

# The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever

## Chapter 146

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Scandal

Struggling against his anger, Elijah drew a deep breath, knowing he had to stall for a moment, and said, "So these two are the ones paying you to do."

"Hahaha! Nah... Take a wild guess." Tony mocked, and at that moment, his ringtone interrupted. Slowly, he took out his phone and answered in a pompous tone, "Yes, Sir. We have him, and are detaining him."

Then he pressed the speaker button, letting everyone listen to Mr. Butcher said, "Since that's the case, there's no need to call Bamford then. Detained him in the basement with his man and called Dr. Letlial to take a look at Jessica."

"Umm... She might need to go to the hospital, Sir." Tony nervously mentioned, looking back at Jessica's bloody nostrils. "Tony... Get someone to take her to a damn hospital or something. Today is my birthday, and I wouldn't let such a scandal get tied to my reputation with all that is already happening... I will explain things to her father later, and we can get that piece of shit handled for his insolence. Got it?!"

"Yes, Boss."

The moment he ended the call, the sudden sound of boots hitting the floor at a fast pace echoed into the bathroom, and Tony and his men eyed the open doorway nervously as the sound got closer. Subconsciously, Tony looked at Elijah, noticing the smirk tugged in the corner of his lips and the dead look in his eyes. "Boss!" Rick shouted, noticing Dice being held down by five men, forcefully

against the wall. "Help, boss... He's in there!" Dice shouted as three of the men let go of him to face Rick and Larry with the twenty men rushing behind him. Now that there were only two men he had to deal with, Dice forced his wrist backward, snapping his arm free from the two's hold-downs, and kicked a dude hard in the balls, before he threw his elbow into another guy's face, breaking it instantly. Then he spun around and swung at the first dude, kicking him in the groin so hard again that he doubled over in pain.

As Rick, Larry, and six men were about to step into the bathroom, Tony shouted to three of his men, "Stop them!"

When the three rushed for Ricky and Larry, both men backed away from the doorway, drawing them outside a bit before Larry took the one on the left, grabbing him by his hair, and slamming his face into the door frame.

On the other hand, Rick was able to take the one on the right and swing his knee upwards, striking his temple with the heel of his boot and then turning his foot to drive it downwards into the side of his head.

The third guy felt confused about who to attack first, seeing that the other two were down, and before he could decide, Rick and Larry both grabbed him by the shirt, pulling him close before meeting his eyes with their fists, hitting him repeatedly in the face with each round.

"Fuck!" Tony cried, reaching into his pocket for his phone. But suddenly, Elijah pulled with all his might, breaking the two men's grip on him, rushing into Tony, and knocking him to the floor.

Without holding back, Elijah's knuckles turned white from how tight his fist was as he swung it into the side of Tony's head and then smashed his knuckles into his throat, making him choke on his blood as he gasped for air. The other two guys tried to hold him back, but Elijah pulled against their hold on his arms, freeing one of his hands and slamming his fist into Tony's throat again, causing him to gag on his blood-filled saliva.

When Elijah broke his other hand free, he grabbed Tony's face and slammed his head into the tile floor.

The other guy got frustrated and suddenly kicked Elijah in his side, hitting his rib before his buddy did the same a bit harder, causing Elijah to drop over Tony's body, his trembling fingers grasping to the tiles. When Larry and Ricky stepped into the bathroom, fear immediately crossed their faces as Ricky cried out, "Boss!"

"Fuck them up," Elijah whispered through gritted teeth.

Without holding back, Larry and Ricky rushed for both men, their fists flying as the two men fought hard, trying to keep themselves from getting hit by their heavy blows, but only to get whacked harder in the face by Rick and Larry, causing them to fall backward. A look of horror glowed in Jessica's eyes when Elijah raised his gaze, meeting hers with a death stare.

Suddenly, using all his strength, Tony's hands reached for Elijah's neck, squeezing his flesh as lightly as possible.

Eyes bulging, Elijah gasped for breath, but he forced himself to endure the suffocating feeling, grabbed Tony's wrists, and pulled on them until they withdrew from his neck, and then yanked his hands towards the ground, crashing his knee into Tony's palm.

"Fuckkkk!!" Tony screeched as Elijah slammed his knee into his other wrist. "Get off me you,

fuc—"

The punch that Elijah struck in his face cut the words from Tony's lips as he went unconscious.

Realizing just how messed up Jessica's plan had gotten, Josh tried to sneak out of the bathroom, but before he could take his third step, Elijah grabbed his ankle, yanking him back, and causing him to fall flat on the floor, banging his nose into the marble.

When Josh looked behind to see that it was Elijah, he kicked back with his right foot, hitting his shoe heel into Elijah's forehead, and cutting him on the eyebrow.

But that didn't stop Elijah from tightening his grip on Josh's foot as he stood up, and then dragged him toward him, mumbling, "You piece of shit!" The next moment, Josh spent in agony as Elijah lifted his knee, smashing his foot into the back of Josh's ankle, snapping the bone, while he yell in pain. "All are wanted was a quiet night at this damn celebration, but you Hayes... Nah, you guys are

so full of your own shit that your egos can't let me rest for a night!" Elijah yelled, twisting his foot on Josh's broken ankle.

The death scream from Josh sent shivers down Jessica's spine, but she kept her slaky gaze glued onto Elijah. When Josh suddenly fainted from the pain, that's when Elijah allowed himself to feel the anguish his body had gone through, and he dropped to the ground, resting his back on the wall, his breathing ragged.

His eyes closed as tears began streaming down his cheeks from his pain, and he rested his head against the cold marble of the wall as he waited for his heartbeat to calm down.

"Elijah!" Bryan called out, a bit tipsy from all the wine he had drunk as he strolled in the corridor. "Are you up here?"

Suddenly, he halted in his steps, seeing Tony's men lying on the ground and Dice with the others in the hallway, their eyes stone cold. "What the hell is going on?" Bryan slowly whispered, taking a step back. Ignoring his horrified expression, Dice rushed into the bathroom, stopping by Elijah and looking down at him as he asked, "Are you okay, boss?" "Yes," Elijah whispered, opening his eyes, and then he extended his hand to Dice. "Help me

Lip”

His blazer was stained with blood, and even though Dice was worried from the sight of it, he pulled Elijah up, listening to him groan in pain. Leaping, Elijah walked over to the mirror, and he could barely recognize his face because of the blood staining his skin.

“Dude!!” Bryan’s voice echoed from the doorway, causing Elijah to look away from his reflection and stare at him. “What happened?”

Silently, Elijah dragged his gaze on Jessica, and then he leaped his way to the door, telling Check, “Let’s go.” The hall was full of the voices of the elites chit–chatting and laughing as classical music played in the background.

The Senator was surrounded by his rich friends, having casual discussion, yet his heart was troubled, knowing what was happening upstairs.

Suddenly, the sound of the door busting open brought instant silence to the room as Elijah bashed in, storming in with his men and Bryan by his side.

“Is this how you treat your guests?!... Sending your men to beat the life out of me without investigating what happened?” Elijah said in a deadpan tone, meeting the senator’s shocked eyes.

The guests were horrified at the sight of Elijah’s face, and whispers soon started to break out amongst the crowd.

What he feared the most had suddenly come to pass as more people gathered around in the hall to watch Elijah and him, and the senator sighed deeply, asking, “Which are Jessica, Tony, and my other securities?”

Immediately, his daughter scowled, walked over to his side, and glared at Elijah before asking, “What happened to Jessica?”

Another sigh escaped the Senator's lips as he darted his gaze to the right, staring at a silverfox, wearing a three-piece black suit that was glaring at them with concern in his eyes.

"He forced himself on her," Mr. Butcher replied, his lips curling up slightly as he glanced from Elijah to the silverfox and then back again. "That thing did what to my daughter?!" Mr. Astor spat out angrily, glaring daggers at Elijah.

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### Allegations

The anger Elijah felt suddenly burst out of his throat in a bitter laugh as he ignored the pain it caused him, his rage fuelling his courage, and then his face went cold as he said, "I did no such thing, and maybe if our Senator would have used his brain and not his heart—"

Frowning, Isabella raised her hand, swinging it for his face, but Elijah caught it in midair and tossed her hand away from him carelessly. "How dare you!" Sen. Butcher shouted, moving for Elijah, but Dice, Larry, and Rick stood in his way, Dice mumbling with a deathly stare, "Fuck off."

Raw shock flooded Mrs. Butcher's face, and she turned her attention towards her husband who seemed to be lost in his thoughts as he stared frozen at all the men surrounding Elijah.

Scowling, Elijah met the senator's gaze, saying, "All I wanted was to congratulate you on turning sixty and have a nice night, but you had to join in with those two in offending me—"

"You see yourself as the victim here?!" Isabella lashed out in disbelief, pissed at the sight of Elijah.

"Wow!!!

"I am, and this nonsense is not going to slide by me!"

The boldness of Elijah had the guests in shock, confused that he would even dare to act this audaciously when such an accusation was being carried out against him.

"Has he lost his mind because he knows the penalty of his crime?" A lady whispered in disgust, rolling her eyes upon hearing his confession.

"Honestly, there is something off about this man... The way his life can not stick to one narrative and constantly shifts is just too much... He's a stay-at-home husband, then a cheater, and next, a gold digger... I heard he's in a gang, then he is suddenly a businessman, hanging out with Bryan Checks, and now he's a rapist?" The other lady mulled with disgust, folding her arms across her chest.

As Mr. Astor was about to give Elijah a piece of his mind, he shut up when he saw Elijah take out his phone, strolling through it for a moment and then resting it against his ear.

"Hello, Mr. Bamford," Elijah said the moment the chief constable accepted his call.

"Mr. Darius, the way you are calling this late, is everything alright?" Mr. Bamford asked, "Not at all. I have been assaulted and nearly killed tonight, and I need you." "Location?!"

"It's 23rd Street, Steel Ave, Blackbird mansion..."

"Wait?... That's the congressman's place. Elijali, what have you done?"

"I was the one offended, and I can prove it."

There was a brief pause, and the silence draced on the line for a while, and elijah abruptly sighed, ending the call, and then lie messaged the video to Mr. Bam[ord.

A couple of minutes later, Mr. Bainford called him back and the instant Elijali accepted the call,

he left, "My men and I are on our way." "I will wait on you and your officers then," Elijah said before ending the call. The silence afterward made the party seem more like a funeral service than a celebration of a new age of life.

"You were right... He has gone mad." The other lady whispered back to her friend.

The hall was quiet for a while as everyone watched Elijah like he was some kind of a lunatic and had finally lost his mind. "Where is my daughter?!" Mr. Astor shouted, hesitating to see that Elijah's men were surrounding him. "Tony slammed a door in her face, and she is in the bathroom, bleeding out on the floor." Elijah casually told the old man. "Oh no..." His wife mullered, covering her mouth as the realization hit her hard.

"You bastard!" Mr. Astor yelled out, his chest swelling up with fury. "What did you do?!"

Frowning, Mrs. Astor slapped her husband's arm crying, "Honey, go and get out daughter first and deal with this lunatic later on."

With an angry nod, the old man looked sideways at his two bodyguards and then walked away with them following him.



Taking his attention of the Senator, Dice looked back at Elijah, frowning at the state he was in, and then he sighed, abandoning his post and walking over to Elijah. Stopping by his side, Dice whispered in his ear, "You need to seek medical attention." "Not until the police get here," Elijah stubbornly murmured. "Boss,"

"Let's not, Dice."

A couple of minutes went by with everyone waiting, and the Senator kept his peace as a sense of dilemma plagued him.

It took fifteen minutes more for the sound of the siren to echo into the hall, and finally, it dawned on everyone that Elijah was being serious.

"Why would he call the police himself if he knows that he's guilty?" Mrs. Butcher whispered to her husband.

Fear swept through Mr. Butcher's face as he wondered the same thing himself, and then the realization that Josh was the one who reported the incident to him hit him as he remembered the current relationship between Elijah and the Hayes.

Did that scum use me?' Mr. Butcher thought, feeling uneasy inside as reality slowly settled in the air.

Before he could think any more of it, the sound of the hall door opening got everyone's attention, including his.

Calmly, Mr. Bamford walked into the hall with fifteen of his men, moving to where he saw the Senator, and when he was five feet closer, he halted because of those between the

congressman and him. "Good evening, Mr. Butcher." The chief constable said, curious as to why everyone seemed so tense. "Happy Birthday to

Pausing as Elijah suddenly turned to face him, Mr. Bamford's brain went blank for a whole minute and then he rushed over to him, causing Elijah's men to step aside, giving way to him. "Who messed you up like this?!" Mr. Bamford blurted out in concern. "The congressman gave the order for his men to beat me up," Elijah said in his normal bored tone.

A sense of fear suppressed Mr. Bamford from speaking, knowing the power that the congressman held, and yet, the duty of his badge outweighed his fear and he looked over at the senator, asking boldly "Such a strong allegation is being placed against you Mr. Butcher. What's your position on this issue, Mr. Butcher?" The feeling of other eyes on him made Mr. Butcher feel uncomfortable as he glanced back at the Chief Constable, and then his ego sparked a bit, making him blurt out, "Elijah forced himself on Jessica Astor. Of course, I had to handle the situation as best as I saw fit!"

"Can we have access to your CCTV footage then, Mr. Butcher?" Mr. Bamford asked calmly. A sense of annoyance awoke in the Senator, but he held it together and simply answered, "of course. Let's head upstairs."

"No, sir. Right now, you are a part of the investigation, and I would need you here with Mr. Darius... If you can just ask someone else to take me there, I will appreciate that."

Those words reduced the Senator's ego, and he frowned slightly but didn't argue any further, saying, "Isabella, please take the chief constable to the security room." For a moment, Isabella scowled at Elijah before walking off with Mr. Bamford and five officers while the others stayed back in the hall.

For a while, Isabella led the officers quietly upstairs, but when they got to a door, she frowned at Mr. Bamford and said, "That bastard hurt my friend. I want him behind bars before tomorrow."

A faint snort left Mr. Bamford's lips, making her frown as she mumbled, "What's so funny?" "This is the security room, right?" Mr. Bamford questioned, raising an eyebrow. The fact that he just brushed aside her questions made Isabella

annoyed, but she too ignored his words, pushing the door open. "Tess, please show these officers the security footage from the upstairs hall on the second floor, east wing," Isabella said, walking into the room and sitting down on a chair beside the desk

Quietly, Mr. Bamford walked close to the screen, displaying the footage which showed the hallway, showing Elijah walking into the bathroom alone, and then a couple of minutes later a janitor walked into the bathroom.

"Where is Jessica?" Isabella asked in confusion.

"Elijah went in there alone." Mr. Bamford mumbled, already knowing that the janitor was Jessica from the video that Elijah sent him. "Can you show the janitor's closet from a couple of

moments before Elijah walked into the bathroom?"

It took a moment, but the footage popped out on the screen, and everyone watched Jessica strip out of her dress, wearing the janitor jumpsuit. "She was the janitor... but why would she go through all that to meet Elijah in a bathroom..." Isabella asked, but no one gave her the answer her soul desired to hear. "Show the footage of the hallway after Elijah and Jessica entered the bathroom." Mr. Bamford instructed.

When Tess got it on the screen a while later, they all watched Tony and his men attack Dice, and then Mr. Bamford mumbled, "So, Elijah was not the one that started the fight, he and his men acted in self-defense."

Hearing the chief constable talk about Elijah in a positive light made Isabella worried, and it slowly made sense to her why he didn't agree to lock Elijah up when she asked him to

"Boss, we need to get you to a hospital." Dice whispered to Elijah again.

"Let's wait a bit longer," Elijah mumbled, hugging his bruised side.

Holding back his tongue, Dice faced his (ront, suppressing his worry as he thought, 'How much longer? You looked messed up.

Ten minutes later, the hall door opened, and Mr Bamford walked into the room with the rest of the officers.

"When he reached Elijah and the Senator, his face went numb as he darted his gaze from Mr. Butcher, looking at Elijah and asked, "Mr. Darius how do you want us to handle the situation?"

"I am pressing charges against everyone involved, including the Senator," Elijah said firmly. His words immediately caused an uproar of whispers from shocked guests, but that didn't stop Mr. Bainford from saying, "Yes, Mr. Darius.'

When the chief constable took out his handcuff, that's when the Senator got really upset, standing up abruptly. "It was Josh Hayes who told me Elijah was forcing himself on Jessica Astor in the bathroom! That's why... Don't touch me! I am a senator!" Mr. Butcher yelled, trying to make sense of what liad happened as he fought off the chief constable. "Senator or not, there is enough evidence to make this arrest, and you and your men are being charged with assault and battery. You have the right to remain silent or your words can get used against you in a court of law." Mr. Bamford stated calmly, ignoring all the crying from Mrs. Butcher.

After slapping the cuffs on the Senator's wrists, Mr. Bamford looked at his officers and commanded, "Arrest the others."

Some of the guests immediately started recording, others were whispering and pointing their fingers toward them, and yet most people simply stood there silently, watching. "Can we go to the hospital now?" Dice asked, frowning at Elijah as though he had lost his mind. "You are bleeding and look terrible." Before Elijah could reply, Bryan met Elijah's eyes, scowling as he whispered, "This is not a

good decision to arrest a congressman... The four would not take lightly to this. If you think the Hayes are horrible enemies, you don't want to get on these guys' bad side."

Hearing the worry in Bryan's voice, Elijah moved his lips to speak, but his vision suddenly blacked out and he dropped back, causing Larry to catch him.

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what are you planning now As the lights from the cameras went off and on, Matt, Rayn, Rookie, Dice, Jerome, Larry, Rick, and a couple of Elijah's men kept Peach in the middle of them as they made their way out of the hospital parking lot. "Please get out of the way! We are not taking any questions!" Dice announced firmly as the reporter struggled to get a glance at Peach's face. "Mrs. Darius!! What's your intake on the news that your husband forced himself on Jessica Astor last night, at Senator Butcher's party?!" A news lady screamed from the back.

Eyes blurry with tears, Peach halted, her fists tightened at such words about Elijah, which Dice and the others had already filled her in on what happened last night. "Mrs. Darius, is it true that your husband bribed the police to side with him on this matter, and that's the only reason Mr. Butchen and his men got arrested last night?" Another journalist asked, pushing up to the front of the pack. "Members of Congress, like other citizens, are subject to investigation and prosecution for criminal misconduct and other statutory violations through the criminal justice system, initiated by Federal, State, or local public prosecutors, and conducted through the courts. My client was beaten badly by Mr. Butcher's men, and he has to own up to that." Jeff announced professionally.

Lips trembling as tears stained her face, Peach held back her tongue as her body shut down for a moment, and then she drew in a slow breath before walking off with Dice and the others.

The instant she stepped into the hospital lobby, her phone started ringing and she picked it up, "Mama,"

"Honey, are you with Elijah yet?" Miss Grace asked with urgency.

The tears Peach had been fighting to hold back freely streamed down her cheeks, not knowing how to process it all.

Since it was just this morning Dice and the others went back home to tell her the news that Elijah was admitted to the hospital and then explained to her what had happened at the party. At this point, between what the media was saying and what Rick and the others had told her, everything was still a mess in her head, and the only person that could fix it was Elijah.

"No, mama. We are yet to get to his room." Peach said as she took a deep breath.

There was a brief pause, and then Miss Grace said, "You didn't touch your breakfast and abandoned it to rush to the hospital, so I made James package them, and he and I will bring it over to you –"

"No... please don't come here. The Paparazzi and reporters are all over the place. They are brutal. It's best if James and you remained at the house." Peach begged, trying to keep her voice calm,

"Honey, but your food..." "I will buy something from a cafe." "You didn't eat for days when your father–"

"Mama, please!!"

The rise in her voice shocked her so much, but when Peach moved her lips to apologize, all she could do was sob, and she suddenly squatted, pressing her

forehead against her knees, the taste of her tears settling on her tongue as she cried silently.

“How’s his condition, Dice?” Peach’s memory of this morning haunted her mind.

“He suffered two bruised ribs on both sides and they had to put him in an induced coma, and it will take about three weeks before they fully heal on their own, but the hospital is going to monitor him for the first week before he can come home.” Dice words rang in her ear, causing Peach to whimper, even though she was fighting to not make a sound.

Immediately, Dice and the others built a tight barrier around her, making sure that she was secure from the eyes of those walking by. “Peach,” Miss Grace’s voice trembled with worry, but the concern in her voice was also laced with sadness.

“I am fine, mama. I’m just a bit overwhelmed, but I will be okay.” Peach gained the strength to say, and then she wiped her tears with the back of her hand, sniffing so aggressively that it took her a couple of minutes to calm down. 1:

After a moment of silence on the line, Miss Grace’s soft sigh echoed in Peach’s ear before she heard her say, “I love you, honey.” “Love you too.” Peach whispered before ending the call. Then she suppressed her emotions, stood up, and as she started walking down the hallway again, she felt a bit better from the crying she did.

But when Dice stopped at a door, Peach froze, hearing him say, “They have a couple of machines on Elijah, but it’s nothing serious... umm... the doctor said they are just there to monitor his heartbeat and breathing, and other stuff.”

Silence followed his remark as he waited for Peach to say something, but she just stood there, not blinking “Mama, can I come in!” Her young voice played in her mind.

Then like a horror movie showing in her head, she recalled the hospital door open and Miss Grace stepping out, her eyes watery as she said, "I am so sorry, honey. But you can not go inside."

"Why?" The brokenness that she heard in her young self's voice made Peach's eyes burn with tears again, her lashes frozen open at the memory. "Because... Papa wouldn't be staying in this room anymore."

"Is he coming home?"

"No, honey. Papa can not come home with us."

The nausea feeling that suddenly swept through Peach made her clap her hand over her mouth as she turned away, running past Dice, focusing on the labels on the doors. Immediately, Ryan, Matt, and the others started chasing after her, trying to catch up to her, but Peach didn't stop until she saw the door labeled, "bathroom."

Immediately, she rushed inside, lifted the toilet seat, and gagged aggressively over the bowl for a while since she had not eaten anything. Then she broke down again, this time her cry was loud as she clutched onto her chest, desperately trying to get air into her lungs while holding back more tears that threatened to fall.

"Peach... should we get the doctor?" Matt's voice echoed into the bathroom.

"No, please... I am fine! It's a normal reaction, that is tied to a memory of mine! It's nothing to worry about!" Peach shouted, resting her back on the bathroom stall and closing her eyes. "I will be out in a second."

The silence in her bedroom was broken when the door suddenly busted open and her son rushed in, causing Madam Jewel to jump from her sleep. "What the hell, Dean!! Do you have a death wish?!" Madam Jewel screamed, glaring at her son.



“How can you be sleeping when the entire country is shaking?!” Dean yelled back, throwing his hands in the air. “What are you talking about?” “Senator Butcher went to the police station last night.”

“What?! The congressman?!”

“Yes! Now, guess who put him there?”.

More drawn into the discussion now, Madam Jewel pushed the cover off her, sitting up in bed as she lashed out, “Just tell me already?!” “Elijah,” Dean said with a smirk.

Speechless for a while, Madam Jewel blinked once as she processed this news, and then her brows furrowed as confusion overtook her face and she mumbled, “Elijah did it?! That is unbelievable!! He isn’t capable enough for something like that!”

“Oh, he is capable. They said he bribed Mr. Bamford to make the arrest. The news is that he forced himself on Jessica Astor, and Sen. Butcher ordered his men to restrain him, but he put up a fight, so the Senator’s men beat him up to the point that he was in the hospital.” Dean said, excitement evident in his tone.

“That fool... He has bitten more than he can chew, and the bone is now stuck in his throat. Oh, Elijah... You stupid idiot... Don’t you know the price of being an arrogant bastard?” “They are going to chew him alive on this,”

Suddenly, Madam Jewel’s face fell into deep thought, not listening when Dean said, “The Senator is back home now, but he might be facing impeachment by the House of Senate. So many rumors had been flying around about –”

“Did you say Elijah is in the hospital?” Madam Jewel questioned, cutting Dean off. For a second, Dean paused, wondering why she asked that, but before he could respond she said, “What’s his condition?”

“Well, I don’t know. The reporters have not gotten any news on that.” Dean said, confused as he watched her get out of bed, “His men are overprotective of that.”

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After seeing the time on her phone, Madam Jewel looked back at her son and said, “I should go check on him then.” “What? You want to do what?” Dean blurted. “Visit him. Now, which hospital is he in?” “Well, the Stonewood Hospital... Why??”

With one nod, Madam Jewel ignored his words and quickly left her room, hurrying into her bathroom, and slamming the door hard, startling Dean. “Mother, what are you planning now!!” He shouted a moment later, knowing there was more to her excitement than just mere concern for Elijah.” “Get out of my room, Dean, and shut the door behind you!” Madam Jewel demanded, her voice muffled because of the shower running. Silently, he stood there, staring hard at the bedroom door, and then he mumbled, “Whatever your plans are, you better get him this time and not drag our family into deeper shit than it already is!”

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She’s coming for him “Beep... Beep... Beep...” That sound made Peach grip tighten on the knob after she had pushed the door open and saw Elijah lying in the hospital bed, wearing a blue gown. “They’re going to wake him up, right?” Peach whispered, unable to move from where she stood, swallowing down her fear.

“Yes. Mr. Darius was in so much pain last night, that’s why we had to put him to sleep, but he will awake. It’s just a twenty–four–hour thing. He is just sleeping.”

Dr. Wilson's voice startled her, making Peach jump back a little before she turned around to see the doctor holding a clipboard

A gentle smile graced his lips as he laughed softly, "Sorry for scaring you, by showing up from out of nowhere."

"It's fine." Peach said, almost in a whisper, giving the doctor a weak smile as she slowly brushed her palm against her arm. There was a brief pause as Dr. Wilson stared at her puffy wet eyes, darting left and right. Then he softly sighed, widening his smile to comfort her, and then asked "Do you want to take this conversation inside?" With a silent nod, Peach walked into the room, her eyes fixed on Elijah's face, the bruises on his forehead, along with cuts along his cheekbones, and an IV drip inserted into his arm.

"It's a good thing no serious damage was done to his organs. He will be in pain for a couple of weeks, but that's it. The ribs will heal in three weeks since the injuries are not that severe." Dr. Wilson explained as he moved closer to the bedside.

A sense of relief was something Peach couldn't let herself feel because she had seen two men in her life laid to this exact spot and the result was devastating.

"Your husband is fine with a ninety-eight percent chance of survival. I can assure you." Dr. Wilson added, seeing how pale Peach suddenly became. "I'm sorry about what happened to him. But he'll be alright."

With a shaky smile, Peach nodded, walking over to Elijah's bedside, and then she sat down, taking his hand in hers, squeezing lightly. Silently, Dr. Wilson watched her kiss the back of Elijah's hand, and then he cleared his throat gently and said, "I will take my leave now if you don't have any other questions." Taking Peach's prolonged silence as an answer, Dr. Wilson walked over to Matt, tapped him on the shoulder, and mumbled, "Can I speak to you outside?" .

"Sure," Matt said, looking away from Peach and following Dr. Wilson into the hallway.

Once the door shut close behind them, Mr. Wilson sighed heavily and said, "You got to get her home... I have seen that look in her gaze in a lot of trauma visitors' eyes, and it's clear that this place is seriously affecting her, and she should be away from here before we end up having her as a patient rather than a visitor."

"I see... I will try my best to convince her to leave." Matt replied.

1/5

"Thank you. And I appreciate your help in getting her away from here as soon as possible."

"No problem, doc."

When the door opened again, Peach's heartbeat raised, and she immediately looked over at Matt, asking, "What did he say... Was it about Elijah?"

"He said you need to go home, or else you are going to fall ill, and Elijah will wake up tomorrow with the news of you being admitted here too, so we have to take you home." Matt straightforwardly responded.

A hesitant look settled in Peach's eyes as she stared at her husband, and despite her not wanting to leave him, she knew that the doctor was right, and the last thing she wanted when Elijah woke up was for him to hear that she was sick, so she took a deep breath.

"Alright." Peach finally managed to choke out. Scarf wrapped around her head and dark shade hiding her eyes, Madam Jewel stood at the hospital front desk, feeling relieved that she was able to make it past the journalist and all the cameras with no one recognizing her.

"Excuse me," She whispered to the lady behind the desk, tapping her finger gently on the solid wood to get her attention. Looking irritated, the lady looked towards her with a sour look on her face, mumbling half heartedly, "Yeah, ma'am? Do you

have a medical emergency?" "Which room is Elijah Darius in?" Madam Jewel raised her voice above a whisper, but still, maintained a low range.

"Why? Are you an immediate family?"

"Umm..."

"If you are not, I can't allow you inside." Walking into the lobby, Peach's mind was running wild with so much that she just stared straight ahead, wanting nothing more than all of this to be a terrible nightmare that she was still stuck in.

"Katherine, stop running!" A lady desperately calls to a little girl who immediately stopped in front of Ryan.

The noise drew Madam Jewel's attention, and she looked back, and the moment she recognized Elijah's men, she faced her front, lowered her scarf over her face, and then bent her head.

"Madam! Are you his immediate family or not?" The receptionist at the hospital desk shouted out of annoyance, drawing a bit of attention to Madam Jewel and her.

But Peach was too drained to care about hospital drama, so she kept her attention ahead and continued walking, leaving the hospital with her men.

"Five hundred thousand dollars," Madam Jewel finally said. "... to give me every detail about Elijah Darius' stay at the hospital.... Firstly, what state is he in?"

A hesitant look settled on the woman's face before she replied, "What do you want with his information?"

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"Do you want the money or not?"

“Well... currently, the doctor has him in a deep sleep until tomorrow before he will wake up.” Relieved to know that the nurse was willing to cooperate, Madam Jewel smiled, asking, “And the rest of the information?”

Drumming his fingers on the car wheel, Oliver was happy listening to music until he spotted Madam Jewel hurrying to the car and immediately turned off the radio, hardening his face.

After opening the passenger door, Madam Jewel threw her purse onto the seat and got in, slamming the door closed and locking it. Then she took out her phone, and started dialing a number as she grumbled angrily, “Where are you, Cora?”

“Mother?” Cora’s voice came over the phone, sounding very tired. “I am at work?” Eyeing her driver in the V-mirror, Madam Jewel hesitated for a while and then said, “How do you feel about dressing up as a nurse?”

“What?!” Cora exclaimed. “Why would I want to dress up as a nurse?” Rolling her eyes at her daughter’s naiveté, Madam Jewel said, “Come over to the house and let me fill you in on why.”

The sound of the door opening made Miss Grace rush from the living room, hurrying into the hall to see her daughter dragging her feet through the front doorway.

“Peach, honey,” Miss Grace cried, noticing how miserable and weak her daughter seemed. Just then James joined them in the hall, and seeing Peach, he immediately whispered, “She looked faint, Grace.”

“I know.” Miss Grace mumbled, taking Peach’s hand in hers. “Have you eaten anything?” “I am not hungry,” Peach murmured. But then she stopped, remembering Matt’s direct words, and then said, “James, can you please make me a soup with white rice?”

The joy that awoken in Miss Grace's heart, hearing those words was pure, and she hesitantly said, not wanting Peach to be alone in a room that smells like Elijah, "Let's sit in the kitchen while he makes it,"

A moment later, the mother and daughter were seated at the counter while James made the food, and Peach slowly rested her head on the cold tiles, closing her eyes as the tears flowed down her cheeks,

"Oh, baby... it's okay..." Miss Grace cooed as she rubbed her daughter's back and ran her fingers through her hair soothingly. "Elijah will be alright," "That's what the doctor said, but..." Peach trailed off. Then she abruptly jerked her head back, sitting up straight like she had fit all the pieces of the puzzle together, blurting out, "I remember you and father got a healthy survival rate for grandfather, and the next thing we knew, he was dead... It was the same for father, you were assured that he would survive, but we know what happened."

She's coming for him

"What are you saying now, Peach?" Miss Grace asked softly, worried as well. Quickly wiping away her tears, Peach's gaze darted from off James who was staring at her in concern to her mother, mumbling, "My husband is not safe in that room, even with all those men watching him!"

Seeing how stressed her daughter had gotten, Miss Grace said softly, to calm her down, "Peach

"I am not insane, mama. She's coming for him." Peach said numbly, her eyes going cold at the thought. "She's going to kill him too!"

Frowning at her mother, Cora stood in Madam Jewel's room, waiting for her to explain herself, and then she stared down at the nurse uniform on the bed, the syringe, and a couple of syrups in a bottle.

"I am too old for a Halloween dress-up, mother," Cora stated firmly, crossing her arms. "Why would you have me wear that?!"

"It's not a costume, but a disguise." Madam Jewel said. "Now, why would I need a disguise?!" "Because...! I need you to sneak into the hospital tonight, and put this needle inside Elijah's veins, pushing in every syrup into his body until the syringe is empty," Silence immediately followed her words, and Cora just stared at her mother as if to say 'are you serious right now?'

"He knows Cora... Doctor Williams has gone off the radar like some ghost since Elijah visited New City..." Madam Jewel said as the soul in her eyes slowly faded until there was just raw darkness, almost void. "My biggest guess is that Elijah is behind the doctor's disappearance." "You think Dr. Williams talked?" Cora asked, her eyes taking the same form as her mother, nothing but pure black.

"Elijah visited the doctor, and I don't know what they talked about because Texan was not in the room with them, but the same day that Elijah left New City, the doctor and his entire family suddenly vanished like thin air. Do the math, Cora. He knows that Peach is the only blood-related relative to my late husband."

"Why is he not saying anything then?" "Dr. Williams was a coward. I scared him into getting rid of all evidence. Only Meeks and I have the documents to prove a thing. Meeks is dead. So, even if Elijah accused me, it would be baseless words with no evidence. If he does accuse me his accusation against me will be nullified."

"But that is not a guarantee that he will not talk and get our family in serious trouble."

"No, it's not."

The mother and daughter went silent again. They stared each other down until Cora broke their stare first and took a deep breath, speaking again, "He has to die." "Great minds think alike... I am grateful to have children who understand me." Madam Jewel replied with a smile,



“What are these syrups going to do to him?” “Increase Elijah’s blood pressure that will result in him getting a high fever, heart failure, and then his brain will die.”

There was a brief pause, then Cora sighed, mumbling, “Fine. I will wear the costume and do

it.”

“The receptionist said that Elijah’s room will be free by 1 am. Get in, do your thing, and get out quickly because he can wake up at any time tomorrow... I could do it, but I am too old for this.”

## The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 150

Read The Marvelous Elijah’s Return by Rever Chapter 150 Elijah Maxwell

The hospital was so quiet at midnight as Cora walked down the hallway, and the closer she got to Elijah’s room, she could hear her heart pounding loudly in her ears, seeing all the men standing in line, guarding the room.

‘Mother didn’t tell me that this place was going to be swamped with his bodyguards... I feel like I am about to assassinate a president or something.’ Cora mumbled in her head, adjusting the mask on her face to make sure no one recognized her. When she got to the door, she hesitated, wondering if any of them were going to stop her. But when no one said a word, she pushed the door open, walking calmly into the room, suppressing the nervous feeling in the pit of her stomach.

After she shut the door behind her, she turned to see Elijah lying on his back, his face away from her, directed at the right wall, and the pillows that his head wasn't resting on, blocking his face from her view.

Knowing time was not on her side, she walked over to the bedside, focusing only on his hand with the intent to get it done quickly so she could be out before the side effect of the drugs kicked into his body once she injected him. 'What's a waste of money, hiring all these fools just to die in such a simple way.' Cora laughed in her head, resting a kit down, and taking an injection out of it. 'Damn... Why is it so quiet?' Quickly, she rubbed cotton on his hand, picking a random vein on the back of his hand, and slowly, she inserted the needle into his skin. But before she could sink it deep, her heart jumped in her chest when he suddenly woke up, grabbing her hand. Immediately, she went into the state of "flight or fight," and she fought, trying to push it into his vein hastily, but he was faster in yanking it out of his skin.

Desperate to finish what she had started, Cora rushed for another injection from the kit, blocking out his voice and not paying attention to his face but his torso.

Not wanting to give up, she jumped him, rushed into the bed, and she and he got into a struggle over the new syringe, wrestling on the sheets until he managed to grab her wrist and flip her over his legs, straddling her waist, and before she could stab his neck with the needle, using her free hand, he held her other wrist, twisting it toward her and puncturing the syringe into her neck, breathing heavily as she stared down wide-eyed at him.

"You are not Elijah," Cora whispered, finally meeting his eyes as he let go of her hand. "Who are you? What have you done?" Even though Elijah and the guys over her had a lot of similarities, when he got off her and Cora took a hard look at him, she could see that he was definitely not Elijah.

Slowly, she yanked the syringe out of her neck, seeing that it was empty, and she immediately scrambled off the bed, moving back slowly, "No, no, no... What did you do?"

The guy took out a walkie-talkie and spoke into it, saying, "Chief, we have one suspect. A female... I haven't seen her face yet because she's wearing a mask. But she tried to stab me with a syringe."

"Okay... We are moving in." Mr. Bamford's voice came over the talkie. "I'm heading in now." It took only a minute for the door to bash open, and Mr. Bamford rushed in with a couple of officers with him, and Cora saw his gun pointed at her head as he screamed, "Freeze!"

"Chief Bamford." Cora tried to say, but it felt as if every muscle in her body had stiffened.

"Don't try to run. The hallway is crowded with policemen, so I will advise you to take off the mask and tell me exactly who you are and what you are doing here because the last time I checked with Dr. Wilson, Mr. Darius should not be getting any IVs or injections at this hour." Mr. Bamford spoke coldly, and Cora felt herself shrink under his intimidating gaze.

Darting her eyes around nervously, she knew from the number of men she saw in the hallway, making a run for it was a useless move and would not help her case. "Oh my, how clumsy of me! This isn't room 7? I have a patient in that room that's in desperate need of this shot and I have to give it now. Can't be wasting valuable time here when a man's life might be at stake because of my clumsiness," Cora lied through her teeth, taking a step for the bed to get the rest of the two syringes in the kit.

"Do not take another step and remove the mask now." Mr. Bamford commanded in his same cold tone.

Eyeing his hand that was slowly reaching toward the gun trigger, Cora took a shaky breath, before raising her hands and pulling the mask down, then she said, her voice soft, "I can explain."

“The last time I checked Cora Hayes, you are not a nurse, but a CEO, so why are you here giving an injection to Mr. Darius?” Mr. Bamford asked. ‘Mother, you idiot! What have you done to me?’ Cora scolded herself internally, trying to figure out what to do next. Looking over to the fellow standing in the right corner, Mr. Bamford said, “Roldan, get doctor Wilson down here. I need him to test what’s in these syringes.”

Then he gave Cora a cold stare, saying, “Raise your hands where I can see it. Since you are being investigated for suspicious activity, we are going to detain you until we can figure out what you wanted to accomplish with these injections.”

“Chief, come on, since no one got hurt, can’t we let this slide for the right price? You can and your men can go home pocket full and I can sleep soundly in my bed tonight and not some filthy cell.” Cora cockily said, knowing that she needed medical attention, but afraid to let the police find out what was in these syringes. “I have my phone on me, so I can wire whatever your price is.”

Shaking his head like he pitied her idiocy, Mr. Bamford sighed and slowly took out his handcuff, saying, “Well, you just got caught on camera bribing a policeman, so...” Immediately looking around, Cora felt the effect of the drug kicking in, and after searching for a while, her eyes rested on a tiny red light going off and on. ‘Mother, I swear, if you don’t make Elijah and Peach pay for the headache they are causing this family, I don’t think I’m going to forgive you.’ Cora gritted her teeth as Mr. Bamford walked over to her.

Suddenly, her heart started beating really wild, and she knew what was happening, even

though she was trying to play off the symptoms, her body betrayed her and her breathing became shallow as she fought against his hold, struggling to breathe while he tried to handcuff her and then she suddenly dropped hard to the cold floor.

“GET A DOCTOR NOW!” Mr. Bamford screamed at his subordinate.

As the breeze gently blew the curtains, Peach stood at the window, watching the moon with her phone clutched in her grip. A soft breath escaped her lips before her ringtone interrupted the peace in the room, and she immediately answered, “Chief Bamford,”

“Sorry for doubting you... You do know your family. Cora was caught attempting to murder the doppelganger we put in the hospital bed in place of Elijah.” Mr. Bamford’s voice echoed in the speaker.

As her emotions awakened, Peach closed her eyes, trying to calm herself, her hands fisting tightly against her nightgown as she thought about how she would have been grieving her husband by now if she had overlooked how dark the evil surrounding her was.

“The syringe was full with a high dose of Amphetamines. Which is illegal... A High dose like that can cause irregular heartbeat, loss of coordination, and collapse, and if injected, it can create a sudden increase in blood pressure that can result in very high fever, or heart failure and death. Which is what Cora wanted to happen to Elijah. She had four of them to inject him with.” Mr. Bamford explained further, and Peach held her breath.

“They were really going to kill him,” She finally whispered, closing her eyes as she let the tears escape from her eyelids, and fall onto her cheeks. “Cora got into a fight with the doppelganger and he stabbed her with one of them in the neck. Right now, she is in critical condition, and seeking treatment.”

“I see,”

“If you still want to file the attempted murder charges against her, you can come over later today to get the paperwork done. With the evidence we have, there’s a solid case to make.”

“I will be there.”

A soft groan made Peach turn around to stare at the bed, watching her husband slowly rub his eyes, and then she whispered, "I got to go. Elijah is finally awake." "Okay. Tell him to reach me once he's well enough for deep conversation." Mr. Bamford said before the call ended. "Babe?!" Elijah whispered, the pain from his bruised ribs still hurting like hell.

Rushing from the window, Peach hurried towards his bedside and sat down, mumbling, "Don't sit up. We had to move you home because your life was in danger, and I felt like you were safe nowhere else, but here." Stopping himself from lifting his body, Elijah frowned at the thought that his life was in danger and then asked, "What happened within the twenty-four hours that I was out for?" There was a brief silence, the only sound in the room being their steady breathing, and Peach lowered her head to avoid his gaze, before quietly mumbling, "The media is scared to go against the Senator and the Astor, so they are dragging your name in the mud. Umm... Cora tried to kill you by injecting you with four syringes of Amphetamines, but thankfully Mr.

Elgah Maxwell

Bamford and his men were the ones in the hospital and not you." "Wait, what?! Babe, rewind." Elijah gasped, pushing himself upwards slightly to look at her in surprise, hissing in pain. "I was restless leaving you in the hospital alone for a night, even if your bodyguard were there because of how my dad and grandfather died. So, I cried on Mr. Bamford to watch your room while you were unconscious. But he suggested that we still had to move you for your safety since we didn't know what to expect because I was just going with my gut feeling." "So your gut feeling was right. The Hayes strike." "Yes. Who knew they were going to attempt tonight." "You did, Babe."

"But what if I didn't... What if..."

Looking away from Elijah, Peach suppressed her tears, her fingers trembling violently as she looked back at him, "If I hadn't, you might have died, and I don't ever want to lose you... never. You're my whole world, Elijah Darius, and I am afraid of living without you. It is so scary to think about it."

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Eyes widening, Elijah's breath hitched as he stared at her, his chest constricting painfully at her words. Then he reached out and tenderly caressed her cheek, his finger lightly grazing her lips, and then he said, "Elijah Maxwell... Peach, my full name is Elijah Maxwell, not Darius."

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