

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 36

Chapter 36

What did you just say

The sound of her room door opening made Peach raise her head off the pillow and gazed at her mother, standing in the doorway, smiling at her. "Can I come in?" Miss Grace asked cheerfully, closing the door behind her and stepping inside the room.

Slowly, Peach sat up from the bed, hugging her knees as she rested her head on her knees, feeling a sense of sadness welling up within her as she watched her mother approach her with a warm smile and sit down beside her on the edge of the mattress.

"James made chicken soup for dinner with rice and vegetables." Miss Grace told her kindly.

Shaking her head slowly, Peach said with a sad smile, "I'm too full already, Mama. You should go ahead and eat without me."

"Peach, you have been in here all day and have barely put much in your stomach. That's not healthy!" Miss Grace chided her, gently squeezing Peach's hands. One look at her mother and Peach could see her concern clearly written across her wrinkled brows and pursed lips.

The sight made Peach's heart clench painfully in her chest, making her realize what her behavior was doing to her mother, so she smiled saintly and said, "Okay, let's go."

The dining hall was quite peaceful when Miss Grace and Peach walked to the table, sitting between Rookie and Ryan.

Suddenly Matt entered the hall, and when James saw him alone, he frowned, mumbling, "Elijah is not joining us?"

Shaking his head slightly, Matt sighed and then said, "He won't even answer the door."

The room fell silent after Matt's words and everyone stared at each other quietly for a moment, feeling a mixture of feelings stirring inside them. "Dish some food in a bowl, and I will take it to him," Peach said, raising her gaze to meet James' concerned ones.

Silently, Miss Grace darted her eyes towards her daughter with a soft expression on her face.

Her motherly instincts told her that there was more going on with Peach's feelings towards Elijah than just friendship, and even though she was worried about her daughter and wanted to protect her, she understood that she needed to give them space for now.

"Are you sure, sweetie?" Her mother asked, a worried look appearing in her eyes. Giving her mother an encouraging nod, Peach stood up from the seat and picked up the tray that Elijah set before her, mumbling, "The worst that can happen is that he turns me away too."

After giving Miss Grace a faint smile, Peach drew a silent breath and walked away from the table with the tray tightly in her grips. Striving to stay optimistic, she strode confidently through the hallway until she finally reached Elijah's door, stopping in her track.

Her heart suddenly began racing, and she felt lightheaded, her breathing getting heavier. She knew it was ridiculous to act so scaredly, but the way he was so angry this morning at Melina's outburst... she couldn't help but be worried.

Breathing deeply to calm herself down, Peach knocked softly on the door and waited patiently before calling out, "Elijah,"

A moment passed, and when he didn't answer, Peach swallowed softly and said, "I got a tray of chicken soup with rice and veggies if you want it?"

Nervous, she pouted, looking at the food, and mumbled, "I would lie and say it's delicious if that would get you to eat, but I haven't tried it myself. But it was James who prepared it, so I guess it is."

The sound of the door knob turning interrupted her and Peach looked up with widened eyes when the door opened.

With an exhausted sigh, Elijah rubbed his hand over his tired eyes while he gave a small smile and said, "Come in." Pursing her lips, Peach walked inside the room, set the tray down on his desk, and turned around to face Elijah.

Then she gave him a shaky smile before walking away, but as she was about to step past him, Elijah grabbed onto her wrist and pulled her in front of him.

"You haven't eaten yet, and you are worried about me?" Elijah asked, arching his eyebrow as he studied her appearance. Peach shrugged, trying to look unaffected by his touch, but she knew she wasn't fooling him because his touch sent shivers down her spine.

Glancing down shyly, Peach replied, "James made you some food, so I thought..." A small smile touched Elijah's lips as he released her wrist and said, "Sit and help me finish this, would you?"

Widening her eyes, Peach immediately shook her head. But Elijah gently grabbed her by her shoulders and sat her down in the seat.

Then he took the other chair and pulled it closer until they were sitting face to face, looking at her fluttering lashes. Slowly, he brought his hand towards her forehead and Peach winced when his warm palm brushed against her skin, causing goosebumps to rise across her entire body. "Your mother said that you weren't feeling okay this morning," Elijah commented softly as he examined her face closely, brushing a stray curl back behind her ear. "Are you not angry?" Peach whispered, unable to hold back her thoughts anymore. Her question caused Elijah

to pause for a moment and drew his hand back as he rested against the chair and asked, "Angry? At who?" Shrugging her shoulders helplessly, Peach looked away from his intense gaze and muttered, "Well, this morning you... umm... what happened between Melina and you..." "Yeah, what happened was between Melina and me, not between you and I," Elijah spoke

softly, and Peach's head snapped up at the unexpected answer, watching him curiously. At this point, she didn't know what she was expecting to hear. But this was not it, and Peach blinked owlishly at him.

"Right," She murmured slowly, biting down on her lower lip as she eyed him warily. "We should eat before the soup gets cold." Elijah continued, breaking the tense silence that had fallen over them.

Watching as he picked up two spoons from the tray, Peach couldn't help but wonder if it was okay to push the topic of Melina and his relationship further. But she simply smiled when he handed her a spoon and said, "You should also try a bite of it." Peach nodded her head and took a piece of chicken before bringing it to her mouth and swallowing it quickly. "Umm... If you were a meal, what meal would you be?" Peach blurted out, wanting to change the subject.

A puzzled expression appeared on Elijah's features, and then he chuckled, mumbling, "What?" "You know... it's like a question game people use to get to know each other." Peach explained as she placed another piece of chicken into her mouth and watched him expectantly. For a few moments, Elijah just stared at her in bewilderment, realizing why it was so easy to talk to her. Then he broke eye contact with Peach and started eating his food.

"I don't know... Maybe a steak." Elijah replied, shrugging his shoulders.

Peach nodded thoughtfully and then said, "Mmhm... I think I will be a dessert, maybe chocolate."

Standing quietly at Elijah's room door, Miss Grace felt a sense of relief wash over her as she listened to the gentle laughter and playful banter filling the room from within.

'I know you getting closer to Elijah is a risk because he seems like a man with so much hidden. But I pray that he will be good to you... that he won't do anything that might hurt you.'

Miss Grace thought, smiling when she heard her daughter chuckle.

At the Hayes mansion, all twenty-five chairs at the table were occupied by a member of the family, and Madam Jewel sat at the head of the table.

The enormous dining hall was filled with various types of aromas, and the servants carried the trays of food onto the table until the very last dish got served. Then Dean stood from his seat, clicking the glass with a bread knife to get everyone's attention.

"Mother gathered us all here because of something important she would like to share with us!" Dean announced.

Immediately, the room grew quiet and everybody fixed their eyes on Madam Jewel expectantly.

Looking at her children and grandchildren, Madam Jewel cleared her throat and said, "I think it's been too long since we allowed Grace and Peach to stay away from this family ... It's time we bring them back into this home."

Her remark woke chaos into the room, the members of the family looking at one another with shocked faces, and whispering grew louder with each passing second.

"Grandma, not to be offensive, but what you just said is weird and it doesn't make sense." Rebecca, Tommy's first daughter, pointed out and crossed her arms across her chest, frowning at Madam Jewel.

"I agree with my sister... Peach never wanted to follow orders when she lived under this roof and I don't think she will ever accept your decision,"

Emma said, furrowing her eyebrows together.

Finally, getting over her shock, Melina stared in disbelief at her grandmother, feeling a sense of betrayal and anger well up inside of her as she mumbled, "Grandma, what are you saying

now?"

That question drew everyone's attention back to Madam Jewel and they watched as her jaw clenched, and she took deep breaths to calm herself before she spoke again, "The one who helped get rid of the reporters from Paz motel was Bryan Checks."

The entire room immediately went dead silent at Madam Jewel's revelation, and everyone stared at her in wide-eyed disbelief.

"What did you just say?" Melina gasped, staring at her eyes.

and mother with fear glazed over her

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Chapter 37

With someone powerful

The dining hall was eerily quiet as everybody slowly digested what Madam Jewel had revealed. "A man like Bryan Checks is getting involved with our family?" Mathew, second to Dean, questioned, frowning slightly.

"Why? How can a man like that possibly be interested in helping Peach and Grace though?!" Eli exclaimed angrily, clenching and unclenching his fists, feeling angered and confused.

Looking at Madam Jewel, Cora frowned slightly at the stress she saw in her mother's eyes and mumbled, "He is someone that never just gets involved with people without ulterior motives, Eli! He loves money and power... nothing else matters to him." "Money, power, and women," Amelia said, meeting her sister's eyes.

"What?"

"We are all missing the bigger picture here. Peach is a woman. Bryan is a man. Men usually get protective over the one they are interested in and would do whatever it takes to keep them protected no matter what, right mom?"

It's like a light bulb switched on in Madam Jewel's mind and the realization hit her hard, causing the color to drain from her face, as she stuttered out, "Oh my.."

As soon as those words left her mouth, the whole family turned their heads to stare at her with curious eyes.

"Peach can not be with a man as powerful as Bryan Checks... she can't be with anyone with that kind of power or prestige," Madam Jewel stated quietly, her voice wavering slightly. A couple of silent minutes passed and nobody uttered a word. The tension in the air grew thicker, making everyone feel uneasy.

A nervous laugh filled with uncertainty erupted from Melina's lips as a sense of raw panic rose inside of her chest.

"There's no way a man like Checks would love a woman like Peach, right? That is so... SO stupid and so unbelievable." Melina blurted as her eyes darted from person to person as she tried to find some type of confirmation.

But when no one answered, she stared at her brother, Josh, and he scowled at her, aggressively dropping his fork on the plate, locking eyes with her. "Peach is out there getting involved with a man like Checks, and you choose that no-good, worthless ass to marry!! How could you be so stupid! You're supposed to be smart, smart enough to not let some loafer screw around with your reputation." Josh exploded, spitting mad at his sister.

Flinching at his furious outburst, Melina shrunk back into her chair and lowered her eyes in shame and embarrassment.

Annoyed at her brother's harsh words, Melina pouted and whispered, "We don't even know for sure if Peach is in a relationship with Checks! After all, she and her mother are still harboring my Ex-husband..." "Stop referring to that... that lowlife as your ex, you moron!" Josh spat harshly, slamming his

hand down onto the table as he shot her a glare, causing Melina to flinch slightly, unable to stop herself from shrinking away. "Josh..." Dean warned quietly, glaring at him in a warning. A heavy sigh escaped Josh's lips as he dropped his gaze back to his plate and pushed the remains of his dinner away, mumbling, "You guys shouldn't have allowed her to marry that punk. That's all I am saying." Staring at her son pleadingly, Martha looked toward her husband for a moment and then said, "Josh, son, please don't take it out on Melina—"

"You are right. It's that trashy ex of hers. If he wasn't so useless and dumb, my sister's reputation wouldn't have taken such a beating!" Josh growled, glaring at his sister. Frowning, Madam Jewel reached for her glass of wine and took a small sip before turning her eyes on Josh and saying, "You four can have your separate meeting as a family to scold Melina for marrying a loser. But not tonight, and not at the meeting I arranged!" The raise in her voice caused everyone to turn and look at her, a look of seriousness on each of their faces.

After some quiet seconds, Madam Jewel took another sip of wine and continued, "My biggest concern now is Peach and Bryan Checks... I need to be sure that Peach doesn't have a man as powerful as Checks at her disposal and is involved romantically with him

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“Well, finding out if Checks is involved with Peach is going to be difficult because he is someone who takes pride in his privacy and doesn’t reveal much about himself to people,” Dean commented with a frown, placing a hand on his forehead in thought.

“You all should know how big of a threat that man is to us because of his high position and influence,” Madam Jewel said darkly, leaning forward on the table and resting both hands heavily on it, staring at each member of her family in turn. “And if Peach has him in her grip, we won’t stand a chance against her.”

The dining room remained quiet after hearing the last statement and a sudden wave of anxiety engulfed the room as everyone started thinking about how to deal with the situation. All of a sudden, Eli leaned forward with a serious expression on his face, narrowing his eyes at the table, and uttered, “Dean, don’t you have a few friends in higher places? Maybe you can use them to get a meeting set up between Checks and you to find out the truth.” “Well... I mean yes... I have a few business partners who I trust with something like that... They might be able to pull some strings and get me a meeting with Checks,” Dean replied, nodding his head and rubbing his chin. Looking at her son with a smile on her lips and an understanding sparkle in her eyes, Madam Jewel nodded her head and said, “That is a good plan. Dean can use such means, and I will talk with

Peach and see if she will open up to me.” “Be careful, mother. That brat has gotten way too disrespectful and cocky recently,” Tommy grumbled, his arms crossed across his chest as he rolled his eyes. “And Melina’s so-called Ex-husband seemed to be pretty close to her and has been helping her act like the spoiled brat that she is,” Patricia remarked, raising an eyebrow slightly as she gave Melina a sideways glance.

“He’s just looking for another set of hands to feed him. That’s how Elijah is... he’s a leech that lives off of anyone’s money, and treats them with so much care that you wouldn’t even feel him sucking you dry—” Melina ranted, her face turning bright red in anger.

With rage burning in his eyes, Josh looked over at his grandmother and said, “I will take you to see Peach... It’s best if you have someone to protect you while you visit her.” Nodding her head, Madam Jewel placed her glass down and smiled slightly, “Thank you, grandson. I would appreciate that.” “It’s no problem, grandma,” Josh said with a faint sneer, his eyes filled with malice.

Staring into the empty bowl, Peach chuckled faintly as she stared at Elijah, mumbling, “Let me get this straight when you were little you used to cry a lot, huh?”

A laugh escaped her lips when Elijah’s cheeks flushed and he averted his eyes from her and shook his head lightly at her words, not knowing how their little game got to such a sensitive place.

But he could see that Peach was completely relaxed and her mood had changed from stiff to lighthearted, and

she didn't seem to care about anything. In fact, she appeared to be enjoying herself. When Peach noticed Elijah's intense stare, she furrowed her brows and asked, "What is it?" "Nothing... you just look different right now," Elijah stated calmly, trying to keep the awkwardness from his voice.

«How?»

"I don't know... Just different,"

A sudden silence took over the room as Peach fluttered her eyelashes slightly and pursed her lips, a small smirk forming on her face, and she replied softly, "Is there something wrong with that?"

Slowly shaking his head, Elijah cleared his throat and forced out, "No, nothing. You just seem more lively... happier." Blinking twice, Peach slowly lifted her eyebrows and asked, "Do I?" Nodding his head, Elijah said, "Yes, you do."

The sound of her heartbeat increased and her stomach twisted in nervous knots as she shifted stiffly, glancing up at Elijah and smiling awkwardly at him, mumbling, "I can say the same about you." "Hmm," Elijah mumbled.

His gaze subconsciously rested on the bruise on her lip, and he raised his hand towards her mouth, stroking his thumb along the tender flesh gently. "Sorry about this," Elijah apologized, letting his fingers linger over her lip. "For what?" Peach questioned, tilting her head to the side, wondering why he felt the need to apologize.

"I should have been more gentle."

"Maybe... next time you can be..."

The words that left her lips made Peach's eyes widen instantly, and she let out a soft gasp, her heart skipped a beat at the comment and her mind went into overdrive. Embarrassed, she hastily stood from her seat, grabbed the tray, and mumbled, "I should take these to the kitchen."

"Don't waste your feelings on me, little buddy. I have had my fair share of a relationship, and I shouldn't be giving you false hopes," Elijah muttered under his breath, shaking his head as he stared at her retreating figure.

Stopping in her tracks and turning around to face him, Peach blinked several times, frowning a bit at his remark before mumbling, "I am not Melina, so please don't judge me based on what she did to you."

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Chapter 38

Five thousand

A look of fear sparked in Martha's eyes as she helped Dean tie his tie around his neck, and when she got done, she whispered, "Honey, our daughter has suffered a lot."

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Dean said, sounding quite annoyed at the sudden turn in the conversation.

Lowering her voice, even more, Martha continued, "Grace hit our daughter when she went to the motel yesterday. Melinda was quite devastated when she came to see me yesterday." At his wife's words, Dean's brows knitted together into a tight frown as he uttered coldly, "Is that so!?"

"I know Melina did wrong by marrying that man, but Grace doesn't have the right to discipline our daughter when you, her own father, have never raised a hand against her." Martha said, looking up at him with watery eyes as she cried, "Do you understand what I'm trying to say?" "I know what you are saying... Grace should worry about training her daughter and not mine. But since she has crossed the line, then I wouldn't have to hold back to teach Peach manners when the time comes. We all know that that child needs some manly discipline to make her behave like a lady." Smiling softly, Martha gently brushed her palms against her husband's coat and mumbled, "Thank you, honey, for understanding... You're a good man." A small frown crossed Butler Grey's face when he opened the front door because of a knock and saw Josh standing outside, looking at him with crazy eyes. "Good morning, sir Josh." Butler Grey greeted him politely while trying to be mindful of him, because, like his sister, he had a very unruly temper. Walking past the old man, Josh stepped into the hallway, frowning slightly as he asked, "Where's my grandmother?!" "Well, Madam Jewel is having breakfast inside the dining room." Butler Grey replied, closing the front door behind himself. Without uttering another word to the old man, Josh marched down the hallway and barged into the dining room. "Mom, dad, grandma!" Josh blurted out as he stared at Martha, Dean, and Madam Jewel seated at the table. "Good morning," "Ahha, Josh, you are here. How are you, grandson?" Madam Jewel greeted him with a smile on her face.

"I am great," Josh explained excitedly, sitting down next to her.

"It's good that you are going with me to 'Paz motel' honestly. It's been years since I have seen those two, and the last time Alfred was taking his wife and daughter out of this house, Grace couldn't stop calling me names..." "Grandma,"

"I can't believe she said that I was a witch and I ruined her husband and her daughter's

livelihood... Haha... Did she think she is the only one with a motherly heart? My children and grandchildren come first then anyone, and I would do anything to give them the best of life..."

Seeing how his mother clutched the glass of juice, Dean cleared his throat and said, "And we appreciate all the sacrifices that you have done for us to have this life, and we will do everything in our power to return the favor one day."

"That one day is now because we can not allow Peach to slip out of our grip or it would be the end of this family!" Madam Jewel declared with a deep tone, staring at her grandson before lowering her gaze onto her son. The dining table immediately fell silent after that and only the sound of their breathing could be heard in the atmosphere. "James, I'm glad you didn't burn something today!" Matt teased, slapping James on the shoulder, who was chuckled.

Frowning, James narrowed his eyes and said, "Shut up, Matt! Especially when you cleared your plate!"

"Well, it wasn't burned, so..." Matt replied, laughing harder.

Rookie and Ryan joined in on the laughter and James shook his head, rolling his eyes playfully.

"You three are dicks, and tomorrow you guys are going to have an empty plate for breakfast, lunch, and dinner!" James informed with a deadly serious expression.

That only made Matt and the others laugh louder, but soon, Rookie elbowed Ryan in the side as he whispered, "The boss is here."

Immediately, the motel lobby grew deathly quiet once again as they stared at Elijah walking into the room.

"Rookie," Elijah called out, his expression neutral.

"Yes!!" Rookie said as he jumped to his feet.

"Walk with me."

"Yes!"

As Elijah turned to walk away, he stopped, seeing Peach approaching him from the opposite direction.

When she stopped right in front of him, she met his eyes and smiled, nodding her head politely and murmuring, "Any plans for today?" "Why?. You got one?" Elijah teased, raising an eyebrow as his smirk appeared once again.

Shaking her head, Peach bit her lower lip slightly before whispering, "No..."

"Well, I don't have one either," Elijah confessed, running a hand through his hair.

Looking sideways, at Ryan, Matt, James, and Rookie, Peach hesitated, feeling sheepish and unsure whether to ask or not. After a few seconds, Peach took a deep breath, gathered her courage, and blurted out, "Well, last night you said you don't know Syldavia that well, so..." "You want to be my tour guide?" Elijah teased, his lips curving upwards.

Blushing furiously, Peach stammered, "Well, um... I mean yes... if you want me to be, I mean..." "Well, I have a month of freedom, so why not?" Elijah told her, smiling widely. Peach's cheeks were redder than ever now, and she muttered, "Okay," Allured by her adorable blush, Elijah gave her a gentle pat on the head before turning to walk away with Rookie, following closely behind.

Sighing happily, Peach leaned back against the wall as she let out a giggle, which sounded more like a squeal when Elijah's back had faded down the hallway along with Rookie.

Suddenly, her expression turned serious when James showed up in front of her and pushed his face closer to hers.

"Hey... What do you think you are doing?" James asked in a soft voice.

Peach blushed madly under his gaze as she stuttered, "I... Um... Nothing? Why?"

"Because it looks like you are shooting your shot with Elijah," James said in a low voice, causing Peach to freeze in surprise.

"Huh..? Shoot my shot... What are you talking about? I'm not flirting with him!" "Hmmm, why do I not buy it, and why does your face turn so red every time you mention him?"

Pouting, Peach pulled away from the wall and said, "Stop interrogating me, James." Then she ran off, not noticing that James looked very amused as he watched her walk off faster.

"I think you owe me twenty bucks," Ryan whispered as he eyed Matt.

"Come on. The bet was that he falls for her, not her falling for him." Matt pointed out, shaking his head slightly.

“You think the boss doesn’t like Peach.”

“No, but liking someone is different from loving them. And I don’t think he loves her.”

“How do you know that?”

“He’s indecisive. He wants to put her in the friend zone for some reason... I’m not blind, and it shows... He’s only hesitating so he won’t hurt her feelings.” Frowning, Ryan lowered his gaze, scratching the nape of his neck as he mumbled, “Maybe you are right.”

“I know that I am right, and I think you would be the one to hand over fifty bucks to me in the end,” Matt told him with a mischievous smile on his face.

“Nope, not happening.” Ryan denied it, crossing his arms over his chest and raising one of his eyebrows.

Meeting Ryan’s eyes, Matt faintly smirked as he said, “Well, then how about we double the bet. Two thousand dollars says, ‘Boss and Peach will end up as nothing more than friends.’”

A look of reluctance flashed across Ryan’s features but he finally sighed, giving in, and reluctantly nodded his head, “Alright... Five thousand says he will fall for her.”

Matt’s smirk turned wider as he laughed and commented sarcastically, “Sure.” Standing in Elijah’s room, Rookie kept his hands sloved inside his coat pocket while staring at his boss, waiting for him to start speaking.

“I need you and Ryan on the assignment...” Elijah stated in his usual cold, indifferent way.

“Boss, I can handle the assignment, I promise,” Rookie assured him. Elijah remained still as he stared at Rookie before saying, “It isn’t just about your abilities, Rookie. I trust you, but Ryan is a detective and two heads are better than one... I have put enough thought into this, and I think it’s best for you two to work together.” “Well, if you think it’s for the best, I’ll agree with you, boss.” Rookie said after thinking it over carefully for a few minutes. “Since that’s the case, you should get Ryan in here.” “Yes, boss.”

Watching Rookie walk out of the room, Elijah sighed, and when the door closed behind him, that’s when he allowed himself to think about Peach’s offer to him.

“What am I going to do with you,” He muttered to himself, pinching the bridge of his nose.

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Chapter 39

Josh, stop!

When the door opened again, Ryan and Rookie stepped into the room, and Ryan shut the door before focusing on Elijah. "Boss, you sent for me?" Ryan asked as he approached Elijah at his desk, Rookie close behind him.

"I need you two on an assignment. Bryan Checks is you guys' target. Within one month... I need you guys to find out everything that the two of you can about this guy," Elijah explained in one breath.

Quietly, Ryan eyed Rookie, smiling faintly at such an obvious challenge to their abilities. Then he looked back at Elijah and said, "We will need to move out of the motel then, Rookie and I."

A slight frown tugged on Rookie's lips as he eyed Ryan in confusion, not sure where he was going with this. "We will need to do a lot of Stakeouts and surveillance," Ryan explained further, "and it would be good to start moving somewhere we can have easy access day and night to this guy, Checks."

"I can find out where he stays." Rookie responded after just a moment, a small grin playing over his face.

"Great. We are gonna need a car, Binoculars, Voice recorder to make notes, paper pads and pens to make backup notes... We are going to need a lot." "I will need a laptop and a couple of other things."

Seeing his men getting all fired up, Elijah smirked faintly and said, "Make your budget and I will make the payment... All in all, I need you two to be a team and get me what I need within one month. Got it?"

Ryan nodded and grinned excitedly, "Yes sir!" Then he tapped Rookie on the back and said, "Let's go get our shit together."

The sound of the front door opening drew James and Matt's attention to the motel entrance, and they were confused to see a Madam Jewel, clothed in a thick, fluffy coat, and Josh, walking into the lobby.

"Hello, how may I help you?" James asked, a look of confusion crossing his features as he looked between the both of them.

But all Madam Jewel and Josh did was glared around the place with a look of disgust on their faces. As if they didn't want to even be there.

After several moments had passed, James started to feel uncomfortable, and he asked, "Do you guys want to book rooms?"

A wild laugh erupted from Josh's throat as he glared at James, while Madam Jewel simply raised an eyebrow. "When did Grace hire an idiot like you?" Josh snapped, his eyes flashing with anger. A sense of rage coursed through Matt at those words, and he stood up from his chair as he let

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out, "Hey, punk, you better watch your damn mouth or else." "Or else what? You're gonna beat me up? Are you really stupid enough to think that you can go free for laying a hand on me? You must be some kind of fool, huh?" Josh challenged, his glare fixed on Matt's chest now.

"Oh, I know beating the shit out of you will land me a couple of jail time, but it would be so worth it to completely destroy your pretty little face." Matt sneered with a cocky smirk, which immediately made Madam Jewel's jaw clench tightly in worry. Seeing that Matt wasn't kidding, Josh flinched slightly and stepped back, knowing that any other words coming out of his mouth might land him in deeper than his head could handle, especially since he still wasn't sure exactly who these people were.

"That's what I thought," Matt said softly as he sat back down and took a deep breath, thinking about not putting Elijah in any trouble.

"Where did Grace get a bunch of barbarians like you guys from?!" Madam Jewel demanded, looking around the motel again in pure shock.

Even though James had had enough of such rudeness from the two, he kept his calm and said, "Madam, I will plead with you and whoever this is to you, to please refrain from name-calling and tell me what you two want."

It took an awful minute of silence before Madam Jewel sneered and asked, "Where is Peach?"

"What do you want her for?" James asked carefully.

A scoff left Josh's lips as he felt a sense of arrogance swell up inside of him, and yet, he said nothing because his eyes subconsciously fell on Matt.

"She is my granddaughter if you must know, and I need to speak with her. Now, where is she?" Madam Jewel demanded once more.

Knowing what he knew about Peach's family history, the frown on James' face deepened into a scowl, and a sense of hate swelled up in him.

"What?! Are you not going to get her?!" Madam Jewel questioned loudly, feeling anger grow when she saw the way that James was glaring.

"Hmm—umm, you are her step—grandma," James mumbled beneath his breath in annoyance as he tried to ignore the anger building up in him.

After hearing those words, Madam Jewel knew James wasn't fond of her, and she sighed out her frustration, putting her hands on her hips.

"Peach!!" Madam Jewel shouted as loud as she possibly could. Her voice reverberated through the entire motel, and James stared in disbelief for a second, annoyed at the scene she was creating. "Peach, Grace!!!" Madam Jewel screamed as loud as she possibly could. A frown crossed Matt and James's lips as the silence continued, and Josh glared over at them before saying, "Can one of you go and get her!?" Walking into the lobby, Miss Grace's expression grew darker than ever at the sight of Madam Jewel and Josh.

"What are you doing here?!" Miss Grace asked harshly, causing Madam Jewel to flinch back slightly from the tone of the voice. "Well, hello to you too, aunt," Josh replied sarcastically as he watched as Miss Grace walked towards Madam Jewel. But she ignored his remark as she scowled at Madam Jewel when she asked, "Is that the way you talk to your mother-in-law? How dare you speak to me like that!" "My mother-in-law died years ago, and you will never be her, not in a million years!" Miss Grace roared at Madam Jewel, tears gathering in her dark brown eyes.

"It seems like you haven't gotten over past hate and grief yet!" Madam Jewel spat as she turned away from Madam Grace.

"You can bet I haven't! And I do not want you near my daughter and me! Leave this place at once," Miss Grace ordered as she pointed towards the door. A sneer stretched across Madam Jewel's lips as she glanced over at Josh when he said, "How dare you talk to grandma like that! She's your

"She's my, nothing! From the moment she bullied my husband out of the family mansion and turned me away without help when he fell ill, she stopped being a mother-in-law or someone who desires my love and respect to me!" Miss Grace yelled, tears streaming down her cheeks at the memory of her lost husband.

The humiliation and insult that he suffered at the hands of Madam Jewel and her children caused a deep ache to rise inside of Miss Grace, the pain growing stronger by the moment as she continued to say, "So, leave my house right now... You two!" Ignoring Miss Grace's words, Madam Jewel rolled her eyes and asked, "

Where is Peach? I want to speak with her, then I will leave.” “Get out!” Miss Grace screamed, clutching her chest.

Immediately Matt and James sprang up, rushing to her side, and held her shoulders steady to prevent her from falling. “What are you doing here?” Peach’s soft voice asked from behind them, causing both James and Matt to turn their heads. When Josh turned slowly to see Peach approaching them in the lobby, he scoffed with a look of disdain on his face.

Sighing, Madam Jewel frowned and then said, “I have kept my distance from your mother and you because—”

“You should have kept it that way. So why are you here? Why couldn’t you leave us alone!?” Peach said, her tone calm, and yet, hurt filled each word she spoke. The sound of sudden footsteps got Peach’s attention, and she looked back to see Elijah walking toward her. When Josh saw him, anger flashed in his eyes as he glared at Elijah, remembering him from the boutique and thenews. Then a bitter laugh slipped past his lips as he shook his head in disgust and let out, “Hey, fool!”

Elijah’s brows snapped together as he stopped beside Peach, but kept his cold gaze on Josh who was glaring at him furiously. “I can see how you could con my sister with that look of yours, but seriously Melina should have known better than to support your ass, and now, you don’t even have a shred of shame by living here with these two.” Josh snapped angrily, his voice laced with anger.

Madam Jewel frowned slightly as she looked at her grandson and said, “Josh, stop! We are not here to give that idler our time and attention.”

“You might not, but I came here to teach this imbecile a lesson,” Josh said hotly as he stared heatedly at Madam Jewel, his nostrils flaring as he struggled to maintain control of himself.

Author announcement

A good day to my dear readers

Firstly, I will like to say, ‘thank you’ to everyone who has supported this novel.

For the gems, reviews, and paying to read, I say, “thanks.” This story started at the hundredth place, and you guys have taken it to the thirties place among new books and I am grateful.

Today, I have a long-length accounting assignment due tomorrow, so there won’t be any updates. I have been pushing it off, by the deadline has cut up with me, so yeah... No update today.

But tomorrow after my class, I will make it up to you guys once I have this assignment in with my instructor.

side note: can we not do the whole half-star reviews when asking for a new chapter... Please. A lot is riding on this book's success for me with the platform, so please.

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The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 40

Chapter 40

Is that a threat

The calmness in Elijah's expression never left his face as Josh met his eyes with a look of madness in his gaze and took a step toward him and Peach.

Before Madam Jewel could say anything else to Josh, Matt walked in between Josh and Elijah as he tried to roam over to them.

"I will fuck you up if you don't take a step back now!" Matt threatened while pointing to Josh, his voice low and serious as his hand clenched into a fist. "You should know who to mess with, but I will urge you once, 'it's not him.'"

A sense of fear shot through Josh as the warning bell sounded in his brain as he backed off a few feet.

However, it didn't last long as he sneered and said, "You are just an employee here! How dare you meddle with my business, you asshole! You don't want to mess with me and if you keep interfering with this, you will regret it... so back off."

Frowning at her nephew-in-law, Miss Grace shook her head and said, "Matt is not an employee. He's a client and a customer at this motel. So I will advise you Josh to stop harassing my guests."

Those words made Josh even angrier as he turned to face Miss Grace and sneered, "Then you should tell your so-called customer to stay the hell out of my business!"

Even though Elijah didn't know Josh because Melina barely told him things about herself when he asked, the resemblance in attitude was unmistakable, and he was already sick of his stupidity, so he saw it useless to argue with such a man that is driven by ego and insanity.

Glaring over at Madam Jewel, Miss Grace saw the way that the old woman's face brightened in anger as she said, "Josh, leave here and go to the car!"

A scowl immediately etched itself onto Josh's face as he clenched his jaw and looked into Elijah's eyes, hatred swirling within them when he snarled, "We are not done here. Do you hear me!! We are not finished!! I will remind you where you belong, you bastard!! In the dust ..! I will drag you... So watch your back!" Intentionally, a yawn escaped from Elijah's mouth as he rubbed his eyes with his hands, noticing how scared Josh was to advance toward him because of Matt, Elijah knew that he was all talk, no action... on his own.

Seeing that Elijah did so, anger quickly flared up inside of Josh, and the feeling he had been holding on finally exploded.

It was so hard to suppress the urge to punch Elijah square in the face, but his eyes subconsciously rested on Matt's veins bulging as he clenched his fists even tighter as his nostrils flared,

Taking in a sharp breath through his nose, Josh forced himself to take a few steps back as he said, "You little prick, you're getting on my nerves." "Josh!" Madam Jewel yelled worriedly as she saw the pure rage on his face as he stared at Elijah.

A bitter laugh slipped from Josh's lips as he nodded his head and then scoffed before turning

away and walking out of the lobby. Once Josh left the room, Elijah's glare shifted towards Madam Jewel, looking at her with an unamused expression. "Peach, can we

talk somewhere private?" Madam Jewel asked calmly as she turned to look at Peach. "No," Peach said coldly, glaring at her step-grandmother. Narrowing her brows in annoyance, Madam Jewel's eyes widened as she asked, "No?" "You heard me. I am sick of you and your children disturbing my mother's health. You killed my grandfather and father... Do you want to end my mother too? Will that satisfy your desire to own the entire Hayes wealth, huh?!" Peach snapped without thinking, clenching her fists and gritting her teeth as she glared at Madam Jewel with pure hate and anger. Noticing the rage that awakened in Madam Jewel's expression as she approached Peach made Elijah grab Peach by her arm and pulled her behind him, remembering the last time he delayed in his actions and how injured Miss Grace got.

Then he looked into Madam Jewel's death stare as she ambled over to him and stopped in front of Matt and said coldly in a deep, threatening tone, "Move!"

"Let her pass," Elijah commanded in a calm tone! Stubbornly, Peach tried to stand by Elijah's side, but he gave her a side-eye and warned, "Stay

put."

When Madam Jewel stopped in front of Elijah, Peach grew nervous, clutching to the edge of his t-shirt, afraid of what would happen next. "Move!" Madam Jewel shouted again, causing Peach to flinch from surprise and shock. Miss Grace grew worried, knowing Madam Jewel's temper and her wrath for people who make threats or disrespect her. Even though she was angry at her, Miss Grace knew that Peach accusing her of Mr. Hayes's death was way too harsh because even though the old man died suddenly and suspiciously, nobody knows for sure why his heart just suddenly stopped, even though he was ill. So it was too harsh for her to say such a thing without any proof, especially considering the power that Madam Jewel has in the Hayes family.

"She can hear you from this distance," Elijah explained bluntly in a dark, hushed voice. "Patricia was right. You are the one encouraging my granddaughter to be a brat and act disrespectful to her elderly. She should have never...! Never said those offensive things. The nerve that she has, saying I killed her grandfather!!" Madam Jewel raged loudly before taking several deep breaths. Shaking with rage, Madam Jewel looked over at Elijah and spoke slowly, "Now you listen to me very carefully, you lowlife piece of worthless waste of air, you better stop meddling in my family matters, or else I swear to god I will do whatever is necessary to destroy you." With an unbothered expression, Elijah raised an eyebrow as he looked into Madam Jewel's

eyes, Elijah smirked, realizing that he was staring at the head of a family that shit on him, and she was just as awful and spiteful as her granddaughter.

"Is that a threat?" Elijah challenged calmly. "You can think of it that way. I know you. You are a selfish, greedy bastard, and you want money, power, and attention. If you think that I won't do anything to ruin you because I can't. you might be wrong." Madam Jewel snickered with malicious intentions before adding, "Because I will!"

It's like Peach's remark woke up a devil, a devil that masked itself in fancy clothing and a sweet smile, but is as dangerous as a rabid beast waiting to snap.

A worried look crossed Miss Grace's face at the thought of what Madam Jewel was capable of doing to Elijah, and after all, he had done to help them, she feared for his life, and her heart ached to protect Elijah from harm. "Peach, I need you to apologize to your grandmother now!!" Miss Grace exclaimed, panic rising in her voice.

But Elijah stared into Madam Jewel's eyes, sneering as though she had just started a game of chess that he wasn't willing to back out of or surrender, and said in a deadly serious tone, "Do unto others as you want them to do to you,' do you know that quote?" Madam Jewel froze, looking at Elijah with wide, disbelieving eyes, her mind unable to comprehend that Elijah was challenging her and trying to provoke her, which left her completely stunned and unable to respond.

"If you are going to threaten me, then don't expect me not to retaliate," Elijah continued, narrowing his eyes.

Oh God...' Peach gasped, fearing the consequences of his confrontation.

Taking a step closer to Madam Jewel, Elijah added, "Don't try to intimidate me. I don't play the trick of a sleeping dog. If you bark at me, I will snap back, and believe me, my teeth will strike where it hurts. So if you keep trying to bully, I will let you know what happens when someone gets on my nerves." The veins on Madam Jewel's forehead suddenly throbbed as her eyes darkened with fury, and she stared straight into Elijah's, and with a cold and menacing tone, she responded, "You are just a loafer with no name, no parents, no connection, no real future, and yet you threaten me with words. You are just a puppy, forcing a big bone down your throat, and trust me, you are going to choke on it."

When Elijah scoffed, it surprised Madam Jewel that she saw no hint of fear or respect on his face. His only reaction was to smirk at her while he said mockingly, "Well, then you don't know how wide my throat is." Those words created a sense of doubt inside Madam Jewel's head, and she felt threatened and uneasy about what Elijah was implying. The fact that he was this unbothered by his threat was more than alarming for her to realize, but she didn't want to show any sign that she was affected by his statement, so she kept her cool, instead glaring daggers at him. It didn't make sense the more she thought about it as she wondered, 'What is he depending on to make all these threats against me? Is this some kind of twisted joke? He looks so deadly serious about it like he meant every word he said, but then... Why does he sound so cocky and confident? Why does he think he is so much stronger than I am?"