

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Just who she is

When the morning light hit Elijah's face, he blinked several times, disoriented by how tired he

still was, then he yawned, stretched, and slowly rose to sit up while rubbing his eyes. Suddenly, the sound of a knock made Elijah frown, pushing the covers off his body and sliding out of bed, his bare feet hitting the floor lightly as he stood up.

Scratching his bare chest, Elijah walked over to the wooden door, and when he opened it, Peach's eyes widened at the sight of his naked torso and black boxer, she immediately took a step back, muttering, "Sorry, I – I will come back later." When she turned to leave, Elijah frowned and asked, "You're already here, so say it. What do you want?!"

Hearing the sharpness in his voice, Peach instantly stopped in her steps, not turning around to look at him, and mumbled, "Umm... your friends... Well, breakfast is ready downstairs... And they wouldn't eat without you." "Tell them that I will be there in a minute," Elijah replied before slamming the door.

Flinching, Peach looked back with a pout on her face and muttered, "What's his problem?" A sigh slipped from Elijah's lips as he ran his hands down his face and then picked his suitcase up, placing it on the bed. After unzipping it, Elijah took out a pair of jeans, an oversized T-shirt, and a sweater, resting them on the bed before zipping up his suitcase and putting it aside.

It took a moment for him to get dressed, and afterward, he left his room and went downstairs where he found everyone waiting patiently for him in the dining hall, seated around a huge round table.

"Morning," Miss Grace said with a small smile as she greeted Elijah, gesturing at a chair in front of her. "Join us, please."

"Good morning," Elijah whispered as he took his seat quietly, pulling out a chair and sitting down.

It was peaceful only for a second before Ryan looked over at Elijah and said, "Good Morning, bos... Elijah! Did you sleep well last night?"

"The night was okay," Elijah mumbled, looking down at his plate of toast, eggs, bacon, sausage, and a cup of coffee, staring blankly.

It grew silent once more as Elijah slowly drank from his coffee while eating the food silently, feeling uncomfortable with Grace and Peach sitting at the table with him and his men.

After a while, he set the mug down, looked at Peach and then Miss Grace, asking, "If you guys are here, then who's waiting at the reception desk for customers?!" Frowning when Miss Grace furrowed her brows, Elijah looked down at the plate and said, "I just think it's unprofessional for you guys to be here and not-" "It's been five months since we have had customers to the motel, so no!! I don't think it's unprofessional for us to be here!" Peach lashed out, feeling sick of Elijah's attitude towards them. "My mother thought it would feel more welcoming if we were all together like this,

which is why we did it."

Standing up, Peach scowled when Elijah's gaze met her eyes, and she blurted out, "But if our presence is so unwanted here, I am more than overjoyed to get out of your face!!"

Peach," Miss Grace cried after her daughter as she stormed out of the hall.

Then she got up from her seat and looked at the faces around the table with an apologetic expression on her face before running after her daughter.

"So much for the cute and innocent image we were shown yesterday," Elijah scoffed, picking up his coffee again. 1 Even though they didn't say anything, Matt, James, Rookie, and Ryan looked confused as to why Elijah was behaving the way he did, and they glanced at each other uncomfortably. Five minutes didn't pass when they heard a loud crash coming from the lobby, and Elijah sighed heavily, putting down his fork and standing up to go outside of the dining hall. In a hast, Matt, Ryan, Rookie, and James quickly followed behind him, wondering what was going on. 1 Entering the lobby, Elijah saw a stubby man, wearing a luxurious suit and hat with a cane in his hand, standing with two burly men beside him, their skin designed with scars and tattoos. "Uncle Tommy, this is not fair! Why do you always cause disturbances at our place each time we have customers!!" Peach cried, looking at her uncle with teary eyes. "Disturbances?! How!!" Tommy mocked, smirking as he stared straight into Peach's pleading eyes. "What are you talking about now, girl?!" "One of you goof just broke a vase!!" Peach yelled angrily. "This isn't funny anymore, Uncle Tommy!! You can't treat us this way just because" "Your deadbeat, dead father owes me some money? Of course, I can. If I don't show up here every time you and your mother have a guest, how will I be sure that you and your cunning mother will pay my money and not eat it?! Huh, dear niece!" 1 "Maybe if you were not a scammer who keeps increasing the damn interest on the loan every time, we would have cleared our debt to you a long time ago." Peach spat coldly, watching as her Uncle laughed loudly, making her want to punch him in the face even though she knew that wouldn't solve any problems. "Did my brother not teach you any

manners, huh, brat?" "No, because he was working his ass off to support my mother and me, why you greedy fools suppressed him!" Watching silently, Elijah frowned at the tears rolling down Peach's face, and he stared for a moment before looking away, knowing it was not his place to meddle in something so personal.

As Tommy looked over at one of his men, he sneered and said, "Ha, you heard her, Germa. Her father didn't teach her manners, so teach her properly." With a look of worry on James' face, he stared at Elijah's expression but saw only coldness and indifference, so he lowered his head and began speaking carefully, "We should go help, Eli... He's looking a bit upset... he might hurt her."

"Yeah," Matt nodded, glancing over at Elijah who hadn't moved from his spot, still observing everything. But Elijah didn't give any command, so they couldn't make a move on Tommy and his men as they watched Grace cry, "Leave my daughter alone!" Sneering mockingly at the old lady's plea, Germa stepped towards Peach, and as he raised his hand to slap her, Miss Grace forced herself in between her daughter and him, and his palm

slammed into her face.

The force of his hit caused Miss Grace to fall to the floor, a few broken vase pieces sliced into her skin as she blacked out, and Elijah's expression darkened even further, anger flashing through his eyes.

"Mama!! Mama!!" Peach shrieked as she sprinted towards her mother, kneeling to cradle her, "Mama!!! Mama!! Are you alright?? Mama, Mama, Mama...!!" "Matt, handle these three filthy dogs... James, call the ambulance." Elijah commanded, feeling guilty as he watched Peach cry over her mother.

An incident like this never crossed his mind, and now that it occurred, he couldn't help, feeling guilty... like he could have done something to prevent it from happening.

"You like hitting women?! Why don't you asses pick on someone your own size and weight!" Matt shouted, glaring fiercely at Tommy, who stood beside Germa, a smirk plastered onto his face.

"Who the hell are you to talk to me like that?!" Tommy bellowed, looking at him with anger blazing in his eyes

"What are you going to do about it, dumb ass!!"

"German, Stony, teach this bastard a lesson!"

Smirking, Matt sniffed, balancing himself on one foot as he glared at the thugs walking over to him.

“Yes, she’s bleeding from her nose and unconscious?!” James said on the line with the first responder lady. “The address?”

Looking over at Mrs. Grace in the arms of her daughter, he asked calmly, “Peach, what is the location of this motel?”

As tears ran from her beautiful, brown eyes, she replied weakly, “505... 505 West 6th Street.” “505 West 6th Street. Paz motel! Please hurry.” James said, hanging up the phone and turning back to look at Elijah and frowned at him with disappointment in his eyes. Dodging the punch Germa swung at him, Matt ducked under his swing and grabbed him by the shirt collar, slamming him in the nose with his elbow, sending him flying to the ground as blood poured from his nose. Immediately, Stony rushed for Matt, pulling a knife from his pants, and aiming it at him, but Matt grabbed his wrist, twisting it painfully as the knife fell from Stony’s grip and onto the floor.

Then Matt grabbed him by the neck, shoving him against the wall with his free hand, beating his fist in Stony’s stomach, and forcing him to gasp for air with each blow.

Jerking his head back, Matt smacked him in the eye, making Stony scream, before grabbing him by the hair and slamming his head against the wall. When Matt finally let go of him, Stony dropped unconscious to the floor, a trickle of blood leaking from his left nostril.

Then he turned his focus on Tommy, who looked shaking and afraid, backing away slightly as he took a couple of steps backward.

Grabbing him by the throat, Matt slammed him into the wall, but Peach shouted, “Stop. You are going to get in so much trouble if anything happens to him. So please stop. I don’t want

you to.”

Silently, Elijah turned his focus on her, and when she subconsciously locked eyes with him, he found himself curious about just who she was.