

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 71

### Chapter 71

#### I can't wait to be your wite

Grabbing the last unconscious thug by his leg and dragging him to the SUV, Dice smirked at Jerome and then threw him with the others in the backseat of the car.

A low groan escaped from the bruised – up thugs as they laid over each other, unable to even speak for themselves let alone try to escape or attack any of them.

“You should text the boss to come out.” Dice told his son, slamming the car door shut.

The silence in Elijah's room broke when Elijah's phone vibrated, causing him to look away from Miss Grace and focus on his phone screen. “Hmmm... Please excuse me. I got to head out,” Elijah said as he woke from his bed, shoving his phone into his pocket. As he was about to walk past Miss Grace, feeling disheartened, her voice stopped him, “Do not make me regret this, Elijah... regret choosing you for my daughter.” A faint smile grew across Elijah's face, hearing her say that, knowing she wasn't actually mad at him, just worried as any mother would be if her daughter was involved with a man like him. “Yes, ma'am...” He murmured in a humble tone before walking out of the room. When Elijah got in the lobby, Matt gave him a weird look and asked, “What's happening out there? Why are Jerome and Dice-” “Not now, Matt.” Elijah cut him off, heading past his four men.

When he got outside the motel, he walked over to Dice and Jerome, eyeing the brown bat with red stains on it in their hands.

“Boss!” Jerome blurted out, turning to face Elijah. “Do you have them all?” Elijah asked, looking at the black cars. When Jerome nodded, he subconsciously met Dice's gaze when he suddenly uttered, “I didn't think the Fangio would have attacked so suddenly and in such a manner...”

“How could they underestimate you and threaten your life like that?” Jerome spat out angrily. “Is it because the Fangio believe that they can get away with it because of their power and wealth!! What a bunch of arrogant, evil, scum bags!!”

with a casual expression, Elijah raised his brows and then said, “Well, they have strike. Now, it's our time... Make sure the Fangio has no men to command for a couple of whiles and make them write some good checks for medical bills.”

His face hardening, Elijah looked directly into his eyes and said, "Find every man that ever answered to Fangio and put them in a hospital bed before Friday... Repay his desire for me with that, just don't kill anyone." Elijah uttered, his tone cold.

"You got it, boss." Dice replied, smiling lightly, his eyes glistening with excitement, "We will take care of it right away!"

The sound of a knock made Peach slowly raise her eyelids open, gazing at her bedroom door, sighing softly

"It's not locked," Peach called out, still laying on the bed, her eyes closed again, not wanting to leave the comfort of her sheet even though she had been there for a long while now. After a few seconds, the door slowly creaked open, and she lifted her head slightly, staring at Elijah, walking into the room.

His hands were shoved into his pockets as he approached the bed, his eyes never leaving hers. Silently, Peach forced herself to sit up, feeling hesitant to say anything because she didn't feel like she had anything left to say to him.

When Elijah reached Peach, he sat down beside her, still looking straight into her eyes, and they stayed silent for a few seconds before Elijah uttered, "Rule number one, you can not meddle in the things that I do... I don't want you getting involved with any aspect of my life." Even though Peach was confused as to what he was talking about, she didn't say anything and simply watched him, waiting to see what he would say next.

"Rule number two, you can not keep any secrets or lies from me... That includes everything someone says to you, what you're thinking or what your intentions are. You cannot hide things from me... No matter how small or insignificant it is." Elijah uttered, placing his hand underneath her chin to gently lift it and look into her eyes. Pressing his thumb against her lips, Peach couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by his gaze but tried not to show it.

"Thirdly, We can't have a kid in the first two years of us being together... you can get pregnant during that time. As your husband... I will satisfy your desire if you want, but it has to be protected sex." Elijah spoke, moving his thumb away from her mouth and cupping her cheek, rubbing it lightly. Swallowing slowly, Peach blinked a couple of times, trying to understand what he said. Her lips parted, not really expecting him to say that kind of thing to her, and yet, she knew he was dead serious about them.

"Lastly, If... If you ever fall for another man, make sure to divorce me right then and there. You can't cheat while we are together... Please," Elijah added in a softer voice, his thumb still caressing her cheek

His words sounded unreasonable and yet Peach didn't find it in herself to argue with him about them, knowing he had his reasons for saying those things and she wouldn't cross that line just yet.

"I know that I am being selfish, I know I'm pushing you too much for my own wants, but I just need you to know where I stand with you. This... This is the condition of us being together, and I am sorry, so sorry that this is something that I have to ask you for, something that I have to demand from you, but it's necessary." Elijah admitted as he moved his thumb from her cheek and stroked her jawline with his index finger.

"Elijah..." Peach trailed off with a sigh, closing her eyes.

Her body felt heavy as she drew into his touch and leaned towards him, resting her head on his shoulder as he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her closer to him.

"Can I one day make you trust that I love you and will not hurt you? Can I give you enough Security to know that I will only want to stay with you.. and can I earn your complete heart

someday?" Peach asked, opening her eyes and lifting her head, looking up at him. "Honestly, I don't doubt that you can," Elijah assured with a small smirk. A tension suddenly overcame the room as they softly stared into each other's eyes, their breaths becoming heavier as they continued to stare into one another's gazes. "Well, your mother gave us her blessings for us to be together," Elijah whispered, resting his palm against her cheek. Watching a bigger smile play on her lips, Elijah suddenly lost his control, grabbed her by the waist, pulling her closer as he pressed his lips onto hers, tasting her lips slowly and ignoring the pain from his bruised cheek as his hand slid down to the hem of her shirt. Her body froze as his warm breath brushed against her skin, her eyes shutting as Peach kissed him back, letting out a soft moan when he nipped her bottom lip, sending sparks through her entire body and making her forget about everything else except for him. As their kiss intensified with heat building between them and spreading throughout their bodies, Elijah lowered Peach's back onto her mattress, his body pressing down on top of hers. His hand slowly slid underneath her shirt, grazing over her skin as her fingers intertwined with his hair, tugging lightly on it, urging him to continue. When Elijah finally pulled away for air, he rested his forehead against hers as he panted quietly, both of their chests rising and falling rapidly as they caught their breath. It took everything in him for him to whisper, grabbing the sheet tightly in his hands, "We should stop." As her chest raised and fell rapidly, Peach remained silent, staring up at him, and then she raised her hand to his face, whispering, "I can't wait to be your wife." At eight o'clock, Matt, James, Ryan, and Rookie clustered up in Elijah's room, making him take his gaze off the ceiling and look down at them. "What happened today?" Matt asked, his face full of concern and confusion. Sighing, Elijah sat up in bed, resting his feet on the cold tiles, looking straight at them, and answered, "The Fangio, Iris Fangio, Josh Hayes's wife thought it would be fun to order a gang of thugs, using her father's influence to put me in the hospital." "What?!" Ryan exclaimed, his forehead wrinkling while his mouth dropped open as everyone else remained quiet. "Why didn't you say something to us, boss?" Rookie muttered, frowning deeply, glaring at Elijah as he folded his arms.

“Because it was not a task for the four of you. Jerome and Dice already have this cover, so there’s no need to worry.” Elijah answered calmly, raising a brow at them.

A sense of worry overwhelmed his three men as they all glanced at each other before James spoke up, “Today was really scary, and.”

“Today was just the beginning,” Elijah said, his tone sounding dangerous. “After today, there are going to be more. More of these guys, more people who want to mess with me. So let me Ask you guys this, ‘Are you four ready to walk into tomorrow with me?’”

## **The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 72**

### **Chapter 72**

#### **Come on, Elijah**

The dining table of the Hayes family was completely quiet as Madam Jewel slowly sipped her tea, looking so calm and relaxed.

“Mother, it’s been days since Peach left this mansion... How can you be so calm? I mean, don’t you fear what might be going on through all of this silence with her?” Dean asked his mother, watching how she calmly savored her tea. Sighing softly, Madam Jewel placed her teacup down onto her saucer, before placing her hands together in front of her.

“Michael called me days ago. He said... Well, Elijah was bold enough to challenge him the other day, at the motel, and even claim that Peach was already taken for him to pursue her...” Madam Jewel uttered with a cocky smile, remembering the relief she felt when he told her that.

“Peach is taken... and that’s a good thing?... Taken by who?!” Dean asked, eyeing his wife, and even Martha now seemed more interested in what was being said.

“Elijah,” “Elijah?” The table fell silent and Madam Jewel picked up her cup again, taking another sip of her tea.

Her eyes drifted across the table and landed on Dean, furrowing her brows when he broke into a burst of wild laughter, almost choking on his own spit. “You are serious, mother... and you were actually right about what you said the night of the party! Peach decided to settle for that over Micheal?!” Dean laughed, wiping his eyes, before continuing, “What is wrong with that girl?!” “You should be happy that your daughter escaped that mess... instead of laughing.” Madam Jewel replied with a hint of a grin on her face. Clearing his throat aggressively, a sense of embarrassment overcame Dean, and he mumbled, “Sorry, mom, I shouldn’t have cracked up at your words... I’m just

shocked that with all the options, she would go for something like-“. “Elijah!” Josh’s voice roared into the dining room as he stormed through the doorway. “That bastard!”

When Dean saw his son shaking from anger, his brows knitted deeply into a deep frown as he looked to Madam Jewel, then back to Josh.

“What happened, son?” Dean asked, concern evident in his voice and posture, but his eyes still focused on Josh.

“Elijah is a hooligan... a rotten... rotten thug! Haha! Why didn’t I realize this soon... His arrogance, his lack of manners, his... He’s just so full of egos and pride for the bum that he is!! “Josh began to ramble, gesturing wildly with his arms as he paced around the room. “He’s in some ganr.! That scum!” “Calm down and speak with sense.” Madam Jewel spoke firmly, not liking where this conversation was leading

Throwing his grandmother a hard look, Josh scolded and rolled his eyes, crossing his arms in

defiance and letting out, “Mr. Fangio had been up my ass this morning, mad on the phone and frustrated, blaming me for shit!!”

“Why would your wife’s father get pissed off at you?” Dean questioned further, not understanding what his son was getting at. Silently, madam Jewel watched closely as she took another drink of her tea, furrowing her brows when she noticed Josh’s expression changing drastically.

“A while ago, Iris begged her dad to bestow me twenty of his best men...” Josh muttered, rubbing the back of his head. “I needed them... because I wanted to teach Elijah a lesson...”

His last statement didn’t get any reaction from his grandmother or his parents... like none of them cared that he had gone after Elijah with such vicious intent and force. But, there was one thing that got their attention... “All twenty men are now in the intensive care unit, along with every other man that Mr. Fangio has in his employ, including his two bodyguards...!!” Josh shouted, raising his voice a little. “They were hunted down... chased, beaten, and now, I am the one getting all the heat from this shitstorm...!!”

A look of worry crossed Mr. Dean’s face, wishing his son would not have said such words before his grandmother.

“How could you make such a reckless move, Josh!!” Madam Jewel finally snapped, setting her empty cup on the saucer. “Is it worth ruining our reputation by bringing more trouble than we can handle?! Mr. Fangio is an important and influential businessman in this country... The amount of damage that could happen to our family because of this.” “How the fuck would I have known then that Elijah was in some shitty gang?!” Josh shouted louder, throwing his arms into the air.

“Watch your tone with your grandmother!!” Dean warned, his fists clenching tightly as he stared down at his son, his jaw set in anger. The atmosphere surrounding the table grew thick and heavy, no one dared say anything else while Madam Jewel continued to glare intensely at her grandson. “How did he even manage to take down a man as powerful as Clyde Fangio’s men?” Martha whispered beneath her breath to her husband as she observed her mother-in-law and her son. “How should I know!!” Dean responded as he glanced at his wife with a scowl. “That idiot Vlad ran out of the country, and I haven’t gotten a damn thing out of him since... After all the money I had given him to investigate that scoundrel... And now, I still don’t know anything about this bum!”

The peace that once rained earlier immediately fell away, turning into a storm of chaos, and Madam Jewel’s face turned dark.

“This Elijah guy smells like serious trouble... a lot bigger than what I initially thought...” She muttered under her breath as she shook his head furiously. “We can not allow him to attach himself to this family name for the second time with the prestige that this family has. We have a reputation to maintain...”

Her words drew silence from the table, and Dean sighed deeply as he ran a hand through his hair, knowing where this conversation was going, and mumbled, “How did our fate end up in Peach’s hands so soon already?”

“I have to talk to her...” Madam Jewel grumbled quietly, her eyes fixated on nothing in particular as a feeling of uneasiness settled into her gut. “Peach can not marry Elijah... We need him as far away from our family name as possible, now that this has happened.” “Will she agree to that though?” Martha wondered, looking over towards Dean who sat silently beside her, deep in thought, afraid to speak before he lashed out at her again.

The knock on his door made Elijah raise his eyelids, sleep still in his eyes as he pushed the cover off him and walked over to the door, slowly scratching his bare chest.

When he opened the door, he smiled down at Peach, only to see her standing there in her oversized t-shirt, messy hair, like she just left her bed, and with a big smile on her face. “Hey..” Elijah chuckled lightly, opening the door wider and stepping aside so she could come inside.

She quickly walked into the room, and Elijah followed her in, closing the door behind him. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you.” Peach apologized sheepishly as she rubbed the back of her neck nervously.

With a half-smirk, Elijah grabbed her by the waist and pulled her close to him, leaning in to kiss her, but she clapped her palm over her mouth, her lashes blinking rapidly. “What?” Elijah whispered in confusion.

"I haven't washed my face yet, and that means..." Peach trailed off with a nervous laugh. But with a serious expression, Elijah grabbed her wrist, slowly pulled her hand away from her mouth, and leaned forward to whisper against her lips, "I don't mind."

But before Peach could reply, he claimed her mouth, kissing her softly as he held her tight against him, his lips moving in perfect rhythm against hers, making it clear that he wasn't going to let her go anytime soon.

The room door suddenly opened, and Matt, James, Ryan, and Rookie immediately froze at the door, their eyes widening at their boss and Peach kissing.

When James gave a fake cough, Peach immediately moved away from Elijah and cleared her throat embarrassedly, pulling on the hem of her shirt as she blushed furiously.

"You four might just have to write me an essay on the topic, 'What is knocking?!'" Elijah groaned, giving his men a hard stare.

It grew silent in the room, but when Peach raised her gaze to stare at the four of them, a smile appeared on James, Matt, Ryan, and Rookie's faces.

"Ohhhh sorry Boss... didn't mean to interrupt you and Peach..." James said, grinning mischievously.

Elijah, Matt, Ryan gave an evil smile and asked, "When are you going to pay my sk?" "For what?" Elijah blurted out, making a nervous look surface on Ryan's face, causing him to snicker and rub his chin, thinking of how to answer his boss that they had been betting on his love life.

Suddenly, Elijah's ringtone interrupted them, and Ryan along with Matt let out a sigh of relief,

Ryan mumbling, "Safe by the bell." When Elijah took his phone off the nightstand and saw the unknown caller ID, he frowned and answered the call, saying with a serious tone in his voice, "Who is this?"

"Clyde Fangio," An older, and yet strong voice spoke through the line. "How did you get my number?" "Iris got it from Melinda."

A frown immediately replaced the concerned look on Elijah's face and his grip tightened around the phone strongly. "What do you want?" Elijah spat out, his jaw clenching as he waited anxiously for Clyde to reply. "Can we meet up?" Clyde finally uttered, keeping his tone calm and collected. "No,"

"Come on, Elijah. I just want to talk... After everything that has happened, don't you think I deserve a word or two with you?"

A line formed between Elijah's brows, deepening when he heard Clyde's response, and he asked, "Location?"

"The Grand Garden Restaurant on East Sixth Street in Downtown... I am already here, hoping that you would join me?" Clyde stated, waiting for Elijah to respond. 1

## **The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 73**

### **Chapter 73**

#### **You will do as I command**

The glass door pushed open, and Elijah walked into the restaurant along with Matt, his hands stuck in his pockets as he advanced toward the front desk.

Like a celebrity with bad publicity, he immediately grabbed the attention of the famous faces in the restaurant, giving him many stares, which he ignored. "Hey, I'm here to meet Clyde Fangio," Elijah told the lady sitting behind the desk as he looked down at her, a blank and uninterested look plastered on his face. Looking up to meet his eyes, she gave a small smile, and mumbled, "Right, Elijah-" "Darius," Elijah answered simply.

Her gaze darted nervously from Elijah to Matt and back to Elijah, mumbling, "Okay, the second floor, room three."

Nodding slightly, Elijah pulled away from the counter with Matt right behind him, ignoring the conversation between the two receptionists. "He really is good-looking... Sadly, he is that way..." The lady with the long brown hair commented. "Yeah... It's disturbing that he is still showing his face around here, carrying himself as if he doesn't have such a reputation." The other receptionist added.

Frowning, Matt stared at his boss's back, wondering what was going through his mind as they walked further away from the conversation of the two ladies behind him. A moment later, Elijah stood at a door with Matt, staring at the number three printed on it, his eyes narrowing slightly. Feeling reluctant, Elijah raised his hand to knock, but Matt grabbed his wrist, and whispered, "Let me do it,"

Without arguing, Elijah dropped his hand from the door and nodded as he glanced sideways at Matt, stepping back. Quietly, Matt approached the door and knocked, listening for sounds inside, and then he heard Clyde's voice, "Enter!"

After looking back at his boss for a moment, Matt sighed and then grabbed the door's handle, turning it as he gently nudged it open, slipping inside the room, getting a frown from the old man.

“Who the heck are you?!” Mr. Fangio asked sternly, his eyebrows furrowed together angrily. “He’s with me,” Elijah casually uttered as he stepped in after Matt, shutting the door. “Ahh... Elijah. It’s good that you agree to my request.” Mr. Fangio murmured with a grin. “Please sit, you and your...” “He’s a friend...” Elijah uttered, pulling a chair forward and sitting down across from Mr. Fangio, crossing his legs over the other.

“I ser that you don’t trust me that much for a one-on-one meeting.”

“I don’t trust you in total.”

A tense silence filled the air and neither Elijah nor Mr. Fangio was willing to break it first. But finally, Mr. Fangio spoke up, “Would you like to order anything?”

Staring at the waiter in the room with them, Elijah hesitated, and then he picked up the menu.

With a smile, Mr. Fangio turned his head slightly, staring at Matt, saying calmly, “You should order also. The bill is on me, so make sure to ask for whatever you guys want, alright?” Not answering, Matt stared at Elijah with an unsure expression, and then picked up the menu. A moment later, their tables were filled with food and drinks, but no one had made a move yet as they all sat there silently

“Why am I here?” Elijah questioned, breaking the awkward silence, folding his hands together in front of his chest. “Everyone of my men is in the hospital, and you are the reason they are there...” Mr. Fangio replied, keeping his gaze on Elijah’s eyes.

“The question was, ‘why am I here,’ and I don’t see your statement as an answer,” Elijah said, raising an eyebrow curiously.

For a moment, Mr. Fangio looked confused, and then he let out a quiet sigh and leaned slightly towards Elijah.

“You’re a smart guy, aren’t you? Just listen to me.” Mr. Fangio said, lowering his voice slightly. “After what happened to my men, I should be trying to end you, but I am not going to because I am an open-minded me.” “Thank... you?” Elijah uttered, his words dripping with sarcasm.

But Mr. Fangio only chuckled lightly before reaching over and grabbing a drink from the table, and then he sipped the alcohol quietly, his brow furrowing once more. “I want you to work for me, Elijah... I am willing to hire you, and also, I want to meet the leader of the...” Mr. Fangio paused, glancing at Matt briefly before continuing, “the gang you are in... I want to hire them all, but you are what I need now.”

Holding in his laugh at Clyde’s arrogance, Matt stared at Elijah and then at the Lobster

Frittata, a two thousand dollars breakfast that includes ounces of Sevruga caviar, an entire lobster, six fresh eggs, cream, chives, and lobster sauce, served over a bed of Yukon gold potatoes... even Clyde looked shocked when Elijah ordered them like his wallet had gotten hurt a little.

"You want to own me... Hmmm, I am listening." Elijah stated slowly, placing both hands on the table, watching Mr. Fangio closely, waiting for his response. "What's your price?" "I know how awful your status has been in this country and how people treat you, and I want to change things..." Mr. Fangio stated firmly, his deep dark eyes boring into Elijah's. "If you carry the title of my man, that will immediately change people's mindset about you and give you a status that most people will respect..."

Seeing Elijah yawn all of sudden, Mr. Fangio felt a sense of rage, but he masked it quickly by clearing his throat and saying, "Once you convince your boss and the other members of your gang to work for me, I will pay you handsomely, and you will not have to squat in that motel

because I will allow you to live in one of my headquarters." "One billion dollars," Elijah mumbled, reaching for his glass of wine and taking a sip. "What did you say?" Mr. Fangio muttered angrily, struggling to conceal the fury building within him. "I didn't hear you." Huffing, Elijah set the glass down and stared straight at Mr. Fangio, his face stoic as he mumbled, "A billion dollars to have me think about siding with you..." A spark of anger and frustration flickered across Mr. Fangio's face as he slammed his hands on the table in a fit of anger, glaring at Elijah, lashing out, "Do you think that highly of yourself?!"

But he didn't get a rise out of Elijah and he suddenly burst into laughter, looking up to stare at the ceiling while he continued to laugh hysterically, tears forming in his eyes.

"How arrogant can this bum get!" Mr. Fangio exclaimed, wiping tears from his eyes. "You're just some nobody with a bad reputation who happens to be part of a big gang that caught my attention, but you think that makes you worth anything?!"

Lowering his head, Mr. Fangio glared at Elijah with an almost crazed look, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he took in large gulps of air, and then closer, he snarled at Elijah with a wild look in his eyes, his tone filled with venom, "Do you think anyone will even want your sorry ass for more than five thousand... your worth is." "So you don't have a billion dollars to hire me?" Elijah casually interrupted with a calmness that seemed far out of place in this situation. And that made Matt realize his boss was just messing with Mr. Fangio, and he couldn't stop himself from laughing softly under his breath as he shook his head. Mr. Fangio narrowed his eyes at Elijah and lashed out at his confidence, "No I fucking don't have that much money for myself before I will have it to give it to a piece of shit like you! And even if I wanted your worthless ass working for me, your boss is who I really want to talk to!!" Silence followed his words as Elijah focused on his breakfast, slicing the knife through the lobster meat, and then he raised

an eyebrow and glanced at Mr. Fangio before picking up the fork, stabbing a few pieces, and bringing them to his mouth.

“My boss is worth a couple of billions of dollars and since you can’t even afford a billion, I don’t want to waste my boss’s time with you.” Elijah calmly stated and put the fork back on the plate.

Like his face was about to explode from anger, Mr. Fangio stood up abruptly from the table and glared at Elijah, “You will do as I command, or I will find someone else that will!” “Feel free to explore your options, but you will just be walking in a circle,” Elijah said with a blank expression, picking up his wine glass. “You.” Mr. Fangio shouted, looking out of breath from rage and frustration as the color drained from his cheeks, as he clenched his fists tightly. “You insolent little fucker.. I need to VASO myself alter this shitshow!”

Shrugging silently, Elijah focused back on the wine glass in front of him, drinking it slowly without any pionon, his mind clearly elsewhere.

Vintahing him quietly for a second, Mr Faupio closed his eyes for a moment before opening;

them again and then stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him

“Wow, he is pissed...!” Matt commented with a grin, glancing toward Elijah’s smirk.

“Hmmm,” Elijah hummed quietly, finishing the rest of his glass

For a couple of minutes, the room was quiet until the door suddenly burst open and three restaurant security walked in with the waiter

“Mr. Darius, I was told you were going to pay for your dishes, and this is your bill” The waiter stated, putting the paper on the table. “Where is Mr. Fangio?” Matt asked, shocked by the sudden demand from the waiter

Quietly, Elijah stood up, and the restaurant security immediately blocked the door, glaring at Elijah threateningly “Mr. Darius, you need to pay your bills before you can leave this restaurant,” One of the security guards spoke sternly, crossing his arms in front of his broad chest. “I know, but I am not putting my credit card into any of you guys’ hands,” Elijah replied, raising his eyebrows. “So take me to the front desk,” A look of confusion crossed the waiter and security’s faces as they glanced at each other, and then one of them hesitantly opened the door, allowing Elijah to go outside with Matt. Then they escorted them closely until they arrived at the front desk, gaining everyone’s attention to see Elijah being escorted by the restaurant security guard like some kind of criminal, and Matt followed closely behind them.

"I would like to clear my bill," Elijah mumbled as he pulled out his wallet, took out his card, and rested it on the counter.

The whispering grew louder as customers stared, wondering what was going on and what Elijah had done again. Picking up the card, the receptionist looked at the four-figure bill, eyed Elijah, and then the security before swiping the card. The transition immediately went through and her eyes widened, her body went to a standstill as she stared blankly. "My card," Elijah uttered impatiently.

"Huh! Oh, sorry, Mr. Darius... We didn't know..." She blurted out way louder than she intended out of nervousness.

"Hand me my card."

"Yes, sir."

A sense of curiosity washed over the customers in the room because of the volume of her voice and her sudden humbleness towards Elijah.

"What is going on here?" Mr. Fangio's voice roared in the room, suddenly appearing, like some hero ready to save the day, approaching the desk.

## **The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 74**

### **Chapter 74**

#### **Ten Billion Dollars**

Putting his card back into his wallet, Elijah stared into Mr. Fangio's eyes coldly and then scoffed before turning on his heel and walking away with Matt.

"Wait!! How can you guys let him leave?!..." Mr. Fangio's voice sounded desperate. "He hasn't

"He has paid his bill, Mr. Fangio." The receptionist said, interrupting his sentence.

Looking at her for a few seconds, Mr. Fangio frowned and turned his head to glare at the security guards before chasing after Elijah, shouting, "Wait! Let's talk more... I-"

The door shut closed behind Elijah and Mr. Fangio picked up his pace, running fast, gaining frowns from people that knew who he was, and the fact that he was chasing after someone like Elijah made no sense to them.

When he finally caught up with Elijah outside of the restaurant, he took a second to catch his breath, watching Elijah glare at him. "Who's your boss?... I can negotiate a better price... Now, I know that I underestimated you a bit." Mr. Fangio stated, breathing hard while trying to regain his composure. "So I'm willing to offer you." "A lot." Elijah interrupted, folding his arms. "You underestimated me by a whole lot." Letting his arms fall to his side, Elijah walked over to Mr. Fangio, leaned in so close that the old man felt a shiver run down his spine, and then mumbled, "I am my own boss... and I don't like you, Clyde... not one bit. So, you either decide to stay off my path and out of my way, or else, you and I will bump heads way worse than what happened to your men."

For a moment, Mr. Fangio was silent, staring right into Elijah's eyes as if they held something deep inside of them, something that he could never understand nor get past, and then he mumbled, "You are your own boss? So... So..." A half-smirk made its way onto Elijah's lips and he straightened himself to his full height, stepped back, and uttered, "Goodbye, Clyde." "I call your bluff... you are not that powerful, and you know it!" Mr. Fangio mumbled, watching Elijah open his car door.

Glancing over his shoulder at Mr. Fangio, Elijah's expression turned serious, and with that single glimpse, Mr. Fangio fell silent once again as he watched Elijah get in the car.

'Are you really that powerful and the one who commanded so many thugs to run down my entire men within less than a week?' Mr. Fangio mused as he stared at the car while Matt drove off. 'How?... I mean... you don't even seem that capable.'

As his eyes continued to follow the car until it disappeared around the corner, Mr. Fangio mumbled, "But then again, you just ruined my plan to save you out of debt with the restaurant and jail time, so you can be grateful to me... But is paying for an expensive meal, the same as owning thousands of thugs..?"

The dinner table was quiet as Peach slowly twirled her spaghetti, smiling softly to herself lost in her thoughts.

Everyone around the table's eyes was on her, but she didn't seem to even notice, her thoughts on memories of Elijah which had her feeling warm and fluffy, making her chuckle softly, stroking a loose string of hair behind her ear.

"Oh, God, why am I being called 'single' just by a laugh," Rookie teased, grabbing Peach's attention as she stared up at them, eyes widened and lips pushed up in a pout.

"I am happy for you two," James mumbled, grinning softly at Peach. His words brought smiles to everyone's faces as Peach looked between Rookie and James with a smile, nodding her head gently, "Thanks, guys... Sorry that you guys found out so late." A knock on the hotel front door made everyone seal their lips and then Ryan mumbled, "Do you think Bos... Elijah is back." "Grace... Grace!!! Can someone help me open this door?!" Madam Jewel's loud voice echoed throughout the house.

Frowning, James looked over at Peach and mumbled, "It's that annoying old lady from the other day."

"Maybe if we ignore her voice, she will go away," Ryan uttered, squeezing his brows together. "Yeah, after all, she only ruins others' moods and causes chaos," Rookie added, laughing softly as he took another bite of his pasta.

Pouting again, Peach turned around, resting her elbows against the table and placing her chin in her hands as she gazed at the ceiling and mumbled, "I wish... I'm sure she'll leave soon and..."

Suddenly, Miss Grace stood up and Peach looked over to her mother, mumbling in frustration, "Mama, what are you doing?" "Peach, you will need to put a little effort in not offending Madam Jewel... If you want to take over your grandfather's company..." Miss Grace trailed off, sighing lightly. Understanding what her mother was getting at, Peach drew a deep breath and woke up from her seat, mumbling, "Fine, I will come with you." "Then we are coming too." Rookie declared as he stood up with a nod, smiling at her. Soon the five of them headed out of the dining room and made their way toward the lobby of the motel, and Miss Grace unlocked the door.

"Grace, where is peach...?" Madam Jewel blurted out, walking inside, and then stopped when she and Peach's eyes locked. "Peach, honey!!" "Grand... Grand-ma..." Peach muttered under her breath hesitantly. "Good morning." Taking off her dark shade, Madam Jewel walked over to Peach and hugged her, mumbling, "Good morning, sweetheart."

Then she withdrew with a smile, pushing Peach's hair behind her ear, her expression looking so soft, until Peach asked with an uninterested expression, "Why are you here, grand...ma?" "I need you to meet someone." Madam Jewel said without hesitation. "I want you and I to go meet her..."

"Meeting... Someone? Who? Why am I meeting her?" Peach furrowed her brows as she

glanced over at her mother, wondering if there was more to this meeting

A nervous look appeared on Madam Jewel's face for a split second, her gaze falling to the floor before she shook her head and mumbled, "I can't tell you yet... You have to wait till we meet her."

"Then I am not going," Peach retorted bluntly, crossing her arms tightly against her chest and then glowering at Madam Jewel.

Frowning slightly at her daughter's tone, Miss Grace met her eyes and mumbled, "Peach," "It's fine, Grace." Madam Jewel cut in quickly, taking Peach's hand. "I know

you are a woman now, and people can't be telling you how to handle your life. But... I want you to meet a matchmaker."

"A what?" Peach replied, blinking twice.

"Matchmaker." Madam Jewel repeated, soothing the back of Peach's hand. "She knows all the eligible bachelors here. She has connections, and she knows the ones from a family with a good reputation, good money, strong body structure, and good personalities."

"If that's who a matchmaker is, then I don't need one.. I am already involved with Elijah. We are dating." Peach stated firmly with a frown. For a moment Madam Jewel pursed her lips and then smiled, letting out a soft chuckle, "That may be true... but this isn't about him. It's about you. You can do so much better than him, honey."

"I don't want to do better than him. I want him, and I am marrying him." Peach stated in a firm voice, clenching her jaw as she stared straight into her eyes.

"Marriage?" "Yes, marriage! I won't marry some stranger because my heart belongs to Elijah and Elijah only."

A frown crossed Madam Jewel's face as she studied Peach's expression and then she glared at Miss Grace, mumbling, "And you are allowing her to go through with this... nonsense?!"

"As you said, Peach is a woman." Miss Grace replied, staring down at her lap. "We must respect that."

Annoyed, Madam Jewel's eyes grew wide for a moment, her fists tightening as she gritted her teeth, and she let out just to irritate Peach, "This is Melina nonsense all over again..." Those words made Peach feel uncomfortable, and she pulled her hand away from Madam Jewel's grip and looked away from her. "No, Grandma, it is not like that." Peach spoke firmly, narrowing her eyes.

"Peach, you can't be serious?" Madam Jewel questioned in disbelief, raising her eyebrows.

"But I am!"

"Weddings are expensive! How are you guys gonna afford everything for the ceremony?... Because if you decide to marry Elijah, we the Hayes will not spend a dime to help with the wedding expenses!"

"Then we will do a court wedding. I don't care... Whatever budget he and I have, we will work

with that and enjoy our day!” The frown on Madam Jewel’s face deepened into a scowl, and she stared at Peach as if she was crazy, shaking her head and muttering angrily, “At least, Melina got a couple of million bucks from marrying him...”

Sighing heavily, she shook her head again and mumbled, “But how stupid can you be for a man with no real money to his name? .... I mean, honestly... You would rather waste your whole life with an irresponsible lowlife gang member than marry a respectable businessman?”

The door to the motel suddenly opened, and Elijah walked inside along with Matt with a frown on his face, annoyed because he heard most of their last conversation. “You!” Madam Jewel snapped at the moment Elijah stepped in, her glare fixed directly on him, “How much will it cost for you to stay the hell away from my family’s name?!”

“A ten billion dollars,” Elijah casually uttered, walking past her and away from everyone, heading for his room because he was already pissed from what happened early. “What a cheeky bastard!” Madam Jewel shouted after Elijah, a look of pure rage covering her face. “Oh, so do you have a price.”

“A price that you and your entire family combined can’t raise in this lifetime, so I don’t call that a price, just a reminder that you don’t have the means to make me change my mind,” He answered without turning around. “Also, I am marrying Peach, take it or just don’t show up at the wedding ceremony!” When Elijah’s back faded down the hallway, Peach looked back at Madam Jewel’s red face and gave a half-smirk

Frustrated, Madam Jewel clenched her jaw and turned away, walking outside of the motel, a storm of hate and anger toward Elijah flooding her as though the words had physically stabbed into her heart.

## **The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 75**

### **Chapter 75**

#### **A cold day in hell**

With the sunlight beaming on his face, Elijah stood outside the motel, hands in his pocket, eyes on the sky

His head was still swimming from all that had happened recently, his mind still reeling with the fact that he was getting married again, and it kind of wared him just a little bit

So deep in thought, he didn’t hear the door open and didn’t connect with reality until Peach hugged him from the back, wrapping her arms around his waist and resting her head flat on his back

“Hey,” she said softly, and he could feel the smile forming on her lips even without turning around to look at her “What are you doing out here?” “Thinking.” Elijah answered truthfully, his voice barely above a whisper as well.

“How much of what Madam Jewel said did you hear yesterday before walking in \*\*\*

“A bit.”

Silence followed after his answer as her heart frowned at the thought that he might have been hurt by all the awful words Madam Jewel had pwed.

“Elijah, you don’t.” Peach trailed off, uncertain worse to go from there, her brow furrowed as she tried to find the right words.” \_\_you know you can talk to me about anything right \*\*

There was a brief pause and then the vibration of his phone in his pocket interrupted their conversation, causing Elijah to sigh and pull out his phone And when he saw Bryan Check’s name, he drew a deep breath and then answered the call.” What’s up?

“Can you join me for lunch?” Bryan’s voice sounded almost hopeful, but there was also a nervous edge to it. “I got an update, so can you rrejet me to talk about it. \*\*

“I can,” Elijah replied after a moment of hesitation

“Great! We can meet up at ‘Hotel Del Rey’... I spent my night here, so I am waiting for you.”

“Sure. I am on my way.” Hearing those words, Peach’s hands pulled away from his waist and fell to her side as she just stood there, remembering rule one

When Elijah turned around to meet her eyes, a faint smile graced his features when he noticed her staring intently at him.

“I know that I can talk to you about anything.” Elijah repeated, his thumb brushing against her knuckles, “but I can’t promise to always do so.”

Her gaze lowered and she looked down at their connected hands, and mumbled, “That’s fine I knew what I was signing up for when I accepted your offer

It took Elijah a minute to process what she had said, but he uttered no word, cupped her cheeks, and leaned down to press a soft kiss to her forehead “It’s just lunch with a guy friend at Hotel Del Rey,” Elijah suddenly mumbled against her skin

“I will be back soon, okay?” Her eyes froze at his words, not really expecting him to explain himself, after all, he made the rules, and a part of her grew slightly hopeful that he might be trusting her just a bit. Then she slowly nodded, smiling brightly up at him as

she said, "Okay." At two o'clock, Elijah arrived at the front desk of 'Hotel Del Rey,' with Matt, and the moment the receptionist saw him, unlike the last time, she recognized his importance and smiled when he uttered, "Is Mr. Check in? I have an appointment with him." "It must be a cold day in hell that I would meet you at such a fancy hotel. What are you doing here, Elijah?" A deep voice with a defiant tone echoed. Snapping his brows together, Elijah hesitated to turn, feeling a sense of annoyance sweep through him. When Matt locked eyes with Mason, his eyes darkened and his face contorted into a snarl, wondering who this man was that dared speak down to his boss. Sighing, Elijah finally turned to face Mason, taking in his expensive designer suit, perfectly styled hair, and cocky smirk. "I don't think our path has crossed before, so why are you speaking so informally to me?" Elijah asked, keeping his voice low as he strived to stay calm.

"You are Dean's former son-in-law, right?" Mason asked, mockingly tilting his head. "The one who sponged off his daughter until she divorced you, and now, has made quite a problem for the Hayes, even though you are way below their class and status. Did I get that right?" A comfortable crossed the receptionist's face, remembering the last incident, but Mason had been a long-term member of the club, and because of his closeness with Bryan she didn't want to meddle in his business.

Not caring for interaction with Mason, Elijah turned back to the receptionist and calmly uttered, "Can you call his room and tell him that I am here?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Darius!" She gave them a warm smile before picking up the phone. "Who are you here to meet up with, huh?" Mason asked, getting annoyed that Elijah was ignoring him like his presence was nothing more than a nuisance. "You seem pretty close with... what's her name... right, 'Peach!' at the ceremony the other day, and the shit you said to Dean's daughter that night... What are you depending on crossing a man like Dean, Huh?" When Elijah didn't answer, he got a bit pissed off, grabbed Elijah by the shoulder, and let out, "Hey, I am taking to."

The rest of his words got stuck in his throat when Matt grabbed his wrist, twisting it slightly and pushing him away from Elijah. "Hmmm, Mr. Check, I think you need to come down to the lobby... like right now." The receptionist mumbled on the phone, freezing in her place. Slightly losing his balance, Mason stumbled back, holding onto the back of the chair behind him, trying to regain control of his composure. "Who the fuck do you think you are to touch me?" Mason demanded, stepping forward in rage. "Oh, so you don't like being touched by a stranger... Hmm, then maybe you should keep your

paws off people you don't know." Matt taunted, raising a single eyebrow. Frustrated, Mason lunged forward, attempting to grab Matt from the collar of his shirt, but Elijah intervened, grabbing Mason's other wrist and twirling him around, banging his torso flat against the counter, pressing him down.

"How hard is it for you to take simple instructions," Elijah demanded, "and do as told?"

Gritting his teeth together, Mason struggled for a moment or two before saying, "You'll pay greatly if you don't let me go, right this instant!!" Without replying, Elijah rested his palm against Mason's head, pressing it again on the wooden surface, and he finally mumbled, "My patience is very thin for people like you, Manson... very little!" "Elijah?" Bryan's voice broke through the tense silence that had settled over the area, and both Matt and Elijah quickly snapped their heads towards him, watching the look of confusion on his face.

Drawing a deep breath to calm himself, Elijah released Mason from his grip and stepped back, his expression smoothing itself out into something neutral. When Mason finally lifted his head from the counter, he glanced between the three men standing in front of him and said, "Check, you know this... this piece of crap that isn't worth your time!"

A frown itched his face as he glared at Elijah and then stared back at Bryan when he added, "What could you possibly see in this scumbag anyway? This asshole just put his hands on me... he should be thrown out of this hotel... And maybe, from now on, you should watch who you are hiring..." "Mason," Bryan called out, annoyance laced in his voice, "enough, okay? Also, my membership with our club is revoked, and I don't think I would be investing in your project for the manufacturing center anymore." Furrowing his brows at Bryan, Mason shook his head and let out, "But that is bullshit!! I came here so we can talk about the next step for this project, and eighty-eight percent of the kickoff for this to happen depends on you!" "Well, I don't think I want to fund your company any longer, alright?" Bryan snapped back at him, and Elijah watched as a small vein protruded on Mason's forehead. "You should leave."

"It's not fair!" "It's my money, Mason... you should leave." Frowning, Mason watched Bryan look over at Elijah and utter, "Please come with me this way."

"Who the hell is he to you, Checks?!" Mason screamed at Bryan, still glaring daggers at Elijah. "Why are you choosing the Hayes' useless ex-son-in-law over me?! What value does he have for you to make a decision like this over me?!" 1 "Mr. Mason, I will advise you to stop shouting because you are disturbing others." The receptionist warned, glancing at him. "And it's best if you leave." "Where the heck did I go wrong?" Mason muttered, letting out a groan. "This sucks! I mean seriously. He's a nobody. Why are you siding with him instead of me, Bryan?"

A sense of worry and desperation crossed his face as he watched Elijah and Matt leave with Bryan, and he hurriedly pulled out his phone and stroked through his contact, stopping at, "Dean."

## **The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 76**

## Chapter 76

### What is Elijah doing?

The atmosphere at the conference table immediately grew intense as Mathew, Dean, Tommy, Eli, Elmer, Cora, and Amelia sat at the table the moment Dean uttered, "Mother has confirmed that Peach is hell-bent on marrying Elijah."

"This is all your daughter's fault," Elmer mumbled underneath his breath, rubbing his temple in frustration "What did you say?!" "It's Melina's fault for bringing that damn bastard into our lives... If she didn't bet on his ass, Peach and her mother would have still known their place beneath us, Tommy would have eventually driven those two out of the motel, and I wouldn't be losing my company to those two. Damn it!"

As Dean moved his lips to speak, his phone started ringing, causing him to pull it out of his pocket. When he noticed who was calling, he answered, mumbling, "Mason,"

"Who is Melina's ex-husband?!" Mason's voice boomed from the other side of the line, sounding furious. "Elijah? Why are you asking about him?" "Who is he, Dean?!"

A frown crept across Dean's face when he heard Mason's raised tone and then he sighed. "Are you drunk, Mason?" "No!! I am frustrated. But I am also curious about who the heck your daughter got married and divorced to!!" Mason's tone became even more enraged, which caused Dean's eyebrows to furrow, and his grip on his phone tightened slightly. Not wanting to bear the embarrassment of not knowing a damn thing about his ex-son-in law, Dean dodged the question with a, "Calm down, Mason... Why are you making an issue out of some bum?!"

Everyone around the table's attention was now fully focused on Dean, wanting to know who was the other person on the call.

"A bum!! A bum!! Okay, then tell me why the hell is that bum meeting up with Bryan Checks, and I just lost a million of dollars deal with Check because of him..." Mason's voice started to rise with each word. "Mason, please... I don't know what the hell you are talking about." Dean tried to convince him, but it wasn't going too well. "Tell me, Dean! Who is this guy?!" "Calm yourself, Mason."

"Haha!! It's true when people say... The people that you circle yourself around can either lift you or fuck you over!! And for you, Dean, you have screwed me over, by just the fact that we are friends!!"

"You are not making any damn sense right now, Mason! Stop acting crazy!"

A robust laugh echoed from the line, and Dean looked at everyone in the room in disbelief.

"I know that I am not making sense! And, that's even more irritating, Dean!! But you know what, you and I are over as friends and business partners, and you should stay the fuck out of my life because this whole situation is your fault!!" Mason roared, his anger seeping into his voice.

"My fault?! Mason, calm down and speak to me like a sensible human being!! You've always had a temper, I get that, but I never thought you'd lose it like this!!" Dean yelled back at him, ignoring the looks that were being sent in his direction.

"I need to stay away from you and your family's shit... Because it seems like there is more playing behind the scenes, and I don't want any of it..."

"Mason!!"

The line abruptly cut off, and Dean looked over at his brothers, his expression blank as he tried to get over the sense of disbelief and uneasiness he was feeling.

"What was that all about?" Eli asked, crossing his arms.

"Mason is pissed... I don't know why because he was acting like some kind of... nut job... But whatever happened, Elijah was involved and he's behind Mason's rage." Dean finally replied, his gaze flickering between his siblings. "First, Mr. Fangio, and now, Mason..." Amelia uttered, frowning at her thoughts. "What is Elijah doing? Is he trying to hurt our family's reputation?" "Just by his title of being Melina's Ex, his scandals have harmed our family name. And now that Peach wants to marry him... Imagine what that would do to our family reputation! Our entire family legacy would crumble!!" Cora chimed in, her eyes widening.

Frowning slightly as a memory crossed his mind, Dean looked at his sisters and mumbled, "Mason mentioned that he was meeting with Bryan Check this afternoon..."

"What the hell?! What would he be doing with such a powerful man like Checks?!" Tommy exclaimed in disbelief.

"The real question here is what the heck is the relationship between Peach, Elijah, and Bryan... What are we missing and why is this guy becoming so damn twisted?!" Matthew interjected, shaking his head while staring at his younger brother.

Snapping his brows together, Eli pinched the bridge of his nose and exhaled sharply. "Right... We're missing something big here. Something important... First, he's a gold digger, and then in a gang, and now, he meets up with Checks..."

“Who is this guy?!” Elmer asked, rage boiling within him at every passing second, “What kind of shady fucker is he?!”

“Shady? True. We need to put him under close surveillance.” Cora murmured, frowning deeply “If we want to understand him and what his plans are.”

“Now, I know why Vlad got kidnapped after what happened to Fangio’s men, it makes even more sense that it was Elijah behind his kidnapping and not Bryan,” Dean spoke slowly as he continued to stare at everyone at the table “If my guess is true, he knows that we are onto him”

“Well, if that’s the case, I know another way to get him in our sight and under our watch,” Matt stated softly, leaning forward to rest his forearms atop the table.

The harsh wind blew against Elijah’s hair as he and Bryan stood on the balcony of the third floor, Bryan sipping his wine. “You haven’t said much,” He uttered calmly to Elijah, looking over at him. Lifting his chin slightly as his eyes trailed over to look down at Bryan standing next to him, Elijah cleared his throat before he asked, “We had lunch. Now, are you going to tell me what’s the update?” After glancing at Matt, Bryan took a sip of his drink before he turned his body towards Elijah and leaned against the railing, crossing his arms. “Do you want to be my date at an old man’s birthday party?” Bryan asked, sounding playful, and yet, Elijah could hear a certain level of seriousness behind those words. Silence fell between the pair as they both stared at each other and then Bryan chuckled lightly before mumbling, “It’s one of the five birthdays... Mr. Wessex Butcher is turning sixty, and I think his party is a good start for you to get the five’s attention.” “Hmm,” Elijah mumbled, his face unreadable as he watched Bryan’s smile grow wider. “When is this?”

“Next month, but I have been attending these for a couple of years now, and I thought to give you a heads up... The twenty-six of next month...”

“I see.”

There was a brief pause, and then a mischievous smile crept onto Bryan’s face, causing Elijah’s eyebrows to furrow as he inquired, “What?”

“Do you want me to book escorts for us for that night? It might make it more fun going with a hot young woman rather than just two men, going together. Do you have a preference for the kind of women you prefer?” Bryan questioned, smirking at Elijah’s expression. Subconsciously, Elijah’s gaze darted towards Matt, and he saw his man giving him a hard stare as if telling him not to do anything stupid.

“Thanks, but no,” Elijah told Bryan, his expression unchanged. “Why?... It’s been months already. Are you still hanging up on your ex-wife... Maybe it’s time for you to have fun.. enjoy your single life and the freedom that comes with it.” Bryan stated, placing a hand over his heart and gazing at Elijah’s profile with a playful expression.

Frowning silently at Bryan's words, Elijah drew a breath and mumbled, "We are done here." "Come on, man!" Bryan protested, laughing lightly.

Setting his glass on the table, Elijah eyed him for a second and then walked off, leaving Bryan dumbfounded

"Why? Are you not single?" He shouted after Elijah, Stopping in his steps, Elijah glanced at Bryan and raised a questioning eyebrow in response, and the answered, "Yes, I'm not."

"Who's the lady lucky enough to snatch the heart of the only heir of the Maxwell family?"

Bryan teased with a faint chuckle.

There was a long pause as Elijah held back his words, looking a bit hesitant at Bryan, and then said, "Peach Hayes," "Dude!!!" Bryan let out, staring in disbelief for about a couple of seconds. "Seriously?! I thought the rumors were lies... You were seriously together with Peach and Melina at the same time-"

"No, I wasn't. But I am marrying Peach soon,"

"Wow!!!"

Running his fingers through his hair, Bryan just stared at Elijah, seeing that he was honest and wondering what the hell was going through his head. "You are in bed with the enemy. I thought the Hayes are your foes?" Bryan laughed, completely shocked at what Elijah meant.

"They are... But not her. She's the only exception." Elijah responded in a low tone. "If you marry Peach, people are going to believe the rumors way more than they did back then..."

"I know."

Chuckling faintly, Bryan rested the glass against his bottom lip, taking a sip from his wine as he watched Elijah walk away with Matt, and then he smiled, mumbling, "What's your endgame here, partner? When I think I have you figured out, you do a complete 180 and throw me off. That girl must be special to catch your interest or is she more."