

# The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 17

## Chapter 17

### Dress to impress

Scratching the back of his hair, Elijah walked towards the face basin, grabbed toothpaste and toothbrush, squeezing the paste onto the brush before beginning to scrape his teeth. His thoughts subconsciously drifted back to yesterday, the moment he and Peach hugged, and he spat into the sink before rinsing his mouth out. "Maybe I have been going about this the wrong way," Elijah mumbled as he unbuttoned his shirt slowly. After getting to the last button, he scowled and muttered, "I need someone that knows Syldavia... But can I trust Peach?" Pulling his shirt off his shoulders, Elijah took in a deep breath and eyed her reflection in the mirror.

Since he entered Syldavia, he never really had the chance to explore the country because he was busy being a loyal and stay-at-home-husband to Melina. But now, he really needed to start learning his way around the country, and his first option was Peach, but the trust factor in their relationship wasn't quite there.

With another sigh, Elijah pulled off his pants, dropping them carelessly on top of his shirt, and shortly after, he walked into the shower, letting the warm water cascade over him.

"I don't have to trust her to use her," Elijah mumbled, pushing shampoo through his hair. "We don't have to be close friends or anything like that. I just need to make sure she doesn't betray me like her cousin."

After turning off the water, Elijah turned around and stepped out, grabbing a towel from the rail. He dried himself off quickly, wrapped the towel loosely around his waist, and headed back into his bedroom. "Elijah?!" Peach's voice called from behind the closed door. Sighing, he walked over to the doorway, grabbed the knob, turned it, and pulled the door open, looking down at her rosy cheeks and said, "What's up, little buddy?"

"Well... Umm... I just came back from the hospital, and I was planning to head straight to my room, but then James stopped me in the hallway, and he specifically said that I should get you for breakfast, and that's why I came knocking on your door!" Peach blurted out so fast that Elijah was surprised that she didn't choke.

"Wait, wait! Slow down! What did he want?" Elijah asked with furrowed brows?

"If you are hungry, go to the dining hall!" "Okay, thank-"

Hastily, Peach turned around like a robot and started walking away, leaving Elijah staring after her with wide eyes. "What's her problem," Elijah mumbled, rubbing his temple, "I thought we were okay." After shutting his door, he headed over to the closet, pulling out a pair of blue sweatpants and a white t-shirt.

A while later, after getting dressed, Elijah came out of his room and entered the dining hall, seeing that everyone was already at the table, their food untouched. "Good morning," Elijah mumbled as he pulled out a chair, and sat opposite Peach, their eyes locked for a moment before she looked away. Focusing to his right, Elijah gave Rayn a weak smile and said, "You and I are going to the bank together, after here, along with Matt."

Hearing those words, Peach perked up, looking at Elijah with a curious gaze, and then a smile grew on her lips when she remembered what he said at the hospital.

"Yes, bos... dude." Matt blurted out nervously, looking over at Peach who seemed way too focused on Elijah to care for what he said.

"How's your mother?" James asked as he stared over at Peach, who seemed way too invested in Elijah. "Peach!"

"Huh?!" She finally blinked and snapped out of whatever daydream she was stuck in, her cheeks reddened when she realized that she was caught staring at Elijah, and her gaze immediately went to James across from her.

"Your mother, how is she?"

"Umm, she is healthier than before. Doctor Ben said once everything is settled, she can get discharged and come home,"

Smiling as he fixed his gaze on her, Rookie pushed his fork into a slice of his pancake and said, "That's great news, Peach."

"Yeah, I am happy for you two!" Ryan added, giving Peach a friendly grin, then turned back to his cheese on toast.

The way his men took to Peach and Miss Grace, slightly amused Elijah, and he smiled faintly as he thought, 'I don't have to fully trust her. I just need to give her the chance.' After breakfast was over, Elijah walked out of the motel with Matt and Ryan, and they stopped in front of the pickup, frowning at the old thing.

"Why do we still have this thing?" Matt huffed as he stared at the empty place where the license is supposed to be. "Are we going to the bank, riding in it?" "Not if we don't want to get kicked out!... I don't know why we are still holding on to this junk. Do we have an idea where to dump it?" Ryan questioned, crossing his arms, and looked towards Elijah who shrugged lightly. "Forget that piece of junk. I will get a rental car service to assist us

with a decent vehicle to carry us around for today.” Elijah said as he dug through his pocket for his phone. Then he paced a little further away from his men to make the call, and as Ryan watched his back turned to them, he drew closer to Matt, whispering, “Did you notice how Peach was staring at our boss?”

“Mmmh, but I don’t think she should catch feelings for him... he just got divorced, and she’s his Ex-wife’s cousin... Her chances with him are slim.” Matt said quietly, watching as Elijah talked to whoever he was speaking to through the phone.

“But not zero.”

“Yeah, but do you think he will trust another after such humiliation from his first wife?”

“I think she can change his mind,” “I don’t think so,” Smirking, Ryan fixed his gaze on Matt with a cunning look, and whispered, “Twenty bucks, he’s going to fall for her,”

“Fifty bucks say, he’s not going to,” Matt answered back, raising an eyebrow. “Five hundred dollars,” Elijah said as he turned to face his men.

Immediately, Matt and Ryan’s hearts leaped into their throats, their faces flushed red, and they stammered out a quick response, “Umm... we didn’t... mean...” “I am fine with the price. Yes. Well... there are three of us... Umm... pick us up at 505 West 6th Street, Paz motel.” Elijah said, pacing in the same spot. “Okay, we are waiting.”

Grabbing each other’s shoulders, Matt and Ryan let out a sigh of relief, chuckling and feeling stupid over the fear they felt just now. It’s not like Elijah was going to do something to them for saying such things, but it was his feelings they fear to hurt or mess with.

After ending his call, Elijah looked over at them and said, “I phoned the nearest car rental, and they will be here in fifteen minutes.”

When eleven minutes and forty seconds passed by, a black SUV drove in front of the motel and came to a complete stop in front of the entranceway. Then the door opened and a bald guy, wearing a black tuxedo and tie climbed out of the driver’s seat.

After walking a couple of steps forward, he stopped and bowed slightly before asking, “Who’s Elijah?”

Giving the driver a faint smile, Elijah nodded towards him and replied, “You are staring at him.

“Oh, great! It’s nice to meet you, Mr...” The driver trailed off as Elijah placed his hand out towards him.

“Darius, Elijah Darius.”

“Well, Mr. Darius, if you guys are ready, then please step into the vehicle.”

After opening the car door for them, the driver stepped aside, and Elijah, along with Ryan and Matt got into the back seats before the driver shut the passenger side door. When he got behind the wheel and had put the keys into the ignition, he glanced over at Elijah and asked, “Where to, Mr. Darius?”.

“Take us to a boutique that sells designers’ men’s suits,” Elijah stated calmly as he buckled his seat belt.

One thing Elijah had learned from the night they arrived in Syldavia was that people respect those that dress to impress and act like they are high class. And that’s exactly what Elijah wanted to play up today.

The drive lasted for about twenty minutes, and they soon pulled onto the driveway of a luxurious store

when the driver opened the car door, Elijah climbed out of the SUV, followed by Matt and

Ryan.

They walked into the glass doors of the boutique, the air conditioning making them instantly feel comfortable as they headed for the clothes racks.

Ryan and Matt stayed behind Elijah as he moved slowly from rack to rack, eyeing some designer shirts and pants.

When Elijah took out a Blazer from the rack, a salesgirl with long flashy nails and hot red lipstick, marched over to them with a frown on her face.

“Excuse me, can you please put that back?!” She exclaimed as she pointed a finger toward the jacket. “You have no idea how much that thing is worth!”

Raising a brow, Elijah held his emotions together, even though he was pissed off by her attitude.

“And what exactly is wrong with this one?” Elijah asked calmly, even though she rolled her eyes at him.

“It is very expensive! Just leave it alone!” She let out in a frustrated tone as she crossed her arms and glared down at Elijah.

“How expensive?”

“All you need to know is that it’s worth more than you can afford, so can you and your...”

Pausing, she stared at Ryan’s casual clothes and Matt’s slippers and sneered, looking extremely disgusted as she finished her sentence with, “... friend not touch anything and head over at, ‘Deli Men’s wear, instead?”

“What makes you think I can’t afford such a jacket?” Elijah retorted back with his voice rising, and everyone else stopped what they were doing, turning their attention to the two of them. “If you don’t leave now, I will call security because you are disturbing potential buyers with your rude and uncouth behavior!” The salesgirl threatened as she gave a warning look at Elijah, drawing her phone from her pocket.