

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 66

### Chapter 66

#### Round it up to a thousand

Looking at Michael squared in his face, Elijah couldn't stop himself from glaring at him with his hard and narrowed eyes and said, "It wouldn't be necessary coming back here... You heard Peach, didn't you? Didn't you pick up the word, 'Never,' in what she said?"

His voice was so venomous and it sent chills through Michael's body. But he remained strong even though Elijah wasn't making it easy on him. When they were close enough, Elijah leaned in and lowered his voice, glaring into Michael's eyes and whispering threateningly in his ear, "Showing up in someone's face that doesn't want you to is call harassment, and do you know what happened to people who don't know how to take a hint, huh?"

Chills ran through Michael's body, and he felt Elijah's warm breath hit his ears as he spoke, and he could feel goosebumps rising on his skin. 'Why does he have such an aura...?!' Michael thought, feeling frozen and helpless against his intense and dangerous presence, but didn't want to show any weakness, so he clenched his jaw and glared harshly at Elijah with his eyes, and retorted fiercely, "Well, who are you to stop me from pursuing a single woman?"

Looking at the calling card in Micheal's hands, Elijah frowned, reaching for it, and Michael did not dare move back as Elijah slowly took it out of his hand and then said, "Because she's already taken." The motel was silent once Elijah finished speaking. A shocked silence spread across the lobby as the words sank in.

Then Miss Grace's eyes grew wide, confused and slightly annoyed at Elijah's words, but she was too stunt to say anything. A look of shock crossed Michael's face as he swallowed down thickly, and then his cocky thoughts awakened and he chuckled humorlessly.

"It's true, isn't it? You are a lowlife goldbrick who feeds off the wealth of women... Woo, woo, Woo!" He started cackling loudly and laughed maniacally. "Are you even a man if a woman is spoon feeding you like some sort of fucking leech?!" "You! You! Shut up! You don't know what you are talking about!!" James yelled at Michael. "Oh yeah? Then tell me what you know that I don't know?!" Michael retorted, folding his arms across his chest and glowering, looking directly into James' eyes. "Who are you again?"

When James didn't respond because he didn't want to overstep Elijah's authority, Michael scoffed and then let out, "Peach needs a real man... A man that will shower her with gifts, take her on fancy dinners, make her presentable in the eyes of others..."

Feeling himself, Michael looked around, and then he met Miss Grace's eyes and wanting to remind her of the difference between Elijah and him, he uttered, "And, not someone like you to drag her into your struggle and have her suffer, just because you happen to have an obsession with her... It's ridiculous! She needs a man, not a worthless bum like you! Do you have no shame?! How stupid are you?!"

A snort left his lips, but when he saw Elijah's gaze on him, a chill went down his spine as his stomach twisted uncomfortably, making his insides feel cold and his mouth felt bitter.

"Let this be the last time you step foot on this property again..." Elijah warned, staring deeply into Michael's eyes as he spoke, his face now filled with anger and rage as his gaze made his point very clear.

"Hah, I don't remember this place being yours," Michael shot back arrogantly, trying to hide the panic growing inside of him when he noticed everyone around them was glaring at him. Breaking the small distance between Michael and him, Elijah lowered his head to meet his eyes and said, "If you still have use for your legs, you will understand that what I said was a threat and not a request... Am I clear?"

With a shaky gaze, Michael looked over at Miss Grace, frowning slightly as he thought, 'Why is this old thing just standing there and allowing me to get humiliated... Is she blind? Or deaf? Or is she just enjoying every minute of this humiliation!' Then he focused back on Elijah, who seemed like he was getting impatient by the sight of him and thinking about turning his threat into action right at that moment. "Whatever," Michael said under his breath, trying to appear calm as he shrugged.

Looking back at Miss Grace, he sighed in annoyance and said, "Madam, can you please give this to your daughter? It's a diamond necklace." As Michael tried to walk past Elijah, he snatched the shopping bag from his hand and said, "Peach told you that it was useless for her to mention anything about you to her mother. Do you think she would want your gift?" Stay in shock about everything unfolding before her, Miss Grace couldn't bring herself to utter a single sound or move. "Take your gift and leave," Elijah growled as he shoved the shopping bag back at his chest. But Michael was too stupefied to hold onto it, and it dropped onto the floor, then it took him a second before he lashed out at Elijah, "Do you know how freaking expensive these items cost? It could buy your life!"

A snort escaped James' lips as he rolled his eyes. But he kept them locked on the scene before him in silence and knew better than to interfere. Calmly, Elijah picked up the bag from off the floor, opened it, took out the box, and opened it, studying the

gemstones carefully for a few seconds, before he looked up and looked at Michael with a scowl.

“You think a fake diamond necklace is worth more than a human life... not even the real one is worth that much. Hah, what a snob.” Elijah shook his head and handed Michael the box. “Take your shit and leave.”

A look of raw awe made its way into his eyes as he stared at Elijah, wondering how in the world he could tell that the necklace wasn't real despite its size and appearance, mumbling in his head, 'Have he been around the real ones often to tell them apart so easily?' Before Elijah could see his reaction, Michael quickly grabbed the necklace and threw it in the box, clutching the handle, and said, “What a bluff. You wouldn't know what was real or fake... have you seen an actual diamond in your lifetime?!”

Then in shame, he backed away, turned around, and walked away without another word. When he got to the door, he looked back, and after seeing that Miss Grace didn't say anything about Elijah's outburst and was just looking at him with concern in her eyes, he quickly walked out and closed the door behind him.

Looking at the calling card in his hand for a moment, Elijah's face hardened, then he tore it into pieces, turning around to leave, but stopped when his gaze rested on Miss Grace. For two whole minutes, they just stared at each other. Then, Miss Grace finally broke the spell with a sigh, and then she frowned as she asked, “What do you think you are doing?” “Maybe it's best if you have a talk with your daughter and based on her words, we can have this conversation later,” Elijah said, his tone taking a humble approach. After giving her a weak smile, he walked past her, heading out of the lobby, leaving his men struggling to wrap their heads around their boss' new mood.

When Elijah got to his room, he shut the door behind him, and then he took out his phone from his pocket and then called Jerome.

After one ring, his call was answered, and Jerome's voice came through, sounding worried,” Boss, it's good that you call.”

“Where's Dice?” Elijah asked in a serious tone, and his frown deepened at the memory of what Michael said to him.

The air was coded in the smell of cigarettes and white smoke with the faint smell of blood in the warehouse, and Jerome looked over at his father puffing another cigarette, looking bored. “The boss wants to speak with you,” He said when he and Dice's eyes locked. Immediately, his father dropped the cigarette and stepped on it, mashing it for a moment before taking the phone from his son. “What's up, boss? What are we doing about the storm blowing your way?” Dice blurted out, looking hopeful.

“I think it's time we take over the underground... I need you to recruit more men...” Elijah said in a flat voice.

There was a sudden shift in the atmosphere, and Dice's voice was hesitant when he said, ". What number are we talking about? A couple of hundred?" "Round it up to a thousand," Elijah replied shortly as his grip tightened on his phone. "Before this storm hits, we should be ready to hit with all of our might against the enemy."

Dice hesitated for a while, and then he nodded slowly as a sign of acknowledgment before he added, "This will be costly?" "Money is not the issue. A couple of million bucks is worth dragging down those who wouldn't let a sleeping dog lay." Elijah exhaled sharply, and continued calmly, "Don't worry, I will pay you in full when this is over... Now, we need to get prepared. Because we have to go to the next phase..."

A look of disbelief crossed Dice's face at the figure Elijah was willing to pay, and he asked, "Who are you really, boss?"

"I'm just a man tired of ignorant people pissing on him," Elijah uttered, his voice filled with

distaste.

## **The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 67**

### **Chapter 67**

#### **Deal**

The door to Elijah's room opened, and Ryan stopped a distance away from the doorway, after shutting it, staring at Elijah, wearing a white shirt, dark brown pants, and monk strap dress shoes.

"Bryan's driver is here to pick you up." Ryan's voice came out hoarse. "Thanks. I am almost done here." Elijah let out, turning back around towards his desk and picking up his watch.

A brief silence settled over them for a moment as Elijah fastened his watch on his wrist before Ryan spoke up again. "Thanks, boss," "For what?" Elijah looked up from his watch, meeting Ryan's eyes. A spark of gratitude flashed across Ryan's face when he answered. "For standing up for me," "Ryan, If a man wants people around him that are willing to fight for him, he should also prove to them that he's ready to fight for their life in return," Elijah uttered as he picked up his keys. "You can't get loyalty from others by not showing them you are loyal towards them."

To hear his boss's humble words made Matt want to hug him or something, but he had to restrain himself and just give an understanding nod.

After shoving his phone into his pocket, Elijah walked over to Ryan and tapped him on his shoulder, and Ryan turned around to see Elijah looking down at him with a small smile on his face.

Then he gave Elijah a slight grin before his boss walked past him, heading out the room, but Ryan was right on his tail.

When Elijah reached Peach's door, he stopped in his steps, gazing at the wooden frame for a moment, and raised his knuckles to knock, but he froze halfway through and lowered his hand.

"Not even her mother could get her to open the door a moment ago," Ryan whispered, sighing softly. "Maybe we should give her time and space to cool off?" "Yeah. I think so too..." Elijah muttered, nodding slightly as he stepped back and turned away from the door. When they got into the lobby, Matt was already ready to leave with Elijah, but as they approached the door, Elijah turned looked at Ryan, and said, "Let's go," "Me?" Ryan asked surprised because Elijah didn't make any mention of him coming along until now.

"I will need a lawyer by my side for this one," "Sure thing,"

For a second, he gave a glance over at James and Rookie before following Elijah and Matt out the motel door

"Good afternoon to you, sir." Bryan's driver uttered, opening the back door for Elijah with a bow as he passed by him, as Elijah nodded slightly, and entered the car without a word.

Once they were all inside, Ryan sat in the front passenger seat next to the driver while Elijah and Matt were sitting in the backseat, and once everything was set, the driver turned on the engine and drove off, leaving Peach watching them from her window with a pout on her lips.

They rode in comfortable silence for about half an hour before Elijah began seeing the beach side, waves splashing on the shoreline, and the sound of the wind blowing hard. The beach house in front of them was three floors high, painted in a soft light blue, and the car rode slowly through the gate leading to the property. As soon as the car was parked, two robust guys, wearing black suits, walked toward it and opened the door, causing Matt to tense up to his bones. "Good afternoon, Mr. Darius. Our boss is inside, awaiting you." One of the men stated before bowing politely as Elijah and Matt stepped out.

Soon Ryan joined them, and then they were escorted inside by the two men, Matt paying close attention to every movement of their surroundings, making sure he stayed one step ahead of Elijah to cover him. When they got through the door into a fancy hallway, Bryan was standing right there, smiling as Elijah approached him, extending

his right hand when they got closer. "Mr. Checks, it's good to see you in good health," Elijah uttered, accepting his hand and giving it a firm shake. "Thank you, Mr. Darius," Bryan replied, still smiling despite the serious tone. "I could say the same about you, chief." "Then he looked over at Matt, and then at Ryan before looking back at Elijah, asking, " You got Ryan Katz as your lawyer..." A look of confusion settled on Elijah's face, just the same as Matt and Ryan appeared as they stared at Bryan like he grew two heads. "Only those who don't have the finances to hire an exceptional law firm wouldn't know who Ryan Katz is... Also, I'm not too blind to what goes on in Bordoria, business-wise and socially..." Bryan paused as if trying to find the perfect phrasing, but instead ended up saying, "It feels illegal seeing powerful men look so humble."

Then he met Elijah's eyes, studying his gaze, waiting for some sign of disapproval. And when none came, he continued, "Seeing that such a talented lawyer is by your side, I guess we are going in-depth about serious business negotiation..." "Well, that's the plan," Elijah replied, still keeping eye contact with Bryan. A smile made its way to Checks' lips as he nodded and then said, "Then please walk me this way."

As he turned around, everyone followed him, and soon they reached another large room with an oval table in the middle of it surrounded by chairs.

The three took their seat, and Bryan intentionally left the head of the table empty, signaling Elijah to sit there.

As soon as both men were seated, Bryan gazed his way and said, "Straight to the point..."

What's your intention business-wise?"

There was a brief moment of silence between them as Elijah tapped his hand on the table, contemplating how to phrase what he wanted to say, and then he began speaking, "What is the leading business in the country?" "Technology, Oil and gas, and Insurance..." Bryan listed off, raising a single eyebrow.

"Hmm..." "These businesses have great potential in expanding and high profits to be expected if managed properly." The room grew silent, and only the sound of Elijah tapping his fingers on the table could be heard.

"For starters, I want my hands in all of these areas," Elijah announced, looking up from the table to check if Bryan understood. "I need a partner in each of these businesses that are worth investing in... as long as they don't have any link with the Hayes."

Another beat of silence fell upon the four men and Bryan rested back in his seat, a smirk playing on his lips as he studied Elijah's expression. "There are rumors recently in the business circle about your display last night at the Hayes mansion... Ignorant people are whispering and it's... Well, just know that they don't see you as someone they would want to hire." Bryan remarked, leaning forwards in his chair.

Then a faint chuckle left his lips as he remembered the words people said about Elijah earlier that day, feeling them humorous, and then he mumbled, "Like you need them to hire you in the first place..."

Just for a second, a slight smirk made its way to the corner of Elijah's lips, and then his expression changed back to seriousness. Immediately, Bryan sat up straight, clearing his throat, his face flushed red, and then he muttered under his breath, "That's not." He cut himself off, clearing his throat again as he searched his thoughts, and then said, "I know five people that don't fuck with the Hayes, and the Hayes know not to mess with them, knowing what kind of power they possess." When Elijah and Bryan locked eyes again, he rested back in his seat and said, "These are godfathers in the corporate world, and if you are riding with them, you're riding in the big yacht..."

With a smile on his lips, Elijah nodded at Bryan before he looked up at the ceiling, muttering, "I am down with anyone who doesn't eat at the same table as my enemies..."

"Well then, I can gladly aid you in meeting these men, even though it's not going to be simple getting them to accept you." Bryan declared, his voice full of confidence. "But I'll try my best to help you meet with all of them at least. The rest is up to you, Mr. Darius." Silently, Elijah eyed Matt and Ryan, who stared at Bryan nervously, their expressions showing their uncertainty about the whole situation.

"I don't even have closeness with these five because of how high-profile and dangerous they are. But with your real last name, you can get yourself a seat around their table if you play your cards right..." Bryan said as he leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms across his chest,

looking relaxed, and with a satisfied look on his face.

"You want to use me to get in with them," Elijah said, narrowing his eyes at Bryan. "I am your way to have a seat at their table too, right?" A look of surprise flashed across Bryan's features at first, as he looked like he wasn't expecting Elijah's words.

But soon he started chuckling softly and nodded his head, replying, "Well, to be successful, it depends on who you have in your corners. Don't count this as me using you, but us benefiting from each other. I scratch your back, you scratch mine."

Both men exchanged smiles, Elijah still eyeing Bryan suspiciously, which eventually got him to nod, and then he replied, "Deal... but if you try to play me a fool on this, I will make sure you regret it... So let's keep that clear, Bryan."

"Crystal clear, Mr. Maxwell... Darius," Bryan assured, standing up from his chair. He offered his hand out for another handshake, which Elijah accepted and gave him a firm grip.

## **The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 68**

## Chapter 68

### A gangster tendency

“Peach, honey, you can’t stay in your room forever!” Miss Grace said, unable to get over the fact that it was two o’clock, but her daughter was still sleeping. Squeezing her eyes shut, Peach rolled back to look up at the ceiling. If only her mother would leave her be and let her be alone, she wouldn’t have to deal with all of this!

“Peach,” Miss Grace said again, a bit louder than before, “you’re not sleeping! I know that!”

A frown crossed Peach’s face, and finally, she got out of bed and stumbled to her room door, throwing it open, and then sighed softly at her mother who stood by the front door. “What all did you not tell me about last night?” Miss Grace asked sternly as Peach walked back into the room. “Mama, not now,” Peach cried, flopping onto her bed and burying her face into her pillow. “We have to do this now, Peach.” Miss Grace repeated as she closed the door behind herself, moving closer to her daughter. “Why did Elijah tell Michael that you are already taken, and warned him that if he stepped foot back into this motel, he would cripple him?”

Immediately, Peach raised her head, sitting upright on the bed, shocked by Miss Grace’s statement, letting out, “He did what?”

“Peach, please tell me you two are not secretly dating behind my back” Miss Grace pleaded, looking down at her daughter with an expression of disappointment. “You know how he feels about marriage.”

“I know, mama.”

“Then why was he so protective over you...”

A look of hesitation, then embarrassment crossed Peach’s face as her lips twitched nervously, averting her eyes around to avoid eye contact with her mother.

“Because I think I do want to marry him...” Peach admitted softly, lowering her gaze towards her lap. Miss Grace looked like someone had just slapped her in the face. For the next few seconds, all she could say was “You are not making any sense.” “Elijah’s mind has changed about marriage, and he’s down with us getting wed.” Peach continued to explain, feeling a little guilty about deceiving her mother by leaving out the part about the divorce option from him. A look of confusion covered Miss Grace’s face as she tried to process what Peach had just said and then she mumbled, “But... But he said...”

"I know. But I guess seeing me get someone else's attention made him realize something he didn't feel at the beginning..." Peach lied, feeling terrible for doing so.

"He said that he loves you." Miss Grace stated softly as she sat down in the chair beside Peach's bed.

The silence was deafening, until Miss Grace spoke again after a moment of awkwardness, "Prach?"

"Mmhm?" Peach hummed in response.

"Are you serious? He said that?" Miss Grace questioned, a look of surprise and disbelief evident on her face. Raising her gaze, Peach looked up at her mother and nodded slowly, unable to let the words come out. "No," Miss Grace whispered, shaking her head, "No, Peach. You are not thinking about marrying Elijah."

"Mama!" "No Peach... Elijah is not the right man for you!" "Why?! Huh, mama! Why can't I?!" The tension rose between them again, the air thick as they stared at each other silently, Peach refusing to budge, but Miss Grace wasn't having any of it. "Peach," She spoke, sounding a lot sterner than before. "Elijah seemed like a man with a lot of mystery to him, he has a gangster tendency, his money has no source of where he's getting it, his reputation is stained, and there just seems to be more to him than meets the eyes or portray the identity he has..."

For a moment, Peach didn't say anything, simply listening to everything her mother said. She felt a slight sting in her chest, knowing that her mother was somewhat right, remembering Elijah's conversation with Jerome in front of the motel. And yet, she still wanted Elijah, because her mother forgot to add the side of him that made her fall in love with him in the first place. "He cares for me, mama..." Peach muttered, fiddling with her fingers.

"Oh, honey... you are still young Peach, you will find a simple man, who's not as complicated as Elijah to care for you someday..." Miss Grace reassured, patting Peach's knee gently.

"Ryan cares about me, so does Matt, and Rookie, even James cares for me... but I am not in love with either of them romantically..."

"Honey-"

"You are right, mama. There will be countless men who will care about me in this life... But they are not Elijah... I just don't know how to explain what I feel for him."

"Peach, I don't think that you should."

“Why didn’t you remarry after papa died.” “Peach,” Looking at her daughter’s eyes, she couldn’t help but notice that they were sad, filled with tears, her lips trembling slightly as she spoke. “Everyone’s love story is not the same, Peach. Others remarry after losing their partners, others never find love again, and some live through numerous partners before finding the one for them.” Miss Grace said softly, her hand gently resting upon her daughter’s arm. “Well, this is iny love story... I know it will be different froin everyone else’, maybe it will hurt,

maybe it will break me, maybe I will lose myself, but there’s also a possibility that it could turn out beautiful and amazing and make my life better. I don’t know, but I know I want to do this... and Elijah is the best person for me.” Peach said in confidence. Seeing the stubbornness in her daughter’s eyes, Miss Grace frowned and then uttered, “This isn’t only about you guys feeling for each other. Honestly Peach, I prefer if you are deciding to take over your grandfather’s company, you need to be with someone that the Hayes family will approve of.”

“Mama!... How could you say that?!” Peach exclaimed, looking up at her mother with wide eyes, hurt filling her heart. “After everything that they have done... you expect me to get married to please them?!” Unknown tears fell from Peach’s face as she spoke and Miss Grace reached up, wiping away her tears and caressing her hair comfortingly.

“Peach, if you take over your grandfather’s company, you need a man that Madam Jewel loves, so if she gets mad at you, he can be the one to keep you safe.” Miss Grace explained, stroking Peach’s cheek softly. “You need someone that the family likes, someone who doesn’t cause trouble for them, and that will allow you to live in peace with them.”

“Mama..” Peach whispered weakly, closing her eyes and leaning into her mother’s touch.

“It’s going to be hard... I know, but we have to put aside anger and learn to coexist with each other... And maybe this is how your life is meant to happen. Your grandfather knows why he left such a request. So please Peach... This Michael guy seem nice, and madam Jewel was the

one-”

“No, mama!”

“Peach,” “Mama, No!” Frowning, Peach pulled away from her mother and got off the bed, saying in a begging tone, “Don’t mama... Don’t ask me to do this.”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt... I am okay with Elijah and your friendship, but marriage is a huge commitment, Peach... And you can’t be with someone who has problems with the Hayes while you are working with them. They will make you two lives a living hell.” Miss Grace reasoned, her voice soft and almost pleading. “Please,

Peach." "You are being serious!" "Yes, honey. I can't let you ruin your life this way." Swallowing down the pain and sadness building inside of her chest, Peach forced a smile as she turned away, grabbed her phone off the nightstand, and said, "Then I'm sorry, mama."

"Peach, you guys don't have my blessing!" Miss Grace cried out frantically.

Nodding slowly, Peach held in her cry, turning away from her mother, her hand trembling as she walked over to the door.

"Peach!" Miss Grace called out desperately, watching as she left.

When Peach got into the lobby and saw James, the tears in her eyes immediately worried him,

and he numbed, "What's wrong?"

"Can you please watch over my mama, and make sure that her health is good while I'm gone... I just need some time alone." Peach begged him, trying to control the tremble in her voice.

Seeing how emotional she was, he thought it best not to ask further questions and just uttered, "Of course, Peach." Nodding gratefully and thanking him, Peach dashed past him and Rookie, and as she made her way to the door, it opened and Matt along with Ryan suddenly walked through, staring at her with concern in their eyes. "Where are you going?" Ryan asked curiously. "Somewhere that is not here," Peach responded bluntly, walking past the two men and heading outside.

But she suddenly stopped when she locked eyes with Elijah when he pushed the door open, her heart pounding loudly against her ribs, causing her to quickly look away from him. Then she lowered her head, rushed past him, and rushed outside, only to get her wrist locked in his grip a moment later, causing her to stop walking and look up at him. "What's wrong," Elijah asked, frowning slightly as he took in her appearance. She shook her head and tried to pull her wrist free, but he tightened his grip, holding onto it tightly to prevent her from escaping. "I just need air... away from here, or else... or else.." Peach choked out weakly, her breath hitching slightly in a sob. "Okay... I will drive you." Elijah mumbled, letting her hand slip from his grip before reaching into his pocket, and taking out his keys. "Let's go." A couple of minutes later, he was behind the steering wheel and Peach was curled up on the passenger seat, looking out the window, as if lost deep in thought. After driving for a while, Elijah glanced over at her and noticed how pale she had gotten, and a sense of worry started to rise within him.

"Are you okay?" Elijah asked tentatively, keeping his eyes fixed on the road ahead of him. His question was followed by silence and then Peach turned, catching his glance for a second, and then she let out, "Should we get married... like right now?"

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 69

### Chapter 69

#### I hate you so much, Elijah

A faint smirk crossed Elijah's face, thinking Peach was joking, as he chuckled lightly. However, seeing her expression, he stopped chuckling and said, "What?!"

"I don't think I can go back home and have the same strength that I mustered up today to deny my mother's request... If not now... I don't think..." Peach trailed off, lowering her head.

"What did Miss Grace say?" Elijah asked calmly, his eyebrows furrowing slightly. "That you have a gangster tendency, and I need a man that is not as complicated as you,"

"Wow..."

A small laugh escaped Elijah's mouth as he glanced at her, and then he sighed quietly, shaking his head.

"I am not marrying you without your mother's concern, Peach" Elijah muttered, his voice low and steady,

Tilting her head sideways, Peach gazed at him curiously and said, "Why are you telling me this? I thought it would be something you wanted... that you were waiting for me to tell you."

"Yeah, but... we are going to do this the right way," Elijah stated, looking straight ahead, still driving forward. "We are going to give that a shot first, alright?" As Peach moved her lips to speak, Elijah's ringtone interrupted her, and Elijah cleared his throat, pulling out his phone and answering, putting it on speaker because he was driving, mumbling, "Matt?" "A bunch of street thugs is outside of the motel. We have the front door locked, and wherever you and Peach are, you guys should stay there and not come back... I will call you when they leave." Matt's voice sounded panicked and frantic, causing a frown to grow on both Elijah's and Peach's faces. "Mama," She whispered, grabbing Elijah's attention and causing him to meet her gaze." What's going on?" "I am on my way back," Elijah uttered as he grabbed the steering wheel tightly, and circled the car in the middle of the road, driving at a full speed that made Peach grab the sides of her seat, her heart hammering heavily against her chest. "Boss," Matt stated, sounding anxious and concerned. But Elijah ended the call, multi-tasking in between calling Jerome and focusing on the road, and finally, he got Jerome on the line. "Boss," Jerome answered, and Peach couldn't help but frown slightly at the fact that both Matt and Jerome were calling Elijah, 'boss.'

"I need men at the motel. We got a bunch of disturbing thugs at the entrance to the motel. Get over there fast." Elijah ordered Jerome. "On it Boss." Jerome hung up and Elijah immediately began speeding towards the motel. "What's going on Elijah... Why did Matt call you, 'boss,' and who was that other person you just talked to?" Peach asked worriedly, placing her hand over her heart which was beating

rapidly, the fear evident on her face.

But Elijah refused to answer her questions and instead focused on driving faster, speeding towards their destination.

Once they were reaching the motel, Elijah saw his way was blocked by a bunch of street thugs.

Pressing the accelerator, Elijah kept his eyes on them, the car's bright lights flashing in their direction and making them flinch from the brightness of the headlights, which caused them to cover their faces with their palms.

"Elijah, what are you doing?" Peach whispered, gripping onto her seatbelt.

"Relax," Elijah responded in a commanding tone, glancing at her, realizing that he drove back too early and Jerome along with the others was not there yet.

Staring at the faces looking back at him, Elijah counted twenty thugs, so he knew this was just a test run to see what he was made off, or they thought he was just too useless to waste manpower on.

"Who the fuck keeps flashing their headlight in our direction?!" One of them shouted, fighting to see past the brightness of the headlights.

"Shit!" One of the thugs cursed, clearly pissed, because the light reflected off his glasses, blinding him.

But when they tried to step forward, Elijah hit the accelerator, causing the tires to screech without putting the car in drive as he watched the thugs back away slowly.

"Are you okay?" Elijah asked, seeing how heavily Peach was breathing and sweat forming on her brow, a look of panic etched on her face.

"Yeah." She replied in a shaky tone, biting her lip hard.

The one minute he took his gaze off the thugs to focus on her, a sudden loud "bang" echoed as a rock slammed into his window glass and Peach let out a scream before covering her ears.

Staring at the crack, Elijah's brows furrowed, his eyes grew cold, and he kicked the vehicle into drive, the engine roaring as he raced towards them, causing everyone to jump aside, dropping flat on the ground, some scraping their knees, others bruising their elbows from the impact with the pavement, and the rest running, tripping, and stumbling until they managed to move out of sight. "Oh my God..." Peach gasped as the adrenaline left her system, her hands trembling as they clutched tightly to the handle above her, staring down at the road in shock.

"Don't hold in your breath, Peach. Breathe..." Elijah instructed, watching closely, but not having time to focus on anything else except her red face.

Taking several large gulps of air, Peach nodded shakily and exhaled slowly. Then she looked at Elijah, looking like she was about to break down, but her eyes suddenly widened.

And then Elijah heard a rock hit his window glass, and he immediately turned to see a thug with a rock in his hand, repeatedly hitting the glass, yelling angrily at Elijah, "Hey, guys... it's the prick that our boss wants us to teach a lesson to!!... Get the hell out of the damn car!"

"Elijah, don't, please..." Peach begged, squeezing her eyes shut and shutting her fingers into fists tightly, trying to keep herself calm

Then she jumped at the sound of the thug's voice calling out Elijah's name again, "I said get the hell out of the fucking car! You lowlife piece of shit! Or else that pretty little thing by your side... Ha!"

Frowning, Elijah watched him get closer to the car, and then when his head attempted to rest on the cracked glass, Elijah hastily unlocked the door, and bang the shit out of his head, causing a deep cut on the skin of his forehead.

"Ahh!!!" He screamed, jumping back and holding his bloody hand to his head, cursing as he fell backward. Before Elijah could close the door, one of them leaped up and stuck a foot through, forcing the door open. Then another one grabbed the collar of Elijah's shirt, yanking him out of the car, but he struggled to get his key out, only allowing them to win and dragged him out when he had it.

Then he intentionally kicked the door with the back of his leg, while taking a hit to the jaw from one of the thugs. Ignoring the pain from his cut, Elijah banged his back against the door to completely shut it, and then pressed the lock button on his key, and all this while, Peach's body had shut down and she was just staring in a daze. But when she heard the car completely locked and the engine died down, that's when she started screaming, "Elijah!!! Please don't hurt him!!! Elijah!!!" Tears trailed down her face, and she started beating the windshield, screaming at the top of her lungs, "Matt!! Help!! Someone help!!" Her body was shivering as she turned and saw Elijah taking another hit from two thugs, blood staining his white shirt and her skin.

“Stop!!! I am begging you to stop!!!” Peach yelled, her voice shaking and cracking, her chest heaving with every intake of air.

Her voice was so loud that it echoed throughout the parking lot, and the door to the motel shortly opened, and Matt, Jame, Ryan, and Rookie rushed out, but they suddenly froze, seeing a bunch of black SUVs driving slowly into the parking lot.

The thugs got distracted by the sight of such a scene, and before they could wake up from their trance, the doors opened, and the parking lot became flooded with men of all heights, sizes, and races.

When the two thugs looked back at Elijah, he smirked, scoffing faintly, and then said, “It’s mine time.”

His eyes darkened, knowing that he didn’t have to use himself anymore as a distraction for Peach to remain safe, and his knuckles turned whitish, his fingernails digging into his palm as rage consumed him like a wildfire, and his breathing quickened as his nostrils flared with fury.

Before both men could react, Elijah grabbed both of the thugs by their necks and slammed their heads into each other, knocking them unconscious, their bodies falling against the pavement and landing in a heap.

Dice and Jerome led a bunch of men toward the thugs, and before long, a battle commenced between the men, Jerome using the bat in his hand like a professional baseball player.

I hate you ) much, Flijah

Turning his sight off the scene, Elijah looked back into the car, and the state Peach was in, shivering and crying, his chest felt heavy and warm and he rushed over to her side of the door, opening it. “Come here,” He ordered in a soft voice, gently grabbing her wrist and pulling her towards him, and then he scooped her out of the car seat, lifting her in his arms. Immediately, she buried her face into his chest, sobbing loudly as she gripped Elijah’s shirt, her heart racing As he walked away from the scene, carrying her into the motel, walking passed his men, who were still in shock at what they were watching before turning on their heels and following him

into the motel. “What’s wrong with my daughter...!” Miss Grace cried, watching Elijah approach her with bloodstains on his clothes and face. “Nothing. She’s just a bit shaking and has had a bit of a shock.” Elijah murmured, walking up to her.

Anger spiked in Miss Grace’s eyes as a sense of worry overwhelmed her heart as she lashed out at Elijah, “What is the chaos out there?! What did you do? Who did you offend now?!”

“Josh Hayes,” Elijah uttered calmly, meeting her eyes with a soft stare. Those two words immediately humble Miss Grace as her face softened, and she speechlessly watched him walk past her, carrying Peach into the hallway. “Poor Elijah,” James cried, feeling heartbroken, and his words got to Miss Grace, but she felt more convinced that them being apart was best for the two, especially after what was happening right now. When Elijah got into Peach’s room, he walked her over to the bed, placing her in it gently before sitting down next to her. “Peach, look at me,” Elijah instructed softly, stroking her cheek with his fingertips, smiling as tears streamed down her cheeks. Gently, she sniffled and looked up at him, wiping at her wet cheeks before she frowned and spoke up, “I hate you... I hate you so much, Elijah.”

## The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 70

### Chapter 70

#### I will let Peach go

With a dead-serious expression on his face, he met Peach’s tears eyes as she sniffed softly, making sure her gaze was locked on his, and he reached out and cupped her chin, saying softly, “Do you really hate me?”

Slowly, Peach shook her head, lowering her gaze slightly and muttering, “No... I love you. And, it feels a million times harder because I can’t hate you... Why did you have to put me through that? I told you to stay in the car!”

In silence, Elijah watched her struggle to hold back a sob, his heart breaking as she stared at the floor with puffy eyes and hiccups, her hands clasped together.

“Why are you so emotional, Peach?” Elijah asked, his brows furrowing deeply as he continued to hold her chin, tilting it upwards so that he could see her face clearly. “Why do you look so fragile like the day your mother got hurt?... I’m just a lowlife loser with a gangster impulse, so why do you feel so vulnerable for me?”

“Because you messed up my heart, Elijah. It doesn’t care about your damn status, what the hell you are ... And it never will. But... it does love you. And I don’t care if you’re poor or rich, or whatever you can call yourself, but it will always choose you.” She whispered in tears. “My heart loves and cares too much for just the man that you are.”

Silence fell between them, and for some reason, Elijah suddenly felt a wave of emotions rushing through his heart, his lips pulled into a smile as he gazed into her teary eyes, his hands still cupping her chin. He took in a shaky breath, and with an emotionless face, he uttered in a flat tone, “You should get some sleep.” Mustering up the courage for self-control, Elijah moved his hands from her cheeks and then stood up, turning to leave the room.

“How long are you going to keep punishing me for another woman’s sin against you... It’s not fair at all.” Peach whimpered, reaching out hastily and locking his wrist in her grip. Hesitantly, he halted in his movements, letting out a sigh, and turned around and bent down, lowering his gaze on her, his eyes boring into hers for a few seconds before saying quietly.” I’m sorry. So damn sorry. But the situation isn’t right. It’s not fair... I know...” Watching her eyes, the confusion and hurt within them, he cupped her cheeks and leaned closer, kissing her forehead, then pressing his nose against hers and inhaling deeply, taking note of the smell of lavender shampoo on her hair. Brushing his palm against her cheek before stroking his thumb on her lips slowly, hesitating, and then leaning in closer and whispering, “But I promise to make things right with you. I swear, Peach...”

And with a gentle smile, he kissed her softly on her forehead, and then he pulled back, standing up straight and leaving without saying another word. When Elijah shut the door, he stopped, gazing at Miss Grace, standing, her arms crossed over her chest with that same angry, confused, and disappointed expression that had filled her eyes just moments ago.

“We should talk” Elijah stated, ignoring the fact that she was glaring daggers at him, “About everything, right now.”

Even though his tone carried a calm rhythm, she could see it in his eyes that he was furious with her, and she nodded.

Both of them headed to Elijah’s room, silence shadowing the air, neither wanting to utter anything that would upset the other.

When they got inside his room, Elijah sat down on the edge of the bed while Miss Grace stood a short distance away, her arms crossed.

“I will let Peach go,” Elijah mumbled, raising his head, glancing up at her through his eyelashes. “But I can’t right now.”

A look of disbelief flashed across her face as she raised her eyebrows, narrowed her eyes, and mumbled, “Elijah, from the depth of my heart, I am grateful to you and the others for

everything that you have done for Peach and me, but please... Let her go, now...”

Then her expression softened, as her arms uncrossed and she began to walk towards Elijah, stopping just inches from him, her eyes staring up into his, and then her voice cracked with grief, as her body stiffened.

“You told me at the hospital that you don’t have any plans for Peach... you said she was not a piece you wanted to use in your game of chess.” Miss Grace uttered in a calm, hushed tone, “What changed?” “Peach and I got way too involved with each other than I

initially expected,” Elijah explained with a weak laugh, rubbing his forehead with his fingers, his face contorted in pain as he recalled what happened today. “I became way too vulnerable with her, I gave way too much space to her in my heart, and now, I feel responsible that she is in love with me...” Smiling faintly, Elijah lowered his head, closing his eyes as he remembered how things were with them the first that he stepped foot into the motel, and said, “I told you that Peach was innocent, and the innocent don’t deserve to get dragged on the battlefield of hell, but somewhat, this dispute has something to do with her.” “I don’t want my daughter to have to spend her life in a difficult situation... I don’t want her to ever have to experience what I went through because Madam Jewel hated my husband... she needs someone uncomplicated... someone that the family...” Miss Grace paused, seeing the look Elijah gave her. “Someone the family loves?”

“Yes,”

The room grew silent, with Miss Grace continuing to stare at Elijah, not able to take her eyes off of him. His eyes bore into hers, and she noticed the look of pain within his piercing dark eyes, and she wondered where the pain was coming from and what was going on inside his mind.

“Peach is not simple, Miss Grace. You know that, and I know that. After the trauma that the Hayes has caused her, she’s not going to bend when they command her to bend...” Elijah said honestly, exhaling, deeply. “She is a ball of emotions.” Hesitating, Elijah sighed again, running his hand through his hair, and then he opened his

mouth, saying, “Miss Grace, I have seen her heart and I have seen her soul, and she doesn’t need a simple man by her side if she’s going to walk into a situation with people that have never had her back.” His brows furrowed, as a frown appeared on his face, and Elijah looked down at his feet, his eyes flickering nervously back and forth between them, and said, “Peach needs someone that will care for her, fight with her, protect her, help her heal... and that person needs to be someone that she loves and trust, or else, the Hayes are going to break her.’ With a raw look of anger in Elijah’s eyes, his fists clenched tightly and his jaw clutched tightly, he glared at the floor.

“You once told me, ‘Sometimes, in desperate situations, you have to have blind trust in a total stranger because you have nothing else left,” Elijah muttered, his tone filled with remorse.

Miss Grace felt speechless as she watched him raise his head, meet her eyes, and said, “Right now, I am the one asking in return for you to trust me with your daughter, and I swear on my life that I will take care of her and put her on the pedestal that she deserves.” A tear slipped from the corner of Miss Grace’s eye and down her cheek as she stared in awe at the young man in front of her, knowing that the was sincerity in them. “There’s just so much about you, Elijah, that is mysterious, suspicious, and unsettling that I have doubts... I fear that Peach might get caught up in your game, and I can’t bear for something bad to happen to her, even if it was unintentional.” Miss

Grace murmured, shaking her head slightly as her voice broke. "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." Elijah uttered her statement, word for words carefully as he glanced at her before meeting her gaze again. "You said that to me, at the hospital, about Peach." A soft look appeared on Miss Grace's face as those words brought back memories of the times Elijah had been there for Peach, and her heart melted a little.

"I will not take your daughter from you, Miss Grace if your answer is still, no... If you still don't want her to be with me." Elijah stated firmly, lifting his head. "But I hope you will consider my proposal," It grew quiet as Miss Grace remained speechless for several minutes, her eyes scanning his face, trying to find any clues to tell whether he was being sincere or not. And then, she spoke quietly, "If you realize that she will be better off without you."

"I will let Peach go," Elijah uttered with sincerity, looking deep into Miss Grace's eyes.