

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 87

Chapter 87

Is there more to Mr. Hayes' will?

A look of fear entered Meeks' eyes, his expression twisting with anxiety, terror, and helplessness as he and Elijah continued to stare at each other. "Which will?" Mr. Meeks finally questioned. "The will that Mr. Hayes left Peach," Elijah stated plainly, averting his gaze to stare straight into the old man's eyes, daring him to try and lie.

"Whi-cho-ne...?" Mr. Meeks murmured, barely audible for anyone to hear.

Then he saw Elijah's brows furrowing, and he knew that he was getting impatient as his eyes narrowed, and he leaned forward slightly in his chair.

"Don't act like a dummy with me... speak louder." Elijah uttered in a stiff tone.

Immediately, Meeks' face turned pale, his body tensing, and then his eyes widened as he blurted out, "Oooh! Oh!! Do you mean the will Madam Jewel gave Peach the night of Mr. Hayes's death anniversary party?!"

"Is there another will for Peach?" Elijah asked as he raised his eyebrows.

"No! No... no... I was just scared and my mind took its time to process everything."

"Right..." "If that's what you want, then I have another copy!!" The warehouse fell silent, and then Elijah leaned forward in his seat and stared directly into Mr. Meeks' eyes, asking coldly, "Where is it?" "At my office, in my safe!" Mr. Meeks blurted out quickly. "Please, if you let me go free, I can go there, and I promise I can get you it." There was a long moment of silence during which Elijah continued looking at Meeks' eyes, searching for something in there. "Alright," Elijah said quietly, leaning back into his chair. "But you and I are going." "What?!" Mr. Meeks screeched, his eyes widening as they darted between Elijah and Jerome. "We are going there right now! "But... But..."

Taking his eyes off Mr. Meeks, Elijah looked up at Jerome and said in a serious tone, "If our lawyer friend here does anything funny, and I don't walk out of that building with the will or as a free man, find him and kill him!"

Those words left Mr. Meeks frozen, staring up at both Elijah and Jerome, unable to move nor say a single word. "Yes, boss!" Jerome replied with a small nod. Silently, Elijah stood up from the chair with the knife, and as he walked toward Mr. Meeks, fear slowly crept over his face as he stared up at him. When Elijah squatted, looking him in the eyes once again, Mr. Meeks gasped, his entire body

tensing as he watched Elijah slowly raise the knife, listening to him say, "Let's play nice from here on, so no one can get hurt, got it."

"Okay, okay, I swear to not cause any trouble, I promise!" Mr. Meeks cried as the knife hovered above his chest, a terrified look plastered upon his face.

Slowly, Elijah lowered it towards the rope binding his hands and sliced through it in one swift motion, making Mr. Meeks flinch.

After the rope dropped on the floor, he sat there silently, watching Elijah stand up from the ground, his hands still holding the knife in his grasp.

"Let's go," Elijah said in a flat tone as he handed the knife to Jerome.

A moment later, Mr. Meeks and Elijah were in the backseat of his car with Dice behind the steering wheel, driving them towards the law firm.

Every now and then, Mr. Meeks would steal glances at Elijah out of the corner of his eye while trying not to make him notice him doing so.

The fifth time he stole a glance at Elijah, his breath got caught in his throat when Elijah met his gaze. They both locked eyes for a few moments, and then Elijah asked, "What?"

"Do you know what you are getting yourself into with these people?" Mr. Meeks stuttered as he glanced away. "Seems like you know more than you are saying..." Elijah whispered, causing Mr. Meeks to turn his head slightly toward Elijah once again, this time his eyes meeting Elijah's for a second.

After a few minutes passed, Mr. Meeks cleared his throat, and when he spoke, his voice had become much clearer and stronger than it was earlier, "If I could give you one piece of advice, I would say take Peach and run..." "What are you not telling me, lawyer," Elijah questioned in a low voice. Sighing, Mr. Meeks hesitated briefly, before shaking his head, muttering, "Nothing. It's just... There's nothing more I can tell you." As silence settled between them, Elijah looked confused, but before he had a chance to say anything else, Dice stopped the car next to Mr. Meeks office building, parked the car and shut the engine off.

"We are here," Mr. Meeks stated, reaching to open the car door, but Dice suddenly locked all the doors together, preventing them from opening.

Glancing at Elijah, Dice watched his eyes and followed his gaze to stare at the two security guards standing outside of the car, a couple of feet away.

"Boss," Dice whispered.

“Open the doors,” Elijah stated calmly, looking back, directly at Mr. Meeks as he spoke. Sighing, Dice did as told, unlocking the doors, and Elijah got out of the car, leaving Mr. Meeks sitting still for a few moments until Dice opened the passenger’s door for him.

Looking up at the cold expression on Dice’s face, Mr Meeks got out of the car without another word

“Mr. Meeks,” A guard said, the moment he recognized him as he, Elijah, and Dice headed up to the building’s entrance. “I thought you were gone for the day?”

“My new clients and I need to run over a few papers in my office, so here I am at work again.” Mr. Meeks said in a jovial tone with a forced smile. “Oh, then step right in, sir.” The other guard said, smiling widely as he took a step aside, opening the door wider. “Thank you,” Mr. Meeks replied sarcastically, walking past the guard who had opened the door.

As Elijah followed him in, the two guards’ gaze followed after him with a curious look on their faces, and then Dice locked eyes with them, and the coldness in his expression made them immediately avert their gaze ahead.

“Isn’t that the guy who was on all media platforms a few months ago... umm, right! Melina’s Ex-husband?” A guard whispered to his partner.

“Yeah... Elijah. And he’s with the Hayes’ family lawyer, do you think...” The other guard muttered, scratching his beard. “Nah, Mr. Meeks knows not to cross the Hayes family. Remember Madam Jewel’s last visit to him.”

“Yeah... Damn, that woman is scary... Mr. Meeks was shaking when they came out together.”

When the elevator stopped on the second floor, Mr. Meeks, Elijah, and then Dice walked down the long hallway until they came across a wooden door, with a large ‘M’ painted on the door. Unlocking the door, Mr. Meeks drew a deep breath and then pushed the door open slowly, stepping aside. “Umm... I will get the copy for you.” He paused, giving Elijah one final worried look, before turning around and heading for his safe.

Calmly, Elijah stared around the room, looking at the degrees framed on the wall and shelves of books, and then he moved to sit on a couch by one of the windows. “Is there more to Mr. Hayes’ will?” Elijah asked, not taking his eyes off the window. Immediately, the old lawyer’s eyes shot open and his heartbeat increased, his fingers clenching around the papers in his hands, even though he didn’t look at Elijah. Forcing himself to take slow, calming breaths, he tried not to look back and said, “No, there’s not. What was given to Peach that night, is exactly what her grandfather wanted her to get.” “Really?” Elijah asked, turning his head to glance at him.

Fidgeting slightly, Mr. Meeks bit his bottom lip and nodded as he slowly closed the safe door, and then he paused to calm his heart before finally turning his attention to Elijah.

"I got the Will," Mr. Meeks stated, putting the papers on the table. Talding, the documents in his hand, Elijah started reading them. Once he finished, his gaze shifted over to Mr. Meeks

"You didn't answer my question just now," Elijah said after a brief silence.

"Hut I did," Mr Meeks answered, a serious look replacing the nervous look on his face a few Necond go "This was the will Mr Hayes wanted Peach to get the company that Elmer owns, belongs to l'eachThat's all I was told to give to hier" Those words didn't convince Kijal, because he saw the slight hesitation in Mr Meeks' eyes, but he stood from the couch, walked over to him and stopped

"Ir i have to meet you again concerning the question that I asked, you should know it's going to be uply" Kijal warned, a dark glint in his eyes

"Then I have nothing to worry about because you have the will." Mr. Mocks replied calmly, raising an eyebrow

Hugging onto the pillow lightly, Peach squeezed her eyes shut. Her body felt tense, her chest rising and falling quickly with every ragged exhale she took

Sleep had forsaken her since Elijah left, and the more the minutes ran by, her worry and anxiety only grew

Her ears had been alert for hours now and she had heard countless footsteps and voices pass their door, yet somehow, none of them sounded familiar to her.

Should I call?" Peach asked herself aloud, shifting slightly so she could get a little bit comfortable It's been a couple of hours, so it's okay to call, right?

But just as the idea entered her mind, the sound of the doorknob turning reached her ears, and Peach's eyes snapped open and her body stiffened as she waited to see if someone would come

I took a minute, and then the door opened, her gaze rested on Elijah, walking in, and then a soft smile appeared on his face as he noticed Peach laying on the bed.

Immediately, she pushed the bed sheet off her and rushed off the bed, running into his arm, but halted when he mumbled, "Is that my sweater on you?"

with a sleepish look on her face, Peach pulled her arms behind her back and shrugged, staring at her feet

Smirking, Elijah leaned forward, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her closer to him, burying his nose in her hair, inhaling her scent,

“So. “Elijah began, after a short while. “Are you ready to take over a company?”

A look of confusion covered Peach’s features, and she lifted her head to look at him, tilting her head.

Pulling away from her, Elijah took the folder in his hand and handed it to Peach, and mumbled, “Take a look.”

Slowly, she took the folder and opened it, scanning the first page, then her eyes widened as she cried, “Elijah...”

A look of disbelief covered her face and she looked at him, but her expression quickly shifted into fondness as she whispered, “How did you. But how” “It turned out Mr Mooks is a very cooperative man and lawyer” Ft)ah softly stated, chuckling Hej minile only widened from there on, and without holding back, she wrapped her arms

around his neck, pressing her lips against his

She couldn’t believe it, the company was hers again, and this time, she had the right to claim it. No matter who was in charge or what the Hayes family had decided, it was hers to take.

“Thank you,” Peach whispered against Elijah’s lips.

The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 88

Chapter 88

Read The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 88 – Help!

Gazing intensely into the bathroom mirror, Elijah reached for his toothbrush but then paused as a memory of Lawyers Meeks’ words kept replaying in his head, the looks on his face when he said those words, and the way his body reacted a bit nervously to question about the will.

Immediately, he grabbed his phone off the sink and scrolled for Ryan’s number until he got to it, dialing it.

After ringing his number, the call got answered and Ryan’s voice popped up through the speaker, “Good morning, Boss...”

"I need us to discuss something important later on today, and I also need Matt and you this morning," Elijah said as he watched the bathroom door

reflection in the mirror slowly pushed open, and Peach popped her head inside.

"Are we coming for the same reasons, or

"Something like that, but there's more I need to pick your brains about."

"I am getting Matt, and we are on our way."

"Good, we will wait on you guys before we leave, so be here by nine."

Wondering who her husband was talking to so seriously at seven in the morning, Peach reached her hands around his waist and kissed his bare back, resting her head flat against his warm skin.

"Okay, boss, we will be there before that hour," Ryan's voice echoed into Elijah's ear before he ended the call a few seconds

later

Slowly, he turned around, and Peach took a step back to meet his eyes, but he suddenly picked her off the tiles by her waist and sat her on the counter, standing between her thighs and caging her in the middle of his hands.

"Morning, darling," Elijah said, his voice deep and husky from sleepiness.

"Mor-ning..." Peach responded softly, as she slowly raised one hand and brushed some strands of hair from his forehead." Something wrong?"

"You can say that... I need Ryan's import on your grandfather's will,"

"Did you find something wrong with it,"

"No, it's not the will in general, it's something else."

A look of confusion appeared on Peach's face, and she lowered her gaze to meet the floor, thinking extremely hard, even though she had no idea what her husband was implying

Resting his index finger under her chin, Elijah slowly lifted her head and made her meet his gaze, mumbling, "Don't sweat it. I will tell you once I am sure about my doubts, already?"

“Okay, mi Amor,” Peach whispered, leaning forward and placing a small peck on his lips. “I trust you.”

Giving her a soft smile, Elijah nodded and said, wiggling his brow, “Spanish, I can get down with that... I love it.”

A chuckle escaped her lips as she rolled her eyes playfully, and they both shared a short laugh.

The cheerfulness almost lasted for a couple of minutes, and then Peach met Elijah’s eyes with a hesitant glance and asked, “How are we going to go about using the will to our advantage?”

“Apparently, your uncle Elmer is occupying your company, so we are simply going to go to the building this morning and ask him to get out, so you can take over,” Elijah told her with a hint of mischief in his tone.

“It’s not going to be as simple as you just made it sound, right?” Peach asked, raising an eyebrow.

“That all depends on the willingness of your uncle,”

“But,”

“We can not give them a heads-up. The moment these people find out you have moment these people find out you have the will... they already have the mindset of a maniac, and they will literally ruin that company, so you should not get your hands on it.”

“I get what you are saying, and you are right. Okay, we will do it your way,”

Seeing Peach take a deep breath, he kissed her cheek gently before whispering against her temple, “I promise you everything will be alright. I am right beside you.”

If there was one person she trusted wholeheartedly to stand by those words,

it would be her husband, so with her mind set on being able to trust him, she let herself be wrapped in his warm embrace.

Twenty minutes past nine, Dice had

Peach and Elijah in the backseat of the car, dressed up in business formal outfits, as he sat behind the steering wheel, and just a short distance behind them was Matt and Ryan in a black SUV, all driving in the direction of the Investistic Co.

The drive was a bit long because of morning traffic, but they got there by eleven o'clock, and the moment they walked into the building's first lobby, Elmer and a couple of investors suddenly came walking towards them from the opposite direction.

The instant he and Peach's eyes met, a storm of rage came crashing through Elmer, and yet, his expression remained neutral, trying not to let anyone know how much of a bad mood he was in.

'Pretense and Patience,' Peach thought, suppressing her anger to appear more professional, as she smiled politely at him.

"Uncle, good morning," Peach greeted him, her voice sounding as pleasant and professional as always as if nothing could shake the calm facade she was putting on.

Elmer returned the greeting with a stiff nod, his face still looking a bit angry, and mumbled, "Peach,"

Then he gave the three men on the right and the one on his left a glance, not wanting to escalate this situation because he was desperately pleading with them to save this company that was on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Can we talk?" Peach asked, her voice low and soothing. "In private?"

Unable to keep much grip on his anger, Elmer scowled and said in a tone laced with annoyance, "Not now, Peach! I have important people to take out for breakfast at this moment, so whatever you have to say, save it for another day."

Immediately, she kept silent, not out of obedience, but in anger, and she wanted to give herself a moment to compose her emotions.

But as soon as Elmer attempted to make a step past her, Elijah pulled Peach on his right side and stood in his way, letting out in a demanding tone, "You are not leaving this building until you speak with her."

"Get out of my dam... of my way..." Elmer breathed through clenched teeth, his eyes flashing dangerously. "Now!"

"I am just here to claim this company that is rightfully mine!!!" Peach suddenly blurted and bar unica race shamlu the

blurted, and her voice rose sharply to the point it startled everyone.

Feeling good that she let it all out, she looked back at her uncle, straight in his eyes, and said in a firm tone, "Give me back what is mine! This is not a plea or a request. It's a damn order, and I need your desk cleared and you out of here by today!"

Mumbling and whispering aroused in the lobby among employees, and the tension that brought to Elmer was enough to make him want to rip his hair out, and the way his step niece was glaring down at him made him feel even angrier.

"This company is not even yours?" Mr. Walker questioned with an annoyed huff, his dark eyes flickering from Peach to Elmer.

A nervous laugh escaped Elmer's mouth, and he rubbed the bridge of his nose with his fingers, closing his eyes briefly.

Then, he opened his eyes again with a forced smile, and said, "No... Of course, I do own this company... Because my father left it to me in his will!! I don't know what sick games my niece is up to. Honestly, I am not surprised she would do something this low..."

Darting his attention toward the investors, Dean stepped forward with a smug grin, while Mr. Walker and his associates looked irritated at him as he said, "These two just got married, and their only source of income got burned down in an accidental fire... a motel owned by her late father, my half brother. That's her property and the only thing she had to her name."

The force rage that woke in Elijah at those gaslighting words wasn't something he had ever felt in his entire life, and it was taking him a lot to keep himself together

One of the investors, Greg, suddenly scoffed at Peach, sizing her with his eyes before saying, "Young woman, why would you try to tell such a horrible lie like that against your uncle... Don't you feel any shame... You should be disgusted with yourself for – "

"Shut you shit hole before I shove a fist in your throat!" Elijah uttered in a low voice that carried the tone of a command, making Greg immediately stop talking

abruptly and swallow thickly.

As Peach was about to defend herself against her step-uncle's words, Elmer suddenly cut in rudely, allowing his

through color to show, now that he could see in the investor's eyes they were horrified at Elijah.

"That is her husband... he's a lowlife thug, who gets his money by robbing others, sleeping around with rich women ... a gold digger, and now! he is using my niece to

scam the family and steal our wealth... He is a disgraceful excuse of a human!" Elmer yelled, spitting his last words furiously.

"I have the will, Elmer. So you can stop talking like a deranged man, especially since you don't know a damn fact about my husband!" Peach casually uttered, her eyes narrowed angrily at her uncle.

"What?!"

"Did I stutter? I don't think I did!"

A look of disbelief and fear crossed

A look of disbelief and fear crossed Elmer's face and he couldn't mask it because of how sudden Peach's words were, and he suddenly made it even worse by giving in to confusion and mumbling, "But-you... sa-id... that it's burnt in the fire along with the motel!"

"Did I say that, Oops! Do you think that I will be stupid enough not to put the will somewhere safer than my bedroom or in a motel?!" Peach spat back in sarcasm, rolling her eyes, and yet crying in her head because she knew she was stupid enough to do that.

Looking over at his wife, Elijah smiled softly, knowing that she was protecting him by lying about how she exactly got the will.

"So, your niece was right," Mr. Walker interjected, his lips curling downward as

he stared in disgust at Elmer." She's the owner of this place"

"The company is not even yours and you are lobbying around for money for it What kind of scam and fraud are you up to, Mr. Hayes?!" Mr. Gordon said, pointing his finger at Elmer.

"Oh, come on Gordon, this child is just a damn liar with some fancy trick up her sleeve," Elmer replied, shaking his head "She is not qualified to have anything to say about this company."

"Ryan, shut this fool up," Elijah commanded, glaring at him. "Now!"

Thinking Elijah just ordered his men to beat the crap out of him, Elmer clutched his fists, and yet his heart was pounding loudly inside his chest.

Subconsciously looking over at the

security guards a few distances away from them in fear, he raised his head and shouted, "Help! These men are going to attack me, they're about to go crazy!"