuckle, shaking his head in denial.

A curious glint entered Mason’s eyes as he inquired, and then he relaxed in his seat, mumbling, “Bryan is like a loose cannon. The guy is a player... He doesn’t acknowledge a woman openly because he is constantly looking around for a new one, and he is quite popular among the women...”

Those words caught Dean off guard, and he snapped his head towards Mason abruptly with wide eyes, and then his expression softened as he mumbled, “I see,”

“Well, you didn’t hear those words from me though... and if they get out, you will regret it, Dean... So watch your mouth.” Mason narrowed his eyes and raised his brows threateningly. After a few moments of hesitation, Dean simply stood up, straightening his jacket, as he said, “I understand, Mason. Thank you for telling me.”

“But why are you asking me about him specifically?” Mason questioned suspiciously, raising an eyebrow. Smirking slightly, Dean looked directly at Mason as he replied, “Curiosity, of course. Now, I gotta get going. Have a nice day.”

As he was leaving, Mason chuckled and shook his head with amusement before replying, “You’re a strange man, Dean.”

The car was quiet as Elijah drove Peach and him away from the motel at seven, his thoughts were still a mess.

After everything that happened between them today, he knew they both needed fresh air to get over the emotional roller coaster that had just passed their way. Now that everything had settled down a bit, the fact that she said that she liked Elijah a lot kept replaying in Peach’s head, and she rested her head against the glass, blowing out her cheeks. “Where to?” Elijah asked, glancing at her for the briefest of seconds before looking back at the road.

Shutting her eyes, Peach sighed out her frustration and whispered without thinking, “Gosh, I could use a drink.”

JVC

Elijah chuckled, glancing over at her briefly again, and mumbled, “That is understandable.” Not expecting him to hear her, Peach looked up when she realized what she said and cleared her throat awkwardly as her face went red immediately. When Elijah noticed her embarrassment, however, his face lit up with a grin, and he teased, “Are you sure I should be feeding you alcohol? Do you even have an alcohol

tolerance?" Cheeks still slightly burning, Peach shot him a death glare but couldn't help the small smile on her face.

Then she poked up her lips, raised a brow, and lied, "I can handle my alcohol like a champ."

A laugh escaped Elijah's mouth, his head shaking in amusement, and Peach watched his lips curve upwards, his eyes crinkling and his nose scrunching ever so slightly.

The sight of him in such a mood made something flutter inside of her heart, and the feeling only intensified when he spoke, "Yeah, no shit..? I don't want your mom getting mad at me for making you drink."

"Hey!" Peach playfully hit him on the arm, scowling, "I'm not a kid! Besides, this isn't my first time drinking..."

Looking away from the road, Elijah shot her a look that clearly stated, 'really?,' and Peach felt herself go red in the face again, "Yeah, yeah..." Peach muttered embarrassedly, and then, after taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, continued, "but I'll try not to get drunk."

She glanced over at Elijah, who was watching her in silence. A small smirk played at the corner of his mouth, which Peach caught, and she felt her heart race faster than a horse galloping at full speed.

"Good, because I am not carrying you out if you get drunk or something," Elijah teased her with a slight chuckle. "So we're good?"

Smiling sweetly at him, Peach nodded her head, her voice coming out more soft and melodic than usual, "Yes. We are good." The Neon Green Bar was filled with loud music, chatting noise, and laughter, and when Elijah pushed the front door open, all that noise came rushing outside as he and Peach walked into the bar.

They stood there for a second, trying to take in the whole scene, and hesitantly Peach gazed at Elijah's arm, wondering if she should hold it or not. Before she could make a decision, Elijah suddenly took her hand and locked her fingers with his.

"Let's go find some seats," he said in response to her unasked question. Then he led her through the crowd until they reached an empty booth, and Peach sat down, resting her head back against the booth seat as her eyes scanned the room.

'Why did I lie about being able to handle myself around alcohol when I have never tasted it... Boring, poor, me... This is going to be fun,' Peach thought bitterly, letting out a deep sigh. Pouting, she then turned her attention towards Elijah and saw that he was already looking at

her, and the sight of him made her stomach twist nervously.

“What?” Peach huffed, lowering her gaze from his eyes. “What are you taking?” Elijah asked her calmly, leaning forward and placing one elbow on the table. His face was right in her line of sight now, and Peach felt heat rise to her cheeks once again, and she quickly looked away. “Uhh, I’m not sure actually,” Peach admitted shyly, shifting uncomfortably. Then her ears picked up the sound of a woman’s voice, “I will have a cosmopolitan cocktail.” “Cosmopolitan cocktail!” Peach exclaimed happily, smiling wide and turning back towards Elijah. His brow immediately raised in surprise when he heard her outburst, and he gave her a questioning glance, “What? Do you know what that is?” Of course, she didn’t, but she already started with a lie, and she wasn’t ready to stop just yet. So she merely shrugged nonchalantly and nodded her head, pretending to have not understood what he was talking about. “Are you sure?” Elijah asked, looking skeptical as if he didn’t believe her words, and Peach simply smiled wider and whispered, “Positive.” After a brief pause, Elijah let out a long, defeated sigh, and whispered, “Whatever makes you feel better, kiddo... Wait here. I will make the order.” Then he withdrew from his seat and headed back into the throng of people, making his way towards the bar.

Sitting alone now, Peach felt a sense of loneliness overcome her, and she looked behind Elijah, watching his back as he walked away to where the bartender was. “I’ll be damn. Look who’s here!” A sharp, feminine voice said from close to her, causing Peach to jump slightly and face her front. Staring back at her was a fancy lady, wearing heels and a tight white top with ripped black jeans.

Her blonde hair was styled loosely, and Peach noticed two large diamond earrings hanging from each earlobe, along with matching bracelets and neck. A forced faint smile stretched across Peach’s face as she murmured, “Uh, hello, I’m... um... sorry, do I know you?” “You might not...” The blonde smirked arrogantly as she looked down at Peach’s outfit, “But I definitely do. You are Melina’s cousin, right?” A sense of annoyance rose up within Peach at the mention of Melina’s name, and she really didn’t want to deal with whoever this girl was.

“Yes,” Peach answered curtly, narrowing her eyes at the blonde. “Well, I am Jessica... Jessica Astor,” She smirked widely, flashing a pearly white, straight set of teeth.

The fact that it was one of Jessica’s rich, spoiled friends was annoying the hell out of Peach,

and she rolled her eyes before saying, “Okay..?” Suddenly, Elijah returned to the booth with two drinks in his hands and slid them onto the table before sitting down and looking at Peach and then at Jessica. Not needing an introduction because he knew her, Elijah’s brows snapped together in a frown as he stared intently at Jessica. Smiling, she studied him from his perfectly shaped brows, his sharp jawline, his angular chin, and down to his neck, the way his t-shirt clung to his skin, outlining every curve of his muscle.

“Damn, I can not believe Melina thought you were worth just two million... With that face and body, to me, you are worth something a lot more desirable than a million dollars,” Jessica cooed as she rested her arms on the table, staring at him seductively.

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 44

Chapter 44

Make him regret crossing me

Eyeing Elijah, Peach wanted so desperately to read his thoughts because his expression was completely blank; there was no emotion evident on his face. Nervous and uneasy, Peach reached for the glass of cosmopolitan cocktail, lifted it to her lips, and drank the entire thing down without hesitation.

And as soon as the liquor entered her mouth, she felt hot liquid fill her throat, and she could taste the vodka, and immediately, she started coughing violently, clutching her throat as she felt the burning sensation.

Instantly, Elijah stood up from his seat and placed his palm on her back to rub it soothingly, “Hey, hey, Peach, relax. Deep breaths. Take slow, steady breaths.”

Once Peach stopped coughing, her chest heaved with heavy breaths, and her hand clutched onto Elijah’s arm to keep her balance.

After waiting for her to finally regain control of herself and settle down a bit, Elijah mumbled, “You good?”

Peach simply nodded her head in reply while wiping a few stray tears away with the back of her hand.

A scoff left Jessica’s lips as she narrowed her eyes and said snidely, “Elijah, can we talk somewhere that is not here? I think what I have to offer is worth way more than this pathetic excuse of an act.”

A warm feeling spread through Peach as a sense of dizziness and fatigue hit her hard, and she felt the urge to lean into Elijah and rest her head on his shoulder, and just like that she found herself leaning against him, her head resting comfortably on his arm.

“Hey, little buddy...” Elijah whispered as he wrapped his hand around her shoulders and pulled her closer to him, allowing her to lean against his chest. “Do you even drink?”

“No,” Peach giggled softly as the alcohol buzzed inside of her, “I have never... never drink... Today is my first! A grin formed on Elijah’s face as he chuckled lightly and rubbed her back gently, “Yeah, I figured.” Suddenly, Peach raised her head, looking into Elijah’s eyes, pouted cutely, and mumbled, “Why am I giving all my first to you and doing it with you...”

Hearing those words, Jessica’s mouth lightly hung open, and she stared at Peach with bulging eyes full of disbelief.

‘How naive can you get?’ Elijah thought, looking into Peach’s eyes, unable to help the small smile that appeared on his face.

As if reading Elijah’s mind, Peach began to giggle again and leaned her head back against his chest, her eyes closed contentedly. ‘She’s adorable...’ Elijah thought as he watched her, still holding her tightly. A sneer tugged at the corner of Jessica’s lips, and she glared daggers at him before scowling at Peach instead, clearly upset that she had been ignored.

“Hey... I told you I am not carrying you out of here,” Elijah whispered, trying to hold back the laughter that was threatening to escape his lips. “We just got here, and you are already drunk. Wake up...” “Haha, the media was right, you are screwing your ex-wife’s cousin!” Jessica said, her voice suddenly changing and becoming harsh, her tone full of disgust. “My friend was right when she complained to me about you cheating on her with her cousin!” Immediately, stares from everyone present turned to look at them, and Elijah frowned deeply, tightening his grip on Peach, and glaring at Jessica. Soon people started taking out their phones and cameras to record, and Elijah knew that this was going to be bad.

“You’re a piece of shit,” Jessie spat as she glared at him. “Why did you hurt Melina like that, huh? Huh?! Why the hell do you care about someone else more than you cared about her when she was your wife?”

Slowly, opening her eyes to glare at Jessica, Peach muttered through clenched teeth, “Why is she so damn loud?”

The alcohol had its grip on Peach’s brain, and everything was starting to spin, making her feel extremely dizzy.

And yet Peach forcefully pulled away from Elijah’s arm, and slowly stood up, swaying side to side a little, her vision blurred, but she managed to look into Jessica’s eyes and said, “Are you done flirting with your best friend Ex, Jessica? Because that is over and done now... stop talking. It’s irritating.”

Looking around at the people watching them, Jessica grew embarrassed and snickered awkwardly, muttering, “What are you talking about? I never-”

“Oh... you didn't say to him, 'Damn, I can not believe... umm... Melina thought you were worth just two million, with that face and body... to me, you are a lot more desirable than a million dollars,'” Peach cut in sarcastically, raising an eyebrow. “Is that how you talk to your best friend's ex-husband?”

A silent laugh remained stuck in Elijah's throat, and he tried to contain it while keeping his gaze locked on Jessica's pale face.”

“You... you bitch!” Jessica shouted, standing up angrily as her fists balled by her sides.

“I guess the truth does hurt... and that's why they call it being brutally honest,” Peach stated coldly.

Whispering for people around them grew in the bar, and Jessica couldn't help noticing everyone's eyes fixated on her, and that made her feel even more embarrassed and self conscious.

“Shut up!” Jessie yelled angrily.

“Make me,” Peach smirked, tilting her head to the side slightly, and taking a step closer to Jessica. “Or just walk away and stop spreading lies... about Elijah and me when you don't have proof about anything!!”

Glancing around nervously, Jessica was thinking about her reputation and what her father would think if he found out.

So she took a deep breath and forced herself to take one last glance at Elijah before turning around and heading out of the bar,

A deep sigh echoed from Peach's lips as her eyes rested on people still staring at her, and she let out, “None of you guys know the truth or anything... so stop the damn recording, and just leave us alone!!” Standing from the chair, Elijah pulled her into his arm and said, “T'ime to go home,” Sluggishly, Peach sat back in her seat and cried, ‘I want to sleep...’ A look of disbelief crossed Elijah's features as his brows furrowed together and his lips turned into a frown as he whispered, “I was serious about not carrying you out of here, Peach?” People's attention was finally dying down on them, and he knew if he carried her out of the bar, they would start gossiping about them dating and that wasn't something he wanted to deal with.

When Peach rested her head on the table and let out a soft moan, Elijah knew that she had enough for today, and she wasn't getting out of this bar on her own two feet.

So he sighed out his frustration, focused his eyes on her, and picked her up bridal style, mumbling, “You are such a troublesome drunk.”

Just like he feared, people's attention was attracted back to them once again and a few whispers could already be heard.

Shaking his head slowly and rolling his eyes in annoyance and frustration, Elijah headed towards the exit of the bar, carrying Peach in his arms as he held her tightly in his embrace and walked out without sparing a single look at anyone.

The living room was quiet as Madam Jewel eagerly waited on her son to come home, and the moment Dean walked through the doorway, her eyes darkened in rage as she thought of what

she went through at the motel.

"Mother," Dean said quietly as he made his way inside and looked at her, a tired expression on his face.

"Elijah Darius..!" Madam Jewel seethed in fury. "What happened, mother?" "I want to know everything... absolutely all that is needed on that idler, Elijah Darius!!" "Mother," The anger in madam Jewel's expression intensified, and she seemed like she was imagining the replay of Elijah challenging her and threatening her. "That fool dares to disrespect me?!" Madam Jewel exclaimed loudly, slamming a fist onto the table in front of her and growling dangerously as she continued, "He thinks he can do anything he wants just because he's using Peach to get close to Bryan Checks?!" The tiredness Dean felt immediately left his body as he told his mother, "Bryan invited a new member into the league club..."

Furrowing her eyebrows in confusion, the anger in Madam Jewel's eyes faded into curiosity, and she questioned, "New member...? You don't think it's Elijah, do you?"

The living room fell silent again, and Madam Jewel looked over at her son expectantly, and then Dean suddenly burst into laughter, so robust that he couldn't breathe properly.

"Elijah ?? That idiot could never be the new member..! He'd never make the cut, never!!" Dean laughed out hysterically, doubling over in his seat.

For a moment, Madam Jewel looked doubtful, and then she chuckled, "Ah yes, of course, you're right... Elijah could never have made the cut. That idler has no status to be the new member... that's ridiculous."

"Also, rumors have it that Bryan is constantly changing women, so he and Peach are nothing more than a flinch and he would never keep her for too long. She's nothing more than a woman he would soon get sick of." Dean explained as he wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes with the back of his hand. For a moment, Madam Jewel looked deep in thought, and then she nodded at Dean's explanation, before looking back to her son and smiling brightly.

"I see," she commented. "Well, we better make sure she gets married to someone that is not Dean just to be on the safe side... very soon too...)

Those words made Dean slightly widen, and then he mumbled, "She hardly respects any of us... how would we get her to accept marriage..?" Smiling sadly, Madam Jewel looked away from her son and murmured, "There are always ways..." After a long pause, Madam Jewel finally looked back at her son and spoke, "And for that, Elijah fool, I need you to drag him down to the dust." "How can I make a loser more than what he is... a lowlife," Dean responded with a hint of annoyance. Annoyed by his words, Madam Jewel narrowed her eyes in anger, gritted her teeth, and glared at her son furiously. "It doesn't matter if he's a loser, Deam. Just make sure he's humiliated enough. Blacklist him in every social circle, and make sure that he loses everything he has that is worth losing. I want him in the dirt, and to him regret crossing me ever," Madam Jewel ordered in a deadly tone.

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 45

Chapter 45

A mother's plead

As Ryan tested his suitcase on the bed, he looked back when his room door burst open, and Mall rushed into the room.

"What?" Ryan asked, tossing a t shirt into his suitcase,

"Rookie just showed me this!" Matt said, holding up his phone in his hand.

Annoyed, Ryan snatched his phone with a blank expression on his face and played the video, his eyes widened slightly

"So when Boss and Peach went out... Damn!!" Ryan gasped as he listened to Peach confronting Jessica on the video.

"Damn indeed..." Matt agreed with a chuckle.

"Does the boss know that someone uploaded what happened at the bar onto the internet?"

"Yeah, Rookie told him."

The room fell silent after Matt stopped talking, but eventually, Ryan broke the silence as he mumbled, "With the lies that Melina spread and now video of this Jessica person confronting boss, he's never going to escape the rumors."

There was a long pause, and then Matt frowned and said, "You think! The fact that he carried her out of the bar like that is going to make it harder for him to clear his name."

Sighing, Matt watched Ryan toss another pair of trousers in the suitcase and then mumbled, "So you and Rookie are leaving today?"

"Yeah," Ryan muttered sarcastically, pulling another shirt out and throwing it into the suitcase. "We have the location of where Bryan lives and Rookie found out the perfect place to stay for the one month... Um... he has our hotel room booked."

"That was easy," Matt said in amusement.

Closing his suitcase lid, Ryan turned around and said, "Let's just hope it goes smoothly."

As Miss Grace was walking toward Elijah's room, the door suddenly opened, and he walked out, stopping when he saw her standing in the hallway. "Has Peach woken up yet?" He asked, feeling uneasy that he brought her daughter back drunk. "She's still sleeping... But I am here to ask if we could talk," Miss Grace answered softly, trying to remain calm.

Reading her expression, Elijah could clearly tell something was bothering her, and he sighed heavily and looked away from her, before turning back, "Of course, we can talk,"

When both of them entered his room, Miss Grace shut the door and then looked at him with an anxious expression and asked, "I know this is none of my business, but when... when you and my daughter start getting entangled in so many indecent rumors, it becomes my concern."

Looking at Miss Grace and feeling guilt rise in his chest, Elijah replied, "I'm sorry about yesterday and that –"

"What are your plans, Elijah?" Miss Grace interrupted him quickly.

Confused by her reaction, Elijah raised his eyebrows and repeated, "My plans?" "Yes," Miss Grace replied seriously. "In the nearest future, do you plan to remarry?"

The question was hard for her to ask, knowing that Elijah had recently gotten a divorce from Melina, and asking him such a thing was probably hard for him, but she wanted to know the truth for her daughter's sake.

“No,” Elijah plainly stated, answering with honesty in his voice.

His response left Miss Grace with a sickening feeling and a look of disappointment painted all over her face. She lowered her gaze to the floor and quietly murmured, “I see...”

Now, she feared for her daughter, for her reputation, for her future, because she knew that this kind of scandal could destroy Peach and her chances of finding a good man to marry or having children of her own, and it frightened her!

Shaking her head and closing her eyes briefly, Miss Grace lifted her chin, looked directly into Elijah’s eyes, and softly uttered, “If you don’t have any long-term plans for my daughter, can you promise me not to touch her... please don’t hurt her image or her character... please, Elijah...”

A small smile came to her lips and she added, “I know I should be asking this of Peach because it’s not your job to protect my daughter’s image or character... It’s hers... But please... Peach doesn’t know how to act properly around you because...”

A brief pause followed as her throat constricted with emotion once again, and she whispered, “Because she hasn’t met anyone else, except me, who truly cares about her for a while... She spent her youth taking care of her sick mother... I stole her time to go out there and live... So you must understand why this situation might be really hard for her.”

Tears filled her eyes once more, and she closed them briefly as she took a shuddering breath, before continuing, “Please... Don’t hurt my daughter... And if you can’t love her... don’t make her fall for you. It has already happened... I’m her mother and I can see what she feels for you in her eyes, so I’m begging you to end whatever relationship you two may have formed right now. Please... Promise me...”

Silently, Elijah ran a hand through his hair in frustration and looked into her watery eyes, and then he nodded slightly. “You want me to create a distance between Peach and me, right?” Elijah asked softly.

A tearful smile appeared on Miss Grace’s lips at those words and she nodded.

“You guys can still be friends, but try and avoid each other in public. Avoid any sort of intimate contact,” Miss Grace explained softly, “You can spend as much time together, but keep that distance.”

After a long pause, Elijah stared at her for a few moments, before nodding slowly and saying, “I promise,”

With a weak smile, Miss Grace wiped away the stray tears from her cheeks and gave a slight nod, and mumbled, "Thank you." Then she walked out of the room, leaving Elijah alone with his thoughts. As the doors closed

behind her, Elijah let out a deep sigh and shutting his eyes, he tried desperately to erase from his mind the memories of yesterday... Memories of kissing Peach.

After quiet moments, a knock on his room door made him open his eyes and he noticed that Ryan was standing awkwardly in the doorway, shifting on his feet. "Are you guys ready to leave?" Elijah asked as he sat up from the bed. "Yes," Ryan responded, watching Elijah walk over to him. When the brightness from the sunlight beamed through the window, Peach rolled over, opening her eyes slowly to stare up at the ceiling, and she let out a soft hum. "Mama," Peach called out softly, her voice hoarse from sleep and hangover as she stared at Miss Grace, "Can... Can you turn off the light?" Walking away from the window, Miss Grace walked over to Peach's bed and sat down. "Honey, we need to talk..."

Seeing the serious expression on Miss Grace's face, Peach immediately sat up, staring at her mother with worried eyes, and felt a sense of dread wash over her stomach and her heart. "What is it, Mama? Is everything alright? Did something happen?" Peach said almost in a whisper.

Clearing her throat, Miss Grace sighed softly and looked down before looking at Peach, "Um, yeah. Everything is fine Peachy, everything is alright... It's just that you and Elijah..."

The sense of dread that Peach was experiencing became even stronger than before, but she forced herself to focus on what Miss Grace was saying, "Well, what about Elijah and me?" Miss Grace shifted a bit and then looked up at her daughter, grabbing her hand and cupping it with hers as she smiled weakly. "Did you know he has no plans to marry again, and he doesn't want a wife?" She asked gently. Feeling a lump forming in her throat, Peach blinked several times and shook her head slowly, shaking away the emotions she was starting to feel in front of Miss Grace. "Do you like... do you love Elijah, Peach?" Miss Grace questioned softly, squeezing her hands tightly, while she searched for answers inside of Peach's eyes. Nodding slowly, Peach took in a deep breath before responding, "Yes, mama." Even though she knew the truth, hearing it from her daughter left Miss Grace heartbroken and emotional. She never wanted to hear those words coming out of her child's mouth because it made her realize that nothing was ever going to work between her and Elijah and she wished she hadn't asked anything. "Peach, you are not a child anymore, and as your mother, it's not my place to say these words to you, but I spoke with Elijah this morning."

"Mama!!" Peach gasped in shock, staring at Miss Grace's pale complexion in panic.

"I'm sorry, Peach, but he made it clear that he doesn't plan on marrying ever again, and I think you should understand that, and get rid of any emotion or attraction you feel towards him,"

Holding all her emotions squeezed inside of her. Peach swallowed hard and tried to calm down

and breathe, because she knew what would come next.

"You are a woman, Peach, and your reputation and dignity are one of the few things you should care about more," Miss Grace continued. "And I'm afraid you've been exposed enough. so, please... I want you to stop having feelings romantically for Elijah."

"Mama..." Peach whimpered softly.

Reaching out and touching her cheek, Miss Grace stroked Peach's face lovingly and said, "Sweetheart, within a heartbeat I would have blessed you guys' relationship if he was interested and wanted to give you a chance. But after what he told me this morning, I can assure you that he is not, so I am asking you, honey, please stop."

Unable to form a reply, Peach simply stared back at Miss Grace, with a look of sadness written upon her beautiful face.

She knew that her mother had spoken the truth and the fact that Elijah didn't intend on ever getting married again hurt her deeply, but there wasn't anything she could do to change anything.

"I am begging you to promise me." Miss Grace murmured, staring intently at Peach, holding her gaze with hope and love, hoping that her daughter would agree to stop seeing Elijah romantically.

Peach hesitated a moment before nodding slightly, letting out an unsteady breath holding in her tears and smiling weakly as she whispered, "I promise,"

his eyebrows and mumbled, "Huh? Why not?" "Because it is dangerous, Elijah..." Peach insisted firmly. "Oh, I know that. That is why I have decided to stay."

"What?!"

A look of shock appeared on her beautiful orbs as Peach stammered, "W..why?" "Because," Elijah said casually, not wanting to say anything other than that.

It took some time for Peach to digest what he said, but soon enough, she scowled at him angrily as she lashed out, "That's ridiculous! You can't stay here without any protection, Elijah. You don't know how dangerous these people can get. You don't want to die, do you? No one wants to die. Not even you. So please leave..."

