

The Marvelous Elijah's Return by Rever Chapter 84

Grandpa's Will

Ignoring Jerome's call, Elijah met Peach's eyes and let out calmly, "Answer it,"

Her eyes darted upward to meet his gaze before looking down at her phone screen and then accepting the call, putting it on speaker. "Peach, dear! Are you alright?" Madam Jewel's voice came from the other end of the line, causing Elijah and Peach to scoff at her fake concern.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Peach said calmly, not breaking eye contact with Elijah. An awkward silence settled on the line, and it took a while before Madam Jewel spoke again. "Are you... sure?" Her tone was almost concerned, but they could hear the underlying hint of disappointment in it.

"Yes," Peach mumbled, struggling to cage the anger that flared up inside of her. "But... I heard... this morning that the motel burned down, and I was worried because that's where you and Elijah with Grace stayed." "Yeah... It did burn down."

"And you are fine... Where are you guys staying?" Not wanting to answer that question, Peach didn't move her lips as she sat there, her jaw clenched tightly against the urge to lash out her feelings at her step-grandmother.

"You know what?... You and Elijah should stop by at the mansion and let's talk in person... I have a proposal for you guys." Madam Jewel spoke in a low, calm manner.

Looking up at Elijah, she gave him a what-should-I-do look, and he nodded his head slightly, telling her to agree.

"Umm, okay. We will be there soon," Peach said reluctantly into the phone, her voice strained from holding in all her emotions.

"Okay then... We will see you both soon." Madam Jewel said before the call ended, causing Peach to finally sighed heavily, tossing the phone on the bed. A frown etched her face, and she ran her fingers through her hair as she whispered, "Gosh, I hated every second of that conversation. It just made my stomach flip over in disgust."

A faint smirk made its way to Elijah's face as he walked over to Peach, rested his palms flat on her thighs, and whispered, "Pretence and patience are the two key things in dealing with people you hate, darling... You got to know how they think, and you need to listen carefully to every word they say, or else it can cost you a lot."

The way he said those words, with no emotions, and a blank expression as he stared right into her eyes made chills run down Peach's spine.

His hands slowly slid their way up her legs until he placed his hands on either side of her hips, and leaned forward to brush his lips gently against hers. "We should freshen up and then go meet those laypocrites," Elijah whispered against her lips, siniting ather.

By ten am, Peach and Elijah were seated in the backseat of the car with Dice behind the steering wheel, eyeing Elijah in the mirror. And then when he and Elijah's gaze accidentally met in the rearview mirror, it finally clicked to Elijah that he needed to call Jerome back

For a second, his gaze darted towards Peach, watching her focused solely on the window in front of her, and then he quickly glanced away from her, taking off his phone "], what's up?" Elijah said casually after Jerome had picked up his call.

"Good morning, boss... Sorry for disturbing your honeymoon, but we did a little interrogation with the fools the started the fire at motel, and it seems like I this was a unanimous decision. these men met the Hayes family at the mansion, and with the entire family present, the decision was made to burn down the motel." Jerome uttered, his voice sounding tense.

Looking back at Peach, Elijah gripped and tightened the phone as he let out, "I see. Thanks for the heads up, I..."

Immediately, Peach looked away from the window and looked at Elijah, raising a brow, but he simply smiled before ending the call.

"Is everything okay?" She questioned, concern lacing her words. "Don't worry, darling... Everything is good," Elijah reassured her. The drive to the Hayes mansion suddenly came to an end in the family's garage, and Elijah looked over at Peach, taking her hand in his before pushing the car door open and getting out, leading her behind him.

After Dice joined them, Elijah and Peach walked into the mansion with him, and when they reached the living room, Madam Jewel with her seven children was seated on the couches, their eyes glued to them as Peach and Elijah walked over to an empty sofa and sat down next to each other.

Right from the beginning, the tension in the atmosphere was palpable and they all semesta bit irritated to see how calm Peach and Elijah were

"Peach honey... where did you leave Grace?" Madam Jewel asked, trying to act casual about the whole thing as if it was nothing but a normal situation. "My mother is well and safe." Peach replied with ease, her voice cold as ice

Suddenly, Dean's face contorted into a scowl, meeting Peach's eyes with a look that seemetto say, 'What the hell is wrong with you?!

“What kind of response is that?! Mother asked you where Grace is... and not how she’s doing?!” Dean spat, shooting daggers at Peach, who was now glaring at him “I think my wife answered correctly,” Elijah intervened, his tone soft yet firm

“No one asked for your opinion, you arrogant bastard,” Dean snapped at blujah, ansing Peach’s eyebrows to furrow together.

The calmness on Elijah’s face seem more deadly than any rage as he stare bat hatiku spoke, his voice dangerously low, “I didn’t hear Peach asking for yours either the who are you talking when you shouldn’t be, hul, Dean?”

A faint smile curve on Elijah’s lips as he sized Dean with his eyes, and the fifty-four years old man lost his shit, and lashed out, “Mother, please remind me why you think it’s a good idea to help this piece of trash!”

“Watch yourself, Dean! And calm the heck down!!” Tommy yelled at Dean, his face contorting into a scowl as he glared at his brother.

“How about you two stop talking?!” Madam Jewel yelled back, causing everyone in the living room to fall silent.

With a sigh, Madam Jewel turned her gaze back on Peach, smiling warmly, and said, “Honey, I know how much that motel meant to you and your mother. It was your home, your source of income, and where you and your husband should be staying right now... So hearing that it burnt down saddened us, and it’s so devastating that happened to you and Grace.”

‘Then maybe you shouldn’t have fucking burnt it down to ashes?!’ Peach thought, her anger growing as she stared into Madam Jewel’s eyes and gritted her teeth as she kept a neutral expression.

When she looked over at her husband and saw how calm he looked, his advice from earlier popped into her head and Peach whispered in her head, ‘Pretence and Patience...’

“I know it’s going to be hard for you to recover and stand on your two feet again, so I am offering for you, Elijah, and Grace to come to stay here with me until you can get your life in order.” Miss Grace said calmly, and without any emotion whatsoever. “No,” Elijah immediately responded, his expression still as composed as ever. A single word made the entire Hayes family to flinch as they looked up at Elijah with wide eyes.

“Excuse me?” Madam Jewel stuttered, obviously taken aback by Elijah’s refusal. Taking a deep breath, Elijah repeated himself, “No.” “Look here, my mother is being generous and showing you kindness, but you want your ego to grow bigger? What is going on with you, Elijah!? Do you realize how stupid your refusal is!?” Cora snapped, her voice laced with annoyance and frustration as she glared at him.

Their little plan was getting ruined by just one word, and it had all of them pissed off and worried, especially Tommy, because he thought for sure if the motel got burned down, that will leave Peach and Elijah at a disadvantage and they will have no other choice but to live in the Hayes mansion.

“Stupid? Cora, I wouldn’t call that stupid. I just don’t want my wife or my mother-in-law living here,” Elijah stated, a smug grin on his face. “I don’t see the issue with that.”

“Elijah, I will advise you to think about this before allowing your arrogance to run you headfirst into something that could very easily end badly,” Madam Jewel warned, narrowing her eyes at him as she continued.

Meeting her eyes, Elijah took a moment to look at her, and then he smirked, letting out, “I said what I said, and I meant it.”

The living room immediately fell quiet as everyone watched Elijah stare directly into Madam Jewel’s eyes with this smug smile that clearly said, ‘This isn’t happening’

Reluctantly, Madam Jewel scowled, averting her eyes on Peach, and said, “Peach, honey... I know

love can blind one and make them a fool, but-” “My husband already said, ‘No! What else do you want to hear from me?’” Peach said, her expression soured, feeling irritated. Those words left the Hayeses in total shock, and for a couple seconds, everyone sat in stunned silence. “Peach, you are being foolish and disrespectful right now!” Dean blurted, his face contorted into a frown. “Albert will be.” “Don’t bring my father name into this discussion, Dean!” Peach cut him off sharply, causing his bottom lip to hang loose. Scowling, Amelia glared at her niece and then lashed out, “What has gotten into you, Peach!! Even when Melina was married to this fool, she knew how to put the family first and put him in his place!! Why are you respecting him, instead of looking at the big picture?? You are making a mistake, dear!!”

“No, I think I am making the right decision, Amelia.” Peach refuted, her tone turning colder as she shot Amelia another heated glare.

“It seems like I thought wrong about you, Peach... Since you have chosen a side, I don’t think I want you involved with anything that has to do with this family... including the companies...” Madam Jewel said, her face filled with distaste and displeasure.

A blank expression flashed across Peach’s face, as she clenched her jaw tightly, and then she mumbled, “What are you saying?” “I heard that the entire motel burned down...” Madam Jewel said, her voice monotone, and completely void of any emotion, and it caused everyone in the room to go silent. “Were you able to salvage anything from the wreckage?”

A look of horror quickly spread through Peaches face as her mind went over everything that she lost, and then she blurted out in her head, 'Grandpa's will! It burned too!'

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Choose your side

Anger immediately started to rise inside of her as Peach glared at Madam Jewel with a look of pure hatred, and without even realizing it, she blurted, "Grandpa left that company for me, and you can't just take what he gave to me away!" A faint chuckle escaped Madam Jewel's throat as she gazed down at her granddaughter, before she replied, "Oh yes, I can... you know, I thought you were getting married to this... this human being because you want to own something in this family and be a part of us..." 1

A pause followed her words as she watched Peach's eyes for a sign of fear and submission and when she saw a slight flicker of emotion in her step granddaughter's eyes, she smiled, knowing that she managed to hit Peach's weak spot. "I will not tolerate the disrespect I am seeing from you, Peach, and since that's how you want to behave, I am taking this opportunity to let you know you aren't fit to take over any of the family business. I don't need an arrogant, selfish, and prideful woman who does not know who ass to kiss up to." Madam Jewel said, shaking her head and staring deeply into Peach's eyes.

"Okay! That is enough crap!" Elijah yelled, his face darkening as he stood from the sofa. Then he looked down at his wife and stretched his hands out to her, saying, "Let's go..." "Peach, I am warning you as your grandma. Choose your side wisely or else you will suffer from your mistakes..." Madam Jewel warned, raising her voice while glaring at her. "If you humble your pride, I can take pity on Grace and you."

Looking over at her, Peach glared and then put her hand in Elijah's palm, and he gently pulled her off the sofa, lacing his fingers through hers.

"What are you depending on here, Elijah?!" Madam Jewel asked, her mind reeling from disbelief, confusion, and rage. "It would be so boring to just say it to your face, so wait for me to show you," Elijah uttered. meeting her gaze with a smirk.

Then he turned to Peach, seeing the confusion in her gaze, but she said no word, merely nodding her head before he led her away.

When they were back in the car, Peach rested back on the seat, covering her face with both her hands, sighing loudly. "I can't believe she actually did that," Peach muttered, trying to suppress the anger welling up inside her and the hurt that she felt toward Madam Jewel. Silently, Flijah pulled out his phone, scrolled through his contacts, and stopped at Rookie's number, djaling it.

Alter spursal rings, Rookie answered the phone, sounding somewhat drowsy, "Morning Buss," "I need you and Ryan to find me "Elijah said, pausing as die stared over at Peach.

Mowly, she slid hr palm down lier lace and inet his pyrs, wondering why he was just startng

ther with such Intensity

"What's your grandfather's lawyer's full name?" Elijah asked after a few seconds, interrupting their eye contact

"William Meeks," Peach mumbled, still confused at his question.

Focusing ahead of him, Elijah caught Dice's face in the rearview mirror and then said, "Rookie, find out William Meeks location. Can I get it before the twenty-four hours of today is over?"

"I will get Ryan and we will do our best to make that happen, boss." Rookie uttered in a deep, serious voice.

After hanging up his phone, Elijah glanced over at Peach, and the way she was staring at him made a smile appear on his lips, then he asked, "You okay?"

"Yeah..." Peach whispered, looking away from Elijah and staring out the window.

Then she rested her head on the glass, shutting her eyes as she mumbled in her head, 'Rule one... How can just a few rules be so damn hard?' "Want to grab something to eat?" Elijah asked, glancing over at her. Immediately, Peach opened her eyes and stared straight at Elijah, a smile slowly spreading across her lips as she nodded her head, making him to chuckled softly. "Dice, please take us to Emerald Grill," Elijah said, watching her eyes lit up and widen. "Alright, boss." Dice mumbled, his eyes locked onto his driving wheel, and the rest of the ride passed peacefully by until they arrived at Emerald Grill. "We are eating here?" Peach whispered, looking up at the tall green glass building, awed." Isn't this too fancy?... Maybe we should eat somewhere else... you know, somewhere that will not cost you so much." silently, Elijah studied her eyes, the nervousness that had suddenly appeared on her features and he found it extremely amusing, which caused him to let out a small laugh. "Stop laughing," Peach murmured, blushing slightly. "Okay," He said in a soft voice, gazing down at her with a smirk on his lips. "We should be saving up money after all the spending you did on our wedding, and now that I lost the company...And Honestly, I love... Starbucks, and I rather we go there."

"Really?" with a strong nod, Peach gave a big smile and replicd, "Yes. There is nothing that compares to the laste of Starbuck coffee in my mouth."

Amazed at her response, Elijah continued to stare at her intently for several seconds, before he laughed and asked, "Okay,"

At eleven, Elijah and Peach walked through the doors of Starbucks, her hand in his as he led her over to a table near the back.

After sitting down, she grabbed a menu, and scanned it briefly, before placing it next to him. And when she raised her eyebrows at Peach, she looked seriously at the menu, and then when she saw the determination in Peach's eyes.

"Mmm... there are so many options!" Peach murmured with excitement.

"You should order as much as you like," He stated, smirking. Raising her brows, her eyes widening slightly, Peach was about to speak when the waiter approached their table, and then Elijah's phone rang, causing him to look away from her and stare at the caller ID.

"Good morning, what would you two like?" The waiter asked when he reached their table. Picking up his phone, Elijah eyed the waiter and said, "My wife will be making our order," Then he answered the call, leaving Peach staring in awe at him before focusing on the waiter, smiling at him nervously because she was a bit worried about making Elijah's order. "Why was I not invited to your wedding?" Bryan's voice echoed in a teasing, but a bit serious tone in his voice.

"It was not for the famous," Elijah said sarcastically. A laugh escaped Bryan's lips, and then the line went quiet for a moment, and then Bryan spoke again, "Are you and Peach, okay.. I got wind of what happened to the motel." "Yeah, we are," Elijah mumbled, watching Peach talk with the waiter with a bright smile on her face.

"Was it an accident?"

"No,"

"But the Hayes was at your wedding, so who could-" "They were playing smart."

A faint laugh echoed from Bryan's lips and then he muttered, "What a bunch of arrogant dumbheads."

"Will that be all?" The waiter asked, giving Peach a friendly smile.

Eyeing Elijah, seeing that he was staring straight at her, she waited to see if he wanted to add anything, and then she looked back at the waiter, mumbling, "Yes," Quietly, Elijah reached into his pocket, took out his credit card, and rested it on the table, listening to Bryan say. "About what we discussed the other day, I have a few guys you might like to meet and interact with to see which one of them better fit your taste in partnership"

Staring at Elijah's credit card, the waiter gazed at him in disbelief, making Peach a bit annoyed before he picked it off the table and walked off.

"When do you want me to see the

Elijah asked, peering at the window

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Alain's tongue slipped from his lips as he stuck his tongue out and there it was.

"Thanks, Bryan. See you Friday," After ending the call, he placed his phone back beside him, and he turned to face Peach, and asked softly, "Did you get everything you wanted off the menu?" Nodding, Peach smiled for a second before a look of worry crossed her face, and she asked shyly, "You are not allergic to anything right?" When Elijah shook his head, Peach let out a sigh, feeling relieved, and she whispered, "Good." A moment later, the waiter returned with their orders and set them down on the table before pointing Elijah's credit card to him, mumbling, "Here you go, sir."

Once he left, Elijah watched as Peach grabbed her cup of Caramel Macchiato and took a long sip, pulling it away from her lips. Staring at the mustache foam left on her mouth, Elijah smirked, and then leaned across the table, licking the foam, before placing his lips on hers, kissing her gently for a few seconds. After breaking the kiss, he gazed into her sparkling eyes, smiled softly, and then a vibration from his phone interrupted their little bubble. Pulling back, Elijah grabbed his phone and stared at the text from Rook, a look of seriousness taking over his face. Seeing the sudden shift, Peach watched silently as he scrolled on his phone, wondering if something had happened.

"], " Elijah finally said with the phone pressed against his ear. "What is it, boss?" Jerome asked in a deep, serious tone. Immediately. Peach's face went blank when she heard Elijah say, "I am about to send you some information, and I need you to pick up a package for me and deliver it to the warehouse... Call me when you have it, and I will meet you guys there."

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Kill or let it free

The words that Elijah said to Jerome never left Peach's thoughts, even though the morning was now evening, and Elijah was sleeping.

Adjusting her head on his warm chest, Peach looked at him, just staring, allowing her thoughts to run wild in her head, as she listened to his heart beating, feeling his chest rise and falling, listening to his breathing.

'What package were you talking about?' Peach wondered as she bit her lower lip, thinking furiously.

All of a sudden, she heard his phone go off, causing Elijah to shift slightly on the bed, hugging onto her waist tightly, and burying his face deeper into her neck "Elijah, your phone," Peach whispered, feeling reluctant to wake him and yet, also wanting an answer.

"Hmm..." He mumbled sleepily, his voice barely audible.

"Your phone..." Peach repeated, her tone a lot louder than a few minutes ago as she tried again to shake him awake.

Finally, Elijah opened his eyes, blinking slowly for several seconds. After a few more seconds he seemed to register what Peach said, and he quickly let go of her and sat up, taking his phone off the bedside table.

"J," Elijah said, resting his feet on the cold tiles.

"We have Mr. Meeks at the warehouse," Jerome announced from the receiver.

A faint smile made its way to Elijah's lips as he glanced over at Peach and then let out, "I'm on my way."

"Okay," Jerome's voice flowed into his ears.

When Elijah ended the call, he walked over to the closet and took out a black shirt, and jeans, wearing them, and even though she desperately wanted to know where he was going, she said nothing as she watched him get dressed.

When Elijah got done, he turned to face Peach, and although her lips said no words, her eyes told him that she was curious and he walked over to her. His palm rested flat against her bare thighs as he leaned down and placed a kiss on her lips, squeezing her skin gently. "I will be back soon. Don't leave the room until I get back... Bear with this rule a little until 1 gel is our house, okay?" Elijah whispered against her lips. "If everything goes smoothly, I will have a surprise for you." "Really?" Peach whispered, her

curtously becoming a bit stronger. "So, be good and wait for me to come back, okay?"
"Himni,"

Silently, Pearl nodded, watching as he pulled away from her and grabbed his slves, putting

them on, and then he gave her a soft smile before walking out of the room.

At nine o'clock, Dice brought the car to a stop at the warehouse, parked it, and looked back at Elijah.

"Boss, we are here." He stated, and then got out of the driver's seat, and walked around the front of the car to open the door.

The night air hit Elijah's face as he stepped out of the car, his hand brushing the cool metal of the vehicle.

After shutting the door behind him, Elijah stood still and took a deep breath, trying to prepare himself, and then he and Dice headed into the warehouse. Tied up in a chair with a blindfold on his eyes, Lawyer Meeks groaned in pain from the tightness of the rope around his wrists. Grabbing another chair, Elijah dragged it towards him, making him flinch as the sound got closer and closer to him. And when the sound stopped, Mr. Meek's heartbeat grew loud inside his ears as he waited. Sitting on the chair, Elijah studied the sweat dripping on his forehead, from his temples to the corners of his eyes, and down his chin. "Let me look into his eyes," Elijah commanded in a cold, detached manner. Immediately, Jerome walked over to Meeks and undid the knot of the blindfold from his eyes, allowing him to meet Elijah's gaze. Speechless from shock, Mr. Meeks just stared at Elijah, not really knowing how he should react, and then like awaking from a terrible nightmare, he shouted, "You!!... it is you!!! From th-at... th -at... th-at... Peach!!! You were with her that night!! Melina's ex-husband... The Hayes former useless son-in-law!!" "Well, it seems like the news hasn't reached you yet... I am married to Peach now, and urm... my wife needs something from you?" Elijah replied, his tone completely indifferent.

"You... You kidnapped me!!"

"Well, I had to... Because how then were we going to have a civilized conversation with decent words and you agreeing to do exactly what I want?"

A frown appeared on Meeks' forehead, as he shook his head, clearly confused by Elijah's actions

"Do you have a copy of the will?" Elijah asked with a calm, expressionless voice. "I don't have any will!" Mr Meeks shouted, his nose flaring

Taking a deep breath, Elijah closed his eyes for a second before opening them and saying calmly, "Mr Meeks, I need this conversation to go smoothly, or else I might lose my dammit. I'm sure you that when my patience runs thin, there's nothing you can say or do that would make or not want to hurt you."

A nervous, Aidan Dorking grabbed Mr Meeks' up as he tried to regain composure and control, but Jerome suddenly tossed a blade on the table and

hit it up, virgously why it into the wood, causing, Merkle strain one in, hits voice bawled pitched

"The next hole I will create will be in the left side of your chest." Elijah threatened, and with each word he spoke, Meek squirmed in his seat, unable to hide his fear. "I have people in high places..." Meeks whispered, his voice quivering, but his tone growing confident. Resting back in the chair, Elijah watched Meeks's eyes, allowing the silence to sink into him and awakening fear inside of him. "Tied his mouth to the point that sound can't escape," Elijah stated simply as he pulled out the knife. Struggling in his seat, Meek tried to fight off Jerome as he stuffed his mouth with a sock and taped his lips twice to secure them. When Meeks saw the knife in Elijah's grip, his eyes widened and he violently shook his head, tears gathering at the corner of his eyes.

Slowly, Elijah took out his phone and sliced the blade into the edge of the table repeatedly as he absentmindedly scrolled through his contact list. When he reached Mr. Bamford's number, he dialed it, and then ended the call after the first

ring.

It didn't take long before his phone started buzzing and he allowed it to ring for a while before accepting it and putting the call on speaker.

"I did not even get a wedding invitation... how could you make me hear about your wedding through rumors, Mr. Darius." Mr. Bamford's jovial voice echoed in the open air. "This old chief constable loves wedding cakes too, you know." The moment Mr. Meeks heard, 'chief constable,' he froze with only one thought on his mind, Who is this guy?"

A laugh left Elijah's mouth, and yet, he didn't lose the coldness in his eyes as he stared into Meeks' shaky gaze. "My apologies," Elijah mumbled, losing the smile, even though his voice sounded

amused.

"Well, all is forgiven... After all, I learned that Bryan Checks didn't even attend your wedding because you didn't invite him, so, who am I to get mad at such a man like you..." Mr. Bamford chuckled as he paused for a bit. "Also... about the motel fire..."

"It was an accident."

"Are you sure?... If you want me and my men to investigate, we will gladly oblige."

"Thank you, but no need... The hotel fire was an accident. So there's no need to trouble your men and you."

A dopp sigh filled the ait on the other end of the line, and a moment later Bamford answered " As you wish. But please let me know when you need my assistance with anything, okay?"

"Thanks Ipi's catch mp or another day I have a stubborn rat problem that I need to either kill or let it frey, outside" Fijal slated calmuly

"Well, you should kill in. Aier mll, als afi very dangerous fiest. will only cuscute

problems for the residents of the city." "I see... Thanks for the advice."

After ending the call with Bamford, Elijah put his phone back in his pocket, then he looked into Mr. Meeks's eyes and said, "You heard the chief constable's last words." Smirking, Elijah looked up at Jerome and commanded, "Let him speak." With calm eyes, J ripped the tape off Meeks' mouth, making him whine in pain, and then Jerome removed the gag from the old man's mouth, allowing his voice to come out raspy. weak, and exhausted.

"I too have friends in high places... so you can either give me a copy of Mr. Hayes' will for Peach, or I might take the chief constable's advice and get rid of a rat," Elijah said in a casual tone. "Your choice."