

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 95

Chapter 95

Chapter 95 Please, say it.

Calmly, Elijah looked over his shoulder at Peach, meeting her eyes, which immediately looked troubled by his glance, and then he smiled slightly, not wanting her mind to run wild.

Then when a small grin appeared on her face, he looked back at Ryan and said, "Honestly, this had been my thoughts from the first time I set my sight on that lawyer. He seemed way too shaken and uncertain about what he was saying or doing that night."

"But why would the Hayeses want to fake a will just to give Peach a part of the properties after years of gatekeeping them for so long and getting away with it?" Ryan inquired, his brows furrowed in confusion

For a second Elijah just stood there in silence, deep in thought, and then he sighed, mumbling, "From what I saw yesterday between them and Peach, I will say control. A wild wolf is better managed in the pack, but if it becomes a rogue, the pack must be wary. And the Hayes family has a history of controlling everything and everyone, except her."

"Makes sense... give her a reason to obey, and she will." Ryan agreed, nodding slightly.

"But she didn't... And they didn't hesitate to cast her aside like before."

"So there is more!"

Grabbing the bridge of his nose, Elijah exhaled deeply and then dropped his hand, letting out, "Yes, there is more... more to Peach with the Hayeses... the lawyer said yesterday night, 'Take Peach and run.'"

"It was a warning..." Ryan mumbled, a sudden realization striking him.

"Exactly! The lawyer knows more than he's letting on..."

"So, what now?"

"It's clear he wanted to talk yesterday night, but I didn't create a trustful atmosphere between us. So, I am going to meet him face to face tomorrow. Hopefully, we can settle it with smooth talk rather than rough words... or acts."

Subconsciously, Ryan looked back and immediately met Peach's eyes, and out of nervousness, he did a little wave to her with an awkward smile.

"They are talking about me, ain't they?" Peach whispered to Matt as she waved back at Ryan with a grin.

"Nooo... Not at all. It's about... Umm..." Matt stuttered out

"Work?"

"Yes! work stuff!"

"How very convincing."

When Ryan focused on his eyes, Elijah allowed the silence to drag on for a second before saying, "Can you and Rookie help me investigate the board of directors of Investistic Co, and the entire company in general...?"

"Well, I was going to advise you on that because what I heard today from the investors wasn't good..." Ryan replied slowly, thinking over his words.

"Same,"

"Rookie and I are on it."

"Thanks, man,"

The friendly tone Elijah used made Ryan feel a little lighter and he smiled wider at him, letting out. "Ummm, okay, boss."

Watching as Elijah and Ryan finally turned to walk back to them, Peach drew a deep breath and mumbled beneath her breath, "It was just a conversation about work stuff..."

When Elijah and Ryan reached her, she looked over at Ryan and then Matt and said, "Before you two leave. I want to say, 'Thank you for helping to save the company, and for taking care of my mom... I do appreciate you two, and James, plus Rookie.'"

Matt smiled down at her and then eyed Elijah before saying, "Don't worry. No need for thanks. We'll always have you two backs."

"Yeah, always," Ryan added softly

For a moment, Peach watched Matt and Ryan walked over to their car, and then she looked up at Elijah, noticing the sky, and mumbled, "There's a storm coming,"

"Yeah, it is coming." Elijah mumbled, and she felt a slight sense of *worry* because he wasn't watching the clouds like she was.

At five o'clock Peach and Elijah walked into the restaurant of the hotel, dressed in casual wear, and took a seat next to the transparent glass wall.

"It's here," Peach whispered, drawn by the view outside.

"What is?" Elijah asked as he took his attention off the menu.

"The rain,"

Yeah?"

Looking to where she stared, he smiled softly at the drop of rain rolling down the glass, and then glanced back up at Peach.

There was a long pause as Elijah let their eyes meet, and then he broke eye contact with her to look at something outside of the window instead.

"What was your grandfather like?" Elijah asked calmly, watching Peach from the corner of his eye. "We never really talked much about your experiences with the Hayeses... Was he different from the rest?"

The question was not random, and she knew it, that much was certain, but she rested back in her seat and crossed her arms over her chest before replying, "He was a businessman... he loved me dearly, and my mother was well recognized and taken care of as one of the daughters-in-law of the family. Well, with *my* dad, my grandfather really didn't intervene with Jewel's actions towards him, and just said, 'Be a man, Albert...!'"

When she paused, Elijah could see tears beginning to form in the corner of her eyes, but she quickly blinked them away, *refusing* to break eye contact with a shaky smile.

"He was tough on all his children though. All of them had to work to gain his favor. A hard-working man and I thought he was too old-fashioned and tough as steel to understand that words can break a man too, especially when he used to tell him, 'Grow some backbone, son!'"

Those words hit Elijah harder than he wanted to admit, but Peach kept smiling, her hands gripping the fabric of her dress tightly.

“But... umm... Well, around the time he got sick and was hospitalized, my mother and I went to visit him, and I ran ahead of her, so fast because I already knew his room, and she called after me, but all I wanted was to see my grandpa... I wasn't used to that tough nail being weak and sickly...” Peach trailed off, looking down at her hands.

A weak laugh escaped her lips as she sniffed, almost as though she was trying to make the memory less painful, and she continued speaking. “And then when I got close to his room, I heard a shout from my grandfather that I have never heard before... Rage... it was so aggressive and frightening that stopped running and covered my ears tightly.”

When Peach paused, Elijah could see it in her eyes that her brain was trying to protect her from remembering whatever was said or happened next.

Suddenly the waiter approached them with a friendly smile and said, “Hello there! How may I take your orders?”

Looking over at Peach, Elijah could see that she was in no mood to order, so he gave a calm stare back at the waiter and said, “creamy shrimp and crab bisque soup with a side order of fries, spicy ribs, and sweet tea along with water.”

“Is that all?” The waiter asked politely, smiling.

When Elijah nodded, the waiter eyed Peach hesitantly for a second before walking off, and then Elijah reached over the table, grabbed her hand, and squeezed it, mumbling, “Hey... It's fine. You don't have to remember this... Okay?”

Slowly, Peach nodded and then gave him a halfhearted smile as she wiped at her cheeks with the palms of her hands, sniffing again. The rest of their meal went by in silence, and Elijah couldn't help feeling concerned about her well-being, so even after finishing his food, he remained silent until they left the restaurant and headed back to the suite.

When they walked inside the bedroom, Elijah eyed her for a while as he unbuttoned his shirt, but she still had a sad expression and she refused to look his way.

“Those ribs were so freaking delicious, I might just call James to tease him about him stepping up his game.” Elijah blurted out with a laugh, pulling his shirt off his shoulders.

When he spotted a smile forming on Peach's face, Elijah grinned proudly as he rested his shirt on the chair arm and approached her.

The moment he took her hands in his, Peach raised her gaze, seeing the raw concern in his, and then she swallowed down her fear, mumbling, “He said, ‘I want them all out of my damn sight! I don't want to see any of them. Do not let them in here if they show up! Do you hear me! Kick them all out if they insist on seeing me!’”

Silently, Elijah watched her eyes, not knowing if he should ask or not, but at last, he said nothing, holding back his words to spare her any more torture.

“Say it,” Peach whispered, studying his face closely as she smiled softly.

Raising a brow, Elijah tried to downplay his curiosity and asked in a playful tone, “Say what?” “What your mind wants you to say,” Peach said quietly, squeezing his hands. “Please, say it.” Taking a breath, Elijah closed his eyes and opened them again, looking at her intently as he asked, “Who do you think your grandfather was saying those words about?”

The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 96

Chapter 96

The lawyer might die

The sound of loud thunderstorms rippled through the air before Peach spoke up with uncertainty. Her voice sounded soft and fragile when she answered, “I thought he was talking about us... my mom, dad. and me.”

After a brief pause, Elijah tried not to show the confusion he felt on his face and kept quiet for a few moments as his hands started tightening around hers, and then he asked, “Really? Did he mention that in

particular?”

Slowly, Peach shook her head, her eyes falling closed momentarily, and then she looked at Elijah who seemed to be waiting for her to answer.

She bit her lip nervously, but finally, she sighed, and she mumbled, “Well... no. But Jewel always used to say to me, He was going to kick us out one day, and that we were a nuisance to my grandfather, and he would soon get sick of us... So when I heard that, I thought that was the day.”

“Peach, he could have been talking about anyone...” Elijah stated gently. “He could have meant any number of people.”

Even though the pain didn’t leave her eyes, she gave a shaky smile and said, “I know...I know that he wasn’t talking to us because before I could run off, the doctor opened the door and I froze when my grandfather locked eyes with me, just standing there... Then this huge smile crept on his lips that confused me so much...”

A sigh escaped her lips, and she paused as she looked down at the floor, and then she gazed at Elijah, saying, "He looked so happy to see me, but the trauma was done already. My brain was already. A mess. I never told anybody about his words."

"Was there any fuss between Jewel and your grandfather before he died?" Elijah asked in an inquisitive tone.

For a second Peach didn't answer as a wave of emotion flooded across her face, but then she shook her head and said, "Not really... But that was the day grandfather asked me to sit on his hospital bed, looked me in my eyes, and said, 'I know you are too young to bear this weight, but I trust you, Peach. More than

anyone right now,' I smiled at him and that was it."

'The old man knew something before he died, something raging enough for him to scream that loud to cause Peach trauma and something too deep for Peach's young mind for him to tell her.' Elijah thought as he watched her expression become more relaxed. 'But what was it?'

A deep huff left Peach's lips as she stared at him for a few moments, then she looked at the carpet and said, "Thank you,"

Snapping out of his thoughts, Elijah glanced back up and noticed the warm smile on Peach's lips that made him feel lighter, and he mumbled, "For what?"

"This is the first time that I have talked about that night, and I feel relieved to let it all out... Now, after saying it out loud, I don't believe my grandfather's words were meant for us... my mother, my dad, and me. Maybe he was just mad at someone else." Peach shrugged as she glanced back up at Elijah and smiled.

'I believe so too... That he was mad at someone else... But it's not a thought for you to know and carry on your mind, at least until I figured out who were those he didn't want in the hospital and why.' Elijah thought as he smiled back at her.

Slowly, she turned her back to him, pulled her hair over her shoulders, and whispered, "Help me with my zip, please."

Staring at her bare neck, Elijah reached for her zipper and slowly brought it down, his fingers brushing against her skin ever so softly as he did so.

When he heard a sharp intake of breath from Peach, Elijah smiled and whispered, "Sorry."

"It's okay." she mumbled back without turning around. "Don't stop."

After a brief pause, when he got done, Peach slowly turned around to gaze at Elijah, and then, she said." What you did today was risky... I am not nagging here... I am just—"

"You are just worried about me?" Elijah asked, focusing on her lips with his alluring eyes.

"_"

"What?"

Instantly, Peach paused, looking down at his hand which now rested lightly against the fabric of her dress as Elijah ran his fingers across the texture.

"Yes... I was so damn worried to live a night without you by myself." She answered quietly, her head lowering as her heartbeat sped up, feeling her eyes pricking with tears.

"You look breathtaking and beautiful tonight," Elijah admitted in a low whisper, lifting his eyes to meet hers.

Shaking her head rapidly to get rid of the nervous feeling, Peach raised her eyes back up to his and mumbled, "So I should keep it on?"

With a sheepish shake of his head, Elijah replied, "No,"

A smirk tugged at the corner of Peach's mouth, and he could tell what she was thinking by how she was eyeing him from top to bottom as she mumbled, "I like you shirtless."

"Oh about bare?" Elijah seductively whispered, his eyes shining bright as he took another step toward her, making Peach take a walk backward before stopping.

After a long pause, Peach slowly shook her head and mumbled, "No, I don't mind that either."

"Okay, darling." Elijah breathed out, reaching his hand out and pulling her closer until they were only inches apart as he placed his warm mouth on hers, kissing her deeply.

It felt like her lips parted open of their own accord and Peach let out a soft moan as his tongue brushed along hers, her head tilted back and her hands clutching onto his bare waist while she kissed him back.

Nothing felt real for a while until Elijah and she was naked on their bed, his weight above her and she realized this was happening without the rule... 1

Her breath hitched at the feel of him touching her intimately as Peach let out a small whimper, and she didn't know why she was reacting this way, because this wasn't the first time they have had sex, but it was the first without the rule.

“Ah hahaha,” Peach cried, feeling his tongue against her skin.

Her body suddenly tensed when he inserted two fingers inside of her, pushing them deep, and she could feel every gentle twist he made in her.

At this rate, Peach couldn't control her moans any longer as Elijah thrust his two fingers further until he reached the tip, making her feel things that she couldn't control.

“Elijah!” Peach screamed through gritted teeth as she pulled his hair roughly with one hand, and the other, she grabbed his shoulder, digging her nails in his skin while he continued thrusting his fingers inside of her faster and harder.

At that moment, his phone buzzed, and he tenderly kissed her twitching thigh as Peach cried in her head, Please don't pick it up... Please don't.'

But Elijah reached on the sheet, picked up the phone, and placed a gentle kiss on her skin before answering, locking eyes with her, and Peach let out a shaky huff.

“The lawyer might be dead, boss.” Ryan's voice echoed, and the line went silent.

Eyeing Peach, Elijah watched her gaze dart with concern at him and asked, “How?”

“It's all over the news... So strangers saw his car flooding close to the ocean shore, but his body has not been found yet.”

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 97

Chapter 97

A dead man has no tale to tell

Not for a second, not even for a moment did Elijah close his eyes, and the first light of dawn met him standing a slim distance away from the glass wall, watching the darks slowly fade.

The news about Meeks didn't leave his mind, and like a haunting nightmare, it dawned on him every second that sleep had forsaken him.

Patting the sheets, Peach's eyelids slowly opened, looking up at her husband with her drowsy eyes, still half asleep, before she let out a soft yawn, rubbing her nose on one finger in an attempt to get rid of the sleepiness.

When she fully awakened, a sense of worry and confusion settled around her like fog, as she slowly sat up straight, staring at Elijah.

After that phone call last night that she had deemed “annoying” because Elijah lost all interest after receiving it, she knew something was off, and now, seeing him just standing there made her even more anxious.

“Good morning,” Peach said while putting on her robe and slipping a pair of slippers over her feet.

Then she walked over to Elijah, hugging him from the back as her chin rested on his bare back while she looked up at the back of his hair, whispering, “A morning kiss for your thoughts?”

It took Elijah a second to snap out of his daze, and then he rested his palms against the back of her hands, pulling them off him gently before turning around to face her.

“That’s an offer I can never turn down.” Elijah said with a warm smile

Slowly, Peach grinned back at him, but instead of saying a word, she leaned in and kissed him deeply, letting the feeling wash over her, filling her with so many emotions.

When they parted, Elijah wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing his face into the crook of her neck, and sighed deeply, squeezing her.

“Now, it’s your turn...” Peach whispered, running her fingers slowly in his hair. “What’s wrong?”

“Meeks is missing. His car was found on the ocean shore last night, but he was not in it.” Elijah explained softly.

Speechless, a look of horror passed through Peach’s features as she stared at Elijah for what seemed like forever until her lips parted slightly, and then she mumbled, “Grandfather’s lawyer... Mr. Meek?”

When Elijah nodded, she immediately swallowed, her lashes fluttering for a couple seconds. Then she let out a long breath, and asked, “You mean he’s dead?”

“I am not sure. But just for today, I am taking *you* over to your mom, and Matt will be there with you guys, and you are not allowed to leave his sight, okay?” Elijah said calmly, but his tone was firm, yet somehow also loving.

With no doubt in him, he wanted to protect her, keep her safe, and he could only do that by keeping her hidden from this mess and everything else for the time being until he figured out what was going on.

“Can we just...” Peach started, but his eyes shot her down, making her swallow her words again. For a moment, Elijah could see the conflict in her eyes, but eventually, she gave up and let out another sigh, nodding slowly.

“Okay.” Peach mumbled as a sense of worry slowly spread across her chest, and she studied his eyes for a second. “What about you? How are you going to spend the day?”

Raising her chin, Elijah looked at her with a gentle expression, before replying, “Let’s stick to the rules for today, okay?”

‘That means you are going to do something crazy, isn’t it?’ Peach thought to herself, feeling worried even more as she nodded.

At nine o’clock, Dice brought the car to a stop in front of Hotel Del Rio de, parking it in the lot outside. The sun had already set as Elijah escorted Peach out of the car and inside the hotel.

The moment her eyes rested on Miss Grace and her mother’s grin widened, Peach picked up her pace, making Elijah move a bit fast.

“Mama,” A cry immediately escaped Peach’s lips the moment Elijah let go of her hand, and she jumped into her mother’s arms.

“Honey,” Miss Grace pulled her daughter closer, planting kisses on her forehead before giving her another hug. “How are you doing?”

As the mother and daughter chatted, Elijah looked over at Ryan and Rookie, and the two followed him a couple of distances away from Matt, Miss Grace, and James.

“Did you get any sleep last night at all, boss?” Ryan asked with a look of concern, knowing damn well from his eyes that he hadn’t slept a wink.

Elijah shrugged and glanced over at James, who was smiling happily at Peach, before answering, “I had coffee. But about Meeks, Rookie, were you able to dig out anything that the media has not released yet?”

“Well, no. It’s all the same... that he lost control of the steering due to the heavy rain yesterday night and his car ran off the highway bridge and into the ocean.” Rookie answered, looking concerned himself as he rubbed the back of his head.

“I saw the news earlier this morning of the photos of his car. It looked reck as if the hood slammed into something before falling into the water, and those that found it saw that the driver’s door was open.” Ryan said, feeling confused by the scattered puzzle pieces that were not fitting together.

“He couldn’t have gotten it opened in the water...”

“So he was trying to get out before the car fell over?”

“But did he get out before or after the car hit the ocean surface?”

As a fancy dress lady walked by then, the three conversations immediately stopped, making her snort at their silence, and walked off.

“I will have Jerome put out some men to sniff around for anything out of the ordinary about the lawyer’s accident.” Elijah told them after a couple of seconds of silence. “In the meantime, I need you two with me at Investistic Co... *With* what happened to Meeks, right now I don’t want Peach in public places for the time being. So we will have to run things for now.”

After Ryan and Rookie share a glance, they both nod at Elijah, and then Ryan let out, “We got your back, boss.”

A look of hesitation settled on Miss Grace’s face as she watched Peach’s eyes and then said, “You heard about what happened to Meeks, right?” “Elijah told me a couple of hours ago.” Peach mumbled, her voice barely above a whisper and she bit her lower lip as if deep in thought.

Looking over at James and then Matt, Miss Grace grabbed Peach’s wrist and pulled her a couple of steps away *from* them before saying, “I heard that you got the company.”

“Oh, you... did...” Peach stuttered, blinking quickly while she turned away, not really wanting to meet her mother’s gaze as she bit her lower lip harder.

“Everything burnt in that fire, Peach... So how did the Will miraculously resurface?’ Miss Grace inquired curiously and cautiously.

Taking a deep breath, Peach looked up at her mother, feeling her heart beating faster in her chest, and then said with a forced smile to mask her nervousness, “Elijah spoke with Mr. Meeks the day before yesterday.”

“And yesterday, he got into an accident and his lifeless body is floating somewhere in the ocean.” Miss Grace continued, cutting her daughter off, and then she added, “Peach... Honey, you”

“It was not Elijah’s doing or his fault.” Peach tried to argue, her grip tightening on the strap of her purse.

“And I never said it was. I know Elijah won’t hurt Meeks, but the Hayeses have the mind to. Do you think that the fact you got a new Will out of thin air didn’t raise their brows?”

“_”

“Honey, all I wanted to say is be careful and keep by your husband’s side. I *worry* for you my child, but *you* can not escape the last name you bear, so all you can do is listen to what your husband says, try to trust his judgment, and don’t let anyone take advantage of you like they took advantage of your father and grandfather.”

Looking back, Peach smiled softly at Elijah approaching them with Ryan and Rookie, and then, she faced her mother and said, “Yes, mama.”

The soothing sound of an Oprah playing echoed in the bedroom as madam Jewel applied an expensive perfume on her skin and then made her way to the full-length mirror, turning left and right to admire her look.

Suddenly, her heart jumped in her chest the moment her door bashed open, and Melina walked in, letting out as she shut the door, “Grandfather’s lawyer is dead!”

“Did they find his body?!” Madam Jewel asked, spinning around to face Melina who stood frozen against the wooden door frame.

“No, but I just saw it on the news and was in shock... Will this affect any of the shares that you gave us in the companies if a new lawyer—”

“There will be no more new lawyers for this family... at least not personal ones. The last one was a handful. I am just glad that a dead man has no tale to tell.”

“Since that’s the case... I am just glad his death will not affect my company.”

Sighing out her relief, Melina took a moment to admire her grandmother and then finally asked, “Where are you going, looking like luxuries?”

“To take care of another loose end that has made himself way too much of a handful.” Madam Jewel said with this look that looks like the definition of raw evil as she gave Melina a quick smile and then grabbed her bag off the stool.

The Marvelous Elijah’s Return By Rever Chapter 98

Chapter 98

Where is Peach?

The lobby of Investistic Co. was a bit noisy, and yet it had a calm atmosphere, but all that immediately changed as tension and silence took over the moment the front doors opened and Elijah stepped inside with Dice, Ryan, and Rookie by his side.

Every employee in the lobby instantly snapped to attention when they saw him, and their faces twisted into various looks of fear, anger, confusion, and annoyance.

The quiet only lasted for a couple of seconds, and then the whispering began as the stares continued.

“Is he just a reckless man, or a stupid one because after what he did to Elmer... if I was him, I would have been out of the country by now and in hiding.” One of the female employees muttered under her breath.

“Honestly, I feel embarrassed for him. With all the rumors about his first marriage and how the public saw him then, you think he would have learned his lesson, but he has become even more –” The guy by her whispered, pausing in fear when Elijah’s eyes and his unintentionally locked.

He was no stranger to what Elijah did yesterday and remembering what happened to Elmer, he cleared his throat in panic, and waited silently until Elijah looked the other way.

“He has become even more pathetic and disgusting than I expected. The fact that he’s using another granddaughter of the Hayes... and this time manipulating her so he can go after the family wealth is just sickening.” The guy finally completed his statement making a face at the sight of Elijah walking past them with his men.

“Seriously, and I am glad that the Hayeses are taking action, and with what they just offered, I know who I am siding with...” The woman said, looking around quickly to make sure that Elijah was far ahead.

“Me too. I am taking their offer and leaving here... After all, this place is dying, and if Elmer Hayes could not breathe life into it after all this time, what can a lowlife scum like him do?” Another employee weighs in on their conversation with a scoff. “He’s just going to take what he can get, and leave the company dead.”

The whispering immediately stopped when the elevator dinged and its doors opened, making everyone look over to the right to see Dean and Josh stepping out and then at Elijah halting in his tracks with Rookie, Ryan, and Dice right by his side.

The sense of fear and anticipation suddenly increased tenfold as every employee in the lobby watched both sides silently.

“Where is Peach?” Dean asked, taking a couple of steps until he was face to face with Elijah in an uncomfortable proximity.

“What are you two doing here?” Elijah replied, keeping his composure with ease despite the tense situation.

“That’s not the answer to my damn question, and”

“Where my wife is or isn’t is none of your business, Dean.”

The way Dean’s brows snapped together and his jaw tensed made the rage he felt displayed on his face, along with a little embarrassment, obvious.

Then he took one more step closer to Elijah, leaning toward his ear, and whispered, “You are not a cat with nine lives, boy, and I pity your sorry–ass that you chose to waste this one by testing our family like a madman with no brain cells.”

A scowl settled on Ryan and Rookie’s faces, and Dice had a death stare in his eyes as he eyed Dean, but

the three stood their ground, waiting for their boss’s order.

“Is that all?” Elijah asked, his tone carefree and his eyes showing no emotion.

As a mixture of confusion and anger messed with his emotions, Dean blurted out without thinking, “What?”

“You can leave now if that’s all. I have better things to do, then standing here and staring at your face. After all, it’s not fascinating to look at.” Elijah calmly uttered with an unamused expression.

With great force, rage swept through Dean and he immediately acted on it, collaring Elijah by his coat and pulling him close.

“Listen to me, you piece of shit!” Dean spat in his face. “You–”

But before Dice, Ryan, or Rookie could step in, Elijah didn’t let him finish as he grabbed Dean by his wrists, yanked his grips off his clothes, and quickly twirled him around, locking his arms behind his back.

“Get your dirty hands off, my father, you bastard!!” Josh shouted advancing towards Elijah in a fit of rage.

“With pleasure,” Elijah let out, pushing Dean from the back.

Immediately, Dean fell forward, slamming into Josh, and both men were sent tumbling to the ground, Dean lying over his son, who was struggling to push his father off him.

For a moment, Elijah watched them, a smirk etched on his lips as Josh shoved his father away from him and jumped up, shouting, “You are a dead man, Elijah. I will–”

The rest of his words got stuck in his throat as fear made his body shut down the moment Dice slightly raised his t–shirt and he saw the gun stuck in his trouser waist.

“Like I said. I have a lot to do here, so pick your father off the floor and get out of this building. Is my word clear?” Elijah asked with one raised brow.

His lips parted slightly as a smug reply

formulated itself on his mind, but instead, Josh simply stood there like a deer in headlights and nodded frantically in response.

“Good,” Elijah said, his tone flat but with a hint of amusement in his voice, causing anger to eat at Josh’s heart, but he didn’t dare move or speak as the tension from Dice’s stare got to him.

Then he glanced at Dean, who had finally managed to get him standing again and slowly back away two feet.

“I don’t feel like repeating myself.” Elijah warned, and Dean gulped, his eyes glued to Dice.

Gazing at Elijah and his men’s backs and looking at the expression of horror on Josh and Dean’s faces, a sense of confusion spread across the faces of the employees because they couldn’t see or tell why Dean and his son looked so horrified and the whispering intensified.

“Let’s go, son... After all, there’s nothing left here for us or to do.” Dean muttered as he nervously hit him on the arm to snap him out of his trance.

Shortly, Josh turned his head to meet the stress in his father’s eyes, and then he nodded before the two walked past Elijah and his men and left the building, the sound of footsteps fading away.

The silence in the lobby remained, and Elijah closed his eyes, drawing a deep breath as he slowly shook his head trying to get rid of the tension that surrounded him.

When he slowly raised his eyelids, he darted his gaze around the lobby, and then rested his sight on a young employee, her expression humble at the sight of him.

Pointing his finger to her, Elijah met her eyes and said, “Can you do something for me?”

Without hesitation, she walked up to him and nodded, asking softly, “What do you want of me?”

“Tell everyone in this building to come to the lobby, except the board of directors. We are about to have a company meeting right here.” Elijah announced for the others to hear.

The was a slight look of reluctance on

her face, but still she nodded her head and went off.

Taking a deep breath, Elijah tried to relax himself as much as possible. He knew that it wasn't likely for him to ever be completely calm with all the mess happening, but he shoved his hands into his coat pocket, walked over to an empty seat, and sat down.

A black Range Rover slowed down until it came to a stop at a shabby-looking building, and Madam Jewel took off her dark shade, looking out of the car to stare at the run-down neighborhood before fanning her nose with her hand with a look of disgust washed over her face.

Suddenly, her car door opened and her bodyguard, Kent, extended his hand out to her, saying, "Let me help you, ma'am."

With a frown, she grabbed his hand, and as soon as she stepped out of the car, her face etched in disgust as she mumbled beneath her breath, "Let's hurry up and leave this filthy place."

A couple of thugs were standing outside the building, their backs resting on the wall with cigarettes between their fingers, their clothes ragged, and their eyes focused on the vehicle parked in front of them.

As her three bodyguards escorted her towards the building, her face only became more revolted when they approached the entrance.

"I am looking for the one called Scorpio." Madam Jewel asked the first thug she saw, causing him to turn his attention towards them, holding his cigarette between his lips. "Do you know him?"

Puffing out the smoke, he dragged his gaze from her head to her shoes and asked, "Yes, who wants to know?"

"I got a job for him." Madam Jewel answered, not masking her displeasure of his mere sight. "And I am willing to pay the price to get it done."

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 99

Chapter 99

Who is my target?

When the door cracked open, Scorpio stopped sharpening his blade and raised his gaze to stare at his man calmly walking inside, and then he asked in a dead tone, "What is it. Target?"

Lowering his gaze to the floor, Target hesitated and then mumbled, "There's an older lady out there asking about you."

from every time he rubbed a little too roughly against it.

Flinching, Target took a step back and then mumbled, "She wants you to do a job for her, and she claimed to have the money to pay."

For a moment, Scorpio didn't even react or look up. Then he said, very softly but with enough annoyance in his voice, commanded, "Bring her to me."

After a slight bow, Target eyed his boss before walking away without another word, and Scorpio continued to sharpen his blade.

A couple of minutes later, the door opened again and Madam Jewel walked inside, clutching onto her purse with her face etched with a look of disgust. as her eyes darted about the room.

After her three bodyguards joined her inside, Target shut the door and eyed his boss, waiting for a reaction.

"What do you want?" Scorpio asked, laying his blade down and picking up another one.

With a frown and a nervous glance at her bodyguards, Madam Jewel sighed, staring at him, and said, "I got a job for you."

Pausing, Scorpio looked up at her for a second, and then at Target, and understanding his boss's signal, Target approached Madam Jewel and tapped her on the hand, saying, "Ma'am, you can sit he-"

"Don't touch me!!" Madam Jewel lost it, jumping away from Target and glaring at the look of confusion on his face.

"Please refrain from touching, my madam!" Kent warned, his eyes cold as he glared at Target.

"Okay, Okay!" Target exclaimed, holding his hands up and backing off slowly.

Frowning, Madam Jewel reached into her bag for a hand sanitizer, taking some of it with trembling fingers, and dabbing it onto her hands and wrists.

"Are you sick?" Scorpio asked in a deadpan tone, resting back in his chair.

"Excuse me?!" Madam Jewel shrieked, turning around and shooting him a glare.

“Are you ill with something contagious and don’t want others touching you before you pass it on to them?”

“You—”

The rest of her words stuck in her head as the realization of the knife on the table came to her and she froze completely.

For a moment, Scorpio glanced at Target and then back at her asking, “What do you exactly want from me?”

“Fifteen thousand dollars...” Madam Jewel answered instantly, her eyes darting between the knives and him. “To kill a man for me. A clean job that will not lead back to you or me.”

Silence filled the room, and after another tense pause of hesitation, Madam Jewel finally lifted her gaze and stared right at Scorpio as he asked, “Who referred me to you?”

There was a look of slight reluctance on her face as she lied with bold eyes, “Well, my driver. He claimed that you are the best in the game.”

“Was... I was the best until I took one for a client, lost it all, and went to prison while he still walks free... I have served my time and just got out. Now, you—”

“That’s why I want you to be the one to handle this job... you are trustworthy. Also, He’s just a nobody and no one will care about his death... you have nothing to worry about. And once the job is done, you can get a five thousand bonus... Twenty thousand dollars in total.”

Silence fell over the room again, and Scorpio sat back in his chair, thinking it over for a few seconds before asking, “Who is my target?”

Smiling triumphantly, Madam Jewel reached into her bag, took out a printed photo of Elijah, and placed it on the table in front of Scorpio.

Looking at it closely, Scorpio narrowed his eyes and looked up at her, “Is this my target?”

Yes. Madam Jewel nodded firmly, smiling widely. “He’s just a regular guy... So, can you kill him or not?”

Quietly, Scorpio picked up the picture, looked at it for a while, and then tossed it back down, saying, “I can. But I need a smoke to decide.”

“What? But...B—ut,” Madam Jewel mumbled, watching him stand up and walk around the table, then left her in shock, walking out the room.

Finally, the last group of employees joined the rest in the lobby of Investistic Co. and Elijah stood in front of them, watching their faces as the mumbling began among them.

“After having a meeting with Dean Hayes and his son, we are getting summoned again by this guy,” A lady whispered, frowning hard at the sight of Elijah. “What could he possibly want?”

“To beg us to stay... After all, without the Hayes’s continuous pumping of money into this company, its revenue alone can not sustain the workforce salaries... so maybe he’s going to plead with us to give him time.” The dude beside her scoffed.

A snort interrupted the whispers, causing both parties to turn around and stare at the other fellow as he mumbled, “Well, he’s not going to know what hit him when we all quit and walk out of here!”

“All of you are fired from Investistic Co,” Elijah announced in a loud voice, making everyone go silent from shock

They all had a look that indicated that they thought Elijah was joking with them, but seeing him standing in front of them with a deadass serious expression didn’t give them any more chances to doubt him.

“What did you say?!” A dude shouted in disbelief, feeling like he was imagining Elijah’s words.

“You all are hereby dismissed from the Investistic Co. All the employees working here are free to clear your desk and leave the premises.”

An employee turned to his buddy and mumbled, “This guy can’t be for real. The company is experiencing bankruptcy. Without workers, this place will crash. Does he even know what he is doing?”

“What do you expect from a man that spent most of his first marriage waiting for his wife at home, without having any career or ambition, except staying at her heel?” The other guy gritted out through his teeth.

“I feel sad for Peach, allowing this dupe to marry her. What a waste.”

“I can say she’s stupid for even allowing this fool to run this company after she just got her hand no such a bit of good opportunity.”

Seeing them just standing there and mumbling, Elijah hesitated for a second, and then said, “If any of you are still standing here after fifteen minutes, I will take that as you wanting to continue working for this company.” “Who wants to work for this shitty place...” A guy blurted out from the crowd. “Instead of you getting down on your knees and begging us to help you save it, you are putting on a show! What a Joker!”

Following the direction of the voice, Elijah's sight rested on a dude with a smug smirk on his face, who was glaring right at him, almost challenging him.

"That's good. I don't have a place here for your arrogance, so gather your stuff and leave!" Elijah said, his voice carrying a commanding tone that made everybody flinch under his coldness.

The guy looked a bit embarrassed, and then he walked out of the crowd, mumbling under his breath.

"Who else wants to join him?" Elijah uttered calmly in a loud tone. "If you leave today, you are free to pick up whatever the company owes you in salaries on Monday."

Shortly after those words, every employee started walking off to gather their things, and then they were leaving the building one by one without any hesitation.

Soon, it was just Elijah, Ryan, Dice, and Rookie standing in the abandoned lobby of Investistic Co, and an awkward silence settled in the atmosphere as Ryan and Rookie waited for their boss's next move.

For a moment, Dice looked around, and then at Elijah, wondering why he would fire all the employees at such a crucial time.

"I guess none of them had the company at heart... Just as I expected." Elijah sighed, turning his head to meet Rookie's eyes, and added, "I need you to update the company website and upload hiring information for all the positions needed to run this place to its full capacity, and whatever Elmer Hayes was paying those that just left, increase it with better work benefits."

'Those fool... He was testing them.' Dice thought as it finally hit him.

With a gentle nod, Rookie replied, "I can do it right away."

As Elijah looked over at Ryan and was about to speak, the sound of the elevator suddenly "ding," startled them, and their attention was immediately directed toward its doors.

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 100

Chapter 100

Just get the job done

The elevator slowly opened, and Daniel Ferguson along with a couple of old dudes walked out, looking confused like children separated from their parents at the grocery store.

When Daniel's eyes locked with Elijah, he scowled slightly, and then walked over to them, saying, "It's you."

"Who are these guys?" Elijah questioned, raising an eyebrow at the other.

Looking back, Daniel stared at his colleagues' faces, and then faced Elijah saying, "Mr. Boone, Elrod, Madden, Laurier, Viotto, Fox, Caddel, Francis, and Mr. Amana... The members of the board."

"You are..." Mr. Elrod stated bluntly, gazing at Elijah. "Madam Jewel's new grandson-in-law... Where is your wife."

"Home," Elijah said with a casual expression.

An awkward silence settled in the atmosphere as the board of directors ignored him and then stared around.

And almost in unison, they focused back on Elijah and asked, "Where is everyone?"

"Gone," Elijah said in the same indifferent manner.

"Gone?" Mr. Fox repeated with a disbelieving look. "Gone where?!"

Getting a bit frustrated with the questioning, Elijah rubbed his forehead and said, "I fired them."

"What?! Are you crazy!?" Mr. Caddel blurted out. "Where is your wife? Why did she let you here unsupervised, after all, she now owns this place?!"

The way Elijah's expression shifted from calm to annoyed made them instantly change their tone from demanding to worried ones.

"You ten should go home too and come back on Saturday for the board meeting," Elijah said flatly.

"But..." Mr. Laurier stuttered, pausing when Elijah looked away from them.

Focusing on Dice, Elijah's face hardened as he said, "Can you get a couple of men to come here? This company is going under lockdown for now, and no one not allowed in this building should be here. If they are, throw them out."

"I am on it, boss." Dice let out before walking off to make the call.

A look of annoyance clouded the faces of the directors, but they didn't argue, and instead, walked back to the elevator to get their things from their offices.

Suddenly, Elijah's phone buzzed, and he shut his eyes to calm his stress. After the second rang, he drew a deep breath and answered the phone, resting it against his ear.

"J, I had thoughts to call you but have been occupied." Elijah let out calmly.

"Is something wrong, boss?" Jerome's voice came through the line.

"You heard what happened to Meeks, right?" "That lawyer we interrogated that night? ... Yeah, I did... Something about him driving off the highway bridge to his death in the ocean."

"Well, I am certain that there's more to it, involving the Hayes, 'so can you have your ears on the ground, and any piece of information about that day about him, before the accident happened or even after it did,

get it to me, okay, J?"

"Yes, boss."

There was a brief pause in the conversation and then Jerome's voice came through the line again, "About the Hayes... My cousin attended your wedding, and unfortunately, she couldn't bring her boyfriend because he was in jail and just got out a while back, but I guess she told him about you and her words must have been good praises because I just got a call from him."

"What was the call about?" Elijah asked, sounding very curious.

"Scorpio is a retired henchman, and he just informed me that Madam Jewel is there with your photos, offering him twenty thousand to kill you, and since he knows who you are through my cousin, he wanted to ask me to give his number to you, so you two can talk right now."

"I see... Text me it."

Standing outside of the building, Scorpio took out his pack of cigarettes, not caring that he left Madam Jewel and her men back in his office.

After lighting it, he was about to take a smoke when his phone started ringing and he slowly took it from his pocket, answering the call.

Hesitating, Elijah didn't speak for a while until finally hearing Scorpio say, "Elijah Darius?"

"Yeah, J just sent me your number," Elijah replied with a calm voice.

"J?... Ahh! I see, you and Jerome are that close for such informalities, huh?"

"Well, I don't see the reason to not be."

"True. I admire that... A man who knows how to appreciate and respect people, even if there's a huge gap between wealth and status."

Slightly confused by where Scorpio was taking this conversation, Elijah held back his tongue and waited.

"Your grandmother-in-law is in my office, waiting for my final decision on if I am taking the job to kill you or not," Scorpio said with a small chuckle before taking a puff from his cigarette.

"So I have heard," Elijah responded dryly,

"Now, this is the situation, my babe's cousin and uncle work for you, and from what I heard from Jerome, you are an okay guy, and they love their current job with you, so, I am not the type to betray family... and since you are somewhat in our circle, I wouldn't take the job."

"That's sweet and all, but take the job."

Those words made Scorpio choke on his cigarette and cough a little bit before letting out, "What? You . want me to kill you?"

"No. I need you to mess with her for a while and earn some Hayes' cash in the process." Elijah said, looking at Ryan, eyeing him with a glance of worry and curiosity in his eyes.

"I am listening."

"Take the offer, but increase the payment from twenty to forty thousand"

"Will she pay that kind of money for your death..."

"She's desperate, so, 'yes' Ask her for a twenty thousand down payment, and then tell her you will request for your balance after my death... So even without killing me, you still get the full price for not doing the job."

A cocky smile surfaced on Scorpio's face at those words, and an amused laugh

escaped his lips as he watched the smoke float away and then said, "I now know why Dice and Jerome are devoted to you... The Hayes are stupid for coming after a man like you."

Immediately. Elijah turned around when Dice approached him and said, "Boss, our men are on their way here."

"Thanks," Elijah said before focusing back on the call.

With a soft smile, Scorpio watched the sky as he listened to Elijah's voice say, "And every time she calls you to find out why I am not dead yet, tell her that you will soon get the job done, and let her spent her nights and every waking moment waiting and stressing for news that will never happen."

"Damn!! I don't know if I admire or fear you... But one thing I would say is that I am glad I settled for your side and not hers... She seems like those kind of rich douches with nasty attitudes toward us lowlife, who society has cast aside to be eaten by the darkness." Scorpio laughed with pain in his eyes.

For a moment Elijah allowed the silence to settle and drag on, and then he said, "If that's the case, then I would like to give you a job... not to kill anyone, but protect."

"I am listening," Scorpio answered again with the same cocky tone.

"I have a list of people that I hold dear to my heart, my mother-in-law, my wife, a couple of guys' names, Ryan, Rookie, Matt, and James, and then there's me... I am going in full swing for the Hayes, and I know this will not be their last attempt to get rid of me-

"Honestly, I thought the same. She's going to get tired of asking me to finish the job at some point."

"Exactly. Jerome said that you are a henchman for hire, so you must know others like yourself... Keep watch in your circle for the names of those people that I called... I will send you pictures later... Alert me if there's a target on their back, and get paid every month."

A look of disbelief crossed Scorpio's face as he dropped the cigar, marched it, and mumbled, "You want me to be your watchman. That's it?!"

"Yes," Elijah answered with confidence in his tone.

"Well, this is the cleanliness money I am ever going to earn... I think I am finally going to settle down with Dana."

"So, is that a, 'Yes?'"

“Definitely!”

A sense of impatience had Madam Jewel boiling with rage as she paced the floor of Scorpio’s office, struggling to keep herself composed.

Finally, the door cracked open and Scorpio calmly made his way into the room with a dead-serious expression on his face.

Then he walked back to his seat, sat at the table, and rested his boots on its wooden surface.

“I will kill this Elijah guy for you, but my price is not twenty thousand, but forty,” Scorpio said confidently, not taking his cold eyes off of Madam Jewel’s face.

“WHAT!” Madam Jewel yelled in disbelief. “Forty?! He’s just a lowlife scoundrel with no valuable worth whatsoever! So why should I pay such a price for a useless soul!”

“If he is so worthless then why do you want him dead, so, so... badly?... your lips are saying one thing, but your eyes, ugh, they are a wide-open window to your dark soul, and if you want me to do this job, that’s my

price.”

“Twenty-five thousand—”

“Forty! Fifty percent upfront before the job gets done, and then once his body is laying cold in a six feet hole, I expect you to have my balance.”

“You can’t be serious!”

A sense of confusion clouded her mind at the quick shift in Scorpio’s attitude just from the short cigar break he told her that he was going to take.

“Time is money, grandma, and you are wasting mine.” Scorpio snapped back while leaning forward on his chair, glaring at Madam Jewel with a cold stare.

“Fine!” Madam Jewel said harshly, clenching her fists tightly as she glared back at Scorpio. “But you better kill that bastard, or else—”

“No need for the threats, grandma. You will get to wear black as long as you cooperate... and I too will.”

“Okay, I will write a check-”

“Wire it...”

Placing his boots on the floor, Scorpio reached for a pen and then paper and wrote an account down, continuing, "to this number."

A frown etched itself over Madam Jewel's face at the sight of the paper as she picked it up, and then she took out her phone, eyeing Scorpio before doing the transaction.

A couple of minutes later, his phone buzzed, and he couldn't believe that Elijah was right, but he didn't show it on his face, extended his hand, and said in a cocky tone, "It's pleasure doing business with you, grandma." 1.

"Just get the job done!" Madam Jewel said in annoyance before storming out of the room with her bodyguards.