

# The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 115

## Chapter 115

### Chapter 115-The media will not know about this

When Melina finally stopped crying, Elijah slowly withdrew her off him, his patience below breaking point, and yet he smiled at her softly, saying in a gentle tone almost like a whisper, "I am so sorry, Melina for being insensitive to you and feelings during the entire ordeal... So sorry... Okay?"

'Boss, what the fuck?!' Larry blurted in his head, looking at the other men's faces to see that they too had this look in their expression that says dude—you—are—tripping—big time.

For a while, Melina said nothing and just stared at Elijah, like she was trying to find any signs or traces of lies in his words. But when his eyes remained steady on her, and still holding her gaze, she felt overwhelmed with relief, she had never been so happy to see the man he once was before her, and she smiled as these words played in her head, 'You are a Chameleon... You change for women like some fool. Well, since Peach is taken care of, I will not mind being your comforter for the fun of it.' A shaky grin curved on her lips, and she placed her hand on his cheek as she whispered, "Thank you."

"Let's go. I will drive you back to my hotel." Elijah said, a soft smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Like the woman he knew she was, Melina played right into his hand, beaming with excitement and happiness as she looked at him and replied, "Yeah. Let's do that." Looking over to the doctor, Melina smiled stiffly and gave him this look that told him whatever she had to say was a warning and not just words.

"I hope you can keep Elijah and me coming here a secret... After all, lawsuits are not a pretty thing and are very costly... You know that you have to keep all your patient records confidential... right? So, Elijah and I... We were never here, for whatever reason, and that's that, okay doc?" Melina said in a soft tone with the same stuff smile. With his eyes on her, Elijah kept brushing his thumb over his wedding band and trying to suppress all of his emotions that were screaming at him from behind the cage he shut them in. "Also, you didn't hear that I am going over to Elijah's hotel... got it?" Melina said, feeling more confident now, knowing that Elijah was once again the Elijah she could use, bend, and manipulate to her will. Nervous, the doctor darted his eyes towards Elijah, waiting for him to reply to whatever she said, but Elijah just raised his eyebrows, and the Doc sighed, looking back at Melina.

"Miss Hayes, I swear on my mother's life that a word of your presence here would not

get found out by the media or anyone else. I will make sure my nurses and other staff know this too.”

With Elmer going to jail because of Elijah and her family losing the company to Peach because of him, the last thing she wanted them to find out was that she was screwing him again and back in bed with their so-called enemy.

One thing she was thankful for was that it was late hours and only hospital staff was able to see her because of Elijah’s men shielding them. “Good... Thanks, doc.” Melina said, her lips curving into a small smile, giving him the benefit of the doubt for now. “Elijah. Let’s go.” After throwing the doctor one last look, Elijah squeezed his ring tightly for a second before turning to look at Melina with a small smile, and then he woke from the chair. As he was about to walk off, she immediately clutched onto his arm, hugging him, and Elijah tensed up for a moment before walking for the door with her clenching along. A moment later, when they got back to his car, Elijah opened the door for her, and her smile widened at him before she entered the front seat, then he closed it. When Elijah got behind the steering wheel and was driving out of the parking lot, Melina took her eyes off the window and to him the moment she heard all the doors locked.

There was this look on Elijah’s face that she remembered way too well from a couple of minutes back when he was asking her for Peach, and that sent chills down her spine as her stomach dropped and her heart beat increased rapidly.

Yet, she still had hope... She still believed that he was a man that she could bend and control if necessary, even though right now, all she saw was a man, lost in his own world with only his thoughts for company.

“Elijah,” Melina called out in her most soothing voice that sounded like velvet, and then she reached for his hand.

But he suddenly turned the curve in such a quick movement that she yelped in surprise before he pulled his hand away from hers as he put the gear shift in neutral and pressed the accelerator a little more than it should be, making the car speed up.

“Elijah... this is not the road back to your motel,” Melina said, her face scrunched into an uncomfortable expression as she tried to hold back her panic that grew at every second.

Ignoring her words, Elijah split his attention between driving and his phone since the road was partly free, quickly dialing Jerome’s number as he decelerated a bit, causing Melina to stop clutching onto the seatbelt.

“J, where are you?” Elijah asked the moment his call got an answer, his eyes glued on the road, hitting the accelerator again, making Melina grab the handle, and Larry along with the other nine drivers picked up their speed.

“At the warehouse, waiting for my father to send orders for me and the guys if we are needed for the chase... I heard about what happened to...” Jerome’s voice trailed off for a moment and he cleared his throat.

“It’s good that you are there. I am on my way.”

“Huh?”

“I have a guest that will be spending some time there.” Feeling like Elijah was talking about her, Melina snapped her head to glare at him, feeling a pit forming in her stomach, and she couldn’t help but ask, “Where are we

going, Elijah?”

Knowing not to ask any more questions after hearing a female voice echo from Elijah’s end of the line, Jerome paused for a moment and said, “We are waiting on you then, boss.”

The intentional silences she was getting from Elijah had Melina feeling uneasy, but she held in her tongue, biting her lip as they crossed another intersection.

A couple of moments later, when he shifted direction to a dusty road that looked dark and deserted, fear pulled her into a tight hug, causing shivers to run through her spine.

“Where the fuck are you taking me, Elijah?!” Melina shrieked, her eyes widened the further inside he drove at full speed, leaving the main road behind. “Where” “Stop talking,” Elijah snarled in a low tone. The murky cloud had covered the moon, causing darkness to shadow the ground, leaving only the eleven SUVs lights brightening the rocky paths until they came to a stop in front of a warehouse.

And the moment they did, all of Melina’s fears became real, and she looked at Elijah as he turned off the engine and then unbuckled his seatbelt.

“Get out,” Elijah said as he opened the car door.

“This is not your hotel,” Melina blurted out.

Halting, Elijah turned around to look at her... his eyes were dark and cold, and there was no love in those orbs, she noticed that his mouth was set in a thin line and he seemed tense.

“You are not the only one who can put on a shitty show to get what they want... Now get out of the damn car!” Elijah ordered with a cold tone.

Her face became pale at his words as she watched Elijah pull out his key and get out of the SUV, slamming his door so hard that it made her flinch.

'Who the hell is this guy?' Melina thought, realizing after years of marriage that she didn't know her husband like the way she believes she did... or at least the sides of him, she never got to see because she didn't give a damn to know him beyond her selfish desire.

Suddenly, her door opened, making her jump slightly, and turned her gaze to see Larry standing with fourteen men behind him.

"Boss said we should get you inside by any means necessary, so you can walk on your own two feet or we can make it happen another way..." Larry said, his words more of a warning than a request.

And Melina knew that, so she slowly unbuckled her seatbelt, swallowing her pride and anger and getting down from the car.

When they got into the warehouse, she realized that fifty men were just a mere number as she stared at the other bunch of dudes with Jerome standing about in the room... a number too much for her troubled brain to comprehend.

"Where is my wife, Melina?" Elijah's cold voice made her dart her gaze to see him seated in a chair, his legs crossed as he leaned back while watching her closely with this look on his face that she couldn't decipher.

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### **Chapter 116**

#### **Chapter 116-Let's talk about your so-called husband**

The warehouse was quiet as Melina stood there like some dummy, having this look of confusion on her face that gives out the impression she didn't know what Elijah was talking about.

"Strap her," Elijah commended, his face dead of emotions as he stared straight into her eyes like she was a puzzle to solve. Once the boss's order was out in the open, Jerome did not hesitate to grab a rope and then dragged a chair toward Melina, resting it right behind her. Before she could protest or realize what was going on, Jerome locked her down in the chair and bound her wrists along with her ankles with two sets of ropes.

"Melina, don't test my patience... I want my wife back, and trust me, I can do anything to make that happen... Is that understood?" Elijah asked, staring straight at her from across the room, his tone deadly serious. Suddenly, his ringtone sounded, and Elijah pulled out his phone, answering the call with his sight still trained on Melina.

“Dice,” Elijah mumbled, fear suddenly creeping its way back into his heart as the sense of worry he felt just moments ago returned tenfold in an instant. “Have you guys...”  
“They had replica vans that were used to confuse the chase, boss... and I am sorry... We got thrown off and lost track of them.” Dice admitted with regret laced heavily in his voice. “We lost the van, boss.”

Like his entire world had been ripped away from underneath him, Elijah shut his eyes for a second, trying to calm himself down. But the cage door burst open and his emotions broke through, a mix of panic, anger, and grief coursing through him, threatening to explode and take over completely. “Melina, where the fuck is my wife?!” Elijah shouted, his voice breaking a little and betraying how much stress he was under right now. But that didn’t stop anger from burning in his eyes as he ended the call and glared over at Melina.

“Call it being at the wrong place at the wrong time, but I only visited you because of the pregnancy test result. How was I supposed to know that Peach was going to get kidnapped at that exact moment?” Melina said, sarcasm dripping from her voice like oil on water as if she didn’t care about the question he had asked. “Do you remember how smooth your bed is, the taste of food, the feeling of cold refreshing water running down your throat?... Act cocky with me again, and this will be the hell hole you will be spending the rest of your lousy life in! Now let me ask you again: where the fuck is my wife?!?” Elijah uttered in a smooth voice.

Looking back at Jerome, Larry, and a couple of men around the warehouse, fear was written all over Melina’s expression as the men stood there, looking at her blankly.

“I don’t know,” Melina answered, her words almost sounding like a whimper. “I don’t know where they are taking her.”

The silence in the room after those words had left her lips made Melina realize that she had gotten herself in some deep shit. She had messed up big time and she knew it.

“I swear that I don’t know, Elijah,” Melina said in a desperate attempt to make Elijah believe her.

Not a single word did she get from Elijah as he just looked at her, his gaze boring holes into her soul, and his silence had her so scared she started crying, mumbling, “I don’t know... I don’t.” “Then tell me what you know,” Elijah ordered, keeping his hands clenched tightly together as he tried to suppress his rage. Seeing how unbothered he seemed by her tears, Melina abruptly stopped, darting her eyes around and then dragging her gaze back to him. “Grandma called me this afternoon to tell me that she needed me to do something to grab your attention for a couple of minutes, outside of the hotel, away from Peach, and have you focus solely on me...” Melina explained, her eyes dried and a pinch of annoyance in them.

Her words made Elijah tighten his fists so much that his knuckles began to turn white as his nails dug into his flesh. But he didn't dare to show any of it on his face since he knew that would only fuel the fire inside his head and make him lose his mind.

"So you thought putting on a show of being pregnant with my baby was the perfect script to use for your distasteful act... Typical you... I am not shocked." Elijah mumbled, his voice filled with disgust. "You have not changed a bit."

"Yes... it was, and I am... SO-rry... But honestly, that's all I know. My grandmother won't answer any of my other questions when I asked her about why she wanted you distracted." Melina explained, trying to sound remorseful, but her voice just came out more bitter than sincere.

Knowing that Melina was nothing short of a hardcore liar and manipulator, Elijah couldn't even find a shred of reason to believe her. But then his phone rang again, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Stuff her mouth," Elijah commanded, looking at Melina.

A nervous look crossed her face as she stared between Elijah and Jerome, mumbling, "Wait... Don't put anything dirty in my-!" But soon she was shut up when Jerome took hold of a thick cloth and shoved it deep in her mouth before duct taping her lips together to keep them sealed.

After taking a moment to calm himself, Elijah looked at the unknown caller id on his phone screen and answered.

But he withheld his words as he listened to the silence from the other line until he heard a low husky voice, "We have your wife."

Being hundred percent sure now that the Hayes was behind his wife's kidnapping, his hate for the family felt like poison spreading through his veins.

"Please... I am beg-ging you... Please don't... don't hurt my wife... I will do anything you want from me." Elijah said in a cowardly and shaky tone, causing his men to become shocked, their eyes widened as they stared at him, wondering if he was being sarcastic or serious.

The other side of the line grew quiet immediately, and suddenly, the silence started circling the atmosphere with no one speaking on both side. "Please, tell me... what do you guys want?" Elijah finally said, desperation and pleading evident in his voice. "Well..." The husky voice drew once again. "I want Elmer Hayes released from prison."

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There was a brief pause as Elijah's eyed Melina, seeing her eyes darting nervously, and then he let out in a shaky tone, "Okay... O-kay... Just don't hurt my wife." "We wouldn't if you cooperate with us." The man replied with a threatening tone. "It's going to take like two to three days to get him free... But... how do I know my wife will be unharmed during those days." "What are you asking?!"

"I want a picture of her right now, and a picture of her after every hour-" "Listen here"

"Look... Peach is my life, and a scratch on her... any part of her body will make me very uncooperative... And since I want her home safely, and you want Elmer free, we have to accommodate each other's wishes." 1 The line went silent again, and for several long moments, no one spoke. Finally, the male voice came back through the line and he said in a low threatening voice, "Fine... If Elmer is not free on the third day, Peach will get hurt, pretty bad." "I won't let it come to that. I can assure you." Elijah said, his face grew dark as he spoke his last words. "Good." :

"Thank you. I will be waiting for her picture."

A low groan echoed from Jacob's lips as he ended the call with Elijah and then threw Peach a hard stare.

"Your husband wants a photo of you, so fix your face and say, 'cheese!'" Jacob ordered while giving her a sharp look.

Since she had been nothing but cooperative with them since they got her, there was no need for violence with Peach, and Jacob was glad about that because even though Elijah sounded like a chicken on the phone, he knew not to be fooled by a man that had the Hayes by their balls.

Being kidnapped by some random dude was the least of Peach's concerns since her emotions won't let her stop grieving the fact that Melina was pregnant with a child that could belong to Elijah. "Look up and smile!" Jacob barked in a loud voice. Perking up from the table she sat at, Peach slightly tilted her head, forced a grin, and waited for him to get done already. When the flash went off in her face, she drew a silent breath and then stared back at the table, ignoring Jacob as he said in a creepy tone, "You have a beautiful face, even with tears in them, you still look sensual, and have smooth skin. Have you thought of becoming a lingerie model?" Her tears slowly dripped down her cheeks as a bunch of emotionally draining thoughts ran through her brain.

All she could think about was how her marriage was about to change course and she had to learn to be okay with Melina being in Elijah's life for the sake of the baby. "And sent," Jacob finally declared as he put his phone back into his pocket. Then he stared hard at Peach, frowning at her tears dropping on his table, and then commanded, "Hey, look at me." Slowly, Peach raised her head, looking calmly at him as he sat in the chair opposite her, leaning forward in an attempt to look serious and intimidating, but Peach was too exhausted to care or act up. "Let's talk about this so-called husband of yours.

Who is he, really?" Jacob asked as he tilted his head to the side, his eyes searching for hers.

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Exchange Melina for Peach Silently, Peach looked down at her fingers which were clasped around her hand and then lifted them so that they were lying flat across the surface of the table, staring into Jacob's piercing gaze.

"I don't follow," Peach whispered under her breath. "What are you asking?"

"We all know that your husband should be a loser, a lower life... A scum... So how is he doing this?" Jacob asked as he leaned his elbows on the table, making himself appear taller and broader. Hearing his insult towards Elijah had Peach glaring at him, her eyes narrowing and her jaw tightening as she darted her gaze away from him, mumbling, "How is he doing what?" "Do you know how expensive lawsuits are, Huh? Where is Elijah taking the money from? Who is backing him? What's his contact?" Jacob questioned, raising a brow. Even though she was still going to say these same words to protect her husband, she realized they were the raw truth as she mumbled, "I don't know." "You don't know, or you won't tell?!" Jacob shouted angrily, slamming his hands against the table. Immediately, Peach flinched in surprise at the sudden outburst, but quickly calmed herself and looked straight at him, her expression softening, and with a whisper, she said, "I know nothing about my husband's business or activities." "What kind of wife are you if that's true?! Do you think I am stupid?!" Jacob roared, rising to his feet, his anger growing with every second he stared into her eyes. Suddenly, he took out a gun, and banged it on the table, his finger slightly resting a distance from the trigger. "Who is your husband?!... Don't test my patient!" Jacob screamed at her, his finger tightly curled onto the trigger, his eyes narrowed as if trying to intimidate her with his presence alone. Her heartbeat pounding in her chest, Peach stared at Jacob, her hands grabbing the edge of the table, her knuckles turning white as she gripped it tightly and held in her cry. "I don't know..." Peach whispered, shaking her head, trying not to make eye contact with him. Jacob clenched his jaws, his patience running thin, and then pointed the gun at her head with his index finger, and demanded in a calm tone, "Tell me now... Or I swear that I will fucking pull this trigger! Bang! And you are dead!" Squeezing her eyes shut as her breathing hitched and her heart began racing, tears fell from her eyes and her body trembled slightly, she whispered, "I don't know..." The feeling of the gun's mouth pressed against her skin made Peach's breathing irregular, she tried to calm herself down but it wasn't working, her mind was torturing her with memories of her mother... her life with James, Ryan, Matt, and Rookie, and she tried so hard not to, but like a dream shifting into a nightmare, her every moment with Elijah. Silently, she waited for Jacob to pull it, even though she was praying that would never happen. After a terrifying long pause, Jacob looked down at her hands and immediately noticed her wedding band's unique design. But what caught his attention most was each of the stones that were engraved in the ring. Not even asking, he reached for

Peach's fingers, but she suddenly opened her eyes, yanking her hand away from him and frowning at him. "Give me the damn ring!!" Jacob yelled, his eyes burning with anger. Before Peach could hold back her tongue, she had already let out roughly, "What do you want with it?!" Then she realized that Jacob still had a gun and she instantly regretted having said anything, freezing as she stared blankly at him. Her arrogant tone made him raise his hand, he was ready to back slap her really hard, but like he had a tiny Angel and devil on his shoulder, he heard a whisper, "That's gonna leave a nasty bruise. You said it yourself... Her skin is smooth. If you bruise her, it's still going to be there three days from now!" "So what?! Who gives a fuck?! Who the hell is that boy for a man like you to fear and respect!" The other voice echoed in his mind. "You two, shut up!!" Jacob screamed, shaking his head as he glared menacingly at Peach. For several seconds silence filled the air as she stared at him, wondering who he was talking to since it was just her and him in the room. "Give me the damn ring now!!" Jacob demanded again. A hint of reluctance sparked in Peach's eyes as she held his gaze for an extra minute before she reached for her hand and pulled off the band from her left ring finger. After shakily throwing it onto the table, she stared straight ahead, avoiding Jacob's gaze as he picked it up and stared at it. Then without saying a word, Jacob turned on his heels and walked out of the room, leaving her with moist eyes as her emotions came crashing down upon her. "Boss," A guy with a lot of ear piercings and blonde hair called out to Jacob as he shut the door behind him. "Are you leaving?" "Yes. And none of you are allowed to fucking touch her... at least not now... after Elmer gets released by that bastard, we are free to handle her however we want before sending her back to her so-called husband. For now, he needs pictures of her to cooperate with us, and I need her intact for that. Is that clear?" Jacob replied in a rough tone. "Clear, Boss!" "I need to head out to test this shit and figure out if the stones are real diamonds or not." As Jacob was about to walk off, he saw his men standing around the door, and like a sound on replay in his head, Elijah's warning affected him more than he wanted to admit. After hesitating for several moments, he sighed heavily, knowing that he only had to play along for three days, so he turned to the door, and locked it before putting the keys into his back pocket. The warehouse was quiet as Elijah continued to silently stare at the picture of Peach that Jacob sent him... the tears in her eyes, the fake smile, and the stress in her expression had his heart constricted painfully, and it hurt to see her that miserable. Suddenly, when he stood up from the chair, an immediate tension settled in the atmosphere as Elijah shoved his phone into his pocket and then walked over to Jerome. "Take a scroll with me," Elijah ordered quietly before stepping past him. A look of terror clouded Melina's eyes as her lids widened, watching him walk out of the warehouse and leave her alone with these random strangers, her heart beating loudly against her rib cage and her palms sweating profusely. Unable to scream at him because of the duct tape on her lips, all she could do was wiggle in her seat with teary eyes, looking around the room. When Elijah and Jerome were in the open, inhaling the fresh night air, Elijah looked at his man and said, "They want Elmer free for Peach save return..." "Can we not exchange Melina for Peach?" Jerome asked, sounding unsure of himself. 1 Shaking his head, Elijah held back his words, staring at the ground and saying, "That's not going to be enough... Threatening them with just Melina while Peach is still in their grip is a risk I don't want to take with my wife's life. I bought myself three days to come up with something solid to get her out of this shit successfully." "Okay...

What do you need from me?" Jerome asked, glancing nervously at Elijah. "Nothing... At least for now. Just watch Melina. Do not free her, feed her, or take her from that position... I want to see her in that exact spot, in the same conditions until I command something else. She doesn't get to have comfort after what she is putting my wife through." "Yes, boss." + After a moment of silence from outside the warehouse, Melina heard the sound of a car engine, and she immediately guessed what that meant. But when she finally saw Jerome returning to the warehouse, that was when the color drained from her face, knowing that Elijah had left her. The ride back to the hotel was one of the most depressing drives Elijah had had, knowing that Peach was not at their suite waiting for him with that smile that always seemed to lighten his mood.

The Hayes was behind this... he knew that, but the guilt eating at him that she was gone had him blaming himself as hard as he hated that family, every fabric in his bone was telling him he failed her... He should have been able to protect her better from this mess, instead of getting her involved. The sound of an aggressive honking made Elijah snap out of his thoughts, he glanced at the rearview mirror to see a black Escalade speeding past him as the driver screamed, "Stop driving so slow, asshole! The road is free!" Snapping his brows together, Elijah sighed out his heartache and reached for his phone, dialing Matt's number a moment later. "Hey boss," Matt's voice greeted from the other end. "I am about to call Dice for you guys to switch security. I need you, Ryan, and Rookie tonight... Peach got kidnapped." Elijah said, his heart ripping at the reality of those words.

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A greater price A knock on Miss Grace's suite door made her tired eyes snap open and forced her to push the comforter off her, getting out of bed.

A moment later, when she got to the door and opened it, she immediately had this awful gut feeling that something was wrong, seeing Ryan, Rookie, and Matt standing there with Dice. "What's wrong, Matt?" Miss Grace asked, hugging her arms around herself for comfort. "We will be gone for a while, but Dice here will be your guard until we get back," Matt said, forcing a smile, even though he, Ryan, and Rookie had been nothing but freakout since they found out that Peach got kidnapped. "Okay... But where are you guys going at such an hour?" "Work stuff..." Confused by his reply, Miss Grace was speechless for a moment, and the guys turned to leave hurriedly before she came up with another question, but she suddenly blurted out, making them halt, "Is Elijah alright?" Slowly, Ryan turned around with a smile, masking his sadness behind a grin that looked genuine. "He is doing great," He replied with a nod, looking down for a moment, thinking about how miserable his boss is right now. "Don't worry." As he was about to turn around, Miss Grace felt a dull ache in her chest as the thought crossed her mind, and she let it out, "Is my daughter okay?" "Yes. Peach is fine and safe." Ryan immediately said, knowing that if he hesitated for even a second, her motherly instinct would kick in. "Are you sure?" "Yes! Elijah just needs us over because of Elmer's

case..." "I know him getting Peach the company is a good thing... but I fear for both their safety... The Hayes are not very forgiving to those who cross them..." "Elijah knows that. Don't worry... Your daughter means a lot to all of us... And for Elijah, she is extremely important to him... Her safety is our number one priority. We won't fail our promise." A weak smile appeared across Miss Grace's face before she quickly nodded, and yet, her motherly instinct had her heart feeling heavy still and she couldn't help but feel worried about her little girl. All the suite lights were turned off as Elijah sat in the living room, in the dark, his palms covering his face. For a while, he didn't feel the effect of the minutes shifting into hours as he just sat there, not moving a muscle until a knock on the door interrupted his thoughts, making him raise his head from his hands. It took a few seconds before Elijah got up and slowly walked toward the door, unlocking it. A look of concern crossed Matt, Ryan, and Rookie's faces as they stared at their boss, seeing the brokenness in his eyes. "I fuck up badly," Elijah blurted out, his voice hoarse. Not holding back, Ryan pulled him into a hug, and patted him three times on the back before releasing him, not caring that his paycheck was coming from Elijah as he said, "No more blaming yourself, okay? You didn't do anything wrong, so let's stay focused." "How did it happen?" Rookie added, his eyes filled with worry. Without saying a word, Elijah pushed the door open wider and led the guys inside before locking the door again and sitting on the sofa, not wanting to waste any time. "Peach got kidnapped in the parking lot." Elijah started, his hand rubbing his forehead and eyes shut tightly, "... And got grabbed by some random dude and dragged into a van that has no plate." "Mask... the dude that grabbed her... did he have a mask on?" Rookie asked, a frown on his lips as he leaned against the wall. "No. He didn't." "Hotel security cameras..."

Understanding what his man was getting at, Elijah realized that Rookie was onto something. With all the emotions he was drowning in, and the things that had happened, his mind was finally waking up from the devastation and being able to think straight. Immediately, Elijah awakened from the sofa, gave his men a stare, and said, "Let's take a stroll." The sound of a loud snore echoed from the guard's mouth throughout the room as his head lolled to the left, completely passed out in the security room, leaving the monitors unattended and his gun lying on the desk beside him. After a while, his snore sound got mixed up with the echo of a knock and the guard immediately jumped awake, realizing he was sleeping at his post. He quickly straightened his uniform and put the gun away in the holster before opening the door. His jaw dropped when he saw another guard with Elijah, Matt, Ryan, and Rookie, and since Elijah and Peach had been staying at the suite for a couple of weeks now, he knew him well and immediately greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Darius... How can I help you?" «Did you watch anything suspicious happen in the parking lot around six this evening, Bob?" Elijah asked as he looked at him, his eyebrows knitted together. "Uhm... No sir... the thing is... I had to go use the bathroom at that time and wasn't watching the monitor... so I didn't see anything." Bob responded, scratching the back of his head. "Good... Can you let my buddy here take a look at the video clip from the time frame?" "Umm..." "You get a solid 2k, and I can also make my mind forget that you were sleeping on the job..." That was a win-win deal and Bob didn't hesitate to eye Klein, and when he didn't show any sign of disapproval or anger towards him, Bob knew Elijah had his partner too. "Sure." Bob agreed after taking a deep breath. "Thanks. You two can step out now." Elijah said with a slight smile. A moment later, after the men had left the room, Rookie got behind the computers, feeling excited as he

worked his way through the footage for a couple of minutes, stopping at a particular video of Elijah's car driving into the parking lot. Then he sat back, watching the entire event of this evening replayed before his eyes, and Ryan along with Matt just stood there, not blinking as their face screwed into a frown at Melina acting. Suddenly Elijah's brows snapped together as he let out, "Stop!... There." Slowly, he walked over to the monitor, pointing at the face of the guy getting out of the van from a few distances behind Peach, with blonde hair and multiple piercings on his ears. "There's the bastard," Elijah said, trying to calm himself down from the anger that boiled within him. Taking out his phone, Elijah snapped his image from the screen, and then Rookie took out a hard drive from his pocket and downloaded the video onto it before deleting it from the hotel security system. "We got a face... What do we do with it now?" Ryan asked, looking over at Elijah. "This is not a place for such discussion," Elijah said, putting his phone back into his pocket. Even though that question was still playing on Ryan's mind, he knew his boss was right, so he waited patiently until they were back inside the suite with the hard drive. However, before he could allow the question to roll off his tongue again, Elijah had taken off his phone, focusing on the screen, and after a moment, he put it to his ear. It was quiet for a while, and then Elijah's voice echoed, breaking the silence, "Did you see the picture that I sent you?" "Yes, boss." Dice mumbled, looking at Miss Grace as he studied her standing on the third-floor balcony as she watched the sky, knowing that he couldn't tell her that it was not safe out here for her because that meant risking breaking the news that Peach got kidnapped. "Do you recognize his face?" "No boss, but I will pass the word on with the phot..." When Miss Grace heard Dice say the word, "Boss" for the second time, she knew exactly who it was, and then turned immediately to face him, saying, "Is that Elijah...? Peach is not answering her phone, can I..." Immediately, Dice ended the call, and Elijah stood still as his hand dropped to his side, trying to snap out of the despair that was taking over him. Then his ringtone suddenly startled him out of his feelings, and when he saw on his screen Scorpio's name as the caller ID, he immediately answered. "Hey, boss... The old lady is becoming restless. She called me today, offering me one million dollars for your death..." Scorpio's voice came through the phone. "I know... My wife just got kidnapped a couple of hours ago..." Elijah admitted, his voice cracking a bit. The line went quiet for a minute, then Scorpio spoke again, "My men and I are available. What do you need?" "I have a picture of one of the kidnappers." "Send it to me." Not wasting any time, Elijah messaged him the copy of the photo, which he had sent Dice, and then he waited, even though every passing second felt like an hour to him, and the tension in the room was thick enough to cut with a knife. "That old witch!" Scorpio suddenly spat, "I knew that something was off the moment she showed up at my place to hire me, lying that her driver recommended me to her." "What is it?" Elijah inquired, trying not to be distracted. "She is dining with that crooked ass, Jacob! He's the reason I went to jail! That's one of his men, Scotty! He's a dirtbag and a man whose morals are rotten and buried in a ten feet grave... Leaving him as nothing but a despicable nutjob." "Jacob... Jacob Williams?" When silence settled in after his remark, Elijah felt his heart drop, dread slowly starting to set in his chest, not knowing what to expect next. "No... Jacob Hartford... A man filled with a lot of shit and sins... He's a piece of dishonest trash." Scorpio continued, sounding disgusted and angry. "Whatever he wants for your wife's return... she is going to get hurt and you are going to pay a price greater than that."

Whatever game he wants you to play, scatter the board, and start over... that's the only chance of you winning."

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 119

A died manFor the first time, sleep was not something Elijah knew for an entire night, and when the morning light crept into his room, he was sitting onthe edge of his bed, feeling a bit exhausted after spending every second of last night rearranging the chess board to his liking, and it was time for him to make his first move.

But as he reached for his phone, an unknown number suddenly popped up on the screen, causing him to pause and then answered, frowning when heheard, "You little crook..."Who is this?" Elijah asked impatiently.

"You are loaded as fuck! It's all diamonds... The ring is worth millions of bucks.

You have been shitting around with the act of being a broke ass, but you got the dollars and you are not afraidto spend them on Peach!"It's you... from last night's call..." The frown on Elijah's face deepened, realizing that Jacob was switching in between contacts, and then he heard his voice laugh hysterically through the phone before saying, "Why though... Why hide the fact that you are loaded with cash... What's your sick game here, boy? Huh?!" "You have five more minutes to send me the next picture of my wife," Elijah said calmly.

"Right... Right. And now that I know how much you are willing to spend on just a wedding ring forher... I have a little more than Elmer's lawsuit getting dropped, to ask for Preach freedom." "Name your price... I am listening."The line went quiet immediately, and Elijah woke from the bed, pacing back and forth across his room in his socks.

Twenty million dollars!!" Jacob finally shouted over the phone.

"Twenty million for her release/'Immediately, Elijah's expression darkened, and he silently snorted at those words before saying, "I don't have that kindof money laying around but give me one week, and I will get it."So you are fucking loaded! Wow... I asked your wife how much she thought her ring was worth, and she called a couple of thousand dollars in guesses...

Peach doesn't know who you are... What are you playing at?!" Jacob said with a type of cockiness in his tone that made Elijah realize Scorpio was a hundred percentright.

"Your five minutes are up. I would like a picture of my wife now."Oh, don't worry, boy. Now that I know the value of who I have, Peach will be well -taken care of... Until

you make the wrong move... then I can promise you that her pretty face is never going to look the same.”

“No need for threats... I will start arrangements for the money and Elmer’s release today. Just... Don’t... Don’t hurt her.” “We have eyes on you, boy... I hope you know what’s at stake here... Don’t tempt me to unleash my dogs that are drooling over your wife...” “Like I said before... There’s no need for threats.” The call abruptly ended in Elijah’s ear, and he withdrew his phone to stare at the screen, taking only five seconds to dial Scorpio up.

“Good morning, boss.” Scorpio’s voice said over the line.

“I told you when I hired you that I will never make you kill anyone for me... And I am standing firm by those words, but I need you to pick up a list of items for me...” As Madam Jewel was about to drink her tea, she halted the cup against her lips as Dean and Martha entered the dining room, a look of worry glued on the couple’s faces.

“What’s wrong?” Madam Jewel asked half-heartedly, not caring much for her son’s marital affairs.

It took Dean a couple of moments to compose himself, and even then, his hands were shaking slightly, and then said, “Melina did not go home yesterday... and she’s not picking up her phone.” A spark of worry woke in Madam Jewel’s heart since she knew that she had called Melina to help her with Jacob’s plan last night, and she knew that Jacob had Peach, meaning that Melina executed her part perfectly, but why she never went home was what had Madam Jewel stumped.

But she laughed off her concern slightly and said, “You know Melina... She has friends and loves to hang out with them.

She will turn out soon.” When Dean raised his brows at her, she smiled at him, and yet, inside, she was worried since something felt very off about this whole thing.

“Then why is she not answering her phone... This is not like my daughter.” Martha said quietly, and Madam Jewel frowned before looking away, trying hard to put a positive spin on the situation and thinking of something else to say.

“Exactly! That’s what I’m trying to figure out!” Dean said, exasperated and frustrated, “I know she’s a woman with her own life to live, but doing a vanishing trick on us is not like her!” A nervous laugh escaped Madam Jewel’s throat at Dean’s outburst, and when she looked into his eyes, she realized her son was frowning at her, and she mumbled, “Let’s not act like Melina has not done some weird stuff that had not shocked all of us... like marrying that... that thing... that has your brother in jail.” “Mother,” Dean whispered, feeling a sense of guilt and shame rise within him.

"She will turn up... Soon. Let's just wait." "I trust your word then, mother." As she watched her son walk off and his wife followed after him, her smile slowly faded into a grimace as her mind drifted back to the last conversation she had with her granddaughter and that no one else in the family knew what Melina and her discussion were about Peach.

Quickly, she picked up her phone from the table and dialed her granddaughter's number, tapping her nails anxiously against the table in hopes that Melina would answer.

Straightening his shirt collar, Elijah stared at Melina's phone vibrating on his dresser and his brows snapped together at the word, "Grandma," and then he grabbed his coat and wore it before picking up her phone and shoving it into his pocket.

"You Hayes want to play dirty... Then I will muddy the damn water, and we can all roll around in it till someone drowns to death..." Elijah mumbled, his eyes darkening before he wore his dark shade to hide his tired eyes.

A moment later, he heard a knock on his door, and he sighed at his reflection in the mirror before heading to open it.

"Good morning, boss." Ryan greeted him and then pushed past Elijah and entered the suite with Rookie and Matt.

"Where are we heading," Matt asked, looking at his boss with a raised brow.

"To see Mr. Bamford," Elijah replied.

"You are reporting Peach's kidnapping to the police?" Rookie asked, feeling uncertain about that.

Studying his men's faces, Elijah hesitated and then said, "No, to have lunch with going to do about Peach's kidnapping?" Ryan asked.

"But... B-ut... What are we

"You guys are doing nothing, except to head to the company and run things there like everything is fine... Jacob is watching.

Also, continue the search for the Doc." "But, boss..." "Shit is about to go down, and I need you three hands as clean as possible... just in case things go south, okay?... Plus, this Jacob guy got eyes on me, and if he is watching me, then you guys are also under his watch." Frowning, Matt hesitated as he stared at his boss in concern and then asked, "What is about to go down?" But Elijah just gave him a weak smile and patted his shoulder before commanding them in a calm voice, "Get to work." At nine o'clock, Elijah walked into Mr.

Bamford's office, and the chief constable raised his gaze at the sound of his footsteps.

"Mr. Darius... What a surprise to see you here this early... Is there a problem?" Mr. Bamford asked, leaning back in his chair with crossed legs as he watched Elijah take off his shade.

"No problem." Elijah simply said with a small smile before taking a seat, "I just thought it would be nice to have a coffee with you... Does your secretary know how to make a banger dark coffee?" "Umm... are you sure that there is no problem?" Mr. Bamford said with slight confusion as he noticed the bags under Elijah's eyes.

Resting his phone on the chief constable's desk with his keys and grinning as Melina's phone vibrated in his pocket, saying calmly, "Nah, I am good." A slight scowl crossed Peach's face when she heard the room door unlock and open, keeping her eyes on the table.

"Can I get my ring back?" Peach whispered, without raising her head.

"Don't worry, your husband is capable of replacing it when you get back to him... this one is mine now, and I will be a fool to give you it back," Jacob said through gritted teeth as he sat down across from her.

Even though her anger was rising, Peach remained silent and kept her eyes focused on the table, afraid to look Jacob in the eye.

Suddenly, she heard his footsteps approaching her and her heart sank to her feet as he bent forward toward her face and whispered in her ear, "Let me tell you a secret, little girl... You are in love with a liar and a fake... I don't know why that boy married you, but you shouldn't take his feelings for you so seriously because guys like him can change on you anytime.

Trust me, honey.

He's a player, and you are just a part of some kind of mess-up game he's playing out of boredom or whatever reason he has given himself." FUEL Then he pulled away from Peach, making her finally stop holding her breath when he heard a knock on the door.

A sigh of relief left Peach's lips when he walked off, leaving the room, and then she rested her head on the table, squeezing the fiber of her skirt tight and whimpering softly.

"What is it, Scotty?" Jacob asked irritably, staring at his man.

"Mel said that Elijah has entered the police station." Scotty stated "... You think he will tell on us." Eyes devilish and face dark, Jacob smirked as he said, "Scotty... Scotty.

Let me tell you a thing about going into battle, once the enemies know your weakness, you are fuck! A dead man... And that's what Elijah is...a sitting duck.

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 120

### The Marvelous Elijah's Return

#### Chapter 120

Playing along with Jacob's game With the sound of her heels hitting the marble tiles and a serious expression on her face, Amelia walked down the lobby of her company, and then she left the building When she finally got to the parking lot, she opened the back door of her Mercedes, entered the backseat, and shut it, staring away from the tinted windows the moment she heard all the doors lock automatically.

"Jerry, what the hell?!" Amelia said, looking intently at the reflection of a man with a mask and hat on in the rearview mirror.

"Jerry is asleep... So I will be your driver for today." A deep, dark voice came out from the driver's seat.

Before she could tell or react, the left back door unlocked, and she was about to make a run for it, but the door suddenly opened and a tall guy entered, sitting by her, then shut the door before the sound of the lock went off.

"You took care of him?" The guy behind the steering wheel asked as he started the car engine.

"Yes." The other dude said, giving Amelia a small smile.

Fear ceasing her, she felt lost for words that her lunch break had led her to get kidnapped in her own car, and her heartbeat sprinted inside of her ribcage.

The car moved forward, making her hold onto her bag, and cried out, "How much do you want?!" of disrespectful pieces of ignorant people." The guy behind the wheel snarled.

"It's always about money with you shitty rich folks... What a bunch

Frowning at how rude his tone was, Amelia scowled but suppressed her anger and mumbled, "Look-" "Shut her up." The driver said.

The other guy took out a handkerchief, and before she could struggle or scream, he pressed it to her nose, knocking her off a couple of seconds later.

The concern Madam Jewel was trying to downplay slowly began to consume her when it was one o'clock and Melina had not picked up her phone, not answering any of her thirty missed calls.

As she was about to dial her granddaughter again, Josh stormed into the living room, walked over to the couch, and popped down on it.

Silently, she watched him run his fingers through his hair, sighing out his frustration and closing his eyes in the process, letting his head rest on the cushions behind him.

After waiting several moments, Madam Jewel forgot about calling Melina and asked her grandson, "What's the matter?" again.

"It's Iris," Josh sighed, rubbing his temples and closing his eyes.

"Iris? What about your wife?" "She left our house at ten o'clock to go on a brunch date with her friends, but Carla and Ronal called me that she didn't reach them and her phone is suspiciously off.

I have been searching everywhere for her, but so far nothing, and now I just don't know where to look anymore." "Have you checked with her parents?" "Yes," A frown formed on Madam Jewel's face when she saw a sudden flash of frustration appear in Josh's eyes, and then her own thoughts made her face hardened.

"Then you are, Josh," Dean said as he stepped into the living room.

"Why are you back home early from work?" Josh asked, looking at his father with a raised eyebrow. "I am calling her, but her phone is switched off, and her driver is also not answering his phone," Dean explained, running his hand through his already disheveled hair.

"Your mother went out to look for your sister, and now,

Panicking, Madam Jewel looked between her grandson and her son, confusion showing on her features.

"Wait... What happened to Melina?" Josh questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"She didn't go home last night... And she's not answering anyone's calls," Dean said.

"Iris is missing too.

Her phone is off and she didn't reach her friends that she was supposed to have brunch with..." "Martha's phone is also off, and she promised to also call me to update me about Melina." The living room grew tense and silent, and the thought of three women in the family going missing all of sudden haunted Madam Jewel deeply.

"Should we report it to the police?" Josh whispered after minutes passed of them thinking about it

"No!" Madam Jewel blurted out, causing everyone to turn their heads toward her.

"No.

Let's wait a bit and see if this is all a coincidence, and if they will turn out later on." Even though Dean and Josh were both confused and impatient, they knew not to argue against her decision.

11 At three o'clock, Tommy marched into the living room and saw Dean and Josh, lying on the couch, their eyes on the ceiling.

"Hey, Dean... Is Patricia here with Rebecca and Emma?" Tommy asked, walking towards them.

"No, Why?" Dean mumbled, giving his brother side eyes.

"The three were supposed to pick up dresses at one o'clock for Madam Zana's granddaughter's wedding this Saturday and Patricia called me to tell me that they were on their way back, but now, I can't reach-" "Them... And their phones are off." "Yes.

How did you." "Martha and Melina are missing too." "What?" too." "What?! How?!" Tommy exclaimed, throwing his hands up in the air.

Turning his head to give his uncle a dull glare, Josh sighed and said, "Iris is missing

At that moment, Madam Jewel walked into the room, frowning slightly in worry as she asked, "What are you doing here, son?" "My wife and two daughters are missing!" Tommy said, looking directly into his mother's eyes.

"What?!" And now, Dean is telling me that Melina and Martha are missing... Also, Iris! What the hell is going on?!" Speechless as fear took hold of her heart in its hand and squeezed it, Madam Jewel just stood there, looking dumbfounded, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water.

"Can we go to the police now?" Josh asked, his patience long gone.

"Why? Can't we go to the police?" Tommy let out.

“Mother said that we should wait.” Dean replied, his voice low.

As Tommy turned to her with a frown plastered on his face, Madam Jewel’s phone rang and, grabbing it, she answered right away without even checking who called.

“Hello?” She said.

“Umm... Madam... The thing is, Miss Amelia went out for lunch and she has not returned to the office yet.

I am trying to reach her on the phone, but it is off... I was wondering if she’s home.” Amelia secretary’s voice echoed from the other end.

“Oh my...!” “What is it, Madam?” Ending the call, Madam Jewel put down her phone and looked at everyone around her wide-eyed in silence until Dean broke it, asking, “Whathappened?” “Amelia is missing.” Madam Jewel managed to say.

Immediately, Josh jumped from the couch, glaring at his grandmother, and let out, “We are going to the police station now! This is nonsense!” The calmness in Mr. Bamford’s eyes never left his face as he stared at Elijah, laying on his couch, and asked, “Who are you hiding away from, Mr. Darius?” Withdrawing his gaze off the ceiling, Elijah eyed the chief constable, a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips as he thought, ‘I am not hiding, but buying time.

If Jacob’s men have eyes on me, then I need him to believe I am doing everything to get Elmer out.’ my food, and slept... But do you know what you haven’t done yet...?” Mr. Bamford said, crossing his arms against his chest.

“You drank my coffee, ate

“Ask, ‘how’s the family?’” Elijah responded nonchalantly.

“No... You haven’t told me the truth.” “I am just here as an effort to bond with you...” the chief, Mr. Bamford couldn’t help but chuckle at the naive look on his face.

“Haha, you are funny.” When Elijah beamed at

“Madam, please slow down.

My boss has a guest!” The sound of Mr. Bamford’s Secretary’s voice had both men looking serious as they glared at the door.

Suddenly, the door burst open and Madam Jewel stepped in with Mathew, Eli, Tommy, Dean, and Josh, all six of them stopping when they saw Elijah relaxing in the chief constable’s office.

“You two...” Madam Jewel frowned at the sight of both men looking so comfortable in each other’s presence.

“What is going on?” The sound of his phone buzzing made Elijah stare away from her and peeked at his screen, seeing Scorpio’s message, “I have completed the list of items that you gave me.” Now, the presence of the Hayes in the police station made way more sense to Elijah, and he knew that what he did, kidnapping every single woman in the family, was a risky move.

But if he was going to turn the game around in his favor, he needed more to bargain with and have the entire family in his grip.

Thank you... Tie them up and sent me pictures.

Then wait until my next instruction.

Also, since you once worked for Jacob, do you know his hideouts.” Elijah texted back, giving Madam Jewel a side-eye.

“How can I help you all?” Mr. Bamford asked after his secretary had walked back outside and closed the door.

“What is he doing here?” Madam Jewel asked fear dancing in her eyes, wondering if Elijah came to report Peach’s kidnapping to the authorities.

“We have a case we are working on for him... Remember?” Mr. Bamford lied since using Elmer’s situation was the only excuse he could come up with for Elijah chilling in his office.

Her fear switched to confusion that he wasn’t here to report Peach’s kidnapping but to talk about Elmer.

Then she remembered that Jacob told her that Elijah was willing to drop the charges against Elmer for Peach’s safe return.

‘Is he seriously playing along to Jacob’s game?’ Madam Jewel thought, staring at Elijah.

“Yes, boss. I already have some of my boys working on spying on all his hideouts to see which one he’s using now... After I went to prison, I lost track of his deeds, but we will try our best, boss, with the old information we have.” Elijah silently read Scorpio’s message.

‘If he is playing along with Jacob’s game, then who has my daughters, granddaughters, and daughters-in-law?’ Madam Jewel thought, feeling more fearful by the minute.