

The Marvelous Elijah's Return

Chapter 173-177

Read The Marvelous Elijah's Return by Rever Chapter 173 It's my fault

For so long, the Maxwell massive mansion had never been so lively as it was that evening.

The enormous ballroom was decorated in a timeless and romantic theme, with a grand staircase leading up to a second-floor balcony, all-white floral decor and table linens, grand chandeliers, and crystal lamps.

All guests wore all neutral colors to blend in with the elegant theme, and even though guests had started arriving an hour ago, more were still coming.

The orchestra was playing soft classical music, and the guests enjoyed the scenery while they waited.

Slowly Peach's eyelids shut as the makeup artist rubbed on the eyeshadow, and when Peach finally them again, there was still that smile plastered on the artist's face as she admired her work.

The room door suddenly burst open and Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Grace, and all the ladies from the book club entered the room, their laughter widening Peach's smile.

"Elijah is a lucky groom... His bride is really pretty." One of the ladies said as they stood by watching Peach like some fascinating art piece.

"Of course, my son is lucky!" Mrs. Maxwell boastfully said, a look of pride on her face. "He finally learned to have good taste."

A chuckle escaped Peach's lips at the praise, and then she blinked back her tears, trying not to break down in front of the others.

For a while, the women stood there entertaining Peach and then Mrs. Maxwell noticed how Miss Grace was staring at her daughter, and she hastily told the other women, "Let go, and let our bride

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get dressed!"

Staring after Mrs. Maxwell as she drove the other women away, Miss Grace smiled softly, and when Lisa looked back for a second and their eyes locked, Miss Grace whispered, "Thank you."

"Let's get you into your gown," Miss Grace said when it was just her and Peach in the room.

Taking off the hanger a long white off-the-shoulder embroidery v-neck corset sequin a-line gown, Miss Grace smiled and said, "Even though it's my second time putting you in a wedding gown, I can't believe how excited I am to do it again."

"And I didn't expect marrying Elijah for the second time to be just as emotional as the first time." Peach said, beaming as her emotions bubbled up once more.

A moment later, after slipping the weightless gown on her body, Peach smiled as she curved her stomach, and her mother said, "Look who's finally showing?"

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"I can't believe I have been creating a little human in me for five months now..." Peach whispered. "I never knew a love like this existed until I felt Little Munchkin's first kick. I can't explain it."

"It's called unconditional love, honey."

"Right... That sums it."

After a silent moment, Peach said, "You should head downstairs. I will join you in a second."

Nodding, Miss Grace then kissed her daughter's forehead before leaving, closing the door behind herself.

As the minutes ticked by, Peach smiled at the mirror and then said, "I miss you, Papa."

Then she took her bouquet and drew a deep breath before leaving the room.

In the ballroom, Elijah's heartbeat was increasing by the second as a sense of excitement flooded his body, causing sweat to form on his forehead.

"Breathe, son... Why are you shaking like it's your first wedding?" Mr. Maxwell said, patting his son on the back.

"Because it feels like it, father. She's the love of my life. Marrying her will always feel like our first, even if it's our second, third, or fourth." Elijah said with a smile. "I can't wait to spend the rest of my life being with her."

When he noticed Miss Grace approaching them, he immediately walked over to her and asked, "Where is Peach?"

"She will be down in a moment." Miss Grace gave him a

reassuring grin.

Even though Elijah felt slightly uneasy, he returned a smile and then looked at the stairs.

After a couple of minutes, he noticed Peach, and his heart relaxed, and when she stopped at the top of the stairs, she locked eyes with him, and they both beamed at each other.

“I love you.” Elijah mouthed out to her with a smile.

But in a split second, he saw a face he had forgotten about, but immediately recognized even though she was wearing a dark shade and wig, and he whispered, “Melina, no!!”

As Melina rushed behind Peach, his eyes bulged, and Elijah screamed, “Peach, behind you!”

Hearing his desperate cry, Peach turned around to face her, and that’s when Melina pushed her, causing Peach to lose her balance.

But as she was about to fall, she grabbed Melina’s wrist, but gravity won, and they both lost their balance, falling down the stairs.

A scream ripped from Elijah’s throat as he watched Peach fall backward, and he ran for her, sliding on his heel to catch her, but her head landed on his hands, and yet her back hit the edge of the stairs.

Not having no one to rush to grab her, Melina fell flat on her back, hitting the ground hard and losing consciousness, blood rolling from the deep cut on the back of her head.

“Elijah, the baby,” Peach whispered, tears streaming down her eyes as she weakly raised her hand to touch Elijah’s face. “Our baby ... Something is wrong.”

With moist eyes, Elijah immediately lifted her off the ground, holding her in his arms.

“Oh my God, blood is rolling down her legs.” Someone cried from the crowd.

“My baby,” Peach whimpered as she leaned her head against his shoulder, squeezing his arm tightly as she shuddered uncontrollably. “Please, God no... Not my baby...”

As his hand gripped under her thigh, Elijah could feel that that spot was wet, and all he wanted to do was break down because he knew it was blood, and his baby came to his mind, but he couldn’t ... For

Peach, he refused to shed the tears that ached his heart, and all he could say was, "I got you, babe... I got you... And I am here..."

Trembling, Miss Grace's body shut down as she watched Elijah run with Peach out of the room, and when Mrs. Maxwell noticed her, She hurried over to her.

Both women rushed into each other's arms, weeping and hugging tightly as Miss Grace cried, "My daughter!!"

Trying to be the man that he is, Mr. Maxwell looked over at Melina and then said to one of his men, "Get her off my floor and take her to the hospital."

Then he clutched his fist as his nostril flared and he shouted, losing control of his emotion, tears blurring his vision, "And I want to know who the hell allowed this mad woman in my house. Check all the security cameras! If I find out who that person is, I am going to fucking kill them!!"

As the bodyguards took Melina away, one of the guests looked extremely nervous, and he hesitated for a second before stepping forward toward Mr. Maxwell, saying. "I didn't know she was mad and dangerous. We... We met at a club last night... and from one conversation to another, I asked her to be my plus one tonight. I am so sorry, Mr."

Immediately, he choked on the rest of his words when Mr. Maxwell's fist slammed into his neck, causing him to drop to his knees, coughing and spluttering for air before gasping painfully.

"Oh my, the governor's son..." A guest whispered.

"The governor is standing right there and not doing anything..!" Her friend whispered to her.

"Damn it!!" Mr. Maxwell shouted. "Everyone get out!!! Please!!! Get out!!"

Not needing to get told twice, guests started hurrying out of the ballroom until it was only Mr. Maxwell, Lisa, and Miss Grace with the mansion workers in the hall.

“Let’s go. I will take you guys to the hospital.” Mr. Maxwell said, looking directly at his wife and in-law.

A moment later, when they got into the hospital and entered the waiting room, Elijah was sitting there, dry blood stuck on his skin, and he looked drained like his soul had left his body.

When he looked up at the three of them, for a while, Elijah couldn’t move, he was afraid that he might start yelling out loud and losing his damn mind because he didn’t want to believe it and wanted it

to be a nightmare that he gets to wake up from.

“I should have been faster in catching her,” Elijah said as tears rolled down his cheeks.

“It’s not your fault. None of us could have seen this coming, Elijah ...” Miss Grace cried, her body still shaking.

Looking at the blood on his skin, Elijah just stared as his teardrops hit the stains repeatedly and then he mumbled, “Melina is my ex, I was the want who propose to Peach the second time... the damn party was my idea... how is it not my fault that my wife and my baby lives are at risk!”

“Elijah, please...” Mrs. Maxwell cried.

Burying his face in his palm, Elijah finally broke down, the sound of his sniffs ringing through the silent room.

“Mr. Maxwell,” The doctor’s voice made everyone look over at the waiting room entrance. “We need to talk to you.”

“What’s wrong with my daughter?” Miss Grace asked worriedly.

Seeing the look on everyone’s face, the doctor explained, “She will be fine. Ummm... I just need Mr. Maxwell and her to make a decision.”

“God, it’s about the baby, isn’t it?” Mrs. Maxwell cried.

When the doctor didn’t reply both she and Miss Grace covered their mouths with their shaking hands, tears welling in their eyes as they whispered, “Nooo…”

Completely numb, Elijah nodded, and then woke from his seat, and as he walked past his father, Mr. Maxwell tapped him on the back, saying, “Keep it together for her sake.”

A moment later, Elijah and the doctor were walking in the hallway, and doctor Harry then said, “I need you to convince her to let this pregnancy go.”

Halting in his step at those words, Elijah’s body trembled in shock, and without even looking at the doctor he said, “What?!”

“Because of the fall, the pregnancy has become a high-risk pregnancy, and if she chooses to carry the child to full term, it can become life-threatening for them both, especially the mother.” Dr. Harry informed him.

Without uttering a word, Elijah sniffed, holding back the tears in his eyes as the feeling of dread began to set in, making him feel even more anxious than he already was, and he clenched his fist to the point it hurt.

“You already told her this,” Elijah mumbled, just imagining the pain Peach might be experiencing right now.

Nodding, Dr. Harry added, “Yes, but she wants to keep the child… Honestly, I won’t be suggesting this if the test didn’t show that the fall has caused complications that pose a significant threat to Peach’s life and your baby’s if she continues the pregnancy.”

“I see,” Elijah mumbled, his brain so drained that he couldn’t think straight, and he felt so lost and empty at the same time, but still managed to nod in agreement. “Okay.”

When the door opened and Peach saw Elijah with the doctor, she whispered, "I want to keep our baby!"

"Peach, honey" Elijah pleaded, not being able to look her in the eye after seeing how broken and miserable she looked. "It's not going to be good for you."

"But I want to keep little Munchkin,"

"Honey, please... I am sorry that this happened to you... I know how much you love our baby... God, I love him too, but it is risky... it's risky for your health and doctor Harry--"

"I am not doing it, Elijah. I am not giving up on our baby!"

Seeing her breaking down, sniffing so aggressively as tears soaked her cheeks, Elijah stood for a while, remembering his father's words, and knowing he couldn't tell Peach no, nor would he ever want to force her to do something that she would hate him for.

"What is our next option?" Elijah asked.

Taking a deep breath, doctor Harry replied, "We will have to monitor her closely throughout the rest of the pregnancy, and hope that she does eventually give birth to a healthy child. But even then, the outcome is still unknown."

Looking back at his wife, Elijah lock eyes with Peach, and the hurt he saw in her expression was something he never wanted her to live with for the rest of her life, and he knew that the chance both of them were about to take was going to break him, yet, he still said, "Find the best private room that the hospital has, and have my wife settle in there. It will be safer if she spends the rest of the four months here than at home."

"Are you sure, Mr. Maxwell?" Dr. Harry asked, giving him a concerned look.

Holding back his tongue for a while, Elijah closed his eyes, took in a few calming breaths, and then said, "Just do it."

After nodding his head, Doctor Harry turned around, and walked out, leaving them alone.

For a moment, Elijah just stood there, staring at Peach, fighting to cage his own emotions, and once he did, he softly smiled at her and walked over to the bed.

Then he leaned his forehead against hers, inhaling her scent that used to calm him down, but now it broke him, and he whispered, even though doubt was eating him alive, "We are going to get through this okay? We are going to be fine."

The Marvelous Elijah's Return by Rever Chapter 174

She is you two problem now The night has been one of the hardest for both Elijah and Peach, sleeping in separate rooms, away from each other's touch and comfort, and unable to sleep properly because they couldn't seem to stop craving each other's warm bodies.

And when the morning arrived, Peach was staring at the sunrise through the hospital window and wishing that all of this was just a bad dream. But she knew it was not when she saw her mother sleeping on the couch by her side.

When Miss Grace opened her eyes, she weakly smiled and asked, "How do you feel now?"

"I can't believe I am going to be spending four months away from him..." Peach whispered, trying not to start crying again because she felt tired from how much sobbing she did that night.

"Elijah will be visiting you." Miss Grace said, waking from the couch.

Then she approached the bed and sat down, taking Peach's hand in her own and caressing her knuckles with her thumb.

"You know it's not the same, mama." Peach whispered with a shaky smile.

"I know honey. But you have to be strong for your baby, Elijah, and you. What you are doing is risky, and I fear for your life. But this is your choice to make, and we won't take that from you... But still..." Miss Grace said, looking away from her daughter as she held her tears in her eyelids. "It hurt so bad. I am afraid... I don't want to lose you." Suddenly, Peach pulled her mother into a tight hug, knowing that she couldn't let her see the fear she felt beam in her eyes... She

didn't want anyone to know just how scared and lost she truly felt about the situation she was facing.

With his back resting against the bed, Elijah sat on the cold tiles, staring at the ceiling without blinking, listening to the silence in the room that hunted him.

"I am doing the right thing... This is what she wants, and I should respect her body." Elijah whispered, letting out a slow breath.

Then he squeezed his eyelid shut and screamed, "But why does the right thing hurt so fucking bad!! I do not want to keep guessing who is going to make it out of this alright... Both of them, or if I will still have to fucking choose at the end who to save! Why?! Why??"

A knock on his door made Elijah flinch, and then he look up at the door opening to see Mr. Maxwell standing in the doorway with this hesitant look on his face.

Drying his eyes, Elijah woke from the floor and then met his father's gaze, asking, "What is it?"

"About what happened last night, I thought that you should know that Melina seduce the governor's son, had sex with him, and talked him into bringing her to the party..." Mr. Maxwell explained calmly, giving his son a little frown.

"Where is she now?" Elijah asked.

"At Mercy Hospital, being attended to. Dr. Selina informed me that she suffered a Cervical Spinal Cord Injury, and sustained Injuries to the spinal cord at the C1 & C2, so she can't feel anything below her neck or move anything below that point."

“Can you get them to take her back to Syldavia?” “Sure...”

After his father left the room, Elijah grabbed his phone and dial

Thomas’s number, waiting patiently for him to answer.

At twelve on the dot, Mrs. Maxwell walked into the room, seeing both Peach and Miss Grace staring back at her, and she gave them a quick smile.

“How are you feeling now, dear?” Lisa asked with a worried voice.

“Much better, thanks.” Peach whispered, watching her mother-in-law approaching her.

Then she walked over to the table and set the bag down, saying, “I brought you some fresh fruits.”

As she took out the transparent bowls, Peach looked at the door and then back at her mother-in-law, asking, “How is Elijah doing?”

Pausing, Mrs. Maxwell sighed, set the bowl down, and then said, “He took an early flight to Syldavia a moment ago that’s why he couldn’t come with me.”

When Mrs. Maxwell saw Peach fidgeting with the sheet, she met her gaze and said, “He promised to be back soon, and I am sure you will be the first person he’s going to visit when he gets back.”

Grabbing the whiskey bottle, Dean poured himself another shot and downed it in one go. Then he poured another shot, swallowing it down.

The whispering from the four guys behind him got his attention and his grip tightened on the bottle.

“Is that Dean Hayes... The once famous and wealthy chairman of one of the numerous companies Mr. Hayes has?”

“I once heard on the news from that Elijah guy that Jewel’s children do not belong to her late husband, so he can not be a Hayes...”

“I heard that his mother is in prison for killing her late husband,

and all his siblings are also behind bars for the shady shit that they did.”

“Their family sounds cursed, honestly.”

When Dean suddenly stood up, the four men immediately stopped talking, and he turned toward them and snorted, staring hard at them.

Drowning in his drunkenness, Dean suddenly unzipped his pants and before the four men could get out of the way, he started peeing on them which made the bartender scream, “Hey, you!! Pee out of here!”

“Shut The Fuck Up!” Dane said, zipping his pants.

And then he turned to leave, but the four men had surrounded him, and the first guy said, “Hey, cockhead, do you think you are still a rich shit? Take a look around you, huh!! You are drinking some shitty whiskey in a half-star bar at ten o’clock, peeing on yourself and us, and you dare to put up an attitude!”

A wild laugh left Dean’s lips, like a madman, he kept laughing until he fell backward onto the bar counter and screamed, “Screw you, Elijah!”

“Damn, beating up this lunatic is just going to be pathetic. Let’s just leave him in his stupor...” one said of the guys I disgust.

When Dane turned round, resting his palms flat on the counter, he looked up and scowled at Thomas's face on the TV as he said, "This is a message for Dane and Martha... Your daughter Melina is at Bluecrest hospital. You two should go over there to take care of her business."

Clutching his fist, Dean reached into his pocket for his buzzing phone and then answered the call, saying, "Martha," "Did you watch the news!" His Ex-wife's voice echoed in his ear. "I am on my way there. You should meet me there."

Stressing about how Peach was doing, Elijah stared at his inbox, and he wrote a couple of words before deleting it, not knowing what to say or if he should say something... his mind was simply a mess at that moment.

Suddenly, Martha rushed into the waiting room to see Elijah, and the moment they locked eyes, he stood up as she hurried towards him.

"What did you do to my daughter, you bastard?!" Martha shouted, collaring him with his coat and then shaking him hard as she cried.

Immediately, Elijah grabbed her wrist, pulling one hand off him before yanking the other, and then he took a step back, commanding coldly, "Keep your hands to yourself."

His words knocked a bit of sense into Martha and she dropped her hands, asking, "What happened to Melina? Why are you here, at the hospital that the reporter on the news said she's at!"

Before Elijah could move his lips to speak, Dean bashed into the waiting room, drunk and smelling of pee, and then he stormed for Elijah, swinging a punch. But Elijah stepped aside, grabbed his fist, and shoved him against the wall. Holding him there, Elijah said firmly, "If you weren't this wasted, I would have beat the shit out of you for what your daughter did to my wife!" "What happened to Melina?!" Martha cried in frustration.

Looking over at her, Elijah frowned and said, "Your daughter is a bitch. She tried to kill Peach and my unborn child. But Karma is a bigger bitch than her, and now she's paralyzed from the neck down to her feet."

Both Dean and Martha gasped in shock. Martha covered her mouth and stared back at Elijah as she tried to wrap her brain around what he had said.

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"I am returning her to you two because I will not be responsible for the hospital bill of a woman that tried to unalive my unborn child and wife," Elijah added, letting go of Dean's arm and taking steps away from him. "She is you two problem now." "What...?" Martha whispered, completely taken aback by his words.

Immediately Dane struck with his fist, but Elijah quickly knocked his hand out of the air before shoving his punch deep into Dane's stomach, making him cough and wheeze, his arms flailing.

Turning to Martha, Elijah raised his head and looked straight at her. And then he spoke sternly and angrily, almost shaking, "I have done the most human thing I could do for a murderer. Now she yours to take care of."

As Elijah walked off, Martha clutched her blouse and then shouted, "How do you expect us to take care of our daughter when you have taken everything from us, you bastard!" "Go look in the mirror, stare hard at your reflection, and then ask yourself, 'Whose fault is it that I am in this condition?'" Elijah said.

With those words, he walked out of the waiting room, and immediately, Matt and the others joined him by his side as they matched down the hall.

"Are you booking a suite for the night?" Larry asked.

"No. I am going back home to my wife." Elijah responded.

When the study door opened, a short guy with a nervous look walked into the room, not daring to raise his gaze to lock eyes with

the one seated behind the desk.

“Senator Landon, it’s been confirmed that Bryan is the one who’s your opponent for this upcoming election for district two.” The fellow said, listening to his heartbeat pounding in his ear.

Suddenly Senator Landon slammed the table, the sound making his assistant flinch a little.

“That brat?! Does he think that I will not keep my promise to his mother!!” Senator Landon yelled. “If that piece of shit has the chance to push me out of this position that I have sacrificed everything!!! Everything for... No! No. I can’t allow him to pull this bullshit and succeed!”

Suddenly, Senator Landon stood from his seat, pacing back and forth, rubbing his chin, and mumbling to himself, and then he said, “Get Deacon in here!” “Yes, sir!” His assistant replied, rushing out of the study before shutting the door after him.

A few minutes later, a tall man, built like a tank and with the thickest brows anyone had ever seen strode into the room and nodded to Landon, saying, “Boss, you send for me?” “Yes!” Senator Landon stated. “There’s something I need you to do, Deacon! We are gonna win this election! But to do that I need to get rid of a pest. Now... Your job is to follow Bryan Check everywhere he goes and report back to me, what he does, who he speaks with, what he says... just everything, understand!” “Yes, boss!!” Deacon answered, and then he left the office without glancing back once.

‘I need to take him out, by any means necessary.’ Landon thought.

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Trial

Hearing the smooth sound of Peach's heart beating in his ear was comforting, and Elijah ran his fingers through her hair slowly, enjoying the gentle sensation as she lay in the comfort of his arms on the hospital bed.

A soft smile crossed Peach's face as she snuggled closer to him, and he chuckled at how cute she was, cuddled in his arm, and he gently ran his hand down her arm before letting it rest there on her stomach.

"I feel huge." Peach whispered, meeting his eyes with a pout.

Feeling the warmth from Peach's abdomen, Elijah's palm relaxed against her skin, and he could only imagine with a smile on his lips, what it felt like for their child to be growing inside of her.

"It feel like days ago that you were complaining that you were not showing and now look at you... glowing with your bum." Elijah mumbled, rubbing her bare stomach slowly.

"I can't believe little Munchkin turned seven months two days ago ..." Peach giggled softly, closing her eyes and nuzzling into his chest.

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Absent-mindedly, Elijah kissed the top of her head and then mumbled, "I can't believe it either that Jewel Trial day, and I have

to leave you again." "I understand why you have to though... You had to be in Syldavia for Elmer's case, then Cora, Amelia, Eli and Matthew, Tommy, and now, it is Jewel's turn..." Peach muttered, turning her head slightly to glance up at him with a sad look on her face. "You should leave early before you miss your flight."

Sighing, Elijah knew he didn't want to leave that bed... to leave her

again. These past few months had been hard for him to bear since his days had been consumed with court cases, one after another and he could hardly spend as much time as he wanted to with her. It felt

like he was missing out on the pregnancy, and each time he travels and gets back, her bum has grown just a bit bigger than the last and it leaves him with bits and pieces of regret.

“I hope she will get a longer sentence than twenty–plus years as her children did. For what she did to my grandfather, the Hayes name, and my father, I want her to pay.” Peach spoke softly, stroking her hand over his leg.

“I am hoping for a life sentence for her,” Elijah added with a sigh. Then he pulled away from Peach, getting off the bed, and then immediately frowned when he saw her trying to wake up too.

“Doctor Harry said that you should be on bed rest at all times and not strain or put pressure on your body,” Elijah said immediately, looking at her worriedly. “So can you please lay back and rest?”

Slowly, Peach got back into the hospital bed, looking over at him wearing his shirt, and then she suddenly gasped, making Elijah’s heart dropped, and he moved quickly towards the end of the bed, “What is it?”

“Munchkin is moving,” Peach cried, lifting her pajama blouse again for him to see her stomach. A smile instantly spread across Elijah’s lips as he stared at it, feeling his heart skip a beat as her belly moved again, and then Peach grabbed his wrist and rested it on the spot.

For the very first time, Elijah felt his child moved against his palm, and he felt his chest tighten, and tears stinging in his eyes, but he blinked them away.

Slowly, Elijah pulled his hand back and then looked away from her, saying, “I should get going.”

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When Elijah turned his back to leave, Peach stared hard at him and said, “If it ever gets to that question, Who to choose... Little Munchkin will be your answer, right?... Right, Elijah, you will choose our baby?”

When Elijah turned around and their eyes met, Peach felt her throat tighten in panic, and then when he looked away, she let out a shaky breath.

For about five minutes, neither of them spoke, and those words left a suffocating feeling in the atmosphere.

"I got to go," Elijah mumbled, turning away from her.

Staring at his back growing further and further away from her, Peach called out slowly, "Elijah—"

But he walked out, shutting the door, and leaving her staring blankly for a while until the door opened again, and Mrs. Maxwell walked inside, "Why are you crying, darling?"

Immediately wiping her tears with the sleeve of her shirt, Peach looked up at her mother-in-law and then said with a forced smile, "Nothing."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Maxwell asked, placing her hands on her hips, "Your cheeks are still flushed."

As Peach was about to lie about being fine, the door opened and Mr. Maxwell entered the room with Miss Grace, and he gave Peach a tender glance, asking, "Hello are you doing today, dear?"

"I am fine," Peach mumbled, smiling a bit wider at her father-in-law.

After darting her gaze around for a moment, Miss Grace asked, "Where is Elijah?"

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"He has already left for Syldavia... Jewel's Trial is today." Peach answered her mother.

A knock on the hotel suite made Elijah stop tying his tie and then looked over at Matt when he asked, "Are you expecting any guests?"

“Bryan is supposed to come over for us to ride to the courthouse together,” Elijah said, focusing back on the mirror as he continued with his tie.

Chuckling slightly, Matt teased, “Damn, that dude has been your plus one to all the court hearings, and I thought with the heat of the election campaign rising, he will sit this one out. But I guess, in this case, Bryan made a vow to you, till death do us part.” “I don’t mind him sticking by me through this and also you guys. Having you all and him in the courtroom helps distract me from... You know.” Elijah trailed off as he recalled Peach’s words from earlier.

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A look of grief settled on Matt’s face and he nodded sadly. Then he cleared his throat and said, “She’s going to come out of this fine.”

“Oh, she will. I am going to make sure of it that she will.” Elijah said his face hardened at his reflection.

Suddenly Bryan walked in on them, and when Elijah turned to meet his eyes, he smirked and then asked, “Who’s ready for sweet old mother justice to drag that old hag where she belongs?! Heh, huh?!”

A faint laugh escaped Elijah’s lips and his gaze softened, and he replied calmly, “Don’t you have the campaign to run today or some speech to give somewhere that’s not here?”

“Dude! Jewel trial is not something that I am going to miss for the world, so I clear my schedule to be able to make it today.” Bryan chuckled, walking to the bed and plopping next to Matt. “I can’t believe that that old hag went through arraignment and pre-trial and she pleaded not guilty. What the hell... with all the evidence

against her! Damn, talking about living in denial.” “Well, Jewel never takes accountability for her sin, and that’s going to be her downfall,” Elijah said, finishing tying his tie and then turning to face Matt and Bryan. “Let’s get going.” The Supreme Court yard was soon crowded with black SUVs a while later, and

when their doors opened Jerome and the other men stepped out of the cars, shielding Elijah and Bryan as they walked into the courthouse.

“Hello, boss.” Deacon said on the phone, watching them from his car window. “Your son is with the Maxwell heir again. The two just entered the courthouse together.”

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“That bastard is really testing my fucking patience!!” Senator Landon screamed, making Deacon withdraw his phone away from his ear. “It is because of his connection with that boy... That is why he’s getting all this support from high-up powers and politicians. I have never been so poorly supported in my election like I am being now, and I can bet hundred percent that it has something to do with that Maxwell boy!”

The line went silent for a while, and Deacon mumbled, noticing Dean walking into the courthouse, “I can’t believe he’s attending this other case... If all my siblings have already got sentenced to twenty-plus years in prison, I don’t think I will have the heart to watch my mother’s trial...” “Who are you talking about?!” Senator Landon snapped angrily.

“Sorry, boss. I forgot that you were on the call.”

“Just speak up!!” “It’s Dean,” “Jewel’s son?”

“Yes,”

Another silent stretch off a while before the Senator spoke up again, this time more calmly than before, “Right, Dean. Elijah made this case a private FDR... But Dean is Jewel’s son so he’s allowed to be present in the court room. Right... Yes.”

The courtroom was partly empty as Elijah walked in with only Bryan and Matt, leaving the others outside, and then he walked over to the desk where Ryan was.

Knowing what his boss and Peach have been going through, Ryan immediately stood up and went in for a hug, patting him on the back, saying quietly, "How are you doing, boss?"

"Not good, but I will be..." Elijah whispered before pulling away from Ryan.

Then he smiled at him and then teased, "After winning five cases, are you ready to ace this one?"

"More ready than I have ever been," Ryan said with a straight face.

A moment later, Dean bashed into the courtroom and as he walked over to his seat, he and Elijah made eye contact, and the look he gave Elijah could have killed him if a glare were a weapon.

Then when Elijah drew his gaze away from him and sat down next to Ryan, Dean looked over at Madam Jewel, staring at his mother as she looked back at him angrily.

"How dare you not visit your mother while she's in prison!" Jewel screamed, turning to wake from her seat, but her lawyers held her down quickly as she struggled.

"Order in the courthouse!" The officer shouted, and then everyone calmed down.

A couple of seconds afterward, the announcement of the judge's arrival was made and everyone stood up as a middle-aged woman, wearing a black academic robe walked into the courtroom.

When she took her seat, everyone else then started taking their seats too until the last person was seated.

The trial began with both Ryan and Jewel's lawyer giving their opening statements that lasted for a while.

Since the burden of proof was on the state, Ryan first presented his case and when that time came, he said, "I will like to call Dr. Jacob Robert to attest to our first evidence."

Calmly, the police officer escorts Dr. William to the stand and then he swears in before Ryan comes to question him.

“Mr. William, do you confirm that the content within this video was taken by you?” Ryan asked, showing him the phone screen. “Yes,” Dr. Williams said. “So is it your testimony that this is the exact event that took place on January 8th, 2001 in the private hospital room of Mr. Hayes on the day he died?”

“Yes,”

Looking over at the judge, Ryan waited, and then she asked, “Does the defense have any objection to this evidence?”

“No,” Jewel’s lawyer calmly uttered. The judge then looked back at Ryan and then said, “Go ahead, Mr. Katz,” “I am going to play the recording now and let it speak for itself,” Ryan said.

A moment later, the sound of Mr. Hayes’s voice echoed in the courtroom, “What are you doing in here, Jewel?! I told Jacob that I didn’t want to see any of you guys! Get out! Get out of my room

now!!!

Squeezing his eyes shut, doctor Williams’s tears slowly fell down

his cheeks, and then he wiped them away.

“You dare go behind my back and change the will?! How dare you take all the properties and put it in that brat’s name?!” Jewel’s scream vibrated from the speakers.

“If you think for a second that I will leave my inheritance to you and your bastards, then you might just be sick in the head! After cheating on me and borning seven children for your lovers, you think there’s a place for you in my life!” Mr. Hayes’s words made Jewel scowl at Ryan.

“So what?! Do not play righteous with me. You were cheating on your wife with me, and you expect me to be some faithful woman after you married me, huh? I don’t think you are that stupid!”

“I am divorcing you once I get out of this place... You will never have access to a drop of my penny again... ever in your pathetic life!!”

“No, no, sweetheart. It doesn’t work like that. Did you think I bear these years with your sorry ass out of love... It was always about the money, and I am getting my share of it.” “Over my dead body will you touch my fortune!!!”

“If that’s your wish, I can make it happen right now.”

T

Shutting his eyes, Elijah listened in pain as Mr. Hayes’ scream echoed, “Jewel, what are you doing?! Get off me!! Stop!! Jacob!! Nurse!!”

Burying his face in his palm, Dr. William started to weep like a baby as he listened to the choking sound, and the courtroom went cold with the echoes of his sob disturbing the silence.

The Marvelous Elijah’s Return by Rever Chapter 176

Insanity defense “Hey, Mrs. Maxwell...” A cute nurse said in a sweet tone as she walked into Peach’s room. “How are you feeling?”

Laying on the bed, Peach turned her head to stare at the nurse, saying, “I am good.”

“That’s great. We love when our patients are good.” The nurse replied as she took the clipboard that sat next to the bed. “Okay. Dr. Harry will be in soon. Today is the day we do your BPP. It’s normal like all the other ultrasounds. Doctor Harry just thinks you need a BPP because of the injury to your back from your fall.”

Then she looked around slightly, and blurted out softly out of curiosity, "Is your husband still here?"

"No. He flew out of the country yesterday." Peach stated flatly before looking back down at her hands.

Suddenly the room door opened and Doctor Harry walked in with a smile on his face as he said, "Hi, Peach! How are ya doing today?"

"Better," Peach responded with a small smile as her doctor pulled over a chair and sat down beside her bed.

"Okay... then. Are you ready?"

"Yes," Fear ceased her heart, but Peach kept a smile, knowing that it would show in her eyes that she was afraid, and she didn't want to worry any of them. A moment later, Peach was lying on her back and a technician held the ultrasound wand against her belly, and after that test got done a while later, Doctor Harry put an elastic band with two sensors around Peach's belly to pick up her baby's heartbeat.

The last test lasted twenty minutes, and then the room went silent for a moment, making Peach grow worried because they were not saying anything for a long while. Finally, Doctor Harry looked at her and then said, "Mrs. Maxwell, the result isn't good. Your score is five... To give you a clear understanding, a score of eight to 10 means your baby seems healthy. Scores lower than eight usually mean that you need retesting... A very low score could indicate your baby is in distress, and I will have to recommend early delivery."

Finally Peach allowed herself to show emotion and a tear slipped down her cheek as she nodded and said, "I want my baby to come out of this okay." Smiling at her even though he was worried, Doctor Harry said, "We are going to do a retesting, and if we get the same result, we will have to go with induced labor... We will give it one more month, and if the result is still this bad, that's our only less-risky option."

Biting on her lip to stop herself from crying again, Peach slowly nodded as Doctor Harry continued to give her a reassuring smile. "Can you not tell my husband?" Peach whispered, trying to hold back tears.

“Mrs. Maxwell, I don’t think he would like that very much.” Doctor Harry answered truthfully.

“It’s not just him. I don’t want anyone to know... Please, can it just be between us in this room.” Peach begged, her voice shaking with every word she spoke.

The room grew cold, and all the medical staff seemed to look at one another, their faces full of hesitant and yet pitying expressions.

Reaching for the bottle of Russo–Baltique Vodka, Senator Landon

smiled at Dean’s confused expression as he looked from Deacon to him and then back to Deacon, saying firmly, “So your so–called boss that wanted to talk with me is Landon Donovan, and that’s why you cornered me and drag me here?!” “Chill,” Landon snapped, glaring at Dean through the corner of

his eye.

Sighing, Dean let his shoulders sag a bit and crossed his arms on his chest, muttering under his breath, “What do you want from me, Donovan?”

Settling a half–filled glass of vodka on the table between them both, Landon took a sip of his drink and began to speak again, “What are your plans right now, Dean? What does your heart so desperately crave?”

“To put a fucking bullet in the left side of Elijah Maxwell’s chest, and gosh, I wish I can walk into that courtroom with a gun and just penetrate his heart with every single bullet in it!” Dean hissed as he clenched his fists tightly.

Both Landon and Deacon immediately share a glare, looking at each other silently. Finally turning back to Dean who had a determined look on his face, Landon leaned forward and whispered, “Don’t you think telling a senator such a premeditated plan can get your ass in prison?” “Do I look like I give a damn? You asked, and I answered truthfully. I am alive, but I am in hell, and all I want to do is take Elijah with me when I finally send myself to the actual lake of fire.” Dean spat back in a venomous tone.

It grew silent between both men with a tense aura filling the air, and Landon burst into a mirthless laugh, saying “And here I thought I would have to bribe you! Deacon, you got the right guy!”

“What shit are you up to now, Senator?!” Dean asked in frustration as he pushed back his chair angrily.

Taking another sip of his drink, Landon shrugged off the comment, saying, “I can get you into the courthouse with a loaded gun, and all I asked is that you take one more person to hell with you.”

“And who may that be?” Dean inquired, cocking an eyebrow as he stared intensely at Landon.

“Bryan Checks,”

“Why him?”

Silence once filled the air again as both men intensely stared at each other, neither of them wanting to make the first move and break this deadly quiet tension.

After several seconds passed, Dean finally broke the silence, saying, “Fine. If I get to kill Elijah, then I am down with it.”

“Great!!” Landon said. “I will get in touch with a couple of folks at the courthouse and make sure that your heart desires will be fulfilled along with mine.”

When Peach’s eyelids slowly opened again, she quickly shut them, squeezing her eyes tightly because of the bright lights that were shining straight at them, but the familiar smell filled her nostrils, immediately alerting her, and she opened her eyes slowly.

“Hey,” Elijah’s soft and gentle voice sounded near her, and she turned her head to the side, seeing him sitting in a chair beside her bed, staring at her, concern etched in his eyes. “I stopped at Golden Bird restaurant, and got you lasagna and chicken nuggets with ice tea.”

Groaning softly, Peach tried to sit up, but Elijah suddenly grabbed her shoulders and helped her so she could do so, supporting her as Peach sat upright and leaned back against the pillow, and then a small smile formed on her face.

“You can’t be moving around too much,” Elijah said in a worried voice.

“I feel like a chicken egg, fragile and weak...” Peach said in a teasing tone, even though she meant every word.

“You are not fragile and weak... You are carrying another human in you, and that’s one of the strongest things any woman can do.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes,”

After a brief moment of silence, Peach looked at the glass window at the night sky and then asked, “When did you get here?” With calm eyes, Elijah smirked, glancing at his watch, and said, “Not too long ago.”

Looking at the equipment in the room, Elijah felt uneasy even though they have always been there, and then asked, “Did anything happen while I was gone?”

The way he said those words, the concern laced in his voice, and the tenderness with which he looked at her, made Peach’s heart ache with guilt, but she smiled weakly and lowered her eyes. “Nothing serious,” She said quietly.

“Oh...” He responded, frowning slightly at how her words lacked reassurance.

Silently staring ahead, Peach knew that she didn’t know how to lie to him very well, so she sighed and said, “How did the trial go with Jewel?”

As Elijah moved his lips to speak, the room door opened suddenly, and then doctor Harry walked in, carrying a clipboard and a few papers in his hand, followed by two nurses. "Mr. Maxwell! You are here!" Doctor Harry blurted out in shock,

looking nervously at Elijah, who seemed confused by Harry's high pitch tone.

"Is everything okay with my wife?" Elijah asked concernedly.

Doctor Harry's eyes widened slightly as lie and the nurses stared at each other before answering, "She is doing fine." "That's it?" Elijah asked, reading the room and not liking the energy that seemed to be crackling about the room. Nodding hurriedly, Doctor Harry replied, "Yes sir. Her vitals are normal and everything."

An awkward silence fell between the five of them as Elijah stared at doctor Harry who gazed at Peach with an easy expression and then said, "Well, we were just doing our hourly check-in on you, and I am glad Mr. Maxwell is here, so we will take our leave now."

Then without waiting for an answer, Doctor Harry and the nurses started to leave.

Once the doors closed behind them, Elijah turned to face Peach, meeting her eyes, and asked hesitantly, "Are you sure alright?" "Yes." Peach said quickly, hoping to avoid the subject she glanced away. "Now can you please tell me about the trial?"

"Well, Jewel and her lawyer have nothing, no evidence to prove her innocence or witnesses, and now, they are pleading insanity as the reason for her crimes. Her lawyer claims that they have medical reports that her mind is mentally unhinged, and she is mentally deranged." "But doesn't that mean if she successfully pleads the insanity defense, then she would not receive the normal jail sentence for her crime? Instead, she will be committed to a state mental hospital."

"Exactly,"

A sense of rage had Peach lost of words and then she finally mumbled, "She can't do that... Not after all the crimes that she has committed. No, she can't win the case."

“Right now, I can’t say for sure if she wouldn’t or will... But Rayn is doing his best to win this case,” Elijah assured her.

Seeing how devastated she looked, Elijah felt glad that she didn’t know about the video about her grandfather’s death because even to this point he was still haunted by the old man’s cry for help.

After a couple of silent minutes, Elijah stood from his seat and said, “I should allow you to rest.”

“You are leaving?” Peach asked, feeling her heart drop as he turned to walk off, and then she grabbed his wrist.

When Elijah turned to look at her, he raised his eyebrows, smiling gently as he said, “Yeah. You need to rest.”

“Sleep here with me tonight, please.” Peach pleaded in a low whisper, patting the space on her bedside.

Silently, Elijah stared at her for a while before asking, “Are you sure?”

When she nodded hard, he then smiled, and then she let go of his wrist, watching him as he took out his coat, and then his shirt before walking on the other side of the bed and climbing onto the mattress beside her.

“Thank you,” Peach whispered as he pulled her closer, kissing her forehead.

As she snuggled into his embrace, Elijah stroked through her hair with affection, and then she hesitated for a moment before whispering, “How long do you think it’s going to be before the verdict?”

“A month from now. That’s what the judge said.” Elijah mumbled,

looking down at her eyes that seemed a little distant. After keeping silent for a while, Peach sighed and then asked, “Your first choice is always going to be me, isn’t it?” “There’s no other choice above you, Peach.” Elijah mumbled, knowing exactly what she was talking about.

Looking down at her stomach, Peach let out a slow breath as she thought, 'The verdict is around the same time I am scheduled for an inducing labor... That's good then. I don't want him to be here when it's happening just in case something goes wrong.'

The Marvelous Elijah's Return by Rever Chapter 177

Bullet

Of all the months and days Elijah had been sitting in the courtroom for, today, he felt more nervous and impatient than he had ever felt before.

His fingers drummed against his leg and he bit his lip nervously as he looked around the room while they waited on the reading of the verdict.

For the most part, his nervousness was due to leaving Peach when she was now eight pregnant, and he just wanted this entire trial to be over so he can go back to her.

"We all have sat in this courtroom for days, listening to witnesses and going through the pieces of evidence presented by both the defense team and the prosecution. After hours of deliberation by the jury, the verdict is in." The judge announced, darting her gaze from Ryan and Elijah to Jewel.

A slight look of disgust passed over the judge's face when she locked eyes with Jewel and then declared, "The jury has found you, Jewel Hayes guilty on all accounts and not mentally deranged... For first-degree murder, conspiracy to commit second-degree murder, fraudulent pretenses, fraudulently obtained money and

properties, and fraudulently used false identification and documents and all charges will stand."

Sitting at the back with his hands stuck in a jacket pocket, Dean stared at the police officer that allowed him to walk through the courthouse back door without searching him for weapons, and then he glared back at Elijah.

“Mrs. Jewel Hayes, for your crimes you will be facing life in prison without the possibility of parole.” The judge said.

Beaming in excitement, Ryan looked over at Elijah as he

whispered, “We got her! Finally, we did it!”

With a smile, Elijah patted Ryan on the back and then said, “This was all you, man... Thank you.” A scream crawled from Madam Jewel’s throat after hearing the Judge’s verdict, and immediately, a couple of officers rushed to pin her down in her chair as she tried to rush out of it.

“Elijah! You arrogant lying bastard!!” Jewel yelled, fighting against their hold on her until one of them slapped a handcuff on her wrists. “You ruined my life! You messed up my children’s lives!! Are you happy now?! Are you satisfied with destroying the lives of innocent people?! What did we ever do to you?!”

Stunned, Elijah just sat there, watching the officers take her out of the room as she fought against them.

“Wow... What did they ever do to you?” Ryan mumbled in disbelief. “You can write an entire book from your experience with that mad woman and her child. I bet it will make millions from sales.”

“An autobiography about just my encounters with the Hayes... Umm, it doesn’t sound like a bad idea.” Elijah slightly laughed.

Since Jewel was out of the room, peace rained again, and the Judge later left the courtroom after the jury had gone, and it was just Elijah, Matt, Ryan, Bryan, Dean, and other court staff in the room. After Bryan had reached Elijah, he pulled him into a hug, saying, “ You did it, man... You won!”

Then he pulled away from Elijah, looked back at Dean, and asked, "Are you going to do something about him?"

"Nah... He's the only one of Jewel's children who hasn't given me a reason to," Elijah said, looking over at Dean, and then noticed that he had stood up from his seat, approaching them.

When Dean got closer, he stood still, locking eyes with Elijah, and

then he suddenly pulled out a gun, aimed it at the left side of Elijah's chest, and fired. The impact from the bullet hitting him made Elijah drop back, and Dean was going in for a second shot when Matt jumped him, tackling him to the floor, and then elbowed him in the face before snatching the gun from his hand. "Elijah!" Bryan shouted.

When the door opened, Peach looked away from her mother and smiled at Doctor Harry entering the room with a couple of nurses, although she was scared.

"Are you ready to head to the maternity unit, Mrs. Maxwell?" Doctor Harry asked.

Confused by his words, Miss Grace glared slightly at him and then at her daughter, asking, "Peach, what's going on? You didn't tell me that you had a medical procedure today."

Tears immediately blurred her vision as Peach stared at her mother and then cried, "I am sorry, mama... Sorry that I didn't tell you sooner. But Little Munchkin is coming into the world today."

"Peach... Why would you... Elijah, he isn't here... does he know that..." Miss Grace uttered, her eyes watering. "He doesn't know... I really don't want him to have to choose between us if something goes wrong during the procedure." "Peach," "I am sorry, mama."

Tears slowly trickled down Miss Grace's cheeks as she sobbed, watching her daughter get off the bed, and then she choked back her tears when Peach whispered, "I love you, mama."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Hayes. Your daughter is in great hands." Doctor Harry said. "I promise that having her go through induced

labor is safer for her and the baby.”

Speechless, Miss Grace’s body shut down as she watched him say, “We are going to get her prep. Don’t worry... Our best staff will be in the room with her.”

Knowing they weren’t going to get a word from Miss Grace, a moment later, Dr. Harry looked at Peach and said, “Let’s go.”

With one last sad look at her mother, Peach walked out of the room with Dr. Harry and the nurses.

It took Miss Grace a couple of seconds to come to terms with what she just found out, and when she did, she snapped herself out of her head and grabbed her phone, dialing Mrs. Maxwell’s number.

When her phone started ringing, Lisa looked over at her husband seated on the other couch, and then she answered the call, “Grace

“Peach is about to have the baby!” Miss Grace cried into the phone.

“Peach is about to give birth?!”

“Yes! She kept it a secret. I don’t know much about it. But she is about to have the baby through induced labor.”

“Romney and I are on our way.”

After dropping the line, Lisa looked at her husband with teary eyes and shouted, “Call Elijah. Peach is having the baby today!!” Not even questioning his wife, Mr. Maxwell picked up his phone and quickly dialed his son’s number. Staring at Bryan Elijah laughed as he continued to stare in bewilderment at the bulletproof vest under Elijah’s coat and then said, “Now, I understand why you wore a long coat and

dressed so stuck-up all through every trial. Damn, man... You are smart." A small smile tugged at the corner of Elijah's lips as he watched

the police drag Dean, who was cuffed, out of the courtroom.

Then his ringtone drew his focus back to his pocket and then he took out his phone, answering, "Hello, father."

"Peach is having an early delivery." Mr. Maxwell stated.

TL

Immediately, Elijah's face dropped, his heart rate increasing as he asked, "Peach is having our baby today?!"

Immediately, Matt, Ryan, and Bryan eyed each other, a look of worry spread across their faces at those words.

After waiting six hours in the maternity unit for the procedure to work, Peach finally started having contractions, and at last, she felt a sharp nerve pain in her pelvis that made her screamed, "Ahhhaahhaa!"

Bashing through the hospital front door, Elijah ran down the lobby, his heart raising with every step he took as sweat dripped onto his forehead, mumbling, "Please be okay..."

When he reached the waiting room and rushed in, he saw his parents and Miss Grace, asking immediately, "Where is she?!"

"She's in the maternity unit and denied all of us the chance to see her." Miss Grace cried.

At that moment, a nurse entered the waiting room, and then she froze when she saw Elijah, and he blurted out, "How's my wife?"

“She has gone into labor.” The nurse mumbled nervously.

When the delivery room door suddenly flew opened, Doctor Harry turned to protest to who ever was entering, but then he went mute, when he saw Elijah walking into the room, wearing a hospital gown and cap.

“Mr. Maxwell,” Dr. Harry mumbled as Elijah walked past him, approaching Peach.

A soft cry left her lips when she looked up and saw him standing over her, saying to her with a weak smile, “How could you think about doing this alone? We are a team, remember?”

Before Peach could answer, a scream ripped from her throat, and she grabbed Elijah’s hand, breathing heavily while squeezing it. “I don’t know if I can do this,” Peach cried, sweat dripping from her face, not letting go of his hand.

“Hey, hey, hey... Look into my eyes, Peach... Focus on my eyes,” Elijah said in a pleading tone.

When she turned her head and her gaze locked with his, Elijah gave her a shaky smile and said, “Stay with me, Peach... I am begging you to stay with me. I have fought for you. I would have die for you. I have stayed by you through it all. It’s your turn Peach now, okay? You got to fight to stay with me... You want to stay with me, right?”

When she nodded, he ran his hand through her hair and whispered, “Okay... Then hold on to me... Please don’t give up on me. I am begging you, Peach.”

“One more big push! You are doing great. Just gave me one last push!” Doctor Harry said encouragingly. Grabbing the sheet and holding tightly to Elijah’s hand, Peach raised her head, screaming as she forced herself to push through her next contraction, feeling another wave of pain. “Again. Come on, Peach. That’s good! Keep pushing. Good.” Elijah whispered, feeling her nails digging into his skin as he gently caressed her hair back.

Even though her body was exhausted and all she wanted to do was sleep, Peach kept pushing, gritting her teeth as tears streamed

down her face and her muscles tensed with every push and then finally the loud cry of a baby echoed in the room.

“It’s a girl.” The doctor announced, lifting the baby. Both Peach and Elijah looked at their girl and just started chuckling through the tears, and then he kissed her forehead, whispering, “You did well. I am proud of you.” When the shorthand on the clock struck eleven o’clock, Peach’s private room was crowded with her, lying on the bed, Mrs and Mr. Maxwell on the couch, Miss Grace seated on the bed, by her side, and Elijah standing over her. The atmosphere was filled with joy and the sound of laughter, and then the door opened, revealing Doctor Harry and a couple of nurses rolling in a crib.

“She is all cleaned up.” One of the nurses said, smiling at Elijah and Peach.

When they stopped the crib in the corner of the room, Elijah walked over to it, and just stood there, staring at his first heiress, feeling his heart swell with love as he met his daughter’s gaze.

“Have you thought of a name for her yet?” Peach whispered, tearing at the sight of him staring. Without taking his eyes off their baby, Elijah smiled and then said, “Welcome to the world, Alverta Piki Maxwell.”

“Piki? What’s the meaning of it?” Peach whispered, sniffing softly.

Looking up from their baby, Elijah stared at Peach in her wet eyes and said, “Piki is a short and super cute gender-neutral name that means peach in Hawaiian. I want our baby to be named after you, not me... Because you gave me a second chance I never thought I could get again.”

Looking away from Peach, Elijah gazed at Piki as she started

making baby noises, and a smile tugged at the corner of Elijah’s lips as he thought, ‘I would kill for your mother, but for you, I would lay down my life a thousand times.’”

