

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 7

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The sunlight streamed into the room through the window as Elijah sat up in his bed and turned around to see who entered his room.

As the morning rays fell onto his face, his eyes met with Butler James standing on the other side of the room.

"Good morning, master." Butler James said politely as he closed the door behind him quietly.

Pushing the cover off him, Elijah slid out of bed, running his fingers through his hair as he asked, "What brings you here, Butler James?"

"Master, your mother wants me to inform you that breakfast is ready downstairs." Butler James informed.

"Okay, thanks. Just let her know that I'll meet her soon," Elijah replied, rubbing the sleepiness out of his face as he headed toward the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

After brushing his teeth and washing his face, he took a comforting shower, trying to relax as he did so.

Then he stepped out afterward, wrapped a towel around himself, and walked over to his closet, grabbing a simple Sweatshirt and a pair of jeans out of his wardrobe, and putting them on quickly.

After that, he went downstairs, entering the dining hall to find his mother already sitting at the table, eating a slice of strawberries.

"Morning, mother," Elijah greeted softly, walking to the table slowly and pulling out a chair for him before taking a seat.

"How did it feel sleeping in your bed? Great, right?" Mrs. Maxwell asked with an enthusiastic smile, hoping that he might answer yes.

"It was,"

"Then how about you stay for at least a couple more days, son..."

“Mama, you know I can’t do that. My flight is booked for this afternoon, and I have important things to attend to tomorrow morning.”

Pouting, Mrs. Maxwell looked over at her husband, frowning at him as he walked into the room and sat down in one of the chairs across from her, and set the newspaper down on the table.

“See what you have done to our son.” Mrs. Maxwell muttered, glaring at her husband before looking back at Elijah. “He’s a man. I want my baby back and in my arms again.”

“Now, what are you talking about, Lisa?” Mr. Maxwell said in between a chuckle, picking up his coffee mug and taking a sip of it. “He’s thirty. You can’t wish him to be three.”

Mrs. Maxwell glared at him as he put the mug down, crossing her arms defiantly in front of her chest, annoyed that her husband and her son were ganging up on her.

” Well, that’s not going to stop me from wishing!” Mrs. Maxwell mumbled like a kid being stubborn, pouting as she crossed her arms, staring angrily away from her husband.

Laughing at his parents, Elijah shook his head slightly before reaching on the table for the bowl of strawberries and placing one in his mouth, then another.

At that moment, three men walked into the room, a slender-looking guy with blonde hair wearing blue jeans and a plain white shirt, a young man wearing dark green cargo pants, and another with jet black hair wearing a gray polo shirt.

“Good Morning, Madam, Big Boss, and young master.” The three men said in sync as they all bowed slightly.

Smiling, Elijah nodded and looked over at his father, asking, “What’s going on?”

“This is not like the first time. Even though I want you to know the value of money and status, I am not going to make it harder on you, so these are your three acquaintances, Rookie, Matt, and Ryan. They will help you carry out any orders.” His father answered.

Looking over at the three guys, Elijah smiled as they grinned at him, staring respectfully back at him.

“Hello, Master Elijah, I am Ryan. I am a lawyer and a private detective for a living. But I also do some occasional consulting work, which means I am always available if there is a need to consult with me.” Ryan said with a polite grin.

“Good morning, Master Elijah... I am Matt, a boxer and an MMA fighter, but I also know some street fights and hand-to-hand combat.” Matt said with a confident grin.

With a soft smile, Elijah nodded, looking over at the last guy, and he rested his palm on his stomach, bowing again before uttering, "Rookie, I am an IT professional, specializing in computers and technology. I know how to hack, and sometimes even break into a secure computer system."

A sense of discomfort swept through Elijah at the thought of how many capable people his father hired for him. But he suppressed those feelings, smiling brightly at the group as he replied, "Well, it's good to know you guys, and I hope we get along."

All of his life, Elijah thought he was going to be inheriting his father's empire, he never thought he would have to start from scratch to build his own corporation.

"Matt, Ryan, Rookie, and James will be going with you to Syldavia." Mr. Maxwell said, fixing his gaze on his son's eyes. "As a father, I have played my part. The rest is up to you now, son. I hope you make the right decisions."

Taking a deep breath and letting it out, Elijah tried to calm himself before replying, "I promise, I will succeed."

That was not just a promise to his father, but also a vow to himself because never again did Elijah want those that once looked down on him to be able to walk all over him again or see him as weak and pathetic.

This was his chance to stand on his own two feet, and prove himself, make them all tremble in fear when they hear his name and remember who he has become.

At Nine on the dot, the flight attendant made the announcement, "Good evening passengers. The flight from Bordoria to Syldavia is currently in the final stages of preparation for landing. Please enjoy the remaining time of your flight."

Sitting in the first-class wing, Elijah, Matt, James, Rayn, and Rookie were munching on the snacks that the hostess had given each of them as their meals.

Looking over at Elijah, eating his chicken sandwich while drinking his juice, Matt said, "Master-"

"Don't call me that." Elijah calmly interrupted. "Until I give any of you the other to stop, I am Elijah, to you all, your close buddy and partner."

"Yes, boss... I mean, Elijah." Matt corrected himself.

Eyes turning towards Matt, Elijah asked, "What did you want to say?"

"Um.. nothing... Actually, I saw the news about... Umm, your divorce," Matt replied nervously. "And I just want to know... Why would you choose to go back after such..."

“Humiliation?”

“Umm... Yes.”

After taking a huge bite of the last piece of his sandwich, Elijah wiped the crumbs off his fingers before answering. “Redemption and Revenge. Those two can make a man relive his worst nightmare just so he can find himself again.”

“Mmh, that makes perfect sense, and I am in awe of you, Elijah,” Matt said with wide eyes.

With a faint smile on his lips, Elijah stared at the window of the plane, taking in the beautiful blue sky, watching the clouds pass by, his expression hardening as he felt the anger and hate rise inside him the more he thought about how close they were to Syldavia.

Ten minutes later the plane came to a screeching halt as its wheels touched down on the runway.

After getting all their luggage out of the luggage compartment, the four men exited the plane with Elijah walking behind them, his hands in his pockets.

When they got outside the airport building, they noticed a sign hanging from a lamppost in front of them, and the word ‘Syldavia’ was printed on it in bold letters.

Frowning at the sign, Elijah raised an eyebrow and then looked to his right at a guy with a toothpick in the corner of his mouth.

“Do you and your friends need a ride?” The dude asked with a grin, nodding towards his Toyota parked nearby.

Even though the man looked shady, dressed in a tattered gray hoodie with dirty jeans and converse, Elijah didn’t want to judge the book by its cover.

So he nodded politely at the man, giving him a small smile as he replied with a simple, “Sure.”

Then he looked back at Matt, Rookie, Rayn, and James and said, “We got ourselves a ride.”

A frown crossed James’ face as he looked at the driver, feeling uneasy in the guy’s presence. But since Elijah gave the order, he followed the four into the car.

After buckling in, and closing the door, they sat in silence as the car started rolling, the guy driving kept his gaze straight ahead with a blank expression on his face.

“Is this you guys’ first time in Syldavia?” The driver asked in a raspy voice as if he had smoked too much weed or drank too much beer.

The four of them looked at Elijah, and since he didn’t answer, they too held back their words, deciding that it was better to be silent.

“You all are foreigners, right?” The driver asked, glancing at Elijah, seated beside him in the passenger seat. “What? Don’t any one of you speak the local language?”

“Can you shut up, and drive?!” Elijah snapped at him. “You are giving me a headache with all your rambling!”

Eyeing Elijah, the driver sneered, clutching the steering wheel tighter, and then said, “Whoa! You’re starting to piss me off, sonny boy.”

Suddenly, the car started jerking and making strange noises before stopping. As the driver grabbed onto the steering wheel with both hands, he groaned, saying, “What the heck... I’m sorry guys, the engine just quit. But don’t worry, I will get it fixed.”