

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 5

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"Good evening passengers. The flight from Syldavia to Bordoria is currently in the final stages of preparation for landing." The announcement boomed throughout the cabin.

Closing his eyes, Elijah sighed and leaned back into the seat behind him as he nervously toyed with his wedding ring while it sunk in that he was now divorced and was finally meeting his parents after years of being away.

There were a lot of emotions to process between getting betrayed by Melina and returning home. It was all too much to even try to figure out just how he was going to handle all of it.

After the plane finally landed, the passengers got up to leave, and since Elijah had no baggage, he left first class and entered the terminal.

With a cap on his head, Elijah kept his head down and his hands inside his trouser pocket, trying not to draw any attention to himself.

The moment Elijah stepped out of the building, it took only a couple of seconds for him to hear, "Master Maxwell!"

Stopping in his steps, Elijah turned around and saw none other than Butler James walking toward him.

Immediately, he noticed people staring at him and whispering, and Elijah lowered his cap, shrugging his shoulders to make himself look smaller.

"What are you doing?" Elijah whispered when Butler James arrived right in front of him. "You know I don't like the attention of others-"

"I'm sorry, master. I am just so happy that you are here, back with us," Butler James said, reaching up to take his hand and squeezing it. "I can barely believe this is happening."

Not holding back, Butler James rushed into Elijah's arms, hugging him tightly.

Even though Elijah was caught off guard at first, but then he hugged him back, smiling fondly, "It's been quite some time, hasn't it?"

Pulling out of his arms, Butler Elijah smiled weakly and let out, "Yes, master. You don't know how mad your mother has been since your father kicked you out of the mansion."

A few years ago, Mr. Maxwell, a well-known figure in the business world in Bordoria, and a man of high prestige, known by many, and respected by countless, looked into Elijah's eyes and said, "Son, it's time for you to get out of my house."

Looking back now, Elijah could only smile at his father's drastic decision to send him to another country to experience the real world for himself, because with such a status in Bordoria, he was never going to see humans for who they truly were.

Unfortunately, Melina was the first person he fully trusted with his heart, aside from his family, and the result was an ugly divorce with her, lies, betrayal, and humiliation.

Growing up with his family's money and title, the world was black and white for Elijah as a young man, but after his father kicked him out, he started to realize that sometimes the world wasn't so nice to those without money or connections.

"My mother should not be mad at him. I am grateful for the life lessons I learned because of his tough love." Elijah said, smiling at James, who looked shocked and bewildered.

"Something is different about you, master," James said, still not believing that he was talking to the same man who he watched growing up as a cheerful and modest child.

"I cut my hair,"

"No. That's not it."

Laughing, Elijah walked past his butler, heading for the black SUV that was parked a few distances away from them.

"Your Aura!! You have a new Aura, Master! One filled with dominance and maturity!" James exclaimed, following closely behind Elijah.

As he slightly shook his head, he chuckled faintly and said, "You took all that from a couple of words I said?"

"Well... No offense master, but I watched you grow up, and I remember a little boy who would cry whenever his father tried to discipline him. You were soft-hearted and sensitive, and you always cried when you felt hurt, scared, or mad." Butler James said in a soft tone.

"Ouch! Thanks for bruising my ego ."

"Sorry, Master. But what I am trying to say is now, I think your aura is so more mature, and more... I don't know... Strong? I guess I could call it that..."

Hurrying ahead of Elijah, Butler James opened the back door and stepped aside for him to get in, smiling when he said, "Thanks."

The drive was long and quiet because Elijah fell asleep, his head resting on the window glass and his fingers against his ring.

Staring at the band around Elijah's finger, Butler James weakly smiled before looking away with sadness in his eyes.

Finally, the three SUVs came to a stop in front of a fancy six-story mansion, with two large wings attached to one side.

The yard was enormous and surrounded by trees and bushes, and a fancy fountain, made of marble, dominated the center of the yard.

Securities standing their grounds on both sides, and guards patrolling around every corner with dogs at their heels.

"Master, we have arrived." Butler James said, tapping Elijah's shoulder gently, waking him up.

Opening his eyes, Elijah blinked slowly as a yawn escaped his lips before looking out the window and seeing that they had stopped in front of a grand set of stairs.

"Home," Elijah said softly, taking a deep breath.

When the door opened, he stared at the four security, standing outside of the car, bowing slightly when he stepped down from the car, with Butler James following closely behind him.

"Welcome home, master Elijah," All of them said in unison.

Stepping past them, Elijah walked up the stairs and then stopped in front of the huge wooden double doors before looking down at his hand.

With a frown, he slipped the ring off his finger and gave it to Butler James, commanding, "Throw it away!"

Not questioning Elijah's authority, Butler James took the ring from his hand and tucked it away safely in his pocket as the doors opened slowly.

Entering the mansion, Elijah breathed in deeply as he took everything in, the lush carpets, the grand chandelier, the dramatic staircase, and the extravagant paintings on the walls.

A lot has changed after a few years, and it kind of reminded him of how things used to be and the feeling of how it was.

“Elijah..! Son...! My child...” Mrs. Maxwell’s cry echoed through the foyer as she ran towards him.

Hugging his mother tightly, Elijah laughed softly as he closed his eyes and whispered, “Mother,”

They stayed like that for a while, embracing each other until Elijah pulled away and looked her into her tear-stained eyes before kissing her on the forehead.

“You are home. My son is finally back...” Mrs. Maxwell cried, running her fingers through Elijah’s brown curls as she squeezed him tighter in a hug.

“I missed you too, Mother,” Elijah said as she withdrew from his grab, caressing his face gently as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Tenderly, he brushed his thumb against her timeworn skin, drying it and smiling warmly at her.

Then his eyes dance over her shoulder, watching his father walk toward them with the same unreadable expression he had always had since Elijah could remember.

“Greetings father,” Elijah said, stepping away from his mother as he waited for Mr. Maxwell to approach him.

When he and his father were face to face, Elijah bowed slightly and said, “Father, I’m glad to see you again.”

Clearing his throat, Mr. Maxwell nodded in response but continued saying nothing. But Elijah kept his composure, his chin raised, keeping eye contact with his father, his hands resting to his sides, and his back straight.

After a couple of minutes, Mr. Maxwell finally asked, in a soft yet cold voice, “It’s good to see you again, son.”

The calmness between these two men that she loves so dearly and the maturity she saw Elijah display was something that made Mrs. Maxwell

feel so proud for her son.

For years, it seemed like he did not have the power to express his own emotions or handle them, and that led to him losing his confidence as a child and becoming even timider when older.

And that made it hard for her son to prove himself as a leader to his father, then a follower, and because of that, Romney and Elijah didn't have that father and son bond.

Now that Elijah was back, and he was showing signs of growth and control, she knew that things were going to start getting better for her son.

A sense of shock crossed everyone's faces when Mr. Maxwell pulled Elijah into his arm, giving him a manly pat on the back as everyone around them gasped in shock, especially the butlers and servants.

Silently, Elijah stood in his father's embrace, blinking blankly at his father's gesture, not knowing how to react, as his father was usually very emotionless and strict with his actions.

When Mr. Maxwell released Elijah from his embrace, he placed his hands inside his pockets and said, "Follow me to the study room where we can talk."

"Talk about what?!" Mrs. Maxwell asked, her tone filled with annoyance, causing her husband to flinch slightly.

"Mom, please... We are just going to talk. Nothing else!" Elijah pleaded, putting his hands on his mother's shoulders. "Okay?"

For someone that used to run to her to get his will, seeing Elijah be the want to talk her down made her realize just how much her son has grown up and matured.

"Okay," Mrs. Maxwell reluctantly agreed, smiling at her son.

After gently brushing his palm on her back, Elijah grinned at her before following his father down the hallway, keeping his head high and his mind on track, determined to show his father that he wasn't the pathetic excuse of a son he once was.