

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 61

Chapter 61

Marry a stranger

The hall was in total silence after what Peach had said, and everyone was still staring at her, some with looks of disdain and others with expressions that showed their disbelief.

Sighing, Madam Jewel shook her head slowly and said, sounding disappointed, "Mr. Meeks, give her the document."

"Yes... I will get it from my car now." Lawyer Meeks hastily replied, looking slightly nervous, and Elijah caught onto it quickly, smirking faintly at the sight of his shaky gaze.

Something was off about him, and Elijah could sense it, and his gaze followed Meeks as he walked off, holding back his desire to follow the lawyer and question him.

"Do you think I will lie on my late husband's name, especially on the day he passed... Am I that of a monster to you, Peach..." Madam Jewel cried, tears streaming down her face, as she placed a hand on her mouth in grief, drawing Elijah's attention back to her, and his expression hardened.

With not a single care in her eyes and a numb expression, Peach shrugged and said, "I just want to know the whole truth."

Seeing that guests were expressing their disbelief at Peach's behavior towards Madam Jewel through their whispers, Dean approached his mother, placed a hand on her back, and glared at Elijah. "Why are you here?! I don't remember us inviting a bastard like you into our home.." Dean snapped, glaring at Elijah, and guests' gazes were immediately focused on him as they began whispering amongst each other. Immediately, Matt grew tense, ready to defend his boss, but holding off speaking or taking action because neither Elijah nor Peach seemed threatened by the sight of Dean, and he didn't want to act unless the situation forced him to do so, "Terry, come and get this idiot out of my mother's sight. He doesn't deserve to be in the midst of important humans." Dean mocked, gaining a couple of laughs from some of the guests. Looking into Dean's eyes, Elijah gave him a stiff smile that made him flinch a little at how intimidating one look from a dodger could carry such intense pressure.

"Who made such a rule, that Elijah is not as important as any of us here, huh uncle?" Peach retorted, her eyes turning hard as she stared at Dean's cold expression when he looked at her. "What you want to hit me again make me bleed from my lip like before_ teach me the lesson that my late father didn't train me?!"

The bitterness in her voice was evident, along with the resentment, and it was clear she meant 'V'ry word she sald as a faint smirk appeared on her lips when she asked casually, "Huh, unile or you want to do more than that.. beat nie." "Pearl!" Madam Jewel Interrupted loudly. glancing up at her daughter anxiously, worried by the look her un was getting froin others

What Grandma? Why are you acting like you weren't there when he raised his hand on me How could you forget so quickly the sight of blood pulling from my lips?" "Nop."

The room lell silent once more as people shifted uncomfortably, looking at Dean with contempt, and he clearly heard someone say, "How could he be so cruel... her father is dead, and he dared do something so horrible to her?!"

"You're right, and it shows he is completely ruthless... how can he possibly hit a girl tül she bleeds... As a father mysell, that just makes me sick," another person agreed, and Dean clenched his jaw tightly as rage filled his veins.

Eyeing her husband with a look of worry on her face, Patricia sighed and said, "And just like that Peach is becoming more rebellious by the minute! Can your mother tame such a wild creature?"

"We just need to get her in our grip. She will break. Trust me, we will damage that feral spirit of hers and teach her her place in this family if she continues acting insolent in front of us. She'll learn respect one way or another, whether it be physically or inentally." Tommy stated boldly as he folded his arts across liis chest.

Frowtung in rage, Martha looked at Peach and whispered, clutching her skirt, "How dare she provoke such a humiliation for my husband. That brat has no respect towards hier elders, and that's why she caused such a great coinmotion!" As her face squeezed in disgust, Jessica look her attention off Peach and looked at Melina, saying, "I don't like your cousin or care what happens to her, but I begged my father for days to maintain my friendship with you, and if he finds out this. how violent your father is, i don't think he will want me near you again."

"Peach is a liar! My father never laid his hands on me, so why would he do something to hurt her?" Melina asked with narrowed eyes, looking angry

"Then why is he just standing there like a dummy and not defending himself against her outrageous accusation?" Becky inquired angrily.

"Yeah," Tracy said, nodding in agreement with Becky. Feeling like her friends were ganging up on her, Melina gritted her teeth as she thought, it's all this bitch laulu... Why is she standing up for my sorry ass ex and causing trouble for my father! He has nothing to offer her that is worth anything, except his body' "And just like that. We are off to a disastrous start! All because of her!" Matthew spat furiously, glaring fiercely at Peach as he drank his shol "I say, Mother should just forget about Peach and ignore her like

before I don't see anything good in bringing her back into this family if this is the start of it all."

** Mother is not the type to back down easily from anyone, especially when someone disrespects her. Peach doesn't know what she has gotten herself into and I'm sure her attitude is going to bite her deep in the ass,

"Hmm.

The whispering from around the room made Madam Jewel enraged from within, but on the surface she forced herself to relax, trying to act like everything was okay between her and Peach, despite knowing that it wasn't. Glaring at Terry. As he approached Elijah, Madam Jewel forced a smile. Linda said, "Linda Elijah because he's a guest of this family, invited by my granddaughter

Shock, Elijah looked up at Madam Jewel with widened eyes as she smiled at him in a friendly manner, and in that instant, he knew the exact door that Peach could open for him, and a sense of dilemma overcame him, guilt or vengeance. "Mr. Meeks!" Madam Jewel called out as he entered the hall again, trying to shift people's attention off Peach's accusation and back to the main reason she hosted this party in the first place.

And her plan worked, and guests turned their gazes toward Mr. Meeks... After all the Hayes had power and most of their evil deeds get swept under the rug and pretentiously get forgotten by others.

"I have the will your grandfather addressed to you, Peach." Mr. Meeks said, his voice a little bit shaky after he stopped and looked into her eyes. When he handed the folder to her, Peach accepted it without batting an eyelash, opening it and reading the contents, and when her eyes scanned through it, and she read the final paragraphs of the document, her brows furrowed deeply, but then she recognized her grandfather's signature

A drop of tear fell from her eyes and hit the paper, making a small stain, and she whispered, "Why would he leave such a harsh decision for me."

"Do you believe me now – Peach, honey, all your grandfather ever wanted for you is to settle down and take over his business..." Madam Jewel murmured, wiping away a few stray tears from Peach's cheeks

But she was too emotional to care about Madam Jewel's fake cancer as she traced her finger over her grandfather's signature and thought, 'I thought you trusted me. You said that I was the only one you trusted the most with your heart you told me so in the hospital, so why did you demand such a thing from me.' A sense of disbelief overwhelmed Elijah's heart as he stared at Peach's tears dropped into the paper, feeling hesitant about his thoughts "Mother got her." Cora whispered to Amelia

Her sister faintly smiled and nodded, as she watched Peach continue crying as she ran her fingers over the papers, and multered. It's a good thing mother knows how to take lather's signature, or else that loafer was going to make it hard for Peach to believe her"

Gently tugging Peach's loose hair behind her ear, Madam Jewel then caressed her cheek and said, "I just want to fulfill my late husband's dying wishes, and you are the last and true daughter. That's why I hope you can accept the arranged marriage that I have set up between you and Michael. It seems like a perfect match. I promise ** Who the luck is Michel. Elijah growled inside his mind, anger filling his veins, and he couldn't help but clench his fists at his sides

"Who the hell is M

Peach blurted out in shock, raising her head from the document and staring at Michael, her face filled with both anger and bewilderment

The Whitlock family were among the guests invited, and when Michael Whitlock heard the name in Michael's voice when he mentioned his wife, his face contorted in displeasure

"He's from a decent family and he is a promising young man, with excellent skills and a brilliant future ahead of him, If you are interested in pursuing him in marriage_" Madam Jewel replied smoothly

"Seriously.. you want me to marry a stranger?!" Peach exclaimed incredulously, shaking her head rapidly, and the color drained from her face when she realized where the conversation was heading

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Chapter 62

Two birds, one stone

The hall was quiet until Melina suddenly burst into a chuckle that vibrated throughout the ballroom and caused quite a few people to frown in annoyance at the sound of such amusement coming out of Melina. The other guests glanced at her with confused expressions, not being able to understand what the problem was.

The laughter finally died down, as Melina wiped the corners of her eyes from cracking up, and said in a soft tone, "Peach, I'm sorry if my reaction upset you, but why do you look so horrified like Grandmother is not doing you a big favor... Is it that you don't want to settle down because of my ex-husband, huh, my dear cousin?"

'What is this troublesome child doing now... Madam Jewel thought as she raised a brow in dipe

"Your daughter is going to go against Mother's wish for tonight. Why haven't you taught her some serise!" Tommy lashed out at Martha in a low tone.

And a look of worry crossed Martha's features as she watched her daughter walk over to where Elijah and Peach were

Knowing the past between these two, Elijali grabbed Peach's hand and pulled her behind him, lacing Melina as she stopped in front of him with a smirk plastered on her lace

His promise to Miss Grace was to carry Peach home untouched, and if these two get into acat right, things would get messy fast, and the odds of him leaving this place unscathed would become very slimn. "You are protecting her now.. against me! What are you afraid that I would beat her up?" Melina spickered, walking closer to Elijah,

"No, I'm afraid that she will jump your ass.' Elijah retorted in silence, his face showing no emotion.

"What kind of game are you two playing, huh? Showing up here with her acting so protective of her is this how messed up you are, using my own cousin to get your revenge on me?" Melina

continued her rant, pointing a singer in Elijah's face. Her words settled the dilemma he had been struggling with for a while, and knowing that Peach as a Hayes give hinn full access to the fainily, their history, their homes, and any information about them, Elijah drew a derp breath and said, "I don't think after a divorce, WT still luv a night to question each other's relationship" "Hons, what are you saying now. Damn it, it looks like Ryan will be getting that five thousand frann the way things are going . Mati thought, sinirking faintly at Peach and Elljah This words c d Peach's eyes to widen, looldng at the back of Elijah's head and wondering wtiy he would sty Komething like that, and she pinched his coal, pulling it gently sa'lim ol nervousness rose within her, as she felt her heartbeat quicken "What?" Melina scorted in disbellel, looking into his eyes "Each other's relationship

"I didn't interfere when you walked out of our marital home with another man, did I?" Elijah ultered coldly, not even blinking

His words aroused whispering in the room among the guests, shocked at Elijah's accusations of Melina being the one who cheated in their marriage, and a lot of them were contemplating on who to believe.

The sound of the murning made Melina's anger boil and before she knew what she was doing, she raised her hand to slap his face, but Elijah caught her wrist and said, "Just because I'm not like your father who can raise his hand on a woman, that doesn't mean you should keep taking advantage of that."

And just like that, the guests were reminded about Dean's assault on Peach, and the whispering was growing louder, people gossiping about the chaos within the walls of the Hayes mansion.

"This bastard!" Dean cursed in a low and raspy voice as he glared at Elijah, clenching his teeth with fury.

Tightening his fist, Josh took a step for Elijah, but Iris grabbed his arm and said, "Babe, a fight now would only make this matter worse."

"Did you hear the shit that pathetic fool said about my father and my sister? I will destroy him! I swear..." Josh hissed through clenched teeth as his wife's grip lightened around his arm.

"Yes, but not now, okay? We need a plan, or else your grandmother will not forgive either of us. My father has a lot of men to his name, you know that, remember those thugs I told you about earlier..." Realizing what his wife was saying, Josh sighed heavily, running his fingers through his hair as he looked at his wife and then the floor, and finally said, "Yeah, I see what you're saying."

Their family reputation was now on the line, and Madam Jewel grew furious, but too many eyes were on them, judging them, for her to ask Terry and the other guards to drag Elijah outside and teach him a lesson.

When Elijah let go of Melina's hand, Madam Jewel glared at her, and then looked over at Martha, saying, "Come carry your daughter out of here she has drunk too much and talking foolishness."

Sacrificing my daughter's reputation to save the family some face, Martha thought in annoyance as she shook her head and started to walk toward Melina

After getting a hold of her daughter, Martha glared at Elijah before gently leading Melina out of the hall

When the door closed behind them, Madam Jewel focused on Elijah, scowled, and said, "Just because my granddaughter is not in her right mind, that doesn't mean you should use her drunken lies to stir up trouble about her!"

Just with those words, the guests were persuaded to believe that Elijah was just a liar, trying to frame Melina for cheating, and is a dupa who's leeching off the family's name

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"I re. the papers id I understood clearly what my grandfather wanted." Prach interrupted imputently "And I will fulfill his wish, but for now, please, Tatum, allow me to light a Cindle for iny rand.ather and go home to my sick mother"

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"We understand her." Eli whispe ring Tycol, who w. biltiness in s ryo's, knowing she woulil inherit from his father

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lo let her go like that Wu W ed Bryan" " I wrong or calculation was off berane w miund this Pach mun lucru In tulus in Irve with ano man Madarn Jewel said softly, Aitting her con el Another Clean's face telorr lir nitond his yes and murtud, "Who

"Elijah Darius... Two birds, one stone. This should be interesting." Madam Jewel mumbled, smirking at hier son

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Chapter 63

Marriage Contract

As Peach and Elijah sat in the backseat of the vehicle with Matt behind the steering wheel, the atmosphere was awkward as the two tried not to look at each other. Even Matt was concerned about how quiet they both were and glanced in the rearview mirror, noticing that Peach's lips were puckered together as if she was deep in thought. With his gaze on the windshield, Elijah's index finger slowly rubbed against his bottom lips, and then finally darted his eyes towards Peach.

"A penny for your thoughts," He quietly remarked, his voice low. With her eyes fixed on the file of her grandfather's will, Peach hesitated for a while before deciding to open her mouth and speak, "It's nothing." "It's nothing," Elijah commented as he shifted his gaze to glance at her. She sighed heavily, and stared out the window, her heart sinking, "I don't know what to do... There's a dilemma, and it has my thoughts spinning. And my mind is telling me something, but my heart is screaming at me not to do it." Hearing what she said, Elijah frowned slightly and then turned sideways to face her, "What do you mean?" "My grandfather will... What he wants. I..." Peach trailed off, lowering her eyes as she played with her hands. "If I inherit that company then mother and I won't have to worry about our next meal or how we would pay the bills... This gift... This burden from grandpa could help my mother and me greatly. But..." "But you need someone to marry," Elijah casually blurted out, making Peach turn her head sharply to

stare at him, her mouth opened slightly, unsure of what else to say, so she settled for staring straight ahead at the window once again.

The car grew silent as Peach watched the night lights pass by, her thoughts racing and the questions running rampant in her mind like a hurricane. Finally, when she decided that she couldn't think anymore, she looked up and gazed at Elijah. "Yeah, marriage is the only thing standing between me and that company, and I..." she paused for a brief moment, taking in a deep breath, "I don't want to take this risk and marry the wrong person... It's just ... A big decision." "Let me see the will," Elijah asked softly, holding out his hand.

His request left her puzzled for a brief second before she took the folder off her lap and handed him it.

Taking the file, Elijah flipped through the pages, until his eyes found the one he was looking for.

With careful fingers, he held the paper over his lap and began reading. His brows furrowed as he focused on the contents of the document, and Peach couldn't help but notice his facial expression change, almost imperceptibly at times.

After several minutes, he closed the file and placed it down beside him on the seat, and she silently waited for an explanation.

Finally, after a few seconds, Elijah looked up and locked eyes with Peach, his expression serious as he spoke, "Marry me then." His words left her speechless and she blinked several times before stammering out a reply, "W

– what?"

Even Matt was startled by Elijah's sudden request, and his head whipped around to give his boss a bewildered look for a second before focusing on the free road.

"Marry me, Peach," Elijah said, his eyes never leaving hers.

Her jaw dropped, the shock of being offered such a proposal causing a lump in her throat. The silence between them was becoming deafening and she wanted nothing more than to ask him why he was doing this.

"B-but you... you said that you don't want to get married to anyone again... you told my mother that recently..." Peach muttered in response, still trying to process this sudden proposal

This was something she wholeheartedly wanted to hear from him. But she wasn't sure if she was dreaming or if reality was already playing a joke on her. And yet here he was... offering himself to her without any hesitation. "Yeah, but there is a loophole in the will," Elijah responded, reaching out and gently caressing her cheek with his knuckles.

And there it was again. That feeling of butterflies fluttering inside her stomach and the warmth spreading throughout her body and the tingling sensation that came from his touch. "Oh... But what does that mean?" Peach asked, a slight blush coloring her cheeks.

Pulling his hand away, Elijah's expression grew unreadable as he looked away from Peach, stared at the window, and said, "It stated that you need to get married, but there's no clause about you staying married." 'Oh, boss... You did not just say that.' Matt thought, scowling at Elijah's words, his face filled with disbelief at what he was hearing.

Eyes glistening and eyebrows raising, Peach stared at Elijah in disbelief as she choked on her word, "Oh!"

"Marrying me is a proposal... You get the company out of it right now and also don't have to worry about wedding the wrong person... You can be with me until you find the one for you, and when that time comes, I will gladly sign the divorce papers." Elijah stated, leaning back into his seat, his gaze lingering on Peach. Squeezing his face in annoyance, Matt grip the steering wheel and shook his head slightly as he mouthed silently, "Boss, you are making this even worse." "I see," Peach whispered in an unamused tone, placing her palms on her thighs and closing her eyes, inhaling deeply. A dull ache settled in her chest at his words, and she tried not to think too much of her feelings because then she would have to acknowledge how they truly affected her, "And is that all you have to offer?" She questioned, opening her eyes and turning her head to look at Elijah.

One look at her and he could tell that she was irritated and hurt as she tried to mask it with a small smile, as though she didn't care.

But even though he knew that that wasn't what Peach wanted to hear, he knew that he couldn't give her what she needed. Not after everything he had been through, and he didn't want to think of this as anything else but a deal to help her and himself get what they wanted, by playing Madam Jewel at her own game. "It's a contract marriage, Peach... Of course, there's more to it. But if you are interested in my offer, then we can talk about it further." Elijah calmly replied, his voice laced with seriousness as he stared straight into the eye. For the longest second, there was complete silence, and then, a slight hint of uncertainty crept onto Peach's features. Her eyebrows scrunched together as a frown appeared on her face and then she let out a sigh. "You want me to use you..? But what's in this for you, Elijah?" Peach questioned in a soft tone, averting her gaze.

Suddenly, Matt stepped on the brake, and the two drew their attention off each other and stared at the motel.

The door immediately opened and Miss Grace rushed out with James, Ryan, and Rookie following her shortly. "Honey, are you fine?!" Miss Grace asked as she watched her daughter get down from the car. Forcing a weak smile on her face, Peach walked over to her mother, dropped into her arms, and hugged her tightly, resting her chin on her shoulder as she whispered, "I'm fine, mama. Why are you up so late? You know the situation with your health."

Ignoring her daughter's words, Miss Grace took her time studying Peach's face to see if there was any bruise or anything out of the ordinary.

Elijah got out of the car and approached Miss Grace and when their gazes locked, she smiled, saying softly, "Thank you for keeping your promise and bringing her home untouched." Nodding, he gave her a faint smile before walking passed the mother and daughter, and Peach's gaze followed him until he disappeared through the doorway. "How did it go... were they mean to you? Did they allow you to pay your respect to your grandfather? What was said to you? Who all were there?!" Miss Grace asked nervously, a look of worry never leaving her face, even though she could see that her daughter was fine. A sigh escaped Peach's lips, and she turned to face Miss Grace, mumbling, "Let's go inside, mama. I will tell you everything that happened later." When Peach and Miss Grace headed inside, Matt was about to follow when Ryan suddenly grabbed him by the neck playfully and dragged him backward. "How did the death ceremony go?" Ryan asked, giving him a naughty grin. Before Matt could move his lips to speak, Rookie cut him off and asked, "Are all the Hayes, except Peach and Miss Grace, annoying, rude, and entitled asses?!"

Just as Matt was about to say something, Jame jumped into the conversation, saying, "What was it like?! How did they treat our boss? Did they hit him??"

Drawing a deep breath, Matt held the air in his lung for a couple of seconds and then exhaled heavily. His eyes narrowed as he glared at the three before replying, "Our boss might just get married again... and to Peach."

"What?" Rookie and James exclaimed simultaneously in shocked voices.

A mischievous smirk settled on Ryan's lips as he met Matt's eyes and said, "Well, you owe me 5k I will like that in cash please."

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Chapter 64

Is it necessary?

As Miss Grace stood in front of her daughter's room door, she raised her knuckles to knock, but then hesitated before grabbing the doorknob, and pushing the door open. Quietly, she stepped into the bedroom to see Peach in bed, sleeping soundly, hugging a pillow. A smile graced her lips, and she stared tenderly at her daughter, and after a moment of that, she was about to leave when a file on Peach's desk got her attention. A feeling of hesitation filled her as she approached the desk, and as her hand hovered over the folder, she took a deep breath.

Finally, Miss Grace pushed aside her fear of invading Peach's privacy, picked up the file, opened it, and read the contents.

Her heart skipped a beat when she got done, and she hastily rushed over to her daughter's bedside and tapped her gently on the back. "Peach, wake up." Miss Grace's voice echoed in Peach's ears softly. Her eyes blinked open slowly as she looked at her mother standing above her, watching her with a concerned look in her eyes. The morning light was glowing through her window as she gently wiped the sleep out of her eyes and yawned, sitting up. "What is this?" Miss Grace asked in a soft tone as she sat by her daughter on the bed, locking eyes with her. "You told me that you needed sleep last night and asked me not-

"Mama, I said nothing last night because I wasn't in the right state of mind, and I didn't want to be a weeping mess while explaining things to you." Peach interrupted, a tired look on her face as she laid back against the pillow, running a weary hand over her face.

"Is this really your grandfather's will?" Miss Grace asked, her tone laced with concern.

"That's what Madam Jewel said... and it is the reason she wanted me to attend the ceremony. Apparently, she stated Grandfather wanted me married before claiming my hesitancy, which is one of his companies. I'm not sure which one it will be."

"Why would Father make such a demanding and direct request of you..."

"I know right, mama? That doesn't sound like Grandfather. He treated me with so much love and respect, but most of all trust... I just can't wrap my head around the thought that this is what he wants..."

A brief silent moment of understanding lingered between the two before Miss Grace spoke up, breaking the heavy silence that had settled between them. "I understand how this must feel to you." She said gently, "But it's really your grandfather's signature on these papers..."

"I know, mama. Trust me, I know." Peach muttered under her breath and closed her eyes, taking a deep breath.

There was a long pause as Miss Grace studied her daughter's face and then asked, "What are your plans?"

The door to Elijah's room suddenly burst open and James marched inside. As the oldest of the four, Matt, Ryan, and Rookie, convinced him that it would be best if he was the one who questioned their boss.

A soft yawn left Elijah's lips, and then he threw his butler a hard stare, looking irritated as he asked in a husky voice, "What do you want?"

A look of nervousness spread across James' face, and then he dropped his gaze, mumbling, "What are your plans?" "Plans for what?" Elijah asked impatiently, folding his arms over his chest. Shifting his feet awkwardly, James eyed his boss for a moment and then answered quietly, "How could you propose to Peach?!" Elijah's glare intensified as his nostrils flared, and then he leaned back against the wall and crossed his arms, raising an eyebrow in a challenge at James and asked, "Do I not have the right to?"

"Well... you already know what these people think of you just for marrying Melina Hayes... How they treat you like an idler and harshly! And how they don't understand what kind of person you are, or that you deserve better than this kind of life, Elijah!" James replied, his expression full of anger and bitterness. "You can't-" Pausing, James took a breath and shook his head lightly, seeing the stubbornness in Elijah's eyes.

Taking another deep breath, he continued, his voice filled with frustration and anger, "You can't marry Peach... It will only make these people angrier, and they will treat you even worse and disrespect you even more than before. They will only try to hurt her. You know how those people are and how they're always trying to break someone apart because they're too prideful to admit defeat."

"I know that, James," Elijah replied, his expression turning serious once more.

"Okay then... But boss, you came here to build a business of empire-"

"And also take down one,"

A look of confusion soon found its way onto James' face as he looked at Elijah's serious expression, and then he whispered, "Can you do it at least in order... Build an empire, and then take one down afterward."

"I can't. These two plans work hand in hand." Elijah simply responded, his expression remaining calm. James paused, thinking for a second before nodding his head slowly in agreement and saying, "Yeah... Maybe... But marrying Peach... Is that... necessary?" After a short silence passed between them, James finally gathered himself together, cleared his throat, and added, "It will just put in you the spotlight for hate, ill-treatment,

harassment, bullying..." "Yeah, I know. Marrying her brings my enemies to my doorstep, right in my face, and at my

reach... That's an advantage, not a drawback. The best way to get rid of the enemy, James, is to eliminate the threat at the source..." Elijah trailed off, his dark eyes staring intensely at his butler. Second-guessing his words, James raised an eyebrow and then sighed before mumbling, "I'm not going to change your mind, am I?"

"No," Elijah uttered casually. "So let's let this be." Taking his gaze off his butler, he reached for his phone on the nightstand and searched for Bryan's Check number, dialing it a moment later. "Good morning, Elijah." Bryan's voice sounded through the speaker. "Morning... Can we meet somewhere private to discuss business matters?" Elijah asked smoothly. The line went silent for several seconds before Bryan spoke again. "Of course... What time would be preferable to your taste?"

A smirk appeared on Elijah's face at Bryan's words, and then let out, "I know you are a busy man. Call me when you are off work." "I will send my driver to pick you up then... I have a private beach house on the east side of town... Will that be to your convenience for the meeting?" Bryan offered, and Elijah let out a small chuckle. "Yes. That will be perfect." He replied with a slight smile. A call suddenly interfered with his connection with Bryan, but he immediately canceled Jerome's call and then said to Check, "I got to go."

"Alright... See you then." Bryan's voice echoed into his ear before he ended the call. Afterward, he clicked on Jerome's missed call and then dialed him up, and it didn't take more than one ring for him to answer, "Good morning, boss." "What's up, J?" Elijah asked casually, leaning back on the headboard.

A deep sigh was heard from the other end of the line before Jerome finally said, "Boss, what were you up to last night...?" "What happened?" Elijah asked, his voice bore no emotion as his brows furrowed. "There are words among us thugs, that you pissed off Iris Fangio last night, and her father is requesting for your body to be laying in a hospital bed. How did you offend such a family?"

"Who's Iris?"

"Josh Hayes' wife... you don't know her?"

"Aaah, she's a Hayes." Squeezing the bridge of his nose, Elijah breathed heavily for a second as he stared blankly at the ceiling, sinking into his thoughts. Suddenly, his room door pushed open, and Matt rushed into the room, a scowl on his face as he let out, "Boss, you need to come to the lobby now!" Immediately, a look of worry crossed James' face as he stared at Matt and then at Elijah when

he said, "J, let me call you back"

“What is it now?” Elijah quickly asked after ending the call with Jerome and then he sat forward in the bed, his brows furrowing with concern at his man’s expression. “The motel has a guest,” Matt uttered, not losing the annoyed tone in his voice.

Elijah’s eyes widened slightly and then he stood up from the bed, putting his phone back in his pocket, and said, “Who is it?” “Michael Whitlock!” Matt coldly uttered, his face completely darkening with anger.

Immediately, Elijah walked over to his closet, opened the doors, pulled out a black t-shirt, and wore it, rage never leaving his eyes as he did.

Confused by the sudden shift in the atmosphere, James darted his gaze back and forth, hesitating, but he couldn’t suppress the curiosity that was stirring within him.

“Boss? Who is Michael Whitlock?” James finally let out his thoughts into words.

“A bastard that wants to interfere with Peach’s life and my plans!” Elijah spat angrily, slamming the closet shut. 1

The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 65

Chapter 65

Dislocate it

With a tiny black shopping bag that had a gold handle in his hand, Michael stared at Ryan and Rookie, who stood to watch over him without saying a word. “Why are none of you speaking?! Are both of you deaf or stupid? I have already told you guys my name and who I am here to see, so why the hell is the other one of you staying so damn long?” Michael lashed out in a low tone, watching the volume of his voice so Peach can not think of him as someone rude and entitled.

With an unamused expression, Ryan looked over at Rookie, clearly pissed, but he didn’t want to act before Elijah got there because he wasn’t sure how his boss wanted to handle this douche.

“Who are you guys, Huh?” Michael

asked again with more force as if he was hoping they would answer.

But the two only seem more aggravated, like the mere sight of him was causing them annoyance and they wanted to be anywhere but with him.

Michael huffed at them with an indignant scowl and then he looked Ryan in the eyes, stabbing his finger against his chest and giving him the most intimidating look he could muster.

“Hey, dummy!! Is anyone upstairs, huh?! Or are you just a piece of annoying shit that doesn’t know how to respond properly?!” Michael uttered in a low, but clear voice with enough volume to draw attention from Rookie, who clenched his fist tightly in anger while he glared in Michael’s direction.

Ryan felt his heart pounding fast against his ribcage and his blood rushing through his ears as he watched Michael’s finger stab into his chest repeatedly while trying to intimidate him. “Get your hand off him!” Elijah’s voice roared into the lobby as he walked towards them with Matt and James.

Immediately, Michael flinched back, startled by Elijah’s sudden arrival, but Elijah’s tone only made him more egotistical and he stabbed his finger against Ryan’s chest and asked, “Or else what?”

Not even giving his decision a second thought, Elijah looked at Matt and commanded, “Dislocate it,” Without a slight hesitation, Matt moved for Michael, and at first, he thought this was a bluff, but when Matt suddenly grabbed his index finger and pulled on it harshly, Michael yelped loudly. Yet, Matt didn’t care as he quickly twisted the finger until he heard it pop from the joint, and Michael let out a high-pitched scream, unable to control himself as Matt released his finger and stepped away from him. “You fucking bastard! You are dead meat!” Micheal cried, tears gathering in his eyes as he clutched at his now aching wrist. Walking over to him, Elijah looked him dead in his eyes and said, “I have people that I tolerate and asses that I don’t have time to deal with, so if you ever do a shit like this again, you will wish you were never born,”

For a second, a look of fear settled in Michael’s eyes when Elijah spoke, but it disappeared just as fast and he simply smirked defiantly and spat out, “Do you know who I am?” “Do I look like I give a shit about who your entitled ass is?” Elijah asked in a deadpan voice.” What I do care about is you not touching my men because whatever body part you use to touch them, Matt will break it until there’s no bone in your body left to break, got it?”

“Elijah?” Peach whispered, her eyes wide

open, and her jaw dropped at his words as she stood at the lobby entrance, staring at them. Calmly, he looked at her and then darted his gaze on the look of fear in Miss Grace’s eyes and her clenched fist.

“He started it,” Elijah said casually, backing away from Michael who was still clutching his now broken fingers with a pained face and a red tint across his cheekbones. Still, in a daze, Peach’s mind was trying to get over his husky voice and deadly words, feeling shocked and yet oddly allured at his response. Peach shook her head and took a deep

breath, forcing herself to calm down, feeling frozen to her spot, unable to take her eyes off Elijah. Snapping out of her trance, Miss Grace walked up to Michael slowly and gently touched his arm.

“Are you alright?” She inquired softly. He flinched at her touch, and Miss Grace immediately removed her hand, feeling awkward, knowing she might have hurt him. “Yeah...I’m okay,” He replied hesitantly in a humble tone. “Thank you for caring, Ma’am.” Trying to save his boss’s face and not make Miss Grace totally displeased with him, Matt scratched his neck and mumbled, “It’s not broken, just dislocated... I can pop it back in easily,”

One look Miss Grace gave him made Matt super uneasy by her scowl, but he still uttered, “Hey, you! Do you want my help or not?” Seeing that Peach and Miss Grace were there, Michael forced a smile, holding in his rude response, and said, “Please do,” But as Matt was about to walk over to him, Elijah grabbed his attention with a harsh stare and said, “I told you to break it, not fix him up.” A cold silence descended upon the entire lobby and everyone looked at Elijah, but he kept his same glare focused on Michael and said calmly, “Apologize to Ryan and Rookie if you want your fingers back intact, understand?”

Michael’s ego was bruised beyond repair by the remark, but to keep up an appearance with Peach and Miss Grace, he gritted his teeth and turned around and nodded towards Ryan and Rookie, saying, “Sorry...” The atmosphere in the room was tense once Michael apologized to Ryan and Rookie, and Matt hesitated, looking at Elijah, and when he nodded slightly, Matt walked over to Michael. The two men exchanged a brief heated glance before Matt took his hand and placed his fingers carefully against Michael’s index finger and bent it back into place, making him yelp in pain.

But soon the pain was gone, leaving him feeling embarrassed and self-conscious, but it was all replaced by a fake smile as Michael stared at Peach and said, “Good Morning, Peach.”

“How do you know my daughter?” Miss Grace blurted out a bit in shock at his sudden words.

She thought he was a stranger, but hearing him talk so informally at Peach made her a bit suspicious as to who he really was. “Well...” Michael trailed off, looking a little uncertain, but then he cleared his throat and replied boldly, “I only got to see her last night, but I am interested in knowing her further if you and Peach can let me.”

Then he drew his eyes back to Peach and said, “I thought it would be rude to come empty handed, so I stopped by at O’Neil and got you a little gift... I heard Diamond is a girl’s best

friend.”

A prideful smile made its way to Michael's face as his ego inflated and he couldn't help but think that he'd finally gotten a rise out of Peach.

But she simply raised a brow and crossed her arms again, not taking her eyes off him, and asked, "Do I know you?"

An awkward laugh escaped Michael's lips. His ego deflated immediately at the lack of response from Peach, and he shook his head as he said, "I don't think so... My name is Michael Whitlock Remember last night?"

A sense of worry and confusion took over Peach as she glared at him, wondering if this was Madam Jewel's handwork, and the more she thought about it, the more convinced she became that it was.

A sense of confusion washed over Miss Grace as she looked at her daughter wondering what Michael meant until she heard Michael say, "I didn't only agree to madam Jewel's marriage proposal of contract marriage for us because of her, but I am interested in having you as mine woman."

Feeling uncomfortable by his words, Peach

lowered her eyes to the ground and frowned angrily as she tried to find her footing as she wondered how many other things Madam Jewel had planned behind her back.

"What is he talking about Peach?" Miss Grace murmured in a low tone, keeping an eye on her daughter's expression and seeing how tense she seemed and how she refused to look in his direction.

"Oh, I didn't know that you haven't talked to your mother about this," Michael commented dryly, watching Peach's reaction closely. "Yes, I didn't because it's useless to do so, since I am never marrying you," Peach declared firmly as she turned her head to look at Michael and continued, "So it's useless for me to mention anything about you to my mother."

A dumbfounded look passed Michael's face as he stared blankly at Peach, not expecting her to speak back to him, much less in that kind of manner.

Then she stormed out of the lobby, leaving everyone stunned except for Elijah as a faint smirk made its way to his lips.

It took Michael a while to accept that she was gone. Realizing that he should probably say something, he looked at Miss Grace and said, "Honestly, I honestly like your daughter and want to get to know her, hopefully, marry her." His words left Miss Grace deep in thought and then she smiled softly at him and said, "Give me time to talk to her."

Grinning from ear to ear, Michael took out a small black paper with gold writing on it from his pocket and said, "Here's my call card, ma'am, so if you ever need me for any reason or want me to drop by whenever, I will drop by." As he was moving from miss Grace, Elijah suddenly stood in his way, both men locked gazes, and the room grew completely quiet, the tension palpable between them.