

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 18

Chapter 18

His bad side

Others' attention quickly gathered towards Elijah and the salesgirl, and they heard some murmurs around them, which made Elijah smirk,

"Why is he still acting headstrong when he can't afford the jacket?" Some woman mused as she stared at Elijah, shaking her head in disapproval. "Seriously, can't he just take a hint? Why can't he understand that it's not good to act so arrogantly when he doesn't have the money for any of these clothes?" A guy scoffed as he eyed the jacket in Elijah's hands.

Hardening his face, a fellow met Elijah's eyes, and then his face deepened into a scowl, his eyebrows furrowed over his blue eyes, and he mumbled, "You are that guy from the news?!"

"Boss, it seems like you are way too famous in a negative light. So maybe we should just forget about the jacket and get out of here before it gets ugly." Ryan whispered after leaning toward Elijah's ear.

But his words seemed to set Elijah off once again, and his eyes narrowed, as his face contorted in rage, and he looked directly into the salesgirl's face and said, "Get your manager!"

"Who does this guy think he really is? Has the fact that Melina dumped his ass caused him to become delusional?!" A man with white hair commented while looking at Elijah, his expression showing his distaste.

"You are creating a scene here, and I don't appreciate that! Leave this property and go find somewhere else to go shopping!" The salesgirl coldly uttered, looking at Elijah with a blank stare.

Not uttering a word, Elijah suppressed his anger and clenched his fists before looking her dead in the eyes and saying, "Get me your manager, now!"

The dominance in his voice made all present in the room tense up, and they looked at each other worriedly, wondering what was going to happen next. But no one dared to speak, as Elijah stared down at the woman.

Suddenly the store security approached the group, stopping right before them and glaring menacingly at Elijah.

“Sir, you and your friends need to leave the premises immediately.” One of the guards sternly told Elijah, who stood there without moving, looking at the woman with an unreadable expression on his face.

“I’ll ask you once more. Get your manager!” Elijah spoke firmly in a low tone.

A burly man with gray hair walked over to the group and then asked with a frown, “I am the manager. Who’s asking?”

His gaze was fixed upon Elijah, causing him to stiffen slightly, but he maintained his cool and calmly replied, “Mr. Hayes?!”

“I am not married to Melina anymore, so I rather you not call me that,” Elijah responded smoothly, his voice devoid of emotion.

His words left people staring at him with disbelief on their faces, as well as mockery and contempt.

“Now he wants to act like he didn’t live off Melina’s wealth and power for years. What a pathetic bastard!” A guy sneered while rolling his eyes in disgust.

Striving to not seem disrespectful to a customer the manager drew a breath and asked, “What is the problem Mr-” “Elijah Darius,” Elijah cut him off curtly. “This lady is making a fuss out of a simple jacket. And all I wanted was to purchase it.”

“That jacket cost three thousand bucks!” The manager exclaimed as he raised his voice slightly.

Pulling his hand into his pocket, Elijah took out a black card, pointed it at the manager, and asked, “Can you please check if my card has not been declined?”

The faint sounds of laughter among the other customers in the store increased, and someone mumbled, “Can this dude get any lower?” “You are serious?” The manager said in disbelief as he stared at Elijah’s card and then returned his gaze to Elijah, feeling annoyed and bewildered. “Yes. I just need to know if I still have money in it.” Elijah replied casually, his face remaining expressionless.

At this point the manager was frustrated, but he knew from Elijah’s cold demeanor and arrogant attitude that he wouldn’t be able to make him budge, so he took the card from his hand and said, “Okay, I will be back.”

With that, he stepped away and disappeared into another part of the store, leaving Elijah amid customers who had forgotten to shop and were now staring at him in dismay. Even though Matt and Ryan feared for their boss's reputation, they knew not to interfere and instead, watched silently. After a brief while, the manager came rushing back with the card, a big smile on his face as he approached Elijah and then stopped, panting for a second. "Mr. Darius, what an honor it is to have you shop with us. Thank you for being willing to spend your money to buy a jacket from our humble store." He grinned at him, bowing slightly. "Did my card not decline?" Elijah asked, his tone dead and emotionless as he stared at the owner with a calm expression. "Haha! How can such a card decline? Of course, it did not... So, umm... Should I get Nancy to bag the jacket?" "My card," Seeing how Elijah's eyes had suddenly darkened, the manager gulped nervously and handed the black card to Elijah, muttering, "Uhm... Is there anything else I can help you with?"

After taking his card out of the manager's trembling fingers, Elijah shoved it back into his pocket and said, "No. I just needed to know if it's working or declining. Now that I know, Matt, Ryan, let's get out of this lousy place!" A look of fear clouded the Manager's face as he stood in Elijah's way and pleaded, "Wait just a moment. Please... I can... I can make Nancy get down on both knees and apologize to you!"

"Boss," The salesgirl cried, confused and annoyed as to what was going on. "Well, will you kneel alongside her too?" Elijah challenged in an icy tone as he glared at the manager.

There was a faint moment of hesitation then the manager suddenly slapped the salesgirl on her back and blurted out, "We should get down on our knees and say sorry to Mr. Darius for our disrespect towards him!"

"Pathetic," Elijah commented with a sneer, walking off with Matt and Ryan as the Manager and the salesgirl got down on their knees.

Quickly standing on his feet, the Manager looked behind Elijah and shouted, "Mr. Darius, please give us a second chance! I promise you that we won't do it again! It was wrong of us to treat you the way we did earlier!"

But his words fell on deaf ears as Elijah and his men continued walking until they got out of the store.

Frowning, the Manager turned his focus on Nancy, anger written on his face as he said, "Nancy, you are fired for this huge loss you have caused this boutique!" "Boss, I'm sorry! I didn't know he could afford the jacket. It's just that he looked so dressed down that I..." Nancy stuttered, tears filling her eyes. "Look, just get out of here. Go find some other job! You will never work in this place again, so get lost!" The Manager yelled at her.

As he was about to storm off to his office, a male customer blocked his way, furrowed his brow, and mumbled in annoyance, "Who is he that you would fire a sales agent over something she did wrong?"

"I don't know who this Elijah dude is, but his card told me all I need to know to not mess with him!" The manager gritted through his teeth before hurrying off to his office. The customer's face itched with detest as he gazed blankly into space before his lips formed a thin line. "Babe, isn't that sister-in-law's ex-husband?" A lady asked with a frown as she grabbed onto his arm, giving it a slight squeeze.

"Yeah..." The man answered, turning around to meet her worried eyes. "It seems like my sister got played all those years by that piece of shit. I should have come back home early, but now that I am here, I am going to make him regret even messing with Melina!"

When Elijah and his men got back into the SUV, the driver looked back at their empty hands and asked, "Didn't you guys go inside to shop?" "Take us somewhere else," Elijah said calmly, resting his back against the headrest as he closed his eyes and tried to calm himself down.

At twelve o'clock, Elijah stepped into the grand hall of the century bank, wearing a royal blue single-breasted two-button blazer with a white dress shirt underneath and black slacks, looking elegant and dashing.

Immediately, some people's attention began to get focused on Elijah, including the ladies' gazes, which he noticed.

But he avoided them and proceeded straight to the counter, ignoring the gazes that were coming his way along with the whispers that were getting louder as they passed by.

The teller at the desk glanced up and asked calmly, "How may I serve you today?"

"Hello, my name is Elijah Darius, and I would like to speak to the manager of this bank, concerning matters that are very important to me," Elijah stated bluntly, smiling faintly, his voice still devoid of any emotion.

Frowning, she questioned him calmly, "What type of matters might those be? If it's something for only my boss's ears, then I would kindly ask you if you booked an appointment to see him."

As Elijah was about to explain, a highly dressed and refined gentleman walked briskly toward them, his dark brown eyes softened when he reached the counter and rested his gaze on Elijah.

“If you love your job, you better do as this guy asked,” The gentleman said in a teasing tone, yet his face bore a serious look on it. “You don’t want to get on his bad side.” 1
“Do I know you?” Elijah asked with a raised brow and a curious glance at the man.