

## The Marvelous Elijah's Return By Rever Chapter 6

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When they entered the study, Elijah turned around and shut the door behind him, walking towards his father and sitting on an expensive-looking leather chair.

Both men sat in silence before Elijah finally spoke, asking, "What do you want to tell me?"

Quietly, Mr. Maxwell stood from the couch, walked over to the desk and picked up the tv remote off it, holding it loosely in his hand, staring at the screen in a trance, and said, "Son, I know over the years we have not been as close as we should have been, but I am sorry. For everything. I'm sorry for not being there for you."

Turning to look his son directly in the eye, Mr. Maxwell sighed heavily and admitted, "I have been too hard on you."

"You were only making a man out of your son. A man that is capable of great deeds... a man that can lead, and a man that is respected and honorable. You did nothing wrong, father." Elijah replied, sighing as he rubbed the back of his neck.

Huffing weakly, Mr. Maxwell sat on the couch, still staring intently at the tv before answering, "I am glad to hear."

Then he pressed play on the remote, playing the news, listening as the reporter said, "Today was a memorable day, the day Melina Hayes, CEO of Investverse company, divorce her husband, Elijah..."

"Do any of us know his last name?" Another reporter interrupted.

A frown settled on Elijah's face as he watched the reporters nervously dart their eyes back and forth between each other.

"Well, no. And that's why I said from the very start that their wedding was a rush, and they were too fast into the whole thing." A woman said in an irritated tone.

"At first I thought Miss Hayes was pregnant, that is why she got married to someone with no background, status, and wealth... Like did he blackmail her or something?" The reporter continued talking.

Shaking his head, Elijah sighed as he took the remote out of his father's grip and turned off the tv.

"I thought I failed as a father for the way that I helped raise you, but I have been following your every step since you left this house, and I don't know if you know this, son, but you are truly my blood." Mr. Maxwell told him.

Looking straight into his eyes, Elijah felt speechless as he tried to understand what had just happened.

"Did you actually follow my every step for years...? because if you did, then you will know how Melina treated me and how pathetic I acted in my relationship with her!" Elijah questioned, trying to make sense of everything.

"Do you know why I didn't block your accounts and seal your access to our family money when I kicked you out?" Mr. Maxwell asked, looking straight into his son's gaze.

Squinting his eyes, Elijah shook his head and mumbled, "No. Why?"

"Because it was never about the money. It was always about you." His father explained, placing a gentle hand on his son's knee. "I gave you access to wealth and told you to experience the life of a poor man to see how much self-control and maturity you could possess when life got rough."

"But she-"

"She humiliated you and looked down on you. I know. And yet, you never did abuse your wealth to prove a point to her, and still had a sense of stature in your weakest moment."

The room fell silent after hearing all those words from his father, and Elijah closed his eyes for a moment while drawing a deep breath.

Taking a moment to collect himself, Elijah reopened his eyes and faced his dad, and said, "But the thing is, I got her a diamond necklace and was going to tell her about who I was. My judgment was all wrong."

"We make mistakes to learn. That's what makes us humans, son!" Mr. Maxwell exclaimed, grabbing onto his son's shoulder tightly. "I went to great lengths to seal your identity, and it took you years to decide to trust her with it. I call that a win!"

Speechless Elijah looked at his father. This was not what he expected, and it was shocking to hear the pride in his father's voice.

After a few moments passed, Elijah broke free from his awe and said, "So you're saying that I did well on your test?"

"You did excellently! And that's why we are moving on to the next challenge." Mr. Maxwell stated firmly.

With calm eyes, Elijah's expression remained neutral and inquisitive as he said, "I am listening."

A sense of surprise flashed through Mr. Maxwell's facial expression because he expected an argument from Elijah or some sort of rebellion.

After a short pause, the smile returned and he started talking again, "With a hundred million, I need you to leave Bordoria and establish a company of your own, somewhere where nobody knows your status."

"And that place would be?" Elijah asked curiously, his eyebrow raised.

Mr. Maxwell paused as he thought for a moment before replying confidently, "You find out... I have no say in where, how you run your company, and what you do with your money... Your failure and success are in your hands again."

Meeting his father's eyes, Elijah said no words, simply nodding his head lightly, giving his father a faint smile when he grinned at him.

"Make me proud, son." Mr. Maxwell whispered, smiling at his son as he patted him on the back.

That night, at dinner, the table was covered with various dishes, most of them Elijah's favorite, and Mrs. Maxwell kept smiling across from her son, feeling happy that he was finally home.

"Do you want more mashed potatoes?" She asked sweetly, reaching for the bowl and spoon.

"Thanks, mom," Elijah mumbled as she served him a second serving of mashed potatoes and gravy.

When she set the bowl back down after filling it up, she looked across the table at her husband and smiled softly before she turned back to her son.

"So... I heard you were in love... and married..." Mrs. Maxwell started, glancing sideways at her husband.

When Elijah raised his gaze to meet her eyes, she quickly added, "And you didn't even inform your mother."

"I am sorry to you, mom, that you didn't attend the only wedding your son will have and has had in his lifetime," Elijah replied calmly, keeping eye contact with his mother.

"Wait! What?" Mrs. Maxwell cried in disbelief. "You are not getting married again?!"

"I think I have had enough experience of love to take me for a lifetime."

"Stop talking silly, son! Just because a woman broke your heart, you can't give up on love like that. It's not fair to-"

"Mom, please!"

The dining room grew quiet as both mother and son looked at each other, neither of them knowing how to respond to what just happened.

"I'm just saying, you need someone to spend your life with, like your father and I... I mean... You are my only son, I care for you so much, it hurts..." Mrs. Maxwell said, pausing when Elijah dropped his fork on the plate and it made a loud clanging sound.

"Did you also hear that she divorce me today?" Elijah asked, his voice sounding strained.

Mrs. Maxwell looked toward her husband, confused by his sudden change of mood, and then she stared at her son with pity in her eyes.

"Can you let me breathe from this disaster before asking me for anything else? Please!" Elijah pleaded with his mother in a voice that sounded almost desperate as he looked at her.

"Yes, dear, of course." Mrs. Maxwell said, nodding her head. "I am sorry."

Silence filled the room once more, everyone remaining quiet until Elijah spoke, "Thank you."

For a while, they all ate their food, before Mrs. Maxwell decided to break the silence once more, "Your father and I were planning to go to Auckland during your trip... Would you like to come along with us?"

There was a long pause because Elijah knew the next words he was about to say were going to hurt his mother, and he felt a sense of guilt rising within his stomach.

But he still swallowed his emotions as he forced himself to speak calmly, "I am going back to Syldavia tomorrow."

Complete silence followed his words, and the table was dead silent. Not a single sound came from either side, and his mother kept staring at him, trying to figure out what exactly her son meant.

"But you just got back home," Mrs. Maxwell uttered, clearly shocked at her son's reply.

Leaning back against his chair, Elijah placed his elbows on the edge of the table and clasped his hands together as he said, "I'm sorry, mom. But I have unfinished business there, and I need to settle it myself."

"Honey, talk some sense into your son," Mrs. Maxwell told her husband, turning towards him with a sad look.

But the expression on his face told her that he was the one behind Elijah's decision, and she cried, "He just got home, and you are already driving him away! What's wrong with you?! How could you let him go like this again?!"

"Mom, it's okay." Elijah interrupted her, looking at her mad eyes. "Father is not the one behind this one. It's all my decision, and I hope for your blessing to let me go."

"But... Why, son? Why would you want to go back there where no one knows your name or status, and they treat you like a commoner... less than a human being? I don't understand."

"Mom,"

Her tears started falling again, but Mrs. Maxwell wiped them off angrily with her sleeves, feeling her heartache for her son.

With no emotion in his eyes or voice, Elijah smiled faintly and let out, "Because it's the perfect place for me to build my multi-billion-dollar empire."

'I offered him a hundred million, and this is how high his plans are for it,' Mr. Maxwell thought in his mind, watching his son with a sense of pride in his heart. 'He has the same fire as I used to have when I was young.'

Looking into his mother's teary eyes, Elijah softly smiled and asked, "Can I have your blessings, mother?"

Although Mrs. Maxwell missed her son for all those years and wished he would stay, she knew he needed to move forward in his life and start building a new future... It was time to let him go.

She nodded her head slowly and replied, "Just promise me one thing, Come back to visit me soon, okay, son?"

Smiling faintly Elijah nodded his head lightly and replied, "I promise, mom."

At ten o'clock the sound of running water echoed into Elijah's room as he stood under the shower,

allowing the warm water to drip on his skin.

Closing his eyes, Elijah let out a soft sigh and tried to relax his tense shoulders as a knot formed in his chest, knowing how sad his mother was.

But revenge has no place for the weak and it cannot be satisfied with anything lesser than perfection, and he knew that.