

# The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 91

## Chapter 91

There is more

The door to the lobby finally opened, and Mr. Bamford walked in with twelve police officers following closely behind him.

Silence completely took over the lobby of the building and only the sound of their boots could be heard hitting the tiles as they walked over to where Elijah was.

The tears in Peach's eyes immediately stopped, and a sense of confusion flooded every part of her mind as her eyes followed the officers until they stood in front of her husband and the other five officers.

\*Chief! What are you doing here?" One of the five officers asked with worry evident in his voice. The other four looked just as confused as him, and fear started creeping its way on their faces after the chief didn't reply immediately.

Meeting Elijah's eyes and his bloodstained nose, Mr. Bamford frowned, dragging his gaze down to Elijah's hands locked behind his back, and said, "Uncuff him now!"

The firmness in his tone caused Peach's eyes to widen with a shocked expression, she opened her mouth, but no words came out because she was in disbelief, and it was surprising, a big shock for almost

everyone in the room except Elijah, Ryan, and Matt.

With trembling hands, one of the five officers took out the cuff key, reached for Elijah's wrists, and uncuffed him without hesitation.

"Mr. Bamford," Elmer mumbled, finally getting over his shock and staring at the chief in disbelief, "what brings you here?"

A scowl crossed the chief's face, but when he turned to meet Elmer's eyes, a look of raw shock instantly clouded his expression to see Elmer's face with bloodshot red eyes and a swollen jaw. A small cut in his hairline was visible on his left eyebrow.

'Wow!' Mr. Bamford thought to himself, feeling more intrigued to find out what exactly happened to get Elmer messed up like that.

Looking back at Elijah, the chief drew a deep breath and asked, "What happened here exactly?"

Before Elijah could move his lips to speak, Elmer penetrated the conversation and blurted out, "That savage being attacked me and ruined my face... Also, the thug behind him beat up my security! You should arrest them both for this."

"Mr. Hayes, can you please quiet down and wait for your turn?" Mr. Bamford said, glaring at Elmer, crossing his arms over his chest.

The shock that those words brought to Elmer's brain caused his mouth to fall open as he glanced at Elijah with wide eyes before darting his eyes around in embarrassment, not knowing why a Hayes like himself has become lesser in the sight of the law than a lowlife thug.

"Excuse me," Ryan finally snapped out of his daze and approached Mr. Bamford.

Then he reached into his pocket, took out a card, and handed it to him, saying, "He's my client."

Staring at Ryan Bar Card, the chief brows knitted in surprise, and then he looked at Elijah with a sense of interest on his face, turning the card over in his hand to inspect it.

"According to the will we have, Mr. Elmer Hayes is no longer the owner of this company, and we did ask him earlier to leave nicely, but he got violent, and my client had to choose to defend himself and protect his wife by the Stand your ground laws," Ryan explained, taking a glance at Elijah.

'I see... you are not from here,' Mr. Bamford thought, looking at the words written on Ryan's bar card closely. 'But whoever you are, I am sure there is an important reason Bryan Checks speaks of you with such high importance.'

Then he raised his gaze to meet Ryan's eyes and asked, "Can I see the will?"

"Sure," He responded, reaching into his briefcase for the document, and handing it over to Mr. Bamford.

A nervous look settled on Elmer's face, and his eyes flickered anxiously between Elijah and Mr. Bamford as he flipped through the document.

After reading through the papers, the chief sighed out his frustration, eyeing Elmer, and then he met Peach's eyes with a gentle smile and asked, "How do you want me to handle this mess... After all, the will is in your name."

Still shocked about the entire shift in the situation, Peach said nothing, slowly turning her head to meet Elijah's eyes, and for a while, she just stared dumbfoundedly at her husband.

"I want him gone, and he should never show his face back here, not today or ever." Peach finally said in a strong tone, not taking her eyes off of Elijah.

Nodding, Mr. Bamford closed the file, handed it to Ryan with his card, and then said calmly. "Mr. Hayes, you heard the lady. You have to leave the premises."

Immediately Elmer's face etched with anger and confusion as he replied harshly. "But"

"According to the documents, they have the right to ask you to leave, so you either do it responsibly or my men can guard you away." Mr. Bamford said curtly, his stern expression making sure Elmer got the hint

and understood that it was the last option he had to offer.

As the weight of embarrassment and anger settled in, Elmer's brows knitted even further and his fists tightened as he let out, "Chief, you are making a grave career mistake here... My family

"Is not above the law, nor the chief constable's authority, Elmer." Elijah spat out with malice lacing his tone, his eyes darkening dangerously. "So do as you are told."

Feeling a storm of anger roaming in him, Elmer met his gaze, and when he saw Elijah's lips twitched into a half-smirk, he completely lost it, rushing for him, but Mr. Bamford was swift to grab his hand, slapping a cuff on his wrist and then locked his other hand.

"You are mocking me with that smug smile on your stupid face! You think you can intimidate me, huh?! This is not over! This is not...!" Elmer screamed at the top of his lungs.

"Okay, Mr. Hayes... I am sorry that it has come to this, but you will be escorted out here with handcuffs on because you have become a danger to yourself and those around you," Mr. Bamford stated, keeping his grip on Elmer's arm firmly.

The whispers grew even more louder at the sight of Elmer in cuffs, and when he finally calm down, the realization of that weighted on him like a ton of bricks.

"Thank you for your assistance with this entire mess, Chief." Elijah said calmly, looking at Mr. Bamford.

Then his gaze darted towards Elmer, staring directly into his eyes with the same deadly glare, and said, "You are right. This is not over... It's just the tip of the iceberg."

For a moment. Peach stared after the police officers leaving with her uncle in cuffs until they walked out of the building, and then she turned to look at Elijah.

Even though she didn't say a word, her intense stare told him that she had questions, but after a moment, she took her eyes off him and looked at Natalie.

"Excuse me," Peach said in a firm voice. "You are Elmer's secretary, right?"

A frown crossed Natalie's face at Peach's question, but when her gaze darted to Elijah, and she saw the coldness and darkness swirling behind his brown orbs, her expression changed, and she nodded slightly at Peach, answering, "Yes, Miss Hayes."

"Mrs. Darius," Peach interrupted her, "you may address me by that name."

"Y... Yes, Mrs. Darius... Umm, what do you need of me?"

"Can you take me to where used to be Elmer's office?"

"Sure."

Looking away from Natalie, Peach looked back at Ryan and Matt before focusing on Elijah and asked calmly, "Can I have a word with just you?"

For a moment, he studied her eyes, and his eyebrows rose slightly, then he mumbled, "Of course,"

The silence in the living room of the Hayes mansion was immediately ruined when Madam Jewel ringtone started blaring.

A scowl appeared on her face as she reached over the couch arm and picked up the phone off the glass table.

"Elmer, what is it?" Madam Jewel said impatiently, glancing at the clock and noticing it was almost two o'clock.

"That bastard!!" Elmer shouted angrily on the other line, causing her to flinch.

'What's the matter, son?!"

"The embarrassment... the audacity... the arrogance! I was put in handcuffs because off that... Th-at... th-at

"Stop speaking like a madman and talk to me properly."

The line went silent for a few seconds, and then Elmer started again, 'With the help of Elijah, Peach now own Investistic Co."

"What?!" Madam Jewel shrieked, her face draining of color as she sat up straight in her seat. "What are you saying now, Elmer?!"

“She has the will.”

“But it got burnt,”

“No, she does have it...”

Another pause followed Elmer’s statement, and then he muttered, “Was the only one copy of that will?”

“No... There is more... Meeks!” Madam Jewel blurted, a pale, panicked look spreading on her face. “I need a word with you and your siblings today!”

## **The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 92**

### **Chapter 92**

#### **Chapter 92: The last laugh**

Even though she was hesitant, Natalie pushed the huge wooden door open, and then looked back at Elijah and Peach, mumbling, “This is it.”

Calmly Peach walked past her, entering the office, and Elijah let out a soft sigh before following her into the room, then Natalie closed the door, leaving the two alone.

There was this long pause between them as they both stood awkwardly in the center of the room while she stared at him.

“You knew you weren’t going to go to jail, didn’t you?” Peach asked, her voice calm but not exactly pleasant.

“I had an idea,” Elijah replied, not looking at her. “I just... wasn’t quite sure if I could pull it off. But I am glad I did.”

A look of hesitation crossed her face for a second before she seemed to settle down and took a deep breath before speaking again, “I’m just glad you and Matt don’t get to go to jail.”

‘But there are more your lips are refusing to say,’ Elijah thought to himself, watching as Peach fidgeted slightly with her hands.

It was no secret to her, at this point, that her husband was not a simple man and the fact that he could challenge the Hayes in such a way by what he did to Elmer made her

realize that she wanted him by her side more than ever, not only in love but in every aspect of her life.

Calmly, Peach darted her gaze around the huge office, feeling a sense of uneasiness rise up within her.

“I can’t believe I own this place... Thanks to you.” Peach muttered under her breath, taking another deep breath, before looking at him once more, “But I am scared and nervous... A bit shaken up, and... I don’t know where to start.”

Running her hands through her hair, she took one last steadying breath, mumbling, “This place has been operated by the Hayes for years, and everyone in here is loyal to them. Can I even be able to handle this position without running afoul of them?”

For a moment, Elijah stared at the look of sheer panic on her face, and he slowly took his hands out of his pockets, closing the distance between them to grab her hand gently, asking, “You want this company, right?”

“Well... yeah, yes. Of course.” Peach said, watching his eyes for a second, and then a small smile graced her face. “But I want to run it with someone I can trust... someone that has my back, umm... someone who’s really smart, handsome, strong...”

Even though he knew where she was going with this, Elijah couldn’t help teasing her as he mumbled, “I am getting a bit jealous here. Like how can you describe someone else in front of your husband like that? Take pity on my poor heart, woman.”

A wide laugh erupted from Peach, and she shook her head lightly as she gave his hand a quick squeeze, letting out, “You know what I mean.”

When Elijah raised a brow, his expression blank, she chuckled, leaned closer, and said, “I want you as my partner, not only in marriage but in business.”

Silent moments passed between them after those words as Peach stared at him, waiting for a response. When none came, she glanced down at her hand which still held onto his before lifting her head to look back at him and mumbled, “I know you have other plans, but-”

“I would love nothing more than to be your business partner,” Elijah replied with a smirk, leaning his body towards hers as his free hand reached up to stroke his fingers against her cheek.

Her eyes locked on his, staring deeply into them before she finally smiled, closing her eyes briefly as she let herself enjoy the moment, and then opened them once more, gazing at him fondly as she whispered. “Good. Because I was thinking about changing my name on the will from Peach Hayes, to Darius, so this place can have no ties to that family.”

The mood grew more affectionate, and they were so wrapped up in each other's gazes as the silence stretched between them, that it felt as though time itself stopped.

And when Elijah finally leaned in, brushing his thumb over her lower lip to part them, the door suddenly swung open, causing Elijah to swing his gaze away from Peach and onto an elderly man, storming into the room with a glare directed straight at Peach.

She instinctively stepped backward, pulling her hand from Elijah's grip as she turned her body to face the old man, saying calmly, "Excuse me?"

A scowl etched itself across the old man's wrinkled face as he growled, "You must be Peach Hay-"

"Darius," Peach interrupted firmly, stepping forward.

Her tone made him shut his mouth instantly, and he cleared his throat, turning away from her just to meet Elijah's icy stare.

"You are?" Elijah prompted, not bothering to hide the annoyance in his voice.

"I'm Mr. Daniel Ferguson." The man responded in a low gruff tone. "A member of the board of directors. I heard about what happened to Elmer, and I thought..."

"You thought to bash in here and say what?"

"Well... umm..."

A look of surprise flashed across Daniels's face for a split second as he locked eyes with Elijah, and he thought, 'This company is already dying. Now that Elmer is gone, it's only going to sink to the bottom from here. So I don't know what you two are proud about!

Then he quickly schooled his features into a neutral expression and said, "I thought to come and congratulate you two, and introduced myself to the new shareholder of the company."

The fakeness in his tone annoyed Elijah to no end, and he folded his arms, raising his eyebrows as he watched Daniels, who remained calm, although a hint of nervousness appeared in his eyes, and then he said, "That's good because a board meeting is happening this Saturday, and we're expecting all employees to attend, whether or not they want to."

"Of course, sir. That's very kind of you." Daniel responded quietly, glancing sideways at Peach, who was standing silently by Elijah. "Now, I should probably return to my office and start preparing for this meeting, of course."

The sarcasm in his voice annoyed Peach to no end, but she didn't dare show any emotions on her face.

For a moment, she kept silent as Daniel left the room, slamming the heavy oak door behind him, and then she turned to look at Elijah, "Did you hear the way he said those words... Like a joke or something."

"The last laugh is what matters, darling," Elijah responded in a deadpan manner, smirking.

One after another cars pulled out in the yard of the Hayes mansion and soon enough all seven of Madam Jewel's children were out of their vehicles.

Immediately, Matthew, Cora, Amelia, Tommy, Eli, and Dean stopped, staring wide-eyed at Elmer's bruised

up face, and when he opened his mouth to speak, Eli shouted, "Damn!!"

A look of annoyance swept over Elmer's face at his brother's reaction but before he could make a snide remark, Amelia spoke up. "Who messed you up like that?" As the oldest, Dean felt anger rising inside of him that someone would dare raise a hand to hit his brother, a Hayes, and he looked down at Elmer before asking coldly, "Who's the animal with a death wish that was stupid enough to do this."

A wave of embarrassment rushed over Elmer's face, and he stared away from his siblings before whispering, "It's okay guys, don't worry... I can handle this myself."

Shaking their heads as they looked at one another, Cora sighed, "Elmer, don't even try to downplay this shit..."

"Yeah, we aren't buying it," Eli added, glaring directly at Elmer.

But his brother simply narrowed his eyes and walked off, leaving them all with a bewildered look on their faces.

"This is unacceptable!" Mathew uttered firmly, looking over at Dean and the others

"Whoever that asshole is... He better be praying for nine lives because he's going to be needing them pretty damn badly for this shit he did." Dean muttered darkly.

Reaching for her teacup, Madam Jewel raised it to her lips and took a long sip just at the moment Elmer marched through the doorway, and she immediately spat the tea out as she choked on the liquid, coughing furiously, clutching her chest, and tried desperately to catch her breath.

"Elmer!!" Madam Jewel gasped out as she set the cup on the table and stood up.

With a frown, Elmer moved forward towards his mother, and soon the others walked into the living room and Madam Jewel darted her eyes toward them before looking at Elmer.

“What happened to your face!” She exclaimed, trying to keep her voice under control as she took a step forward toward him.

When silence met her question, she frowned, and then asked again in a slightly raised voice, “WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE, ELMER!”

A weak sigh escaped Elmer’s lips as he averted his gaze and murmured, “Elijah,” 1

The room immediately went cold at that name, like everyone had been frozen solid and couldn’t move from the sheer shock they felt.

## **The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 93**

### **Chapter 93**

### **Chapter 93**

### **Loose ends**

A sense of rage awakened from Madam Jewel’s bruised ego at the thought that a lowlife would dare challenge the Hayeses with such a direct insult to their faces, and a feeling of disbelief overcame her as she mumbled, “Elijah, Elijah? Melina’s ex-husband... Peach’s current husband did that... to your face?”.

The way his mother pressed on those words made Elmer even more irritated, and with a sharp inhale he finally snapped, “Yes... Now, can we just drop it? I already have a plan to deal with that bastard, so can We just focus on the company and the fact that I’m Peach now owns Investistic Co?”

A shock coursed through the entire group, except Madam Jewel, who sighed out her frustration, feeling the tension in the room build-up, as she turned around, walked back towards her seat, saying in a hushed voice, 1 cant. This is just...”

“Peach owns what?!” Cora cried out, looking completely confused, and while she glanced around at the others, they seemed just as lost as she was.

Meeting Elmer’s eyes, Amelia screwed her face into a scowl as she asked, “What do you mean she owns your company? What is this all about?”

Since he was already in the embarrassing zone, Elmer dropped on the couch, relax, and said, "I lost the investment deals with Gordan and the others because Peach showed up with that devil's spawn of a husband by her side and the Will mother give her."

"But the will got burnt... You all were here... you saw the look of doom and despair on her face when mother... \* Amelia trailed off, unable to continue with the sentence as she stared into space, still in deep shock

– Squinting his eyes, Eli's jaw clenched tightly and he turned away, muttering, "Exactly, Peach left us no

doubt that the will got burnt."

"Well, she does have the exact copy mother gave her and a young lawyer that seems to be with Elijah... Honestly, I am still confused about the shit that went down this morning..." Elmer responded, rubbing at the bridge of his nose.

Fixing his eyes on Madam Jewel, Dean hesitated for a moment, before mumbling, "Was it the exact copy of the will or..."

"Meeks has a spare copy. We made three originals for just-in-case situations, and now, judging from Peach's mood a day ago, it's not possible that these wills are the same..." Madam Jewel explained in a

grave voice, her eyes fixed on her son.

"What if she was just calling a bluff then?" Amelia blurted out.

"Why would she call a bluff? What would she have been trying to accomplish by doing that back then?" Cora wondered, voicing her thoughts aloud.

A couple of silent minutes passed as everyone thought about the situation, until Elmer cleared his throat, breaking the awkward atmosphere, and replied in a humble voice, "That Elijah dude is a piece of mystery... First, he's living off Melina, then he's a thug, he's hanging around Bryan Checks, and now, he has Mr. Bamford doing his dirty work."

"The chief of police?" Tommy piped in, raising an eyebrow and glancing at his little brother.

"Yeah... I don't know how, but after everything that happened, I was the one walking out of the company with this messed up face and handcuffs around my wrist."

"So the police allowed him to walk free after seeing you like this?!"

When Elmer nodded, Eli's eyes widened, and he exclaimed, "Who the fuck is this guy?!"

Seriously... like... was it wise for him to marry Peach?" Amelia mumbled, instead of thinking the words in her head.

"I don't care who the hell he is?! No one comes for me and what I have worked hard for before I even became a wife or a mother, and expect me to stand aside and let it happen!" Madam Jewel exclaimed

The rise in her voice, and how deadly her tone sounded caught her children off guard, and each of them exchanged nervous glances before turning their attention back to her.

Silence settled in the air as she reached for her phone, and they watched her aggressively tap her screen.

"Mr. Meeks," Madam Jewel said, her tone softened the moment the old lawyer accepted her call.

"Madam Jewel," His voice came back over the receiver, sounding weary and exhausted. "How *may* ! assist you?"

"Can we meet up?"

"At the mansion or my office?"

"No. I will send you a location and don't make me wait on you, or I will have to ask someone to come to get you."

The line went quiet for a moment, and there was a faint rustling noise on the other end before she heard Mr. Meeks say, "Of course. See you later..."

When his mother ended the call, Dean couldn't hold back his tongue and asked, "I thought you already took the real will father left out of Mr. Meeks' hands-"

"I do have it somewhere safe. I just need to know if he's not running his mouth about it to others." Madam Jewel interrupted before adding in a rather annoyed tone, "I thought after years of keeping his lips shut, could trust his ass, but if Peach has a different will than the one I gave her, then Meeks has to disappear. I don't like loose ends."

Her words made everyone else tense, but no one dared speak for a while, and then Dean smirked, mumbling, 'You are right, mother."

"I know!" Madam Jewel mumbled in response, her eyes still focused on her phone, before snapping it shut and tossing it onto the coffee table.

Then she focused on Elmer, frowning at his bruises, and said, "About Investistic Co, it's time for it to die. If Peach has a small taste of success with that company, then that will

only boost her ego to want more... We can't have her wanting more of the Hayes wealth, especially when she lawfully has the right to."

Like reality had slapped all seven siblings in their faces, they nodded slowly, and Elmer mumbled, "Well, we can get all the employees to quit... With no one to assist her in running the company, it is bound to die."

"Right, do that. Also..." Madam Jewel let out, meeting Elmer's eyes. "Leave Elijah alone. I will handle him... Peach cannot die right now, but he can."

The ride was quiet as Elijah silently watched Peach nodding off, her head swinging slowly back and forth, as her body leaned against the window.

A smile crept onto his face as he reached his hand across her shoulder and pulled her head towards him gently until it rested on his shoulder, letting out a soft sigh as he felt her warm breaths blow on his neck.

"We are almost at the hotel," Elijah mumbled as she snuggled into his chest.

When Dice finally brought the car to a stop, he sat still for almost two minutes before looking down at Peach and then tapped her arm. When she stirred slightly he said quietly, "Peach, wake up. We are here."

"I've been awake." She whispered, not moving a muscle as she kept her eyes closed. "Just one more minute."

A fluffy feeling filled Elijah's chest upon hearing that, causing him to chuckle softly, staring at the window as his smile grew wider.

Then he suddenly burst into a loud laugh when her stomach suddenly growled loudly, making Peach's head instantly lift from his shoulder as her eyes shot open, she turned to face him, only to find that he was smiling widely at her, showing off his dimples.

A pout formed on her lips when he chuckled again, and it didn't help when the second growl echoed from her belly, and she hugged her stomach tightly in embarrassment.

"We should head in, and I will call room service, or we can stroll to the restaurant, huh?" Elijah asked with a raised brow, still grinning at her red cheeks.

Looking down at her stomach, Peach said softly, "Yeah. Sure. Whatever."

With all his might, Elijah suppressed the laugh that wanted to erupt, and he unlocked the door, stepping out before reaching in for her hand and gently pulling her out of the car.

As Elijah shut the door, Matt and Ryan approached them, and one looked at Ryan, he knew there was more on his mind.

“Matt, can you keep Peach company?” Elijah absent-mindedly mumbled, not breaking eye contact with Ryan.

Not waiting for a response, he walked off with Ryan a couple of distance, and a look of curiosity crossed Peach’s face as she stared after Elijah, knowing that whatever they were going to talk about, she had a slim chance of knowing.

“Don’t worry... you have already accomplished the hard part.” Matt whispered, looking at her with a friendly smile. “Give him a little bit of time.”

“The will... there is something fishy about it.” Ryan said when he was sure that they were far from Peach’s ears.

“I figure...” Elijah answered, rubbing the back of his neck, as his eyes shifted around the area for a few seconds.

“The texture of

is just too intact, smooth, and new-looking for a will written by a man that has been dead years ago... even if it was preserved in some way. Something doesn’t add up here...”

After thinking for a second, he added, “And the fact that there is more than one will is a serious issue. Honestly, there is a possibility that an original will and a copy can exist, but these two wills are identical, and are both giving out the identity as originals, and not one as a copy...”

A look of hesitation flashed across Ryan’s face for a moment, and then he mumbled, “I don’t think these wills are Mr. Hayes’s original will, Boss.” –

“If that’s the case, then his signatures *were forged?*” Elijah questioned, furrowing his eyebrows together as his brain tried to put together the pieces of information.

## **The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 94**

### **Chapter 94**

Chapter 94 Please, say it.

Calmly. Elijah looked over his shoulder at Peach, meeting her eyes, which immediately looked troubled by his glance, and then he smiled slightly, not wanting her mind to run wild.

Then when a small grin appeared on her face, he looked back at Ryan and said, "Honestly, this had been my thoughts from the first time I set my sight on that lawyer. He seemed way too shaken and uncertain about what he was saying or doing that night."

"But why would the Hayeses want to fake a will just to give Peach a part of the properties after years of gatekeeping them for so long and getting away with it?" Ryan inquired, his brows furrowed in confusion.

For a second Elijah just stood there in silence, deep in thought, and then he sighed, mumbling, "From what I saw yesterday between them and Peach, I will say control. A wild wolf is better managed in the pack, but if it becomes a rogue, the pack must be wary. And the Hayes family has a history of controlling everything and everyone, except her."

"Makes sense... give her a reason to obey, and she will." Ryan agreed, nodding slightly.

"But she didn't... And they didn't hesitate to cast her aside like before."

"So there is more!"

Grabbing the bridge of his nose, Elijah exhaled deeply and then dropped his hand, letting out, "Yes, there is more... more to Peach with the Hayeses... the lawyer said yesterday night, 'Take Peach and run.'"

"It was a warning..." Ryan mumbled, a sudden realization striking him.

"Exactly! The lawyer knows more than he's letting on..."

"So, what now?"

"It's clear he wanted to talk yesterday night, but I didn't create a trustful atmosphere between us. So, I am going to meet him face to face tomorrow. Hopefully, we can settle it with smooth talk rather than rough words... or acts."

Subconsciously, Ryan looked back and immediately met Peach's eyes, and out of nervousness, he did a little wave to her with an awkward smile.

"They are talking about me, ain't they?" Peach whispered to Matt as she waved back at Ryan with a grin.

"Nooo... Not at all, At's about... Umm..." Matt stuttered out.

"Work?"

“Yes! work stuff!”

“How very convincing.”

When Ryan focused on his eyes, Elijah allowed the silence to drag on for a second before saying, “Can you and Rookie help me investigate the board of directors of Investistic Co, and the entire company in general...?”

“Well, I was going to advise you on that because what I heard today from the investors wasn’t good...” Ryan replied slowly, thinking over his words.

“Same,”

“Rookie and I are on it.”

“Thanks, man,”

The friendly tone Elijah used made Ryan feel a little lighter and he smiled wider at him, letting out, “Ummm, okay, boss.”

Watching as Elijah and Ryan finally turned to walk back to them, Peach drew a deep breath and mumbled beneath her breath, “It was just a conversation about work stuff...”

When Elijah and Ryan reached her, she looked over at Ryan and then Matt and said, “Before you two leave, I want to say, ‘Thank you for helping to save the company, and for taking care of my mom... I do appreciate you two, and James, plus Rookie.’”

Matt smiled down at her and then eyed Elijah before saying, “Don’t worry. No need for thanks. We’ll always have you two backs.”

“Yeah, always,” Ryan added softly.

For a moment, Peach watched Matt and Ryan walked over to their car, and then she looked up at Elijah, noticing the sky, and mumbled, “There’s a storm coming.”

“Yeah, it is coming.” Elijah mumbled, and she felt a slight sense of worry because he wasn’t watching the clouds like she was.

At five o’clock Peach and Elijah walked into the restaurant of the hotel, dressed in casual wear, and took a seat next to the transparent glass wall.

“It’s here,” Peach whispered, drawn by the view outside.

“What is?” Elijah asked as he took his attention off the menu.

“The rain,”

Yeah?"

Looking to where she stared, he smiled softly at the drop of rain rolling down the glass, and then glanced back up at Peach.

There was a long pause as Elijah let their eyes meet, and then he broke eye contact with her to look at something outside of the window instead.

"What was your grandfather like?" Elijah asked calmly, watching Peach from the corner of his eye. "We never really talked much about your experiences with the Hayeses... Was he different from the rest?"

The question was not random, and she knew it, that much was certain, but she rested back in her seat and crossed her arms over her chest before replying, "He was a businessman... he loved me dearly, and my mother was well recognized and taken care of as one of the daughters-in-law of the family. Well, with my dad, my grandfather really didn't intervene with Jewel's actions towards him, and just said, 'Be a man, Albert...!'"

When she paused, Elijah could see tears beginning to form in the corner of her eyes, but she quickly blinked them away, refusing to break eye contact with a shaky smile.

"He was tough on all his children though. All of them had to work to gain his favor. A hard-working man and I thought he was too old-fashioned and tough as steel to understand that words can break a man too, especially when he used to tell him, 'Grow some backbone, son!'"

Those words hit Elijah harder than he wanted to admit, but Peach kept smiling, her hands gripping the fabric of her dress tightly.

"But... umm... Well, around the time he got sick and was hospitalized, my mother and I went to visit him, and I ran ahead of her, so fast because I already knew his room, and she called after me, but all I wanted was to see my grandpa... I wasn't used to that tough nail being weak and sickly..." Peach trailed off, looking down at her hands.

A weak laugh escaped her lips as she sniffed, almost as though she was trying to make the memory less painful, and she continued speaking. "And then when I got close to his room, I heard a shout from my grandfather that I have never heard before... Rage... it was so aggressive and frightening that I stopped running and covered my ears tightly."

When Peach paused, Elijah could see it in her eyes that her brain was trying to protect her from remembering whatever was said or happened next.

Suddenly the waiter approached them with a friendly smile and said, "Hello there! How may I take your orders?"

Looking over at Peach, Elijah could see that she was in no mood to order, so he gave a calm stare back at the waiter and said, “creamy shrimp and crab bisque soup with a side order of fries, spicy ribs, and sweet tea along with water.”

“Is that all?” The waiter asked politely, smiling.

When Elijah nodded, the waiter eyed Peach hesitantly for a second before walking off, and then Elijah reached over the table, grabbed her hand, and squeezed it, mumbling, “Hey... It’s fine. *You* don’t have to remember this... Okay?”

Slowly, Peach nodded and then gave him a halfhearted smile as she wiped at her cheeks with the palms of her hands, sniffing again.

The rest of their meal went by in silence, and Elijah couldn’t help feeling concerned about her well-being. so even after finishing his food, he remained silent until they left the restaurant and headed back to the suite.

When they walked inside the bedroom, Elijah eyed her for a while as he unbuttoned his shirt, but she still had a sad expression and she refused to look his Way.

“Those ribs were so freaking delicious, I might just call James to tease him about him stepping up his game.” Elijah blurted out with a laugh, pulling his shirt off his shoulders.

When he spotted a smile forming on Peach’s face, Elijah grinned proudly as he rested his shirt on the chair arm and approached her.

The moment he took her hands in his, Peach raised her gaze, seeing the raw concern in his, and then she swallowed down her fear, mumbling, “He said, ‘I want them all out of my damn sight! I don’t want to see any of them. Do not let them in here if they show up! Do you hear me! Kick them all out if they insist on seeing me!’”

Silently, Elijah watched her eyes, not knowing if he should ask or not, but at last, he said nothing, holding back his words to spare her any more torture.

“Say it,” Peach whispered, studying his face closely as she smiled softly.

Raising a brow, Elijah tried to downplay his curiosity and asked in a playful tone, “Say what?”

“What your mind wants you to say,” Peach said quietly, squeezing his hands. “Please, say it.”

Taking a breath, Elijah closed his eyes and opened them again, looking at her intently as he asked, “Who do you think your grandfather was saying those words about?”