

# The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever

## Chapter 161

Read The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 161 – Bloodshed and Crime  
“Elijah Maxwell is back in the country. The thirty-one years old, Third –generation billionaire was cornered by the paparazzi this morning at nine o'clock at Syldavia national airport with his bodyguards...” The news lady said, and Madam Jewel scowled at the television.

Then she threw a glare at Eli, who was sitting a couple of distance from her in the next chair as they listened, “The heir of the Maxwell family refused to answer questions about his wife, the young granddaughter of Mr. Hayes, but he did say that his reasons for returning to the country are to attend to business-related matters...”

“Your father is useless!” Madam Jewel hissed under her breath, which made Eli eyed her, “How hard is it to kill two people... Just two! Each

day I wake up, knowing that Peach and Elijah are still breathing the same air as me after everything they have done to our family... it is infuriating!”

When Eli didn't say anything, that only made her even more enraged and she lashed out, “Elijah is back in the country now... Call your father and tell him that I want him dead today... Do you hear me?!”

“Mom,” Eli mumbled in annoyance.

“Do it now!”

“Fine!”

Sighing out his frustration, Eli picked up his phone, listening to the reporter say, "Mr. Bamford with his officers are also here to aid in escorting the Maxwells' heir out of the airport."

"Father," Eli said into his phone, trying to sound calm while ignoring his mother's strong glare.

"Eli, what is it?" Thornton's voice came over the phone.

"Elijah is back in the country, and I want him to die today!" Madam Jewel exclaimed furiously.

There was silence on the other end of the line before Thornton finally spoke, "Eli, tell your mother to turn on the tv and see how over protected her so-called grandson-in-law is."

Already hearing it because Eli had put the phone on loudspeaker, Madam Jewel lashed out, "I sacrifice both of my sons to your dirty business just so you can kill these two, so if you are not willing to access us with something this simple in return, then—"

"Chill, Jewel. Mathew, Eli, and I got a transaction to carry out tonight, and once we accomplished it and got the cash, I, myself, will put a bullet in Elijah's brain because it seems like my men are useless ass, and I can't trust them to get the job done." Thornton assured, sounding annoyed.

Frowning, Madam Jewel snorted loudly, making Eli roll his eyes, and then she snapped, "Just get it done before he goes back into hiding again!"

The mansion felt empty as Elijah walked through the front door, stepping into the hallway with a frown on his face, and even though he knew it was for the best that he left Peach under his father's protection, missing her was something he couldn't ignore.

The silence in the house died down the moment he stepped into the living room and saw Matt, Ryan, Rookie, and Scorpio, sitting there, staring back at him.

“Boss!!” All four men yelled shortly in excitement, jumping off their seats and running toward him with smiles on their faces.

The noise echoed for a while as they took turns greeting him with a handshake, and then it died down when James entered the living room, seeing Elijah, and said, “You are back... Grace told me what happened at the party... Is Peach okay?”

Immediately, all the men wore concerned expressions as they waited for Elijah to answer, looking at him, and then Elijah replied, “She’s okay. But I want last night to be the last time Jewel has the chance to try and hurt anyone of us... It’s their turn to feel what it means to be hunted.”

Those words made silence settle in the atmosphere for a while before everyone nodded their heads.

“Scorpio, do you know Thornton?” Elijah asked after some seconds.

“The Drug Lord, Thonton...?” Scorpio replied with an unsure tone.

“Exactly... Yes, that’s him.”

“I do. The dude is the filthiest in the underground world. He doesn’t have a single moral bone in his body, no empathy. He feeds his men crumbs off his plate and uses fear to intimidate the shit out of them to keep them in check and keep them all under his thumb... He basically makes slaves of them.”

“Single out one of his underdogs that you think is willing to leave the gang and settle for something better.” Elijah said.

“DeeDee,”

“Who?”

“He’s one of Thornton’s newest recruits. Word on the block is that the kid is only nineteen. He dropped out of college to take care of his grandmother and joined Thornton’s gang to pay for her medication, and because of his clean appearance, no tat or piercing, Thornton promoted him to be his eyes.”

After hesitating for a moment, Elijah met Scorpio eye and said, “That means, Deebee knows all about Thornton’s next moves?”

“Yes. He’s the one that surveyed the locations before Thornton arrival,” Scorpio explained.

Silence took over the room for a moment and then Elijah asked, “Where is this kid?”

The afternoon sun was shining bright as it beamed through the windows of the pharmacy, casting shadows over everything around it.

The door opened and the bell above it jingled as a tall boy stepped in,

dressed in white shirt tucked neatly into dark jeans, and with a smile. “Good afternoon, DeeDee,” The pharmacist called out happily as the young man approached the counter. “Hello, Mr. Thompson,” DeeDee greeted.

“You said that you have new drugs that could help my grandmother’s illness?”

“Well, it’s not a drug, but a, ‘he,” “What’s going on? What are you saying? Who...?” Nervously turning around to where his ears detected the sound of footsteps, DeeDee frowned at the sight of Elijah and Scorpio, and he looked back at the Oldman with a look of betrayal in his eyes, “What did you do?”

“He said that he can send Mariana out of the country for treatment, and he just wanted to help you... He’s a Maxwell, so I believe his words because he has the money to do so,” Mr. Thompson said apologetically.

And he's also the man that Thompson is trying to kill. If Thompson knows that I am seeing him, he will kill my grand-mama and me.' DeeDee mumbled in his head.

Staring at the nervous look on the young man's face, Elijah took a step toward him, but he moved back, looking even more nervous as he muttered, "You shouldn't be here. You need to leave through the back down."

"I know about your grandmother's illness and the things you got involved in to help save her life... I can help you, DeeDee if you are willing to trust me."

"You don't know the kind of man Thornton is.... He will put a bullet in my grandmother's chest with a cold smile on his face if he ever suspects that I double-crossed him." DeeDee cried, his body starting to tremble, as he remembered how many times he had watched Thornton take a life without remorse.

Slowly, Elijah reached into his pocket, and took out a plane ticket, saying softly, "Look at me kid. This is my offer. Free private education at any university in the world... I will get your grandmother airlifted to the best hospital to seek treatment, and when she's well, she will join you, and you guys' housing and expenses will be on me until you can stand on your own two feet."

Swallowing down the lump in his throat, DeeDee eyed Mr. Thomson and then looked back at Elijah when he asked, "What do you say? A life of a bright future, or one of bloodshed and crime?"

"That's a good deal, son. It doesn't get better than this for you and Marianne, DeeDee... You are a smart kid, don't ruin your life before you even start to enjoy it." Mr. Thompson insisted.

"I can't..." DeeDee mumbled, glancing back at the pharmacy door with a slight look of fear in his eyes.

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I am you mother!!!!

Darting his gaze away from the door, DeeDee looked back at Elijah and then said, "I can't leave the country now. Thornton is a smart man... If he senses that anything is out of place for a transaction, he will back off from it and go into hiding..." The fear in DeeDee's eyes subsided as he continued, "If you want to catch Thornton in the act and lock him up for good, tonight is the night. He has a container of teen girls leaving in the morning hours by sea to be sold to a Brothel in Memphis, and it's too dangerous to wait for another day... Tonight, his guard will be down because everything is set for the transaction." "So, are you agreeing to my offer?" Elijah asked. "Yes!! These past months, I can barely look into my grandmama's eyes out of shame, knowing that I work for the devil. When I close my eyes, I am disgusted with the nightmare I have. Thornton said

if he aces this transaction, he will reward me with a weapon... I don't want a gun, I want to further my education."

"Okay then, what's the plan? It seems like you know Thornton best."

There was a long pause as DeeDee thought, and then he finally answered, "The transaction starts at eleven... We leave at ten. You will have Thornton's location at nine. You have a connection, so I will leave it up to you to figure out who to send. Just know that

Thornton is not only a drug Lord but a gun Lord. Have someone ready to move my grand-mama the exact time you plan to strike Thornton because..."

Looking back at the door, DeeDee swallowed hard. Then he said, "...Because Thornton doesn't trust newcomers, and he always has eyes on us. That's why you need to wait a couple of minutes after I

leave the pharmacy before leaving through the back door. A single mistake with this and Thornton will run down hell on all of us... and it will be a bloodbath." At five-fifteen, Elijah was seated in the back of his armored BMW X7 SUV, and knowing that his presence back in the country would have eyes on him, he pulled out his phone and dialed Mr. Bamford's number.

"Can you get me in touch with the director of the FBI, like right now?" Elijah asked urgently. "You want to speak with Christopher?" Mr. Bamford questioned.

"Yes... On the phone." "Concerning."

"Something,"

The line went cold for a while, and then Mr. Bamford faintly chuckled before he said, "He will call you soon." "Thanks," Elijah uttered, staring at Dice, eyeing him in the rearview mirror.

"Are you not going to tell me what this is about—"

"Goodbye, Chief Constable."

After his boss had ended the call, Dice met his gaze in the mirror and said, "You are not allowing the police to handle this?"

"If Thornton is as dangerous as they claimed, I don't want Bamford anywhere near there..." Elijah answered before putting away his phone.

"You are worried about him,"

"He has grown on me, but there are jobs for the police, and arresting a drug lord is not one of them because it's going to be messy if they do... So the FBI should handle this."

As if on cue, Elijah's phone rang again, and he saw that it was an unknown number.

Slipping a finger onto the screen and pressing the answer icon, the voice on the other end of the line spoke, "Hello, Mr. Maxwell, this is Incumbent Christopher Hitchens, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I was told by Constable Frederick Bamford that you wanted to speak to me, sir!"

"Do you know Thornton?" Elijah asked bluntly. "Leader of the Dark Disciples gang... The Drug Lord and one of the largest dealers in the city. If that's who you were referring to, then yes, I know him. He had been on our most-wanted list for years."

"That's good then. I have a tip on him. There is a transaction going on tonight... a container of young girls is going to be traded tonight, and Thornton is the one behind the transaction."

The line went silent for a brief second before Christopher replied, "That is very interesting... May I ask how you got such a tip, Sir? We have been trying to get someone to Snitch on Thornton for years now..."

"My source remains a secret. Have your squad ready before nine because the information of his locations will come in by then, and have your man ready to advance at eleven-ten."

After a brief pause, Christopher replied, "Understood, Sir... I will alert my man and have them ready."

After the call ended, Elijah dialed Scorpio up, commanding the moment he answered the phone, "Get a few of our guys along with you to disguise themselves and watch over DeeDee's grandmother's house... The moment Thornton gets captured I need you to get her out of there immediately."

"Yes, boss!" Scorpio responded.



Eight–forty, the sound of the water running echoed in the bathroom as Elijah stood under the shower, drenching the soap off him, and then a moment later, he entered the bedroom with a towel around his waist, picked up his phone off the nightstand and video called Peach.

Within one ring, she answered, her face popping up on the screen, and a smile appeared on her lips instantly, “I miss you.”

“I missed you two.” Elijah whispered, walking toward the bed, sitting down at the edge of the mattress. “Tell me about your day?”

Their call went on for a few minutes and then a message popped up on Elijah’s screen, “Denmark port, 25 km to the north of Nashville. We are on our way. The buyers are already waiting at the port.”

“Babe, let me call you back.” Elijah hastily said, ending the call when he heard Peach say, “Okay.”

Afterward, he called Incumbent Christopher, and the moment he answered, Elijah said, “Thornton is on the move. I am about to send you his coordinates, so be prepared to move.”

“Roger,” Christopher replied.

The moment Elijah ended the call, he texted the location, and then the waiting game was on.

Feeling too tense to call Peach back, Elijah got dressed and then dropped back on his bed, staring at the ceiling, his mind running wide with thoughts until sleep overpowered him...

Twelve on the dot, the echo of his ringtone made Elijah jerk awake, sitting up and reaching out for his phone, and when he got it, he found Mr. Bamford’s name flashing up on the screen and then answered, “So it was Thornton’s location all along...”

“Did they apprehended him?” Elijah asked, sitting upright in the bed.

“There was an exchange of fire between the FBI and his gang... Thornton is dead. A few of his men are wounded, and Mathew along with his brother, Eli, has been caught, and they are being detained in a cell with the other criminals... They are the reason you went after Thornton, right?”

Silently, Elijah scrolled through his phone, and then he said to the chief constable, “Let me call you back.”

After hanging up, he quickly made a call, listening eagerly, and then he heard the sound of a breath on the other side of the call and immediately blurted out, “DeeDee?! I heard some of Thornton’s men got wounded,” “Yes, Mr. Maxwell... But I am fine. I ran off the moment the FBI attacked...” Dee Dee answered, sounding a bit out of breath.

An incoming call interfered with Elijah’s conversation with DeeDee, and he immediately accepted Scorpio’s call, listening as he said, “We have DeeDee’s grandma.”

Letting out a deep sigh of relief, Elijah buried his face in his palm, and then he responded to Scorpio. “Thanks.”

1:00 Am, Elijah sat in front of the TV, lost of sleep as he watched the news about Eli and Mathew’s arrest, and then he decided that he was going to make one last call to teach the Jewel and her kids a lesson.

Darting his eyes away from the TV, he stared at his phone screen, and then scrolled through his contact, dialing a number, and when his call got answered, he commanded calmly, “Thomas, release the video of Melina.”

A scream echoed from madam Jewel’s room, sounding through the house, followed by the sound of breaking glass as the broken

shards of vase hit the wooden floor.

The sound made Matha's stomach twist, hearing another excruciating scream from her mother-in-law, "No! No, no, no!"

Suddenly, her eyes widened as Dean rushed past her, and she grabbed his hand, making him stop, and lashed out at her, "Let

go!"

"Honey... She's already hurting. Let's not add salt to the wound." Martha intervened.

But her husband yanked his arm free from her grasp and hurried out the stairs, bashing into his mother's room.

Panting, they both glared at each other, anger written all over their faces, and then Dean lashed out, "Are you happy now?! Huh!!!"

"No!!!" Madam Jewel sobbed, covering her head with both hands before hugging herself tightly as she rocked back and forth from where she stood. "This is all that bastard's fault!"

"Take credit for your mess for once, mother!!" Dean growled, clenching his fist. "You are the one who started this whole shitstorm!"

"You shut your mouth!"

"NO! This isn't just about you, Mother! You never thought of anyone else's feelings except yours!"

"I killed my husband to give you all this life of luxury, and your daughter!!! Your child, screw us up!!"

"When is it going to be your turn to take the blame?"

Scratching her hair aggressively as tears ran down her face, Madam Jewel paced back and forth, mumbling, "No, it's not my fault."

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Then she suddenly stopped, grabbed a small antique vase off the table, and threw it hard in Dean's direction, smashing it against the wall, and causing a piece of the glass to tear his skin. "It's Peach's fault! It's Elijah's fault!! Not mine!! They... They are the reason... it's all their fault.. Everything!"

Suddenly, she collapsed onto the carpet, weeping hysterically while Dean watched her, stunned and speechless, unsure of what was happening to his mother.

"We have to finish them, Dean... we have to... that's the only way this family can rise to power and back to glory..." Madam Jewel cried, looking up at her son with mad eyes. "Please, Dean... Please."

"You are sick!" Dean mumbled.

Turning his back to her, but then he hesitated when he heard her cry, "If Elijah and Peach don't die, I will end my life... Do you hear me! It's your choice! Which one is it going to be, son, your mother's life or those two scumbags?!"

Not saying a word, Dean sighed and walked out the door, shutting it close behind him as he listened to her scream, "Dean!! Dean.... Come back here, Dean!! You need to choose your side now!! I am your mother!!!!",

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MOTHER!!

The moment Melina stepped out of her car, a swamp of reporters came for her with their camera crews

There were at least twenty different journalists with microphones and cameras all clamoring to talk to her. She tried to keep them away from her by holding up her hands in a placating gesture, but her efforts went unappreciated as she was surrounded immediately on all sides.

"Melina! Have you watched your Ex-husband's interview with Thomas Jefferson from the Point Media about your infidelities within the years of your marriage?" A journalist asked.

Then another reporter soon cut in, pushing his mic into Melina's face, saying "Is it true you manipulated the media and used your influence to shift the blame on him when in fact you were the one who cheated and abandoned him?"

"I never cheated and never abandoned my husband... I mean ex-husband!" Melina shouted, struggling to push past the reporters. But they weren't budging. They just kept coming forward and shouting questions like, "What do you say to the video of you kissing Derrick Manson, your father's best friend, Mr. Mason's oldest son, and making up with him at the birthday party he allegedly threw for you why you are still married to Mr. Maxwell."

"At that time, Elijah and I were already talking about getting a divorce... We bickered constantly and had fights. He was so infuriating sometimes that I didn't even know if I was going to make it out of the relationship alive... You all knew him to be my no-good stay-at home husband then. But you didn't know the monster that I was living with behind closed

doors!" Melina screamed, tears streaming down her cheeks and dripping off of her chin."I had to find love somewhere else... because at home... at home, it was a horror show that not even my family knew about!"

A look of confusion settled on the news reporters' faces, and even though all of them were thinking about the question, none of them dare to utter those words until after a couple of minutes of silently, someone mumbled, "Fuck it,"

"Melina, are you claiming that Elijah Maxwell was an abusive husband and that's why you cheated on him with Derrick Manson?" He continued as he focused his camera on her teary eyes. "You have no idea... the horror... the horror I was living through!" Melina choked out. "He once threw a wine bottle at me, and I swear that night, I thought he was going to kill me!"

"So did you divorce him because he was a no-good loser at that time, or because he cheated on you with your cousin, his current wife, or because he was an abusive husband and therefore you needed another man's touch to make you feel safe from your allegedly abusive husband? Which one is it?"

Nervously, Melina darted her eyes, realizing that the reporters weren't eating what she was feeding them, and then she tried again, ". "The last time you attacked Peach Maxwell for this so-called abusive man, and claimed that she stole him from you...and how much you love him! At that time, the way you acted, he didn't seem to be this monster that you are suddenly describing... So which story are you

trying to sell here?" Another female reporter asked, The other reporters started nodding, and one by one Melina could see that there wasn't any point in lying anymore, and she just shouted, "You all are victim-blaming!"

Then she rushed back into her car, started the engine, and drove off, almost hitting two reporters, who jumped out of the way immediately.

"The companies are falling apart. The employees are resigning like crazy, and our investors and partners are pulling out of the businesses... Our family names have

become like a plague that other companies and individuals don't want to deal with because their stocks are at risk because of scandals like these!" Tommy lashed out, looking away from the television.

Staring at her two brothers, Amelia sighed, and then her gaze lowered as she mumbled, "I can not believe Elmer, Mathew, Cora, and Eli are all caught up in this shitty web that Elijah has set up against our family."

"You are seriously your mother-daughter!" Dean growled, pacing around as he rubbed his forehead.

"All Mother has ever been doing is cleaning up the mess your daughter dragged us into over a couple of million bucks bet! It's not our mother's fault that that scuinbag had power and money working on behalf of him?!... Honestly, I can't believe you think Mother is to be blamed

for this, and you are taking his side."

"I am on no one's side here! Did you see the shit that he just did to my daughter?! He had ruined her character and made her a public enemy. If there's anyone I want to mess up pretty badly is him. But if my children are getting condemned for the shithole we are stuck in, then our mother gets all of the blame! That's the only way this is gonna end well for the three of us!

Silence settled in the room as the remaining three children of Madam Jewel, who still had the taste of freedom on their tongues wallowed in their thoughts.

"I say, 'We sell the companies and the properties, move to another country, and forget about this whole ordeal. I mean...we are not going to be able to come up with a good enough strategy to fight Elijah..." Tommy spoke up slowly. "That filth-bag is filthy rich. We are only going to end up like the other four."

"The companies aren't worth much now anyway." Amelia pointed out. "We have gone bankrupt due to Elijah's bullshit... The only way to fix this is to fix our image and ruin his." "You sound like your mother, Amelia." "What? And you think selling the companies and properties is the solution to this whole debacle... Huh, Dean?!"

The sudden sound of Madam Jewel's voice made the three of them turn to see her timeworn face with puffy bags under her eyes, red nose, and hair disarray, "You guys are going to do what?!"

"Mother, it's not like that." Amelia quickly said, standing from her chair.

"Ohhh, it's definitely like that! Tommy's plan is genius! We sell the companies... After all, it's not legally ours anyways. We split the money, and everyone goes their separate ways, and does whatever the hell they want." Dean said, glaring at their mother.

Scowling at Tommy, Madam Jewel's eyes glow dark as she lashes out, "Are you losing your damn mind?!"

"No. He's a genius!" Dean mocked, his anger towards his mother running as deep as his hate for Elijah.

"Shut up, Dean!" "Forget it! We three are not going to be your guinea pigs in your so-called sacrifices... If we are to go after Elijah, it will not be in accordance with your advice. After all, the ones you have given have messed up this family pretty badly. We can not even see Eli and Mathew again because the FBI are the ones holding them..." Seeing how Tommy and Amelia's faces fell at their brother's words, Madam Jewel scowled and asked, "So is this a joint decision among you three to sell what I have shared blood and sweat for?!" 1

When Amelia and Tommy didn't utter a word and instead avoided eye contact with each other, Madam Jewel sighed, shaking her head, and went out of the room, mumbling, "Just know that whatever happens to me, you three and Elijah



are to be blamed.” Staring at her husband through the video call on her phone screen, Peach sighed, asking with concern in her eyes, “I just watched the interview with Melina... I can’t believe she said those absurd things. Claiming that you are an abuser... She had me wondering if she was married to the same man that I am married to.”

“Honestly, I wasn’t shocked... The thing about people with black hearts, they are always destructive or self-sabotaging! They will do anything for a chance to destroy others’ reputations or even destroy themselves...” Elijah said, smiling at his wife even though they were talking about something sensitive, which made Peach curious.

“What is it?”

“Lift your clothes,”

That request left her confused at first, but when Elijah raised his eyebrows at her, she realized exactly what it meant and smiled.

As she lifted her nightgown, took it off, and tossed it to the side, showing her chest and stomach, he smiled wider at the sight, before leaning in towards his phone, mumbling, “Hey, baby...”

Staring down at her stomach where his eyes were locked, Peach smiled widely when he said softly, “Daddy will be home soon, okay? I love you...”

A faint chuckle left her lips when she heard the way he was so tender with his tone when he said ‘I love you.’ “I can’t believe I am already being replaced before you even enter this world.” Peach whispered teasingly.

A laugh escaped Elijah’s lips as he grinned at his wife, and then mumbled, “What made you say that?”

“Because I am wearing this sexy lingerie, and yet, your eyes are never leaving my belly button,” Peach replied, giggling

Slowly. Elijah raised his gaze and then lowered it, a smirk on his face, "Damn, Mrs. Maxwell... You look so hot in that! I might just buy myself a round-trip ticket to assist you in taking it

ofl..."

A wild laugh escaped her lips as she shook her head at him, unable to stop laughing and snorting lightly, which made Elijah chuckle hard. The sound of a knock on his door made Elijah look back and then listen to Ryan's voice echo, "Boss, can I come in?"

"Ryan is here," Elijah said as Peach wiped the tears from her eyes because of how hard she was laughing

"Okay... I have to go now for breakfast. Your mother said she has some soups for me to try that are supposed to strengthen the baby and me and give us good health." Peach replied with a smile.

After the call ended between them, Elijah looked back at the door, saying, "Come in, Rayn." The door opened a moment later, and then Ryan walked in looking pissed, "Your ex has no shame... How could she lie like that through her teeth with crocodile tears?!"

"It's Melina after all." Elijah calmly said, knowing that the media was already doing their job to debunk the nonsense she had spewed in front of the cameras and press. "I told Thomas my truth, so, at this point, she's the one ruining herself with the lies." After a long pause, Ryan walked to the chair, sat to face his boss, and then asked, "Are you really for your next move?"

"Is that even a question," Elijah said, a smirk playing on his lips.

Watching her brothers casually sit around the table without their mother's presence, Amelia frowned, saying, "Ain't you two worry the slightest that mother isn't here with us for breakfast?"

"Why would we?" Dean answered, shrugging. "She's not a kid. She will come down when she gets hungry." "You know, Dean..." Tommy spoke, smirking. "Selling the company to someone in this country will be hard to do since everyone knows our family mess... I think we should sell internationally."

Giving his brother a smug smile, Dean took a huge bite from his chicken and then said, "Smart. We can get more money then."

"You two don't even have the will and deeds..." Amelia interrupted with a sigh.

"If our mother can falsify documents, we too can." Tommy said confidently. Narrowing her eyes, Amelia stood from the chair and mumbled, "I am going to check on mother."

As he watched his sister walk off, Dean scoffed. "Stop using your heart Amelia and instead use your brain. This ain't the time to let your emotions take over."

"My emotions are my own... I choose whom I allow to control me and what kind of person I become." Amelia said before heading upstairs.

When she got to madam Jewel's door, she hesitated before knocking, and then she opened it, stepping inside.

The moment her eyes lowered to the floor, she screamed, "Dean!!! Tommy, Get up here now!!! MOTHER!!" 3

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A couple of blood Seeing Madam Jewel lying unconscious with her wrist cut, blood pooling on the ground beneath her like a small puddle of red paint made Amelia screani again, "Dean! Tommy, get your asses up here now!" The echo of their sister's scream made the two frown, Tommy mumbled, "What is she freaking out about?" "Let's just get up and see what's all the fussing is about," Dean stated.

A moment later, when they arrived in Madam Jewel's room, at first, Dean scowled at his sister, the way she was sobbing hysterically, and then she pointed her finger at their mother's body.

Then his face went cold, and he shouted, "Tommy, call the ambulance!"

A while later, the sound of an ambulance siren was echoing in the premises of the Hayes mansion, and the EMTs rushed into the house, returning outside a moment later with Madam Jewel on a stretcher, and Dean helped them lift the stretcher to the ambulance and he looked over to his mother, and then he saw her lashes fluttered before her eyelids tightened. "Mother," He called out, but Madam Jewel's eyes remained closed.

"Excuse me, sir. We need to close the door and take the patient to the hospital." An EMT said.

After frowning slightly at his mother, Dean turned away and

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walked over to his siblings.

“Are we all riding in the same car to the hospital or not?” Amelia asked, wiping her tears on her sleeves.

“I am not going,” Dean announced, causing Tommy and Amelia to turn toward him.

“What are you saying?! Our mother is dying, and you choose now to act selfish!” Amelia yelled out angrily.

Narrowing his eyes at his sister, Dean scoffed, “She’s not dying. She’s faking it. I bet she cut her wrist the second she heard your footsteps coming to your room.”

Without holding back, Amelia raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face, shouting, “You bastard!”

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Dean didn’t react though, and he simply rolled his eyes and scoffed at her as if she were an idiot, mumbling, “You can beat me all you want. But I am done with mother nonsense.”

As he was about to turn and leave, Tommy asked, “Are you sure she’s faking it?”

“The walls of this mansion are crumbling. We know it... Control is slipping out of her grip, and she wants it back. You know she will do anything to reclaim it.” Dean replied before walking off.

Staring at her brother, Amelia frowned and said, “Are you coming with me a not?”

“No. I have better things to do to save my ass from this mess that our dear old mom has caused once again.” Tommy said, sighing before turning around and heading towards the front door.

Frustrated, Amelia stared around at the empty yard, and then she walked over to her car, quickly got in, started it, and drove down the driveway, following the ambulance to the hospital.

A moment later, Amelia entered the emergency entrance hall where a nurse was waiting patiently, her hands clasped together, her lips pursed, and she had a deep frown etched upon her forehead.

When Amelia approached her, the nurse cleared her throat and said, "Miss, can you fill out these papers and sign them before I allow you to see your mother?" She offered a paper.

"Of course. What's wrong with my mother?" Amelia frowned, accepting the clipboard and writing down the information. "She lost a couple of blood. But not much. And she's fine. The doctor had bandaged her wound, and he wants to keep her overnight for observation and to monitor her further." The nurse replied.

"Can I go in and see her now?" Amelia asked.

When the nurse nodded, Amelia handed over the clipboard back and hurriedly followed the woman through some double doors. They stopped in front of a room, and the nurse knocked softly and opened it.

Inside, Madam Jewel sat on the bed, an IV in her vein, and then she slowly looked over at Amelia, her eyes void of emotion.

"You did this to prove a point," Amelia's mumbled as she approached the bed, sitting on the edge of it.

"A point that only you got." Madam Jewel whispered, raising

her hand out to caress Amelia's face. "My beautiful baby girl... You didn't abandon mother."

Pushing a string of her daughter's hair behind her ears, Madam Jewel leaned forwards and pressed a gentle kiss

against Amelia's forehead. A tear slipped from her eye and fell onto the side of her daughter's face.

"Do you think I have ruined our family?" Madam Jewel muttered against her daughter's skin.

Closing her eyes for a moment, Amelia let out a shaky breath, "If anything, it is Elijah and Peach's fault that our family is ruined. All you have ever done is protect us."

"Good, girl... Mommy got an assignment for you." Madam Jewel continued stroking Amelia's cheeks, looking into her eyes sweetly, "Do you think you can do mother a little favor?"

For a moment, Amelia held back her tongue, remembering Dean's words and what happened to her other siblings, but as Madam Jewel caressed her cheek lovingly, she couldn't stop and blurted out, "Yes, mother." Smiling widely at her daughter, Madam Jewel leaned forward to place another lingering kiss on her forehead. "Good." She sighed contently, "Remember that I love you very dearly."

"What should I do?" Amelia asked.

A smile played on Madam Jewel's lips, and then she stared away from her daughter, saying, "I have learned a thing or two from Elijah and Melina's messy situation this morning... And it got me thinking..."

Billi

Sitting in the backseat of the car with Ryan, Elijah listened quietly as he said, "We will have to do filing at the civil court with the original will. And then pass through the Pre-trial stage, Trial Stage, and Post-trial stage before finally, we can get Peach back what Jewel had stolen."

"That's a lot of time," Elijah mumbled, knowing that each day that Jewel and her children have a bit of power to their name, it's still dangerous for Peach and his baby.

After a while of silence, Elijah's phone started buzzing, and he picked it up immediately, seeing that it was an unknown number.

"Mr. Maxwell... I hope I am not calling at the wrong time." Mr. Butcher's voice came through the line.

"I'm not busy right now," Elijah responded. "What is it, Senator?"

"Well, actually... There are some things that I must speak with you about. Can we meet today at the Golden Gate restaurant?"

Mr. Butcher asked.

"Sure. I will be there. Give me 20 minutes."

"Alright. See you then."

After ending the call, Elijah looked over to Dice and said, "Change route. We are heading to the Golden Gate Restaurant."

"Alright, boss." Dice replied.

After exiting from the freeway, Dice pulled into the parking lot of Golden Gate Restaurant, stopping along with five other cars.

When Elijah got out, his men swamped around him, moving in



sync with his steps as he made his way to the door. Opening it, Elijah entered inside, followed by his entourage.

As they walked down the hall, the restaurant staff immediately lined up to greet him, bowing slightly, and then a lady approached them, saying calmly, "Please come this way, Mr. Maxwell. The Senator is expecting you."

Afterward, she turned and guarded them down a hall, and then they walked through a set of double doors and entered a private room.

Behind the table sat Mr. Butcher, and when he and Elijah's eyes locked, he had this nervous glimpse.

"Have a seat, Mr. Maxwell," Mr. Butcher said after smiling at him.

Taking his seat, Elijah glanced around the room, and Elijah gazed at Mr. Butcher and questioned him silently. Seeing the number of men surrounding Elijah in the room, the senator cleared his throat, and as he reached into his pocket, Matt's eyes didn't leave the movement of his arm until he pulled out a black envelope and said, "I hope there's no bad feeling between us from the past." "I bear grudges against my enemies. We are not enemies, right Senator?" Elijah said, folding his arms and leaning back in his chair.

With a faint chuckle, Mr. Butcher shook his head, saying, "Of course not. In fact, I want to invite you to an event to meet four of my close buddy... Events surrounding you have made them quite interested in you."

'The five,' Elijah thought.

Then he picked up the envelope on the table, took out the contents and read it, then put it back down and asked, "Is Bryan Checks invited to this?"

"This is not my birthday, Elijah. This event is a top-notch affair. Checks are cool and all... But the guests are quite prominent people in this country. They are all well-respected individuals, and I would like it if you came." The senator said, watching Elijah carefully. Glancing at the senator, Elijah sighed and said, "I cannot accept. Bryan is my plus one. If he's not going. Then I'm not coming."

"Mr. Maxwell, I can't make that happen. The president and..." The Senator cried, pausing when he saw Elijah stand to his feet.

Then a sigh escaped Mr. Butcher's mouth and he looked up at Elijah, who stood over him with a stony expression on his face, and he spoke, "All right. I understand. I will make some calls and have an invitation ready to be sent to him." "That's all I asked," Elijah said, picking up the envelope from the table and putting it in his pocket.

As he sat in the dining room with a wine bottle, half full in front of him, Dean wallowed in his feeling, allowing it to consume him.

Then the sound of footsteps approaching brought Dean out of his trance and he looked over towards the door, seeing Martha looking at him through worried eyes.

"Where have you been?" Dean questioned her.

Couple of ti vad

"Out," Martha replied, walking over and sitting down across from him, "Looking for our daughter."

"Did you find her?"

"No."

Silence fell between them, then Martha broke the silence with, "Why is the house so quiet?"

“Mom thought it was wise to split her wrist to get us to walk in line with her absurd plan,” Dean answered, grabbing the glass of red wine from the table and taking a sip. “It was stupid of her.”

“Should we move... After everything that has happened, I say, we break away from this mess and start over, Dean... I love you, but your family is falling apart... Our family has fallen apart, and I can’t keep doing this.”

“Are you thinking about divorcing me?”

“No-”

“If you can’t do this anymore, then don’t! But just because I am not allowing my mother to lead me, that does not mean Elijah is not going to pay for every single thing that he’s done.”

“Dean,”

“Leave, Martha!”

Frowning, Martha stood from the chair, clutching her fist slightly, saying, “What about your daughter...”

“What about her?” Dean asked, his tone sounding cold and unfeeling.

The airport was a bit chaotic when the announcement came in, “This is the final boarding call for passengers booked on flight 372A to Bordoria. Please proceed to gate 3 immediately. The final checks are being completed and the captain will order the doors of the aircraft to close in approximately five minutes. I repeat. This is the final boarding call for Bordoria. Thank you.”

Frowning, Melina grabbed her suitcase handle, adjusted her cap to cover her shade properly, and then began to make her way through the terminal.

In less than an hour, the plane took off, and she was seated by the window, staring at the dark sky.

The buzz from her phone made her look down at the screen, seeing her father's message, "Where are you? Your grandmother is in the hospital. Come home now?" "Sorry, dad. I can't come back home. Not until I do what I so desperately want to do right now." Melina replied as she continued to stare at the dark sky outside.

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 165

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An arrest

Silence engulfed the room, and Mrs. Taylor frowned before she cleared her throat and said, "We trusted you and give Emma to your bastard, and you betrayed us the moment your son—",

"He's not my child anymore." Mr. Briggs coldly interrupted.

"Well, the moment he rebelled against you, you turned on our family... So how do you expect us to trust you when you have the means and ability to back out from any deal you make?"

"Well, that's why I drafted out a contract. Mr. Alfred is offering fifty million for the project, and if we settled on Theo marrying your granddaughter and living with you, I will offer you fifty percent of the fifty million."

Shock by her husband's sudden decision that she knew nothing about, Deborah cried, "Honey—"

"Stay out of this woman." Mr. Briggs sternly replied, shooting his wife a deadly glare, and then, his gaze shifted to Mrs.

Taylor as he added, "What do you say to such an offer?"

"Also, you wouldn't need to feed me like that bastard or worry about me becoming a liability in your home. After all, I am the Chief Financial Officer of my father's company. I have a master's degree and Doctorate Degree." Theo bragged.

His titles immediately drew their attention like a mosquito is to an o blood person and also because of the offer Mr. Briggs was making, the pair were immediately sold and smiling widely at Mr. Briggs, Mrs. Taylor said, "Emma is not here, but

"We are not here for Emma!" Theo scoffed, already knowing the history behind Emma in the Taylor family.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Briggs glared at his son before looking at Mr. Taylor, saying, "We are interested in Ava, your oldest granddaughter."

A slight frown crossed Mr. Taylor's face, anger boiling inside him, but he forced it aside, knowing that twenty-five million was at stake, and then he said, "The first agreement we had, I reap nothing from in it, except headaches, disrespect, and problems because my granddaughter got married to such a man that is unworthy of her. And now, you are asking me to give another of my granddaughter to you?"

A nervous look passed Mr. Briggs' face at Mr. Taylor's words as he continued, "Emma is a beautiful young lady, and another wealthy family would have been excellent to have her as their daughter-in-law, but now she's stuck with the child you don't want."

A line formed between Deborah's eyebrows as she looked at her husband and then said to Mr. Taylor, "Why doesn't she just dump him and remarried? it's only

been a couple of days that they have been wedded, so what's the issue?" Now it was the Taylors' turn to feel uneasy as they exchanged glances with one another, knowing Emma already refused, and yet, they still wanted more out of the deal. "Zane had already know about our granddaughter, devaluing her worth to get married to the next suitor, and the title of a divorced woman is also degrading... Because of you, she has become corrupt." Mr. Taylor spat.

"50.5 percent of the fifty million." Mr. Briggs stated, giving Mr. Taylor a smug grin. "Honey," Deborah cried.

"sixty percent." Mrs. Taylor said. "After all, this project was supposed to be her dowry... Now, you want to use it to marry another one of our granddaughters."

Scowling, Deborah met Madam Taylor's eyes, and she was about to object to such a bizarre request when her husband suddenly interrupted, "Deal. My son, Theo, is going to marry your granddaughter then." "Who is Theo going to marry?" Zane asked, his eyes darkening at the sight of his father. As Zane led her into the room, Emma kept close by his side, seeing how her grandfather was glaring at her.

"Mr. Briggs has come to ask for my granddaughter's hand in marriage." Mr. Taylor proudly uttered.

"Grandfather, I already told you that I am not divorcing my husband," Emma said, keeping her tone low, even though she was furious inside. A wild laugh left Theo's lips as he sized Emma with his eyes, saying, "Don't toot your own horn. I don't want what had already been thrown into the trash and stunk up."

'I will make you pay for those words soon...' Zane thought, giving Theo a hard stare.

"That's good then because I don't what a man whose mouth is filthier than trash," Emma blurted out, making Theo jump to his feet.

Immediately, Zane pulled her behind him, challenging his half – brother with a look that was filled with rage.

His aura made Theo hesitate, seeing how dangerous Zane looked, and he quickly regained his composure and stood up straight, saying, “Teach your wife to watch her mouth, do you hear me?”

“I am not going to. So how about you come over here and do something about it?” Zane growled, glaring furiously at Theo as he clenched his fists.

Frowning at Emma behind Zane, Mr. Taylor scoffed, “You should apologize to Theo now! He’s going to be your older cousin’s husband, and you will address him respectfully, do you understand me.”

Knowing that Ava and she were the only two females among the cousins, Emma mumbled, “Your brother is marrying Ava.” Those words left a frown on Zane’s face, and then he grabbed Emma’s wrist, leading her out of the living room.

Then Deborah looked back at Madam Taylor and then said, “It doesn’t seem like he corrupt your granddaughter, but it’s her that wants to be corrupted, and yet you make it seem like–”

“Deborah, stop talking.” Mr. Briggs mumbled to his wife again.

When they got to their bedroom, Emma looked at Zane and said, “I don’t like your brother... He is arrogant and conceited...”

“You are not alone in that thought. I don’t like him either.” Zane mumbled.

It was taking everything in him to suppress the rage he felt as

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he thought, 'Why would father all of sudden want to get theo married into the Taylor family? It doesn't make sense.'

The buzzing sound from his phone made Zane reach into his back pocket, took out his phone, and answer it, seeing that it was Mr. Alfred calling.

"Zane, why didn't you tell me what happened between your father and you?" The old man's voice came over the receiver.

Sighing, Zane closed his eyes as he took a deep breath and then answered, "I—"

"Come over to the address I am about to send you, and let's talk it through." Mr. Alfred ordered.

"Alright," Zane agreed, ending the call. Then he glanced back at Emma and said, "I have to go. Will you be okay here till I get back, or do you want to—" "I will be fine. You should leave." Emma said, smiling at him.

"Are you sure... You can come—"

"I will be fine. I will even lock the door and don't leave the room until you get back." "You promise?"

"I do."

Even though Zane was hesitant, he sighed and then turned away, leaving the room, and closing the door behind him.



Now that he was gone, the silence in the room slowly started to make the Taylor mansion feel like a haunted home to Emma, and she knew going downstairs was not a good option, so she locked the door and crawl back into bed.

Soon, a loud, “Bang,” on her door echoed, and she immediately jumped from her sleep, hugging her knee as she stared at the door, fear rising inside her heart, and then she called out, “Who is it?” Another, “Bang!” “Bang!” “Bang!” echoed loudly before she heard Abner’s voice, “Your grandmother requested your presence downstairs.”

Keeping her silence, Emma slowly crawled out of bed, knowing what she promise Zane, and yet, she didn’t want to disobey her grandparents again and have him come home to a chaotic house.

When she opened the door, the cold smirk on Abner’s face immediately made her heart drop. But she quietly walked past their and headed downstairs.

The moment she arrived in the living room and saw that Ava was back home and the Briggs were still there, Emma knew that she shouldn’t have left the room.

“Where is your so-called husband?” Ava asked with a smug smile, hugging unto Theo’s arm. “Did grandmother tell you that I am getting married to the second son of the Briggs family?... It seems like I got the better end of the stick here, dear cousin.”

“Congratulations, Ava. I am happy for you.” Emma forced herself to say politely. Narrowing his eyes at her, Theo let out, “Now that you don’t have that bastard to hide behind, you have stop acting like a loose woman.”

Slightly tightening her fist, Emma looked over at her

grandmother and said, “Grandma, you ask for me.”

“The Briggs are staying over for dinner. Go and help Abner in the kitchen and help with tonight dinner.” Mrs. Taylor said.

“Okay, Grandma.” With that, Emma left the room, ignoring the snort from Ava.

When they got in the kitchen, Abner handed over a apron to Emma, saying, “Your grandmother warn us only to supervise you and not to help you. Dinner is solely yours to make.”

Walking through the door of a large penthouse, Zane mind was half focus, and the other half of his brain was worry about

Emma... That he had left her in that place alone.

The servants immediately bowed as he walked passed them, and then this older gentleman approached him, saying, “Good afternoon, Sir Zane... Mr. Alfred is waiting on you in the study hall. Please step right this way.” Calmly, Zane followed him, more servants bowing to him until they arrived in this massive room that appeared to be a large library with shelves of books all around. A beautiful mahogany table sat in front of the fireplace, and Mr. Alfred sitting there, staring out of the window.

“Master, Sir Zane is here.” The older gentleman said before turning away, when Mr. Alfred dismissed him with a wave, and then he walked out the room.

“Sit, Zane.” Mr. Alfred commanded, abandoning the beautiful sight of the window in favor of facing Zane head on.

Without any hesitation or questioning, Zane stepped forward,

standing in front of the desk.

“Your father had made a move... A ridiculous move at that rate, so what’s your plan, boy...” Mr. Alfred stated, looking at him closely.

“I still need to downplay things until I can figure out what I am going up against.” Zane replied calmly.

Tapping his fingers on the desk, Mr. Alfred didn't look pleased with Zane's response, and he could tell by how the old man's brows furrowed together and that the corners of his lips twitched slightly.

However, Mr. Alfred pushed it aside with a frown and then asked, "So, you want me to continue with your father on this project after what he did to you, and even made the half brother, Theo, the one in charge of it."

"Actually... I know this is too much to ask, but can you hold back on kicking off the project just yet." Zane asked.

A smile crept upon Mr. Alfred's lips, and then he stopped hitting the table, saying, "I can hold it as long as you want me

to."

At eight o'clock, Zane walked into the Taylor's mansion and he could hear laughter coming from the dining room, but he marched straight upstairs. When he entered the room, Emma's back was turned to him, and whatever she was doing had her distracted because she didn't hear him walk toward her.

A hiss then suddenly left her lips and Zane's brows snapped together, hearing the pain laced in her voice.

"What happened?" Zane asked.

Immediately, she jumped at his voice, and when she refused to turn around or answer, Zane walked around her. "What the hell happened to you?" He let out, scowling at the blister on her finger as his anger flared. "It's nothing," Emma mumbled.

Not buying her story, Zane turned to head downstairs when she grabbed his wrist and said, "Honestly, it's nothing. I promise."

"Don't lie to me, Emma." Zane said, his dark eyes boring into hers.

"I was bored so I when to go help out in the kitchen-"

"You are still lying." Seeing the look of frustration on his face, Emma hesitated, but then he pleaded, "Please don't lie to me, little wife."

"Promise me you won't do anything. I don't want you getting in trouble again."  
Emma whispered. 2 "I promise."

"Grandmother said, since the Briggs was staying over, I should be the one to make dinner tonight. I was frying the last batch of steaks when the oil spilled and I got burned."

Taking Emma by the back of her head, Zane pulled her face against his stomach, caressing her hair gently as he thought, 'I am sorry. But I am going to break my promise to you.'