

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 8

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Furrowing, Matt clenched his fist, looked at the driver as he opened the car door, and stepped out with a toolbox in his grip.

The breakdown felt way too staged in his opinion, and it felt like this driver was intentionally making it look as though the car was having issues.

With that thought on his mind, a few minutes later, Matt pushed the car door open and climbed out, slamming the door shut.

Then he walked over to the driver, and the moment he saw Matt, he snapped his brows and shouted, "Hey!! Hey!!! Get back into the car."

"Why?" Matt demanded, glaring at him, placing his hands on his hips.

"Just get back into the damn car!!"

"Whoa! What's with the sudden hostile attitude, huh?!"

Concern, Elijah pushed the car door open, stepped his shoe on the road, and got out of the car, glaring at the man.

"Not you too!!" The driver shouted back at Elijah.

"Look, pal, I will soon be done with fixing this, so you two should get your ass back into the fucking car, okay?"

Now, Ryan, Rookie, and James were curious to know what was going on. So they unlocked the door and stepped out, looking at Elijah and Matt.

"Get back in the damn car, you five!" The Driver yelled angrily. "I said it's not safe for you all to be out here! This road can be dangerous at this time of the night."

Seeing how stressful the driver looked, Elijah scowled, feeling as though something was off about him.

"My friend, James, is a mechanic. Let him take a look. Maybe he could figure out why the car isn't working right now."

Nervously, the driver's eyes darted between the five of them, and when Jame took a step towards the hood of the car, the driver lashed out, "Oh no, don't get closer asshole!"

At first, Jame was confused about why Elijah lied about him being an auto mechanic, but then he realized... it was to find out if the car was actually having trouble or the driver was just lying.

"You are a part of those making the road unsafe at night, Am I right?" Elijah asked, staring hard at the driver.

At first, the driver was afraid Elijah had figured him out, but when the sound of a car approaching drew their attention away from him, a huge smirk spread across his face as he let out, "Took you guys long enough. It's about damn time!!"

Looking behind at the dirty Pickup that parked a few distances behind them, Elijah looked back at the driver, narrowed his gaze, and growled, "Is that who you have been delaying our time for?"

Without a doubt, Matt knew that they were about to get robbed and a sense of excitement started stirring inside him.

The thought of beating the crap out of these guys had him way too hype and adrenaline began coursing through his veins.

As the six men stepped out of the pickup, Matt noticed that the driver was sneering, looking at them like some treasure he couldn't wait to collect.

"This was supposed to be way more fun, but you dickheads refused to get in the damn car." The driver snarled, throwing up his arms.

"I will give you a thousand bucks to stop this nonsense and take us to our destination," Elijah said, feeling way too exhausted to get into a fight with seven robbers.

A laugh filled with sarcasm came from the driver's side of the truck, followed by a sneer, "Do you think I would take that kind of money? If you have a thousand bucks to spare, then you have more for us to rob."

The six men, still standing outside the pickup, burst into laughter like some sort of demented hyenas.

Within a second, one of them got a vicious punch to the head, causing his head to slam into the pickup hood and then to fall onto the ground, unconscious.

"You motherfucking bitch!" The driver screamed, his eyes burning with rage.

Frowning, Elijah looked at Matt smirking with pride, and then said, "Come on, I was still negotiating here."

"Sorry, I couldn't hold back my excitement!" Matt muttered, looking humbly at Elijah.

The rest of the five guys seemed pissed, and their eyes glowed red with anger.

One of them grabbed and pulled his knife, and immediately, the others did the same as he said, "Now, I think I want more than your money and goods. I want to ruin you and your face, pretty boy, for hurting my men."

"Now, look at what you've done." Elijah mumbled under his breath as he drew his hands out of his pocket, folding them into fists.

The driver launched for him with a screwdriver, a look of madness in his eyes as he attacked Elijah, swinging his hands back and forth, causing Elijah to duck under a swing and kick the driver in the face, leaving a dirty shoe print on his skin.

Once Elijah did that, Matt, Ryan, James, and Rookie rushed toward the five men, splitting up to take one of them on, but Matt was facing two of the burglars.

The fight was on, and James smirked as his opponent asked, "Why are you dressed so uptight. Are you some kind of stuck-up techie, huh, grandpa!"

Looking down at his coat, James sighed, took it off his shoulders, and dropped it to the ground before rolling up his shirt sleeves, and then balancing on his feet as he made a tight fist.

Before the dude could make another dumb joke, James punched him in the face, sending him stumbling backward, blood gushing out his nose.

"I'm a butler and fifty years old, dumbass. I'm not your grandpa!" Butler spat back at the guy as he wiped the blood off his mouth with his sleeve.

Pissed, he charged again, but James quickly ducked beneath his arm and kicked his legs out from under him, sending him to the ground.

Not holding back, James quickly jumped up in the air, turned around, and landed a kick on the man's temple, causing blood to spurt out his mouth and knocking him unconscious.

Yanking the two robbers forcefully by their hair, Matt slammed their bloody faces into each other, making these guys lose their balance, do a little unstable swirl, and then dropped to the ground, blacking out immediately.

Smirking, Matt wiped the blood from the cut on his lip, staring at the two men's unconscious bodies and swollen faces.

When Ryan took a punch to his eye, he lost his balance and vision for a second before recovering, and then he managed to whack his foot into the guy in his balls, did a roundhouse kick, and landed his shoe in the dude's stomach, sending him flying against another car with a thud.

All Rookie had been striving to do in his fight with the fourth raider was dodge the knife, every time the guy took a swing at him.

And then, a faint smile formed on his face as he stared at Matt, and the raider grew pissed at his expression and lashed out, "What are you smirking about, bitch?!"

Before he could realize it, Matt's foot slammed into the back of the raider's neck, and the knife slipped from his trembling hands as he dropped to his knees and then fell flat on his face.

Now that the six raiders were down, it clicked to Matt, Ryan, James, and Rookie, and they all turned to stare at Elijah.

Shock took over their faces as they stared at the driver laying on the ground, bleeding out, while Elijah held a large wrench in his hand.

"Never leave your toolbox open in a fight," Elijah teased, dropping the bloody wrench on the ground as he stared back at his four men. "I need a shower."

The sound of the pickup engine echoed along the road with Matt behind the steering wheel and the others in the back seat, Elijah in the front passenger seat.

"This car stinks," Elijah whispered, resting his head back on the headrest, and closing his eyes. "I should have followed my instincts back at the airport and called an Uber."

"Then we wouldn't have had this much fun..." Matt blurted out, pausing when he caught himself on what he just said.

But when he heard Elijah let out a faint chuckle, which sounded like he didn't care about anything happening tonight, Matt felt slightly relieved, smiling as he continued, "So, what now?"

"Book ourselves a suite at a luxurious hotel to rest for the night, and tomorrow, we start on my plan to establish my business empire," Elijah replied, smiling smugly at the thought of what the future holds for them if shit had already started with trouble and blood.

When they got to a five-star hotel, called, "The Palace," Matt brought the worn-down pickup truck to a halt in front of the hotel's parking lot.

A moment later, after all five of them got down from the filthy car, the hotel security rushed over to them with anger glowing on their faces as one of them shouted, "Hey, fools! Get in your trash and drive out of here now!!"

"Here we go again," Elijah whispered, drawing a deep breath.