

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 9

The Marvelous Elijah's Return

Chapter 9

To make them all pay

The security quickly took out their weapons and darted them towards Elijah, Matt, Rookie, Jarnes, and Ryan, shouting angrily, "Get in your trash, now!" "We just want to book a suite and get some rest," Elijah said, raising both of his hands and smiling weakly. "I have money to pay for this place." A lousy laugh came from the security as he shook his head, he was a robust, balding guy with rough skin. "Oh sure, I bet you can afford to buy a whole hotel, right? You're probably loaded or something." He mocked, shaking his head again, his eyes scanning Elijah from top to bottom. "Wait, I know you! Hey, Mark, doesn't this guy look familiar?!"

The only thought that came to Elijah's mind was that they knew him because he was Melina's ex-husband, the CEO of Investverse company, and he just knew this was going to get pretty ugly, pretty fast.

"Yeah!! Yes!! He's that loser that Miss Hayes dumped yesterday!!" The other security guy shouted, laughing hysterically. "His face was on all the news yesterday and today."

The two security guards started cracking out into wild laughter, holding each other while still pointing at them with their guns.

"Shouldn't you be ashamed and clawed under a rock or something, and never show your face in public ever again?" The first guard asked Elijah, his grin widening when he saw him stiffen.

Clutching and unclenching his fist, Elijah tried not to let any anger show on his face, his mouth tightened into a thin line and all he could manage to say was, "Can you let us pass? It's been a long day." "Let you enter a five-star resort? Ha!" The second guard laughed. "You think we are idiots like you? Do you expect us to let you go inside looking like a bum?!" "Where did you get that pick up from? It's filthy like everything else about you guys," One of the other security guards called them out. "Now, you five get out of here before we arrest you or worse!"

A look of anger crossed Matt, Ryan, Rookie, and James' faces, and they weren't happy that these guys would act like such douchebags to Elijah.

"Fuck off," Matt growled, stepping forward.

"Hey, hey, hey!" The first guard shouted in panic, pulling his gun back as Matt raised his hand menacingly. "Step back, asshole! That's an order!"

Looking at Matt, Elijah frowned slightly and commanded, "You all get back into the car, now!"

Matt looked over at Ryan, James, and Rookie, and then sighed as he saw them walking back to the car, their shoulders slouching repeatedly, and then he turned away from the security and followed them.

"I don't know where you got those bums from, but I advise that you and they get your shit together and quit acting like idiots!" the other guard yelled after them. "And stay away from public eyes, especially you, Elijah, that's your name, right...? Your reputation is a mess, so

don't come around here again!"

Unclenching his fist, Elijah stared coldly at the two of them for a moment and then walked away, getting back into the front seat of the pickup.

When he was with Melina, everything about him was her, and people knew him because of her, his identity was overshadowed by her name and reputation, and he didn't have absolutely any status for himself in the country.

And now that he's back under such a circumstance, he felt like a newborn, trying to navigate in a world he no longer belongs in, surrounded by strangers who had their minds set on making his life hell.

The car was silent as Matt drove off, and everyone just sat in their respective seats quietly, lost in their thoughts. "What now?" James asked after a few minutes of driving. "Find another hotel," Elijah replied softly, his eyes fixed on the window and watching as houses and stores passed by in the blur of traffic. After a short drive, they eventually found themselves outside of a hotel that looked quite expensive too, and Matt parked in the parking lot.

Then everyone got out of the truck, walked toward the enormous, bright building, and entered, heading over to the reception desk where a young man, whose name tag read Michael, greeted them with a stiff expression on his face.

His eyes traveled over them, examining them from head to toe, looking at their injured face, cuts, bruises, spots of blood, and dirt stains clothes. Then his eyes widened when his gaze rested on Ryan's face, who had a black eye.

"Good evening, we are here to book a room," Elijah announced, his voice calm and collected, despite how angry he was feeling inside. Michael nodded slowly and mumbled, "I am sorry, but all our rooms are booked for the night. We don't have any space to accommodate you guys." Of course, Elijah knew that the rooms were not all occupied, but he was too tired to argue, so he looked at his men and said, "Let's go."

Silently, they left the lobby and returned outside, walking back to the vehicle and climbing inside.

“I am going to be honest here, okay?! In our condition, no hotel would take us,” James stated in annoyance. “Our clothes are filthy, our faces bruised, and we reeked of our sweat. Which five -star hotel would want us on their premises?” Silence followed his words as Matt drove out of the parking lot and the other three stared at Elijah, who was still facing the window, staring at nothing in particular.

“A cheap motel will do then,” Elijah replied shortly, not taking his eyes off the road. At One o'clock am, Matt finally parked the car in front of what appeared to be a medium-sized motel, and they climbed out, stretching their limbs. Rayn groaned slightly before saying, “Man, I’ve never been so tired my entire life!” “Me neither, Ray,” Rookie answered, nodding his head.

Not paying attention to his men, Elijah walked into the motel, and immediately, the four of them followed him into the building, keeping a short distance between them and him.

“Welcome to the Paz Motell l’az, mean, ‘peace!” A young energized looking girl, wearing a pink and white shirt and blue overalls, with a yellow bow tied on her hair, said with a big smile. When she and Elijah’s eyes locked, they stared at each other without blinking for about a couple of seconds until she broke eye contact and said, “I am, ‘Peachu.’ How many rooms will you guys require tonight?”

His face hardening, Elijah looked away from her cute smile, and said, “Five rooms.”

“And how long are you guys planning to stay here for?” Peach continued with the same cheerful tone.

“A night,

“Oh, are you guys pass by or.”

“Can you stop talking and give us five rooms?!”

A pout formed on Peach’s lips at Elijah’s harsh tone, but she nodded anyway and said softly, “Okay...”

“Peach, is everything okay? I heard someone shout.” An older, sickly-looking woman with glasses and gray curly hair, asked as she approached from the back.

Then she coughed slightly, clutching onto her chest as she made her way to Peach slowly, drawing heavy breaths with each step.

“Yes, mama. Everything is okay.” Peach said with a big smile. “Look, we finally have customers who want to book a room for the night.”

The look of raw joy in Peach's eyes caught Elijah's attention momentarily before he quickly averted his eyes away again, hardening his heart as if it were stone. "Oh my, this is great, this is a blessing! Welcome to the Paz Motel." Miss Grace said cheerfully, approaching Elijah and smiling brightly at him. "Have you eaten? Do you want anything?"

"It is early morning hours. I just need a room and a bed to rest myself." Elijah said, his tone numb and emotionless.

Staring away from his cold eyes, Miss Grace's smile froze on her face, and after exchanging glances with Peach, she then said, "Please show them to their room." "Yes, mama." Peach replied obediently and then smiled at Elijah and the others. "Follow me!" Silently, they walked behind her as she guided them through the halls, opening doors one by one for each of them until it was just Elijah and her standing at the last door at the end of the

"Well, this is your room," Peach said with a little bit of hesitation before turning and unlocking it

Then she pushed the door open, revealing a very nice sized room with black and gold tiled floors, a big TV mounted on the wall opposite the door, a queen size bed against the corner of the room and a table with chairs and a vase containing fresh flowers sitting next to it.

For a place that looked shabby from the outside, the room looked clean and inviting, which surprised Elijah, who thought he'd have to spend the whole night in a smelling room.

Walking inside, he stared around the area and then turned back to see Peach, standing out the door, staring at him.

Not saying a word, he reached for the door and shut it in her face before turning around and walking to the bathroom.

He closed and locked the door, and then stripped off his dirty, torn clothes, throwing them into the hamper, and headed for the shower, stepping under the warm spray and letting it run over him and washing the smell of sweat, dirt, and blood off his skin. "What am I doing back here," Elijah whispered as self-doubt washed over him, his mind racing, his fingers running through his wet hair nervously.

But that only lasted for a few seconds, and his eyes darkened, becoming steely as he looked at the shower glass and thought, 'To make them all pay! To make them all suffer! To make them all feel as shitty as I do right now!'