

The Marvelous Elijah's Return

Chapter 156-159

Read The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 156 – Dead or maybe not... The feeling of a soft kiss on her bare back made Peach's lips pull into a smile, and she rolled over to face Elijah, her eyes beaming.

"Hey, sleepyhead." She grinned as she ruffled her fingers through his messy hair, giggling when he groaned and nuzzled closer to her side. Her other hand traced shapes across his chest, and she could feel him shiver at her touch.

"Our flights leave in the next three hours... Don't make us book another ticket." Elijah whispered huskily, and she laughed again, turning so she was laying on top of him.

Her hands moved down to rest on his lips, and she leaned forward, placing small kisses along his collarbones. Then she stopped to take his lower lip between her teeth, smiling against it.

"Peach," Miss Grace's voice drifted through the open door, and Peach froze, looking at the doorway. "Elijah," Immediately Peach tried to jump off Elijah when she heard his father's voice, but he grabbed her waist, pressing her down against his bare chest. "What are you doing?" Peach whispered, nervously looking at him. "Fix this." Elijah mumbled, raising a brow. Confused, Peach was about to ask, but then she looked down at his hips, and her eyes widened, mumbling, "Babe, our parents are right outside our room."

"Well, you better be quiet while doing it then,"

"Elijah,"

A chuckle escaped Elijah's laugh, which soon turned into a full-blown laugh seeing the look of horror on her face when she called his name, and then she buried herself in his chest.

"Seems like they are awake," they heard Miss Grace said to Mr. Maxwell.

“Are we leaving at noon?” Mr. Maxwell asked. When Elijah raised a brow at a Peach, she scoffed at her husband, and then looked back at their pack suitcases, uttering, “We will. I just need to finish packing and we will join you all downstairs later for breakfast.”

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Trying not to chuckle at her lie, Elijah looked away from her, and yet he was wheezing so badly that Peach threw him a hard stare, mumbling teasingly, “Continued laughing and you are fixing this on your own.”

Immediately Elijah clapped his hands over his mouth., and yet that only made him giggle harder, and Peach had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep her laughter in check.

“I hate you,” She childishly mumbled under her breath. Immediately Elijah locked eyes with her, and she casually darted her gaze around like she didn’t know if he was staring at her or not.

“Well, I love you,” Elijah said in a serious tone, causing her to settle her eyes on his. “Why are you being so serious all of sudden,” Peach whispered with a pout, her lashes

fluttering cutely. Smirking at her, he pulled Peach close by her neck and pressed her against him as he mumbled, “Forever, right? “Always. No matter what.” Peach responded before kissing him deeply, her hand moving up to tangle in his hair. 1

“Good morning. Welcome to Bordoria International Airport, The announcement came over the monitor.

Secure under Elijali’s arms, Peaclı struggled to get rid of the sense of nervousness she felt, but still, she was excited, glad that he kept his word, exactly one month later, she was finally meeting his mother.

The fear that came with that thought was not foreign to her, and while she was sure she could handle it. Peach still couldn’t help but feel nervous. When she subconsciously looked over at Mr. Maxwell, the smile that he gave her made her feel a slight sense of hope since Elijah told her about his childhood, and his father seemed to be the one who was hard to please. When they got outside the airport, a line of cars parked outside and men in black crowding the parking lot of the airport. The moment they saw

Elijah and Mr. Maxwell, they all bowed, shouting, "Welcome back Master Romney and young Master Elijah! Welcome Lady Peach and Madam Grace!"

The humbleness within the force of their voice made Peach freeze, stunned at the sight of a bunch of men bowing to her, and she nervously eyed Elijah, her heart beating loudly in her ears.

Like he could sense her nervousness, Elijah took her hand in his, squeezing it tightly as they began walking towards the black Knight XV. 'Albert, are you seeing this?' Miss Grace cried in her head tears settling in her eyes as she watched Elijah open the car door for Peach while his men bowed to them.

The ride was long because of how long the convoy was, and Peach kept getting lost in her thoughts wondering what it was going to be like to meet his mother

As the cars finally slowed down, she peeked at Elijah, and when he felt her eyes on him, he smiled and winked, making Peach blush lightly.

"Don't worry... She's going to love you," Elijah murmured in her ear, and Peach blushed even darker.

Pacing around nervously in the living room, Lisa Maxwell couldn't stop the excitement from welling up inside of her, her smile so wide that it hurt, as she listened for the sound of footsteps. Finally, she heard what she had been waiting for all along, and she faced the doorway, smiling even liarder.

When she saw Elijah leading Peach into the room, Mrs. Maxwell couldn't contain her happiness and hurried to them, wrapping her arms around Peach, causing Elijah to step away from them.

"My dear," Mrs. Maxwell whispered, pulling her into a warm hug. "Thank you,"

Even though Peach was confused as to why her mother-in-law, whom she just met, would thank her, that feeling quickly melted as she hugged Mrs. Maxwell back, closing her eyes and breathing in deep. They were finally here, after all the time that they had spent together, Peach finally felt like she and her husband were one now.

And all of her doubts and fear about meeting Elijah's parents immediately vanished as the sweet scent of roses filled her nose. Mrs. Maxwell smelled of vanilla and rosemary, and her gentle touch left a motherly feeling within Peach.

Soon, the huge dining room, designed with a mahogany table, white chairs, crystal chandeliers, and a huge table was covered in food, and everyone was seated at the table, eating and chatting happily. It didn't take less than a minute for Peach to feel comfortable with his parents like she had known his family for ages.

Not a single moment passed that she didn't smile or chuckle at their words and the only thing that changed was when Elijah's phone started ringing, making the room unintentionally grow silent.

When Elijah met her eyes, he smiled and said, "Excuse me... I should take this." Quickly, he scooted away from the table before Peach could say anything, walked out hastily, and then stopped in the hallway before answering the call. "Who is this?" Elijah asked, his expression going cold at the thought of an unknown number calling him.

"Am I speaking with Elijah Maxwell, Peach Hayes' husband?" A lady's voice spoke on the other end of the line.

"Who is this?"

"Are you him?"

There was a long pause as Elijah let out a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose and then he let out, "Yes. I am Elijah Maxwell. Now, it's your turn. Who are you?" The line went cold for a while, and then he heard a man's voice, "Elijah... This is Meeks, Lawyer Meeks."

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Frowning slightly, Elijah knew that the voice belonged to Lawyer Meeks, and yet he was skeptical of the fact that he was alive. A part of him still could not believe it, but the rest of his logical mind seemed to think differently.

“How did you survive the fall?” Elijah asked.

After dealing with the Hayeses for so long, Elijah knew how tricky and treacherous the family can get to achieve their goals.

“I black out during the fall and the next thing I knew, I opened my eyes in a tiny room with this old lady and her daughter, and they had been helping me since then... I can not walk, Elijah. The impact of my body hitting the water with such force injured my spine. I need to get out of the country to seek treatment... If I keep hiding with no proper medical care care, I will die, for real.” Mr. Meeks spoke slowly and he sounded very weak.

“What happened that day... the evening the accident took place?”

“I want to see your face first... I want to explain things to you in person because I don’t trust a phone call.”

Silence settled on the line as Elijah processed what Mr. Meeks said, and then he asked, “What device are you using?”

“A smartphone,” Mr. Meeks said.

“Video call me.”

The call abruptly ended in Elijah’s ear, and he sighed in annoyance. But as he was about to put his phone back into his pocket, it started buzzing, and Elijah looked at the screen to see that he was getting an incoming video call.

Immediately, Elijah answered, and the video call connected to a small camera, and there, staring back at him was a man who should be a ghost.

“Send me your location. I will be back in Syldavia at night, but I am sending my men, Jerome and Matt, to pick you up, and take you somewhere safer.”

“Okay,” Mr. Meeks said.

After ending the call, Elijah drew a breath, knowing he hadn’t told Peach the truth yet, and now that this had surfaced, he was still hesitant to do so.

The dinner room was lively as Mrs. Maxwell told Peach and Mrs. Grace with a smile, saying, “I can’t wait to take you guys to Madam Elle’s book club tomorrow... Side note, she likes bragging about her son’s marriage and her daughter-in-law to my face, and now that my daughter-in-law is here, I want to rub it in her face too.”

“Stop being petite, Lisa.” Mr. Maxwell teased, causing Peach to chuckle at the eye roll her mother-in-law gave him.

“Don’t step on my joy. I pray for this to happen since your son almost gave me a heart attack. when he said he wasn’t getting married again.”

“AAH,”

Mrs. Maxwell’s words made Peach realize what her “Thank you,” from earlier meant, and Peach gave her mother-in-law a big smile when their eyes locked.

Then she subconsciously raised her gaze and saw her husband walking into the dining room with this look that made her worry.

“Are you okay, Elijah?” Miss Grace asked softly, seeing exactly what her daughter saw in his expression.

The sense of reluctance Elijah felt stopped him from speaking for a moment, but then he said, “Matt called and he needs me back in Syldavia.”

“You are going back?” Both Peach and her mother-in-law said at the same time,

The look they gave him almost made Elijah think twice about his decision, but he smiled at the both of them and said, “Yes, but Hopefully, I will be back the day after tomorrow.”

“But Madam Elle book club party,” Mrs. Maxwell mumbled, eyeing her husband for support but got none as his expression remained calm.

Understanding the look from her mother-in-law to Mr. Maxwell, Peach realized that there was no stopping Elijah from going since his father seemed to approve.

“When are you leaving?” Peach asked, holding back the feeling of sadness that arose inside her.

“Right now,” Elijah said, and he could see from her facial features, that her heart dropped a little bit. “It’s just a few pieces of paperwork that I need to attend to, and I will be right back. I promise.”

A weak smile made its way to her lips as Peach looked into his eyes, and he waited for her to say something, and when she didn’t, he stared at his father, who nodded slightly at him.

“Excuse me,” Elijah mumbled.

When his back turned to her, Peach’s smile disappeared, and Mrs. Maxwell’s heartache at the sight of her daughter-in-law hurting.

Resting his hands on his hips, Dean scoffed at his mother, rage coursing through his veins. “Josh has spent one week in prison, Damnit! My son! He’s behind bars because of you!” Dean lashed out at his mother, making the rest of his siblings flinch. “You! You are

“I am not responsible for any of this. So do not release the anger that you have in you for Elijah on me.” Madam Jewel said in a firm tone. “You know that you are putting your anger on the wrong person.”

“You are gaslighting me!”

“No. I am keeping your head straight, so you won’t forget who the real enemies here are. This is Elijah’s trick, to tear us up from the inside so we can destroy each other, and he can mock us while we do.”

“Do you even hear yourself! You sound like a fool! Because of all of this, we are being shut out by those we know in the business circles, the companies are crumbling, and our family reputation is sinking into stinky mud, and you think this is the time to act like you are delusional!!”

Frowning at his brother, Mathew met his eyes with a cold stare and said, “Dean, chill. That’s our mother you are talking to.”

The increase in her son’s voice made Madam Jewel flinch as well. Her hands balled into fists as a deep sigh escaped her lips, and she said, “You are angry about what happened to your son, Dean. But that is not my fault. It’s Joshua’s own doing. I never told him to stab Jessica Astor ten times and almost killed her, and I didn’t ask your slut of a daughter to bring that bastard into our lives to ruin it! If we look at it, it’s your children’s fault!”

“Oh, oh, so it’s also my children’s fault that Cora is going to spend the rest of her disabled life locked up?!” Dean yelled.

“Don’t you dare say such hurtful words in my face, Dean!” Madam Jewel screamed, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. “I carried you for nine months, breastfed you till you were one year old, and raised you into the man that you are! You owe me your respect and obedience!”

“Can we all just shut the fuck up and eat dinner! My father is in prison for who-knows-how long, and I just don’t want to play this victim game with you all because it’s messing with my head right now, and I don’t want to lose it too, damnit!” Tyson shouted, causing the table to fall silent. “So, let’s eat or leave!”

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Before Madam Jewel could put her grandson in his place, Mathew’s ringtone went off, he quickly grabbed his phone and answered, “Hey, pops.”

Frowning in worry at the thought that Eli and Mathew had been in contact with their father for days now, Dean stopped from his seat and then walked out of the dining room, "It's Elijah damn fault, but that doesn't excuse you either. The only reason I haven't strangled you as I want to do to him is that you are my mother."

"Guess who my men just spotted leaving the airport?" Thornton's voice filled his son's ear. "Who?" Mathew asked, annoyed at the thought of guessing.

"Elijah fucking Maxwell."

"You said that you men tracked him to the airport, and he left with Peach for Bordoria, earlier."

"Well, the picture they just sent me clearly shows that it is him, and he's back home, alone, without Peach."

"But why?"

"I don't know. But my men are tailing him right now..."

Sitting in the backseat of the car, the longing in Elijah's heart for his wife was intensifying by the second as he admired the night sky in Syldavia.

Suddenly, the sound of his ringtone made Elijah tear his eyes from the clouds and took out his phone.

For a split second, he watched the caller ID, and then hit accept, putting the phone to his ear, answering, "Mom,"

"Have you arrived in Syldavia yet, son?" Mrs. Maxwell's voice flowed in his ear.

Hearing the trace of worry in her shaky voice, he asked, "What's wrong?"

“Umm... I just thought to let you know that... Peach is sick...” Mrs. Maxwell’s voice trailed off. “She’s burning up badly.”

Before Elijah could respond, Dice called out from the driver seat as the car speed suddenly started picking up, “Boss... Boss...”

Tom, Elijah muted his mother’s call for a second as a sense of worry squeezed his heart tightly at the thought of his wife being sick, and then he asked, “What is it?”

“We are being followed... By the Black car on the right, gray car on the right, and the white one at our back” Dice said, hitting the accelerator hard. “Embrace yourself and wear your seatbelt! I am going to try and shake them off.”

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Pardon

The sound of chitchats and laughter of a bunch of old ladies’ voices echoed in Elijah’s ears as he watched from a distance his mother hugging Peach’s arm with a big smile on her face as she introduced Peach to Madam Elle and the other ladies in her book club.

“Your daughter-in-law is very pretty, Lisa.” A classic dressed old lady spoke up with her soft eyes on Peach.

“Your son is quite a lucky man.” Madam Elle added. “She’s such a darling.”

Seeing all the attention go on Peach and Mrs. Maxwell, Elle pouted at the thought that their afternoon Tea and books event was taking place at the Maxwell mansion because all the women voted so because they wanted to see Peach.

“Can we read the next book already?.. Because after this, I have to go visit my grandkids.” Elle whined.

And then she looked over at Mrs. Maxwell and asked, “When is your son going to put a bun in the oven? They seemed to have been together for quite a while now, according to you.”

Nervously looking over to Elijah, Peach met his eyes, seeing a slight glance of annoyance in it, and then she said softly to Madam Elle, “We will have kids when the time is right. Honestly, Elijah and I are not in a rush.”

Although it had been confirmed by doctor Harry that she was one month pregnant, Peach and Elijah decided to keep it a secret for as long as they can until she starts to show or give birth.

When she looked back at Elijah, he gave her a small smile like he was proud of her, and she

felt her heart flutter.

Frowning slightly at Peach’s reply, Madam Elle scoffed and said, “You two are not getting younger, if you keep waiting, your chances would become slim and we all know how desperate Lise is for a grandchild and-”

“That’s enough, Elle!” Mrs. Maxwell let out her tone low but harsh. “They are married. It’s their place to decide what kind of future they want, and you are being rude.”

A nervous laugh escaped Elle’s lips as the other woman gave her a disappointing look, which only made Elle feel more embarrassed, and she mumbled, “Why are you being so serious? I was just kidding

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“Don’t play me like a fool, Elle. I know disrespect when I hear it, and I won’t stand for it.” Mrs. Maxwell warned, refusing to return the smile Madam Elle was giving to her.

Even though the situation was awkward, the fact that her mother-in-law stood up for her was something Peach found admirable and it made her more confident to be in the midst of all these wealthy women with the flashy jewels and clothes.

When she eyed Elijah to show off the pride she felt with a cute expression, she noticed him on the phone, his face dead-serious, and her smile slowly faded. “Is the helicopter ready, Martin?” Elijah asked.

“We just landed it in the backyard, sir. Are you coming downstairs?” Martin asked.

“Give me a couple of minutes, and I will be there.”

“Yes, boss.”

After ending the call, Elijah looked over at Peach, and their eyes immediately locked, and she hastily stared back at his mother, pretending as if nothing happened.

But Elijah quietly walked over to her, and without warning, he took her hand into his, pulling her away from the others and walking a few distances.

“I got to go, but I will be back tonight,” Elijah whispered.

“Okay,” Peach replied in a hushed tone.

Looking back, Elijah saw his mother and Miss Grace engaging in a discussion with the other ladies, and then he stared back at his wife, claiming Peach’s lips with a quick kiss.

Then with one last tender glance, he walked off, leaving her staring after him, deep into her thoughts.

“Did he say where he’s going?” When Peach heard her mother-in-law’s voice, she jumped slightly.

Then she stared into her eyes, smiling weakly, and then she shook her head.

“No,”

When Elijah got into the backyard, his men were already waiting for him there, and the sound of the chopper blades made him deaf to their voices until they got in the helicopter.

After his last encounter in Syldavia, he knew to be careful with how he moved about in Bordoria until he could figure out who was involved in the incident.

“Where to, boss?” The pilot shouted back at him.

“Unta!” Elijah yelled back. “Our destination is the State of Unta Bank.”

Hugging onto the pillow tightly, Peach squeezed her eyelids shut as she softly sniffed, fighting her urge to cry, hating the sight of how dark it was outside, and yet, Elijah wasn’t home yet.

Then the sound of her room door opening drew her attention, and she turned her head to the left, gazing at Mrs. Maxwell, entering the room with a tray.

"Is he back?" Peach mumbled, wiping her cheeks with the back of her hand.

"I'm sorry." Mrs. Maxwell gently said.

It grew silently as Peach's eyes got blurred with tears. Then she aggressively sniffed continuously as she stared away from Mrs. Maxwell, mumbling, "Sorry, it's the pregnancy hormones."

"I

Smiling gently at her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maxwell rested the tray on the table and said, "You should not turn down dinner just because you are worried. After all, you are not eating for one anymore, dear."

"Thank you," Peach replied with a weak smile before she reached for a plate of Kale salad, Pan-seared salmon, Steamed cod, and a glass of water.

Slowly, she picked up the fork, pushed the lettuce around the salad before stabbing it, and

mumbled, "I feel guilty, a bit sad... but mostly remorseful... not hurt or suspicious when he leaves."
"sweetheart..." Mrs. Maxwell mumbled.

"To know that it's my family that is hunting him, and they are in this vicious cycle of them hurting him and wanting us dead is just horrible." Tears rolled down from Peach's eyes once again as she took a bite of food.

"Every time he leaves, I am haunted by the deaths in my past, and I don't want it to be him, but I can't stop thinking about how it could be... or how it might happen to us..." Peach mumbled as she placed the fork down.

Then she wiped her tears and smiled at Mrs. Maxwell before she continued, "So yeah, I guess I am still feeling guilty because I am a Hayes like them." 1

Even though Mrs. Maxwell never knew how bad things were with Elijah and the Hayes, and she didn't know about the threat on his life, she took Peach's hand in hers, squeezing it, and said, "You are not like them. You are different... You are not just a Hayes, but a Maxwell, and a sweet, beautiful, wonderful soul... So stop worrying and eat, so the baby and you can stay healthy."

After watching Peach silently eat as much as she could, Mrs. Maxwell frowned slightly when Peach tried to leave the bed with the tray, and she let out, "I will do it. You should rest. Today was a lot, and it must have been tiring for you." "Thanks, mother," Peach said with a small smile. There was a brief pause as Mrs. Maxwell watched Peach settle under the covers, and then she picked up the tray, leaving the room. When she got into the hallway, she froze in her steps when she saw Elijah, coming from the opposite direction with a folder in his hand.

Once her son reached her, she met his eyes and said, "Peach is resting. Let's talk." Slightly worried, Elijah nodded and followed his mother back downstairs, into the empty dining room.

"Your father and you had been keeping a lot from me... but this is not about me, you, or your father. It's about that girl upstairs, carrying your child in her. Pregnancy is an emotional process, and it is hard to handle stress and worry. I can tell she cares about you. You have to let this fuel die." Mrs. Maxwell said. "Mother, what are you saying?" Elijah asked. "I just learned that you and her family are in a dangerous toss-and-pull situation that's endangering both your lives. Elijah, you are going to be a father. Put this fuel to bed, and see to your family." "Mom, you don't understand."

"I don't want to understand, Elijah! I want my son to stay alive and thankfully, that's what your wife wants too."

"Mother

"Elijah, you have all the money to start fresh with your wife here, and raise your child in a safe

environment, always from this senseless chaos!"

Silence shadowed the dining room for a couple of seconds, then Neron stood to his feet and mumbled, "I see."

“Are you going to take my advice?” Mrs. Maxwell said, watching him pick up his coat from the chair arm.

Without responding, Elijah walked away, and her gaze followed him until his back faded out the doorway.

“There’s no honor in dying and leaving a wife and kid behind, son!” Mrs. Grace lashed out after him.

Her words echoed into Elijah’s ear causing him to sigh as he walked down the hallway.

When he came to their room, he stopped in his steps, gazing at the bedroom door for a moment before walking past it, feeling like he should spend the night away from Peach to think things through.

But Elijah didn’t go far when he stopped and turned around, walking back to the door, and then grabbed the knock pushing it open.

Hearing his footsteps in the room, Peach kept still, squeezing her eyelids tightly, suppressing her emotions.

“Are you awake?” Elijah mumbled, sitting on the bed, beside her.

Raising her eyelashes, Peach’s gaze rested on his, and she intensely stared at him without uttering a word.

“Peach,” Elijah said with a pause, hesitating as his hand reached out for her cheek. “What would you say if I ask you to stay here and settle down in Bordoria, making this our home and raising our baby here?”

“Yes! Yes, I will like that very much!” Peach exclaimed, her face lighting up with joy.

Silence fell over the room, as she waited to see if he would reply. Finally, Elijah smiled at her before he looked away, saying, "Just like that? Won't you miss-"

"Everything I would miss is here with me. The motel got burned. I got nothing back in Syldavia to miss, babe."

Pausing, Elijah watched tears settle in Peach's eyes, and he immediately pulled her closer, holding her tightly to his chest.

'What am I going to do with your grandfather's will now that I have the original in our possession.' Elijah thought caressing her head. 'Should I really pardon the Hayes and move on with my life for our family's sake? Will that work?'

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Gunshot

The flashes of lights and cameras immediately went off and on as Elijah stepped out of the car, and then he reached into the vehicle for Peach, taking her hand in his and gently leading her out of the Mercedes. Then he secured her by her waist, glad that she was only two months pregnant and her stomach had not started showing yet, and yet there was still a trace of worry in his voice as he whispered in her ear, "You should have stayed home." "I am fine, honestly." Peach leaned in closer to his ear to mumble, smiling when he met her eyes. "Also, it would seem rude if I didn't attend Madam Elle's husband's birthday with you." 1

But Elijah's worry wasn't about her being fine, it was the fact that she was attending such a public event with him when he knew that after a month, he still had not figured out what happened back in Syldavia a while ago, and who was behind it.

Although the premises were heavily guarded by his men and his father's guys', it still wasn't enough to keep Elijah's heart at ease, even though it had been a month of silence since he decided to settle with Peach in Bordoria, and the Hayes had gone cold, even though the trial against Elmer has just started, and Cora's case was coming up, then Josh. The silence was so loud that Elijah was more alarmed in

Bordoria than he was in Syldavia because when the enemies are quiet, it's a dangerous game that could mean either something or nothing.

As he escorted Peach into the Manor, his eyes and ears were all alert since he would rather be cautious than take chances.

The grand hall of the Manor was loud with Baroque music as Peach and Elijah walked in after Miss Grace, Mrs. Maxwell, and Mr. Maxwell. The moment they arrived, people's attention was drawn to them, and even though Elijah didn't want to lose sight of his wife, the other ladies quickly collected Peach, Mrs. Maxwell, and Miss Grace, taking them away. Looking back at them, Elijah's heart was troubled, even though his wife was laughing with these ladies as they all chatted. When Mr. Maxwell suddenly patted him on the back, Elijah's heart skipped a beat, and then he gazed at his father, listening to him say, "She's fine."

"Yeah," Elijah mumbled, smiling at his father.

Suddenly, an older gentleman approached them, saying with a smile, "Elijah, Romney, welcome, welcome to my humble home!" "Aah, Mr. Hilton, Happy birthday!" Mr. Maxwell said cheerfully.

The excitement in the hall only grew as the second shifted to minutes and the minutes turned to hours of chatting, drinking, eating, and dancing,

After a couple of discussions with a bunch of old dudes, Elijah eyed Peach, and she seemed so energetic, talking and laughing with other women, that he allowed his heart to relax as a smile drew on his face. Then he subconsciously darted his eyes to the right, seeing a guy, standing in the far corner of the room, alone, and yet the way he was staring solely at Peach made Elijah tense up, not liking how this sketchy dude was staring at his wife.

The buzzing from his phone made Elijah reach into his pocket, yet his gaze never left the stranger as he searched through his pockets until he got it out. "J, have the captives talked yet," Elijah asked. "We broke them. Took thirty-one days, but one of them finally talked. Their boss is Thornton. He is running want of the most dangerous underground businesses in Syldavia, from drug dealing to human trafficking, and gun sales" "What does a Drug Lord have to do with me." "According to him, Thornton is Matthew and Eli's biological father, and a while ago, they joined their father's gang and are working for him because Thornton had promised them that if they become his next heirs, he will take care of Peach and you for Madam Jewel."

“Did he confirm that some of Thornton’s men are here, in Syldavia?” “Yes. He claimed that they got the tip from the men on that end that you were leaving for Syldavia, and that’s how they were already at the airport when you got into the country. So the day you and Peach left for Syldavia-” “They were following.” Now, Elijah was even tenser up, and when he noticed that the guy was on the move, his eyes hastily searched for his wife, seeing that Peach wasn’t where she stood before.

When his gaze rested on Peach at the buffet table, eating a cupcake cake, his eyes darted by to the man, connecting that his steps were directed straight for Peach, and he mumbled, “Let me call you back, J.” Hastily, Elijah ended the call, shoving his phone into his pocket, and then he

increased the pace of his movement, seeing that this guy was seriously heading for Peach.

Not even thinking anymore, Elijah ran across the hall, causing people to look at him and whisper to one another, wondering what was happening.

When the guy started reaching his hand at the back of his pants, Elijah immediately blindsided him from the right, jumping him, and they both hit the tiles before the gun sound went off. The sound of screaming and cries echoes through the hall as everyone scattered, running in different directions. It took Peach a second to figure out what was going on, and then her gaze rested on Elijah and a guy fighting over a gun, and her heart dropped, her scream echoing in her head as she silently watched them, frozen with her eyes wild open in fear. With his grip on the guy’s hand that had the gun, Elijah used his other hand to push his fingers into the guy’s eyes before pressing his elbow in his throat, forcefully, making him choke while Elijah struggled to keep the gun mouth directed in the air.

The guy tried to use his free hand to grab Elijah’s neck, but Elijah twisted his wrist hard, making him drop the pistol, then he allowed himself to drown in his anger, punching his fist into the guy’s face, hitting again and again.

The hall was soon crowded with security, securing the guests and premises, but none of them dared stop Elijah as he punched harder and harder.

He knew he should calm down, but he couldn't, not when he knew that this guy was about to pull a gun up on his pregnant wife.

Every punch he landed on the dude, he wanted it to land harder than the next, and he could have continued for the longest, but then he heard his father say, "Elijah," His bloody fist stopped midair as he panted, glaring down at the man's face, and then he screamed, "Fuckkk!!!"

The room went cold, and no one dared to say a word as they watched him attempt to hit the man again but hesitated when the guy fainted. When Elijah took control of his emotions, he woke from the man's body, looking to Martin and commanding him, "Take him away." "Should we call the police?" Someone shouted from the crowd. "The police are not needed." Mr. Maxwell said, and no one counterattack his

words. "We will take care of it." When Elijah's eyes met Peach, he froze, looking at her hesitantly, and then he stared down at the bloodstain on his hand.

But a sense of shout hit him when Peach rushed into his arms, burying her face into his chest, holding tightly onto him. "Let's get you out of here." Elijah muttered softly, holding Peach close to him.

The night was way more silent than any other night as Peach sat in their bedroom, listening to water running in the bathroom, and her mind kept playing out the scene from the event.

When the water stopped, she raised her gaze, starting at the door until it opened and Elijah walked out.

Silently, Peach watched him get changed into his sweatpants and shirt, then he turned to face her, sighing heavily.

"You are not related to Jewel, her children, or her grandchild," Elijah said, meeting the confused look in her eyes. "What are you saying?" Peach whispered, her voice hoarse. Calmly, he took a stool and carried it toward the bed, sitting in front of her, taking her hand in his, and said, "She cheated on your grandfather the entire time of their marriage, and karma repaid her by making none of her children his. You are the only true blood of your grandfather, and that's why your father had to die and so did your grandfather when he found out the truth-" Her eyes froze open as Peach stared dumbfoundedly at him, unable to believe her ears.

“When your grandfather was ill, he carried out a DNA test, and the result made him place all his wealth in your name. Madam Jewel and he argued over it, and she killed him. With her bare hands, she strangled him...” Elijah explained gently. “To keep enjoying his wealth, she and her children. Tears slowly slid down her cheeks as Peach stared blankly at him. She couldn’t believe what she just heard, feeling numb.

“It seems like your father was asking too many questions that she didn’t like and digging into things. So to keep her secret buried -” Elijah said as she broke down.

“He had to die,” Peach whimpered, tears rolling down her eyes.

“I was scared to tell you these things because I didn’t want you to act out of anger and put yourself in harm’s way...”

“So why are you telling me now?”

“Because I am going to ruin them. I am going to drag them down until there is nothing left of them. I want to make them pay and suffer,”

Silence followed his last words, and when she hastily dried up her tears with the back of her hand, she fixed her gaze upon her husband, who was still holding her hands.

Slowly, her face hardened as her eyes grew dark, her lips pursed together, and her shoulders slightly stiffened, looking directly into her husband’s eyes. “Then do it. Drag them to hell where they belong.” Peach said, coldly, her voice lost in emotion.

