

The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 20

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The office was quiet for what felt like forever, and Allen was sweating profusely under his

suit.

He wanted to say something, anything to make things alright between himself and Elijah.

But he couldn't think of anything that might ease the situation. So instead, he decided to say nothing

After another long pause, Elijah finally let out a sigh and then leaned forward, resting his elbow on the armrest of his chair, and placing his chin upon his knuckles.

"Do you want to rethink your answer?" Elijah asked quietly, tilting his head to the side to catch a glimpse of his eyes. Still unable to find any words, Allen stood there, shaking his head slowly, and then he said timidly, "No! No... I mean... I can't. Please don't push this any longer... Mr. Maxwell. I mean, Darius. I will gladly tell you everything you need to know about your account, but not someone else's." Leaning forward further, Elijah's voice lowered even more, "That's good then." "Please... I... wait, huh?!" Allen stammered, completely taken aback by Elijah's response. "Trust is a very fragile thing, Wouldn't you agree, Allen?"

"Well, yes! Of course, I do!"

"Very good." Elijah stated, nodding his head and then saying, "Then I'll trust you to not call me, 'Maxwell again, and keep my profile at this bank confidential."

Amazing at how twisted Elijah was and his mind games, Allen could only nod as he replied, "Yes, Mr. Darius, I promise that I will keep my mouth shut."

"Honestly, I am telling you this for your own good. You would want to get on my good side, wouldn't you?"

Blinking, Allen looked at Elijah, and then nodded hurriedly, "Yessir! Absolutely!"

"Good, Now that the ball is rolling, I hope you won't disappoint me..." Elijah said with a small smirk on his lips as he watched Allen closely. "My trust is not something to be trifled with, so if you mess up, I wouldn't hate to make you pay." 'How did Miss Melina not know she was living with such a scary and powerful man?' Allen thought to himself

as he gulped loudly. Then he forced a smile as he lowered his gaze and stammered, “Y-Yes... Yessir!!”

Smiling, Elijah sat straight again, and then said, “Ok then... I want thirty thousand from my account.”

With wide eyes and a startled expression on his face, Allen stared at Elijah in total disbelief

and confusion, asking, “Thirty thousand dollars?” “Exactly,” Elijah said with a calm and collected tone as he looked at Allen intently.

“May I ask what it is for?”

“No, you might not.”

Seeing that Elijah was getting annoyed, Allen nodded his head frantically and said, “Yessir!”

Then he walked over to his desk, sitting behind it before reaching for the phone and dialing a number.

After resting the phone against his ear, he waited for some time until he heard, “Hello, boss?”

“Get a briefcase, put thirty thousand from Mr. Elijah Darius’ account into it, and send it to my office,” Allen said firmly, and then hung up the phone before looking at Ryan, Matt, and Elijah. Smiling nervously, he tapped his finger on the table and then asked, “Should we start the withdrawal papers now?”

Silently, leaving the sofa, Elijah walked over to the desk, took a seat in the chair, and said, “Let’s begin.”

Pacing around the lobby, Peach kept nibbling on her nails, worried that Elijah wouldn’t be able to get the money.

Her heart was beating fast in her chest as she thought of everything that could go wrong. And she didn’t know why, but for some reason, she started to wonder if she should have gone with Elijah, Matt, and Ryan.

“You might have no nails left before Elijah gets back.” James teased as he sat behind the counter.

Immediately, she stopped in her steps, rushed over to him, and leaned over the desk, asking, “What does Elijah do for a living?”

That question came as a surprise to James as he looked at her with widened eyes before answering, "Well, he's an investor."

A sense of pride washed over James as he smiled at his response, amazed that he could think of such a good lie under such difficult circumstances.

Peach narrowed her eyes at him before asking, "An investor in what? What kind of investments does he do?" James shrugged before answering nonchalantly, "He invests in things?" "Huh?" Peach questioned, looking dumbfounded at him. "Like what?" "Oh, you know... stocks, real estate... bonds, cars, that kind of stuff?" James suggested, throwing his random thoughts in the open, hoping she grasped a clear understanding and stopped asking him questions.

But Peach looked even more confused as she continued to stare blankly at him, and then mumbled, "When did he start this, and which business has he invested in?"

"Oh, um... the thing is, well..." James hesitated, trying to think of an excuse that would convince Peach, "... He has not started investing yet... This is just a business plan in the making, and Elijah is going to create the firm soon."

Nodding slowly, Peach continued staring at James for another five minutes, until he mumbled, "It's a loan that he recently took from the bank that he's going to use to establish it."

As Peach sat on a stool, her face darkened with sadness, and she rested her cheek on her fist as she said sadly, "What Melina did to him must have pushed him to better himself... I don't know if that's a good or bad thing..."

It was quiet between James and Peach for quite some time, until he broke the silence and asked curiously, "Did you know Elijah was Melina's ex-husband when we came here."

"I know it will sound like a lie, but, 'No.' Peach said, picking at her nails nervously. "I didn't know at all. How could I have known? I tried to avoid anything concerning the 'Hayes.' News, magazines, TV shows, movies, or even just the mention of that name, I don't want to know about it. It hurts me deeply to even speak that name aloud."

Feeling hesitant, James study her teary eyes,

and after a moment of reluctance, he said softly, "How did you come to have such hate for your own family?"

"Half family," Peach corrected him as she wiped her tears away with her thumb.

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't realize.."

"It's fine. My father was the legitimate child of my grandfather... he was my grandmother and his only heir... But all that changed when Grandma Elena died at a young age..."

More tears began flowing down her cheeks, but they were different than those earlier ones. She wasn't crying because of pain, anger, or grief... she was crying because of love. "Grandma Elena was so ill for quite a while after having my father, and at that time, my grandfather sought comfort in the arms of another woman... who he bore children, years later..." Peach closed her eyes tightly, biting down on her bottom lip and feeling her heart ache slightly for her grandmother. After hearing those words, James felt like maybe he shouldn't have pried into it anymore, but it was already too late.

Opening her eyes, Peach weakly smiled and said, "When my grandmother found out, her health got worse and worse. But even in her ill days, she fought to secure this motel from my grandfather's property for my dad, wanting to give her son an easy way out."

The salty taste of her tears lingered on her tongue as she whispered, "That's why no matter how desperate we became for money, my father refused to sell this place... It's a piece of his mother to him..."

Her soft cry echoed around the lobby, and then she added, "And it's also a piece of my father to me too. His death hit my mother hard, and she had her first heart attack. Thankfully, the motel was still running a bit successfully. However, my uncle..." 1 Noticing how hard Peach had clutched her fist, James reached out and put one of his hands on hers, gently stroking it with his thumb.

"They decided that they wanted this land, so they cooked up their devilish plan to drive away our customers and make business here impossible. They threatened us, treated my mother and me like scums to force us to leave..." Peach paused and inhaled shakily. "My mother and I went bankrupt almost immediately..."

"How could a family be so insensitive and despicable?!" James exclaimed. "They have no right to treat anyone like that! Why did they do that?! What right did they have!?"

"It was straight after my father died too."

"Oh my God!" A sense of grief filled the air, and Peach felt her heart clench in pain once more, thinking of the past few years. "I'm sorry," James muttered quietly. "I really am." Suddenly the sound of the front door opening got their attention, and Peach subconsciously looked back, her wet eyes meeting Elijah's calm gaze.

Seeing that her cheeks were soaked and her eyes red, Elijah's eyebrows furrowed as he watched Peach, wondering what had happened to her.

When he reached Peach, she quickly struggled to dry her face with the sleeves of her white shirt, and then shyly mumbled, "You are back-" "Did something happen to Miss Grace?" Elijah interrupted and asked her, taking a closer look at her face.

Blushing in embarrassment, Peach shook her head and looked down as she answered, "No, my mother is fine."

"Then why are you crying so badly that your eyes get so puffy and your nose is running?" Elijah asked her, frowning slightly in concern. "Umm... I was... James and I were..." Peach muttered, aggressively sniffing in her snort. Looking away from Elijah, she stared at Matt, holding a briefcase, and the concern on Ryan's face as the two gazed back at her. "It's nothing," Peach said with a quick sniff, looking back at Elijah.

But he seemed to see through her lie, seeing how her lips quivered and how her eyes were swollen with tears, and he let out, "Follow me!"