

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Why am I acting like this?

After Elijah took the briefcase from Matt and walked off, he did not look back to see if Peach was following him.

Knowing how unstable his mood can get, Peach got off the stool and nervously followed after Elijah, watching his back closely. The moment he got to his room door, he finally stopped, and looked back at her, standing behind him with her hands clenched by her sides!

His expression softened as he opened the door, walking in, and Peach silently walked in behind him.

After Elijah closed the door, he threw his briefcase on the bed and turned back, facing Peach who stood there, a few feet away from him.

"What's wrong?" Elijah asked her, noticing how sad she looked. "Nothing," Peach mumbled as Elijah approached her. "Don't lie," Elijah responded, cupping Peach's face in his warm palm and wiping away any traces of tears from her cheeks.

With a sigh, Peach gave Elijah a small smile and whispered, "I was talking with James about my family, and it's the reason why I lost control of my emotions..." Raising her eyes to lock with his, Peach gazed deep into them as though to tell him everything without being able to say the words aloud. "Damn it! What about her eyes that always seem to catch my attention?" Elijah thought, unable to help his gaze from lingering on her fluttering lashes and tears, rolling down her cheeks. He felt his hand unconsciously reach up towards Peach face and then slowly, he wiped away each tear that rolled down as he thought, 'A woman who can sway a man's emotions with just a gaze is more dangerous than the ones that slap him in the face. But why...'

Peach's fingers lightly ran across his knuckles as he stared at her for a few seconds longer before letting go of her face.

Clearing his throat, Elijah pulled his hand away, and replied, "I got the twenty thousand dollars,"

Immediately, Peach's eyes lit up as she grinned widely, "You have the money!?" When Elijah nodded, she rushed into his embrace, burying her face in his chest and sobbing

uncontrollably, 'Thank you!!! Thank you!!! Thank you... thank you!' The gratitude in her tone shocked Elijah as she continued to hug him tightly, pressing her head against his torso, while her body trembled with suppressed sobs.

Even though this was not some free money he was giving her and he was getting something in return, she still appeared extremely grateful, which made Elijah's heart pound. It was the first time that he ever saw someone be so thankful for something so trifling, and this was one of those rare occasions for Elijah because of his experience with living with Melina.

"You are freaking amazing! You don't know just how much this means to me!" Peach shouted between sobs, lifting her head to look at Elijah, but his gaze fell on her lips, which were now dangerously close to his own. Then he gently forced himself out of her arms, taking a couple of steps back and clearing his throat.

"No need to get all sentimental over nothing," Elijah said with a small smirk, trying to make light of the situation. "You are my little buddy, right? It's okay."

For a while, Peach just stood there, her eyes wet, and then she started laughing, but tears were still streaming down her face. Elijah raised an eyebrow in confusion at her reaction, wondering what was going on in that small head of hers.

The raw sense of joy that overwhelmed Peach was too strong for Elijah to understand anything besides the fact that she felt happy and was tearing up.

"This is the first time I have had someone genuinely help me out of nowhere, Elijah!" Peach exclaimed, her voice filled with tears of pure happiness. "And a total stranger too!! What are the odds."

After those words, the atmosphere around them shifted and the tension between them seemed to vanish instantly.

"Well..." Elijah said awkwardly, rubbing the nape of his neck sheepishly and shrugging his shoulders. "I'm glad that I could help with your problem." Someone like Peach was kind of the first for Elijah... her bubbly, emotional, and kind of innocent personality came across to him as a refreshing change of pace compared to what he has been dealing with. He liked that she was different, although he wasn't sure why he did. But he found it quite endearing.

"Is that the money in the briefcase?" Peach asked curiously, looking over at the bed.

"Hmm," Elijah murmured, staring at her for a while before turning his head away.
"Yeah."

It fell silent between them again, except for the sound of their breathing. Suddenly, Peach broke the silence. "So, do you want to take me to the hospital to get this paid?"

“Umm... sure...” Elijah responded hesitantly, unsure of himself. “Let me change into something comfortable.” Those words finally drew Peach attention to what he was wearing, and she blushed furiously, admiring the way the suit fit his broad frame perfectly. “Wow!” Peach blurted out before catching a grip on her tongue and quickly covering her mouth,

Unable to hold back his laugh, Elijah reached forward and ruffled her hair teasingly as he laughed, “You’re cute when you blush.”

Peach pushed his hand away roughly, “Shut up...! I will wait for you outside!”

Not waiting for his response, Peach ran out of the room, closing the door behind her, and then

she rested her back against its wooden frame, clutching her chest. ‘Why am I acting this way?’ Peach questioned herself, running her hand through her hair, Then she walked away from the door and headed into the lobby to see Ryan, Matt, Rookie, and James, staring back at her worriedly. “Did he get mad again?” Matt asked, his eyebrows furrowed. “Huh?” Peach asked, confused.

Ryan sighed and explained, “We heard sobbing sounds coming from Elijah’s room, and thought that he lashed out.”

“No! No, he didn’t. He was just talking to me,” Peach interrupted with a giggle, causing Ryan and Matt to stare at her quizzically.

“About what?” Ryan asked, raising his eyebrows slightly. Peach scratched her head and smiled shyly, “Just stuff.” “Oh,” Matt uttered, looking at the other in confusion. After a while of quiet minutes, Elijah walked into the lobby, wearing gray sweater pants with a white sweater. “Ready?” Elijah asked, looking at Peach with a smile. Her face brightened instantly and she nodded, rushing over to where Elijah was, “Yep!”

As Peach followed him out the lobby, Matt, Rookie, James, and Ryan gazed after them curiously, wondering what exactly went down in Elijah’s room, When they got outside, Peach stopped immediately, gazing at the brand new car, parked in the driveway.

The sight of the shiny, black car brought a look of confusion to her face and her eyebrows scrunched together.

“You bought a car?” Peach asked with an eyebrow raised, her voice laced with disbelief.

“Uh-huh,” Elijah answered, unlocking the door with the automatic key. Looking back at her, Elijah noticed that she had frozen, staring in disbelief at the car. “Are you ready to get inside?” Elijah asked, holding the door open for her. “Um... yeah,” Peach muttered, still standing in the exact spot, her hands gripping onto her arms nervously as she bit

the bottom of her lip. Frowning, Elijah walked over to her, lacing his fingers with hers, and pulled her along with the open door.

“What do you do for a living?” Peach said, turning to look into his eyes.

Their faces were so close to each other that he could feel her breath against his lips, and his body tensed up at the sensation.

“Get in the car,” Elijah whispered, breaking eye contact as he drew back his hand from hers’ and stepped aside.

After a brief hesitation, Peach reluctantly entered the sleek, black car, sitting in the front seat.

When Elijah sat behind the steering wheel, he peeked at her and then sighed, leaning in closer to her.

Widening her eyes slowly as her heart pounded wildly against her chest, Peach stared at him, wondering what he would do next. But he grabbed her seatbelt, pulled it over her head, fastening it securely around her waist, then buckled her in.

“I could have done it myself,” Peach mumbled, pouting as she stared away from Elijah, feeling hot in her cheeks. Her heart wouldn’t stop beating wildly no matter how hard she tried to stop it. “I know. But you are being difficult,” Elijah muttered underneath his breath as he reached out his hand to turn the ignition button and the car engine roared to life.

Suddenly, Peach turned towards him, frowning as she opened her mouth to argue but decided not to, instead, she turned away from him and let out a sigh. The drive was silent, but it wasn’t an awkward silence, but in fact, it was quite peaceful.

Yet, now and then, Elijah would sneak another glance at Peach, who was staring out the window with a blank expression on her face.

” James said that you want to open an investment company,” Peach randomly mentioned after a few minutes of silence. “Do you think... mmh...”

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 22

Chapter 22

Your Game

A faint blush crept across Peach’s cheekbones as she lowered her head, clearly embarrassed by what she was about to ask.

“Yes?” Elijah prompted, sensing her unease.

“Could I work with you?” Peach finally asked timidly. “I mean if you... Umm... after you establish your company...” It grew quiet for a moment until she couldn’t bear it anymore. She lifted her head, and her eyes unintentionally locked with Elijah’s gaze before he focused on the road.

“Just because we are getting a bit close, you think that is a way for you to take advantage of it and use me for your benefit,” Elijah replied coldly, not bothering to hide the irritation and disgust in his voice.

Feeling confused, Peach chuckled out in surprise, tilting her head to the side, mumbling, “Wait, what?!”

“Don’t act dumb and naive,” Elijah retorted sharply.

“That was uncalled for!”

“Was it?!”

“Yes!”

The tension in the car grew thicker as Peach looked away from Elijah in embarrassment, feeling a little hurt from his harsh tone. “Under what grounds do you think you are qualified to work for me?!” Elijah let out, his tone dripping with sarcasm and anger.

“Maybe if you didn’t act as if I committed such a sin by asking to work with you, you would know that I have a master’s degree in business management and finance.” Peach stated proudly, folding her arms across her chest, not looking at Elijah. “You do?!”

“What?! Did you think I am some dumb woman?! What’s your problem...? My dad never joked about my education...”

When Elijah looked away from the road and focused on Peach, his expression softened and a small smile appeared on his lips.

“Sorry. My bad,” he apologized, glancing at her briefly before he returned his gaze to the road.

Silently, Peach watched Elijah as he drove through the streets of the city.

His facial expressions were unreadable, and it made her wonder if there was a particular reason for his cold attitude.

However, when he suddenly glanced at her, her thought found its way to her lips, and she blurted out, "You weren't questioning my qualifications, but my sincerity, right?" When Elijah didn't answer and only kept on driving in silence, Peach frowned, trying to figure

out why he was suddenly behaving like that.

"I am sorry... I should have known... it was silly of me... you are right, we are getting a bit close and I thought... it was stupid of me to think that we were on the same pace. But I guess I am more trusting than you..." Peach murmured, trailing off.

"I never thought of you as a dumb woman," Elijah replied, keeping his eyes fixed firmly on the road. "But you are right, I am less trusting than you." When the words left his mouth, Peach felt a sting of disappointment, yet she tried her best to suppress it, and then said, "Forget I said anything. Forget I even brought this up in the first place," Shrugging his shoulder, Elijah kept his focus on the road, and Peach turned her focus to the window, watching as the scenery outside passed by them quickly.

After a while, Elijah brought his car to a halt in the hospital parking lot, making Peach look back at him shortly before opening the door. She stepped out of the car, waiting patiently for him to come and meet her.

'She didn't stomp off mad to be dramatic,' Elijah thought as he exited the car with the suitcase and closed the door behind him.

When Elijah reached her, Peach stole a quick look at him before they both headed into the building, walking over to the desk where a nurse was waiting for them.

"Peach," Nurse Darling greeted with a warm smile once they stopped in front of her desk, "It's good that you are here." "Umm, is Doctor Ben in his office?" Peach asked politely with a shaky smile. "Well... he is... But you should go to your mother's room first before anything else.

"Why?"

A look of worry crossed both Elijah and Peach's faces... a sense of raw fear overwhelming Peach as she furrowed her brows tightly in concern.

A hint of reluctance clouded nurse Darling's expression as she looked over at Elijah, biting her lip and shaking her head lightly, muttering under her breath, "Uhhh... Your cousin... Melina is here. She just arrived a moment ago, and went straight to your mother's room." A touch of fury flashed across Peach's face, and drowning in her anger,

she grabbed Elijah's hand, pulling him away from nurse Darling, leaving a flabbergasted nurse staring after them in shock.

Even though Elijah was surprised, he followed quietly, trying to ignore the tightness of Peach's grip on his hand. Quickly, Peach stormed down the hallway, heading straight for Miss Grace's room, and when they got closer, she recognized her cousin's harsh voice, "Call your daughter now!" "Why are you so mad at her though?" She could hear her mother say, and Peach batched into the room without knocking, glaring at her cousin a few feet away from her. A bitter and sarcastic laugh escaped Melina's lips as she scoffed, raising her chin slightly and rolling her eyes, looking Peach up and down. "When aunt Patricia called to tell me that you were actually with her, I swear I didn't believe a

word of it!" She exclaimed bitterly, glaring at Elijah.

The feeling of the past that he had for her suddenly flooded back with a vengeance, but he tried his hardest to push away all of those emotions and kept silent not wanting to let his anger get the better of him.

"My mom is sick, so if you are here to cause trouble, leave! She needs rest." Peach said softly, yet her tone was firm and demanding as her eyes narrowed. "And if you dare come near her or us again, then I will personally sue your ass for harassing my family." A look of surprise washed over Melina's face, and then she rolled her eyes, saying, "You are crazy. No one likes you. You are a loser. A freak." "Are you done?!" Peach exclaimed angrily as she clenched her jaw, feeling done with her cousin's nonsense. "Then get the hell out!"

Standing there with a hint of confusion and bewilderment on her face, Melina stared at Peach in disbelief as she took a step forward, her gaze resting on Elijah's hands in Peach's grip.

"You like my throw-out... things that I don't have taste for?" Melina questioned mockingly before sneering. "I guess it must be hard for you to compete with me. Maybe you are jealous, hmmm?"

"Melina, Peach has done nothing to offend you, so why are you picking on her now?" Miss Grace's soft voice echoed.

Turning to glare at the old woman, Melina clutched her first and lashed out, "Your daughter is a whore! Don't expect me to be polite to her."

"Melina!" Miss Grace gasped, covering her mouth with one of her wrinkled hands, tears welling up in her eyes. "She couldn't wait to pick up the useless garbage that I tossed out of my life. All hands in hand with him! Haha, what a joke! What a bitch!"

"You... you... you should try to ruin my daughter's reputation. Peach has never done something

"Oh, shut up please, Aunt Grace."

When Melina turned to face Elijah, Peach's palm collided with her jaw, leaving a red five fingers bruise print on her skin.

A look of shock and rage covered Melina's features, and with an angry snarl, she turned towards Peach, raising her hand in preparation to hit her, but Elijah hastily pulled Peach behind him, his tall, broad figure shielding her completely. But that didn't stop Melina from raising her hand and swinging it, aiming directly for his face, but Elijah caught her wrist.

"What?! You want to hit me for her, huh?! How long have you known Peach... and how many times have you been around her!?" Melina yelled, struggling against his tight grip. "You are delusional, and it's best if you leave." Elijah calmly responded, letting go of her hand.

Laughing with tears in her eyes, Melina glared at him and said, "I am not even mad. Honestly, I am glad you found your place with the rest of the garbage!"

Still pissed, Peach tried to leave from behind Elijah, forcing her way, pushing past him, but he

grabbed her by the arm and drew her back behind him, shocked about her wide side.

It's like he was getting introduced to a whole other person. Not the somewhat sweet girl he met days ago who was sometimes afraid to speak her mind but also terrified of him. Now, he didn't know what to do with her aggression.

"Stay put!" Elijah said, letting go of Peach's arm, keeping her behind him. Annoyed, Melina glared at him, meeting his eyes, and let out, "We just got divorced a couple of days ago, and now, you are acting this overprotective of her!! If she's such a stranger to you, then why are you on her side!!" "This is why I said, you are delusional, Melina. What do you want me to do, let you two fight!?" Elijah calmly uttered, knowing the condition of Miss Grace. "You allowed her to slap me-" "You deserve that... Can you just leave?!" Frowning with a look of hesitation on her face, Melina stood there, watching him carefully, and said, "After years of feeling sorry for your ass, the least you could have done was stay loyal after the divorce... at least for a while to-"

"You think you are any better? After all the shitty things you did to me! Do you think you are that special to take over my thoughts for long? You are nothing more than a spoiled brat who only knows how to use people to satisfy her own ego..." Elijah said firmly.

With a pout, Melina stared at him angrily, her fists balling up as she bit her bottom lip.

After a moment, she glanced at the floor, mumbling, "...You should have crawled into a hole and never show your sorry face in front of me again. But now that you have done this... don't blame me for playing your game."

With that, Melina walked past Elijah, and he moved to the side, taking Peach with him, keeping Peach behind him as he watched Melina make her way out of the room, and the door shut behind her.

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 23

Chapter 23

She needs you

The hospital room was filled with silence once the doors to the room closed. Then Elijah turned to look at Peach, asking, "Are you okay?" "Yeah... Yeah, I am fine." Peach muttered, crossing her arms across her chest, lowering her eyes to the ground, and sighing softly. "I'm sorry..."

"For what?" Elijah asked, tilting his head slightly to the side.

"For being like that..." Peach murmured, clenching her teeth together and averting her eyes away from him. "When you start fighting for your right at a young age, you get angry at whoever tries to take it away from you..." "You don't have to explain yourself, Peach, I understand where you are coming from," Elijah replied simply.

Peach shook her head, still refusing to meet his eyes, "No, you don't. It was unfair for you to have to defend me... And I am sorry. I should never have put you in such a position.."

Elijah gave a small smile, reaching out to touch her arm. He rubbed his thumb gently over her wrist, giving her a reassuring look, and said, "Don't worry about it."

When Peach looked over at her mother, Miss Grace wanted to be mad at her daughter, but she knew after her husband died and she had a heart attack, Peach had to fight against everyone coming after them at a young age, and it was not easy for her either.

So seeing her like that now reminded her too much of what they had gone through, especially in regards to how cruel and uncaring some people could be at times to them.

"Mama, I am so sorry," she quietly uttered, her voice cracking with sadness. "I shouldn't have said"

“It wasn’t your fault, Peach,” Miss Grace interrupted gently. “I mean, it was not your fault. I’m sure your father would have done the same thing in this matter. You have his fighting spirit, and he would be so proud of you.”

A sad, longing expression overcame Peach’s eyes, and her lips began quivering uncontrollably as the memories of her father flashed through her mind, the warm smile on his face, gentle eyes filled with concern when he looked at her, and the way that he made her feel safe.

The sound of the room door opening startled everyone, making them all turn to see Doctor Ben standing there with a confused and worried expression on his face. Then he fixed his eyes on Peach and said, “There’s a... umm... Well... there’s a little issue.” The look of guilt in his eyes and how he won’t stare directly at her face made Peach furrowed her brows in confusion as she waited for him to continue.

Doctor Ben cleared his throat and began walking toward Peach, stopping when he was close enough and saying, “My job is at risk. Apparently, someone reported to the board of directors of the hospital that I was treating your mother without any payment or insurance and now I am in quite a mess... You guys need to..” When Elijah saw the worried look on Miss Grace’s face, he darted his gaze to the doctor and said, “We have the money.”

“All Twenty thousand?!” Doctor Ben blurted out in surprise. “Yes,” Elijah answered calmly. “We can make the payment now.”

“But... how...? When...? How did you...?” Doctor Ben stammered.

“Have you heard the saying, ‘Don’t judge a book by its cover?’ “But... What’s... what is the content of this book?” “You just have to be patient and watch the chapters unfold... you would be shocked about the ending.” Both Miss Grace and Peach looked at each other with their faces contoured in confusion just as Doctor Ben was too because the three of them were not understanding anything that Elijah had said.

Turning his focus off the Doctor, Elijah looked over to Peach and handed the briefcase to her, saying, “Twenty thousand like I promise.”

The look of shock on Doctor Ben’s face grew even deeper than before, and as he gazed at Peach, she opened the briefcase with a shaky hand and took a glimpse inside, finding a hundred bills piled over one another.

Now, it was Miss Grace’s turn to gape at Elijah in disbelief, staring at him incredulously as she tried to grasp what was going on, and how he could get his hands on such money so easily and fast, knowing the news about who he was when he was married to Melina.

"You and Doctor Ben should settle the bills. I will stay here with Miss Grace." Elijah stated, smiling at Peach, trying to ease the tension in the room. Silently, Peach nodded with a weak smile before closing the briefcase, leaving out of the room with Doctor Ben, who was still confused about what was going on. Watching them leave the room, Elijah sighed deeply, ran his fingers through his hair, and then fixed his eyes on Miss Grace.

Both of them stared in silence, waiting for something to break their awkward mood, which lasted until finally, Elijah broke the silence as he asked, "How are you feeling?"

"What are your plans for my daughter?!" Miss Grace asked calmly, yet, her words carried a hint of fear. "Did you know who she was when you walked into our motel that night?"

"No, and also, I don't have a plan for Peach,"

"Why? Are you making it up as you go?"

A faint chuckle escaped Elijah's lips, nodding his head at her question, and he responded, "I am not. Peach is not some piece I want to use in my game of chess."

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Miss Grace raised her voice with a sense of fear lingering within her tone.

Calmly, Elijah walked over to the hospital bed and sat down beside Miss Grace, looking her straight in the eye with an honest expression plastered onto his face, and said softly, "Peach is innocent, and the innocent don't deserve to get dragged in the battlefield of hell."

"You are not a simple man, are you?" Miss Grace questioned, raising her eyebrows.

Elijah didn't say anything, instead choosing to look up at the ceiling, letting out a small smile on his face, before turning his attention back to Miss Grace and grinning at her. "I don't know you or what your plans are, but please for this sick, old woman's sake, please, I am begging you, keep Peach out of your game of chess." Miss Grace pleaded. "Honestly, with everything that has happened so far, I am the one who has gotten dragged into her mess. So don't you think it's unfair to be asking me when your daughter is the one who is pulling me along with her?". When Miss Grace didn't answer, Elijah smirked and said, "I am not the one who started this game, Miss Grace. So let's not paint it as what it's not."

After staying silent for a few seconds, Miss Grace sighed and said, "Then can I ask you for a favor... Peach may seem like a happy and wild girl, sometimes shy... But she had to grow up when she was just a child, and I am begging you to keep an eye on her."

"I don't want such liability or responsibility. I am not the type to play the knight on the board. I am more of a loner, and I like it to stay that way." Elijah said calmly. "Besides, if

I agree, and she gets hurt, it would be all my fault.” “Peach only has me. Without me, she has no one, so if you don’t agree and she gets hurt, the would be no one, absolutely no one in her life.”

“This is awkward, and I don’t want to seem like the villain here

“Then don’t,”

It grew quiet once more between the two of them, and Elijah continued to look up at the ceiling in thought while Miss Grace kept on staring at the floor.

“This is pushing my kindness way too far. We have known each other for like what..? Days!? And you are already putting me in such a position. Do you think that’s a good choice, Miss Grace?” Elijah said, looking down to focus on her.

“Sometimes, in desperate situations, you have to have blind trust in a total stranger because you have nothing else left,” Miss Grace replied as she shook her head.

“And right now...” She paused for a moment, trying to calm herself before continuing, “I trust you more than anyone I have ever met in my entire life because you and your men have shown Peach way more kindness than those she shares a bloodline with.” !

It got quiet after her words, and Miss Grace raised her gaze off the floor and looked at Elijah whose eyes were still fixated on hers.

She gave a small smile to him, giving him a warm reassurance that she truly meant what she was saying before she turned her gaze away from him, saying softly, “I believe that you can protect her better than I can. That’s what this second heart attack has thought me.”

“I am sorry, but I can’t give you the answer you are looking for. I can’t be Peach’s safe haven when I, myself, am not trying to take the safe route and back down from any fight in the future.”

“Elijah,” “I’m sorry, Miss Grace. But your daughter can’t be my responsibility or burden.” Elijah let out softly.

Then he stood from the bed, his hands stuck in his pocket. But as he was walking away, Miss Grace grabbed his arm, and when he turned, she dropped to her knees, and Elijah’s eyes widened slightly in surprise and worry. Immediately, he rushed to help her to her feet, but she refused to stand, saying, “I know this is taking advantage of you... putting you in a difficult position, but the forces against my daughter are far beyond your imagination. If you do not come to rescue her, her fate is already sealed...”

“Miss Grace...” Elijah whispered as tears pooled in the corner of her eyes. “This was not their first, and it wouldn’t be their last. My health is not getting any better. Another heart

attack or surgery could be the death of me, and if that happens, then I don't want her to be alone in this cruel world... Peach is so young..."

"I know her unruly attitude shows a woman who is ready to take on the world, but she's not prepared, Elijah. At least not without someone to guide her... Someone to take care of her and protect her... The person she needs the most now is you."

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 24

Chapter 24

Anasty lawsuit

The sorrow of a mother's desperate plea was something Elijah had never experienced before, and he was not sure how to respond at this point.

The look on Miss Grace's face showed pain and concern, as well as desperation, and Elijah knew even though he wanted no burden of such responsibility since his entire focus was on raising to power and having his revenge, he couldn't say no and be the bad guy when this woman, who had lost so much, was on her knees, begging him to save her daughter. 'This mother and daughter know how to push every single nerve ending of mine.' Elijah thought as a tear rolled down Miss Grace's cheek. 'But... I guess I will have to put all the hard feelings aside because Peach does need help... and do everything in my power to make sure she stays safe, at least for now.' Smiling weakly at Miss Grace, he gently grabbed both her arms and said, "Please stand up first.

Although she looked reluctant, Miss Grace obeyed and stood up slowly.

Once she managed to stand straight, Elijah sighed and said, "I am not making any promises or commitments, but as long as Peach needs my help, I will do my best."

"Thank you, Elijah." Miss Grace smiled brightly, wiping her eyes. "That's all I can ask for."

The sound of the door opening got both their attention, and when Elijah looked back, he saw Peach smiling in the doorway with a paper in her hand, mumbling happily, "We are clear to go home!"

Although her eyes were moist, it was alluring and beautiful with a glimpse of hope inside of them, and her happiness made Elijah feel a bit lighter.

When Peach looked directly at him, a big smile stretched across her face, but Elijah did not react, yet his gaze didn't stray from her as she pouted with a sniff and said, "Thank you,"

'You are such a wild card with your emotions that I don't know how to handle you.' Elijah thought with a slight smile on his lips. Then Miss Grace startled him a little when she touched his shoulder lightly, and he snapped his attention back to her.

"I don't know you... at least not that long... but they say people enter your life, not by coincidence, but to change it for the better or worse, or to teach you a lesson. Thank you for helping us." Miss Grace said softly, smiling gratefully at him.

The emotions from these two were overwhelming Elijah, and he darted his eyes around until they rested on Miss Grace's pack bag, and he let out, "Umm, I will take that, and then we can get going."

Then Elijah stepped past Miss Grace and took the mini bag from the table before turning back to gaze at both of them and saying, "We should head out."

Nodding, Peach gave him a weak smile, and then walked over to her mother, hugging onto her arm as she said, "Mama, let's go."

The three walked out of the room, and Elijah watched the backs of Peach and Miss Grace. At

that instant, he didn't know what emotion was rising in his chest as he followed behind them silently.

Everything was calm as the three left the hospital, but when they got to the parking lot, a swamp of journalists came out of the blue and rushed toward them.

The pure look of horror on Miss Grace's face as these reporters surrounded them deepened, Peach rushed in front of her mother, shouting at them, "Back off please! What is wrong with you guys!"

"Is it true that Melina divorced her husband because of you... because she caught you in bed with Elijah, a week ago?" A journalist asked with a microphone in his hand, pointing it at Peach.

"What the fuck!" Elijah mumbled, his brows furrowed, his lips pressed into a firm line. Then he snapped out of his reverie and opened the back door of his car, tossing the bag in before gently grabbing Miss Grace's arm and pulling her towards the back seat, helping her in and closing the door. "Peach, come on, answer the question!! Why did you ruin your cousin's marriage... Did you do it out of spite or jealousy?!" An angry reporter yelled, pushing the microphone at her face. "Can you back off?!" Peach cried as more reporters gathered around her, yelling out questions and shoving their

microphones into her face. Frowning, Elijah grabbed Peach by her wrist and pulled her towards him, causing her to bump into him, her face buried in his chest, as he wrapped an arm around her shoulder, trying to shield her body and her head from the onslaught of questions.

“Elijah, how could you bite the hand that fed you all those years? Was committing adultery with Melina’s cousin really worth ruining your marriage?!” A reporter shouted at him. Without a response, Elijah escorted Peach to the front passenger seat door, opened it, and helped her inside the car.

Then he closed the door and as he was walking over to the other side, reporters kept pushing their mics in his face, and one of them asked, “How could you do such a thing? Have you no remorse for poor Melina?” “Get out of my face!” Elijah snapped at them in frustration, forcing his way through them.

But one journalist refused to move away despite the others doing the same, so Elijah looked into his crazy eyes, saying firmly, “Step aside now!” “You are a piece of work, you know.” The guy sneered with a raised eyebrow, pushing his microphone in Elijah’s face. “Meline is so beautiful and you betrayed her. You are a sick son of a bitch-”

Before he could end his statement, the rest of his words got lost in his head when Elijah’s fist connected with his nose, breaking it and sending him backward. As everyone else gasped in shock, he bent down, clapping his palm over his bleeding nostril, and shouted, “You fucking piece of shit. I will sue your ass! I swear!!!

“Great!!” Elijah snapped as he walked past him.

None of the other reporters were brave enough to follow him or uttered a word as they speechlessly watched him walk to the driver’s side door and open it, get into the car, and slammed his door. When Elijah turned the key, Peach stared at his bruised knuckles with an aching heart, but she was too upset by everything that had happened for her to say a word. So she stared at the window, blinking back tears as they blurred her vision, and her head slowly rested against the glass as Elijah put the car in gear and drove out of the parking lot. After a few minutes of silence, Elijah looked over at her, his gaze softening slightly, but just barely. Then he looked into the v-mirror, knowing how traumatic the situation was, and asked, “Are you okay, Miss Grace?” “Hmm,” She whispered while avoiding eye contact with him. “I’m fine.” The rest of the drive was quiet except for Peach softly sniffing and the low music that played through the speakers.

A frown crossed Matt’s face as he stared hard at his phone screen. Then he immediately sat up on the couch, scowling even harder now.

“What the hell is this!” He blurted out as he watched the clip over of Elijah punching the reporter square in the nose.

Then he jumped to his feet, rushed out of his room, and shouted out as he walked down the hall, "Guys!!"

In a split second, the doors began opening, and Ryann was the first to rush out of his room, and into the hall, letting out, "Boss just knock the shit out of one dude!"

"Does anyone have the full story of what happened?!" James cried as he stepped into the corridor, seeing the two. "Damn!! Our boss just punched the living daylights out of some reporter!" Rookie exclaimed, meeting them in the corridor. "He literally hit him right on the nose!" "I have only seen the twenty-second clip!" Matt exclaimed, crossing his arms. "Someone just leaked the video!"

"It's all over the news already..." James groaned as he shook his head, pinching his forehead. "Just what kind of trouble is happening now?"

"This looks like a nasty lawsuit," Rayn stated, sighing heavily and scratching the back of his neck as he stared at his phone screen. "I wish that there was more to the video. At least that will give me an idea of how to approach this in the boss' favor."

"That looks like the hospital parking lot!" Rookie exclaimed, raising a confused brow.

"Didn't he and Peach leave to pay miss Grace's hospital bills, so how..." "Only the boss can answer this," Matt interrupted as he narrowed his eyes, looking very uneasy.

"Should I call him?" James questioned, reaching up with his fingers and running over his hair nervously. "Nah! If this happened recently, then my best guess is he's driving. With the situation at hand, we don't want to cause him more stress than he already has to deal with," Matt explained, shaking his head.

"True. We just have to wait for the boss to get home." Ryan agreed with a nod. With that, the four of them walked into the lobby, taking a seat in the comfortable chairs near the desk and focusing on the entrance of the motel. The black car came to a stop in the parking lot of the motel twenty minutes later, and Elijah caught off the engine. Then he looked over at Peach, but she shoved the door open, and walked out, ignoring her mother calling, "Peach, darling...!" A sigh escaped Elijah's lips as he watched her push the glass door open before he looked back at Miss Grace, seeing her reaching for the bag, and said, "Leave it. I will bring it in." With a shaky smile, Miss Grace nodded and then got out of the car, shutting the door behind her.

"Peach," James called out softly, hesitating when he saw her cheeks wet and her eyes red.

Silently, she walked past the four men and hurried into the hallway, leaving them speechlessly staring at each other.

Then Ryan saw the door open, and his gaze rested on Miss Grace, causing him to smile, but the look on her face made him falter, she looked completely broken and pale, almost lifeless.

“What happened?” Rookie asked, almost in a whisper. “Good afternoon,” Miss Grace said with a faint smile as she stared at the four men. Then she walked off, leaving them in utter confusion and worry to answer back. Finally, Elijah walked through the door and all four of them stood from their seats with a look of concern etched across their faces as they saw the bitter expression on their boss’ face. “What happened?” James asked cautiously.

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 25

Chapter 25

Manipulative and Deceptive

Looking at the worry in his men’s expressions, Elijah felt a bit dumbfounded that they were staring at him like that, and he rubbed a hand across his face tiredly and mumbled, “What is it?”

Well... you just knock the shit outta some dude,” Ryan said hesitantly, eyeing the others to back him up.

“How did you guys know about that?” Elijah frowned, glancing between the four of them.

Slowly, Ryan looked over at James, raising his brows with a curious look plastered across his face, making James sigh before facing Elijah.

“The clip is all over the internet.” He said calmly. “And we are confused because there’s no extra information about what led to the punch.”

“Well, he insulted my mother, calling me a son of a bitch... My mom is no, bitch.” Elijah snapped, clenching and unclenching his fists in anger, feeling his breathing quicken with rage. Staring in disbelief, Matt muttered beneath his breath, “Shit, he had that one coming and deserved it... Well, more than a punch.”

The room was quiet for a moment as Elijah walked over to the couch, dropped onto it, and leaned against the backrest with a clenched jaw. Then he looked over at Ryan and said, “We might have our hands full with a lawsuit.” “I knew it,” Ryan murmured, putting his hand in his pocket. “But I need a clear understanding of what exactly happened, boss.”

Frowning, Elijah sighed and then sat up straight with a serious expression as he let out, “Melina was at the hospital when Peach and I got to Miss Grace’s hospital room, and she and Peach got into serious shit. Peach slapped her in the face-”

“Damn!! Peach did what?!” Matt cursed under his breath with wide eyes before realizing that everyone was glaring at him. “Sorry, boss. Please, go on.”

It took a moment for Elijah to respond as he tried to recall what happened next, and then he said, “I guess Melina didn’t like our little encounter, and when we got outside the hospital parking lot, a bunch of reporters blocked our way and surrounded us...”

“Your ex-wife sounds like a piece of work,” James grumbled, his jaw tensing.

Looking over at his butler, Elijah nodded with a heavy sigh as he rubbed his eyes tiredly and mumbled, “Yeah, well.... she really is.”

Another tense moment of silence passed and then he added, “Melina cooked up this sick narrative that I was cheating on her with Peach and informed the reporters about it.”

“What the hell!?” Ryan exploded angrily with fury in his hazel eyes, staring at Elijah with shock as he said, “She’s insane. We just met Peach!” “Well, Melina has a lot of media power, and that’s why she can spin things the way she wants,

“That’s one lunatic... no, she’s a witch... And we can’t let her continue her lies. This is too

dangerous for us to let go.” James replied as he stared in disbelief.

A sigh escaped Elijah’s lips as he lowered his head a little, thinking about the situation carefully.

Then he spoke up, saying calm, “I know. That’s why I need you guys, Ryan, and Rookie to dig into Melina. There’s no way to clear Peach and my reputation without finding out the true reason she divorced me...”

For a moment, Elijah held back his tongue, sinking into his thoughts for a few seconds, and then he said, “I know why she did, but no one is going to trust my words without solid proof, and if I know Melina, she loves good wine and wealthy men. And that’s all I need to get her to open up!”

A look of confusion crossed all four of their faces as they gaze at their boss curiously, before looking at each other with nervous eyes.

The bedroom was silent as Miss Grace sat on the couch, watching her daughter on the bed, hugging the pillow as she sobbed uncontrollably.

Although she wanted to give her space and time to calm down, it had been a couple of minutes and Peach was still crying, and even after waiting for a couple more, her daughter was still sniffing aggressively. Slowly, Miss Grace got up from the couch and

approached the bed, sitting beside her weeping child. "Peach," She whispered gently, touching her shoulder to try and wake her up. "This is why I want nothing to do with them, mama... how long do I have to take all this misery? Why can't it just get better?!" Peach cried loudly, clutching the pillow tightly while shaking her head. "It's been years, mama, and these people are still getting away with hurting us."

Silently, Miss Grace closed her eyes as tears started to build up inside her eyelids, and slowly, she laid down beside her daughter, cuddling her in her arms and stroking her hair softly.

"I am so sorry, my dear child. You do not deserve any of this." She said softly, kissing the top of her daughter's head. "You don't have to be sorry, mama. None of this is your fault. You have suffered as much as I have," Peach answered, lifting her head a little to meet her mother's gaze. "Even more than I have. I just wish I could make this all better for you... for papa's sake."

With that, Miss Grace opened her mouth to say something, but then she stopped herself because she couldn't find the right thing to say. So instead she kept hugging her daughter and kept stroking her hair. Withdrawing his fist from the door, Elijah's hand dropped to his side as he listened to Peach's soft sob, echoing into the hallway. For a while, he drowned in the feeling that her cry stirred within him, and the sensation of the pain carried in her voice was enough to make his heart ache.

The feeling was raw and powerful, and it tore through his chest, and with it came a deep longing to be by her side, a desire to hold her, and tell her that everything would be fine. It was a need that he wished he wasn't aware of, but he couldn't deny that it consumed every

part of his being.

He hated the fact that he desired to care for her like some new addiction he had developed, and the thought made him feel repulsed with himself, especially because he was aware of it now.

Suddenly the door opened, and Elijah's gaze rested on Miss Grace, standing in the doorway, gazing at him with a smile.

"I wanted to check... umm... to see if she's alright," Elijah said, avoiding her eyes as he cleared his throat nervously. With calm eyes and a warm smile that never left her face, Miss Grace stepped outside and said, "She's still a bit upset, but you can go in."

Nodding, Elijah fixed his eyes back on her once again, and with a small sigh, he walked over to the doorway, stepping inside and closing the door behind him.

When Peach raised her eyelids and saw him, she wiped the corner of her eye roughly and slowly sit up on her bed, brushing her fingers against her wet skin as she sniffed and whispered weakly, "Hey,"

"Hey," Elijah breathed, walking toward her and sitting beside her on the bed.

After several moments, Peach looked at him and said softly, "I am sorry for."

"Please, stop apologizing," Elijah cut her off, running his fingers through his hair anxiously as he said, "You shouldn't be apologizing."

Both of them fell quiet, looking anywhere except at one another, and Elijah took a deep breath to get his head straight. Finally, he lifted his eyes to hers, and then looked at the ground as he asked quietly, "Are you alright?"

"No," Peach whispered, biting down on her bottom lip before leaning forward, hugging her knees. "I don't think I am ever going to be okay. My whole life is just so fucked up, and everything hurts so bad right now."

Resting her chin on her kneecap, Peach studied Elijah's eyes and said, "I am sorry for dumping my problems on you as I have." With a soft sigh, Elijah nodded faintly before glancing over at her and saying, "It's okay. I don't mind, really." Smiling faintly, Peach's eyes fell from his face and rested on his bruised knuckles, and she softly cried, "Your hand!" Confused, Elijah looked down at his hand where his knuckles were swollen a bit and bloody, and then he glanced at her with narrowed eyes as he said, "It's fine, Peach." But she shook her head and got off the bed, walking over to her dresser, opening a drawer, and taking out a box of bandages and ointment with cotton and alcohol. Then she walked back over to the bed, sat beside Elijah, and put the items on the blanket, saying, "Please, let me take a look at your hand... okay?" Looking at the hint of concern in Peach's eyes that he had never seen in Melina's, Elijah felt conflicted.

He didn't want her to touch his hands, but the more he looked at her, the more he realized that she cared about his well-being and wanted to help ease his pain, which was something he hadn't experienced in his relationship with Melina.

Silently, Elijah placed his hand in hers, and Peach pouted at his cuts, her expression turning serious as she reached for the alcohol, mumbling, "It's going to stink a little... sorry." Without uttering a word, Elijah watched closely as her soft fingers touched his hand, applying the alcohol gently and cleaning it carefully, and then rubbing it with cotton and pressing it firmly to the wounds.

When Peach raised her gaze and saw him flinched, she bent slightly and started blowing a breeze onto his hand to cool it down.

But Elijah suddenly pulled his hand from her grip, making her glance up at him and he mumbled, "Don't do that again,"

"I'm sorry..." Peach replied softly, lowering her head and staring at her hands as she played with her fingers. "...It's a bad habit I developed because my mother used to do it to me when I got hurt as a kid, so I-

"I am not a child, Peach. I'm a man..."

Pausing, Elijah felt his heart raced in his chest when she stared at him, surprise was written all over her face, and her eyes slowly widened in realization as she stared at him. "Don't look at me like that," Elijah muttered awkwardly, averting his gaze from her soft blue eyes, unable to take any more of the intensity she was giving him. "Huh?" Peach said confusedly, raising an eyebrow. "What did I do wrong?" Elijah took a deep breath and said, "Look... it's really hard to explain, but I don't want you staring into my eyes." "Why?" Peach whispered curiously, tilting her head to the side as she observed him closely, but avoiding his gaze, her eyes showing slight confusion. Silently, Elijah stood from the bed and then turned to face her, saying, "Because they are deceptive and manipulative"

"I don't understand," Peach said hesitantly, frowning lightly. With a soft scoff, Elijah swayed his gaze to the bandage on the bed and reached over for it before focusing on her, saying, "I will take this... You should get some rest."