

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 111[605 words]

Tarquin's eyes widened in shock, and he quickly grabbed Elysia's wrist!

However, since he was holding a cigarette between his other fingers, his instinctive concern about burning her triggered a reflex, and he shifted that hand to the side..

And then, Elysia seized her opportunity.

With one wrist in Tarquin's grasp, she used her free hand to strike, scratching and biting like a wildcat.

Lowell and Keaton were dumbfounded by the sudden turn of events, their mouths agape in disbelief. It took Lowell a good few seconds to snap out of his stupor and try to intervene.

"Ms. Thorne, please, let's calm down and talk this out..."

"Stay out of this, it's none of your business," Keaton said, standing up to pull Lowell away.

"What are you doing. Mr. Huber? Tarquin and Ms. Thorne..."

"They're sorting out their own mess. Don't meddle."

Lowell was speechless.

After Keaton dragged Lowell out, he enthusiastically closed the door for Tarquin, then offered Lowell a cigarette.

"Tarquin's a man's man; he's not afraid of a dame. He can handle this, no need to worry. Here, have a smoke with me."

Lowell was conflicted. "You're getting back at Tarquin with Ms. Thorne because he called your sis on you. You guys are friends, why keep score?"

Keaton countered, "Fair's fair, even among friends. He mocked me for being scared of a lady, so let him see how fierce they can be."

“Still, I worry Ms. Thorne might be at a disadvantage; Tarquin has a temper.”

Keaton scoffed. “Does Ms. Thorne look like a pushover to you? And sure, Tarquin’s got a fuse, but he’s fair. He’s the one who’s going to end up shortchanged here.”

Lowell pressed his lips together, realizing Keaton was just enjoying the spectacle of Tarquin’s troubles.

Inside the room, Tarquin had finally subdued Elysia, his temper flaring like a three-alarm fire.

“Have you lost your mind?”

“Who’s lost it?” Elysia retorted. “And you, a grown man, resorting to such low tactics! Aren’t you ashamed? Don’t you fear karmic retribution? To stoop so low against a woman, to lay hands on a five-year-old child! I felt a twinge of sympathy for you when thinking of Elijah before, but now it’s clear—you deserve no pity!”

Earlier that day, when Jessamine spoke of the years of hardship, Elysia had spared a thought for

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Tarquin, Jessamine had her husband for support, while Tarquin had nobody to share his burdens with.

For a fleeting moment, Elysia had felt a pang of compassion for him, but that sliver of sympathy had now evaporated like mist in the sun!

To coerce her into spilling what he deemed the ‘truth,’ he had stooped to kidnapping a five-year-old. To use such tactics against a woman, a mother, was nothing short of a sin against heaven!

“I’m warning you, don’t push me,” Elysia threatened with a fire in her eyes. “Even a cornered rabbit will bite. Push me too far, and I’ll take you down with me!”

“You...” Tarquin growled, “You’re riddled with suspicion! It’s not unjust for me to doubt you!”

Elysia let out a bitter laugh, incredulous at his gall. “Oh, so now you’re the one with the right to accuse? You oppress others and then blame them for it? You... you... you despicable man, I’ll make you pay!”

Fueled by rage, she attempted to lash out at him again, but this time Tarquin had pinned both her hands, rendering her powerless.

Unable to hit him, she resorted to biting!

Elysia bit down hard, causing Tarquin to wince in pain. With a grimace, he flipped over, pinning Elysia beneath him on the couch.

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Gripping her wrists above her head with one hand and clutching her chin with the other to prevent her from biting. Tarquin glared furiously at the defiant woman before him.

“What are you, a wildcat?”

“Only if you’re the prey!” she spat back at him.

For the first time in years, Tarquin was at a loss. He had been overpowered and publicly humiliated by a woman, no less! He knew he had no ground to stand on today, and it was infuriating him.

He was well aware that using threats involving her child was a low blow, but without resorting to such tactics, how could he clear himself of her accusations?

Elijah’s condition was worsening by the day, and Tarquin was desperate to use her skills but feared she might harm Elijah. There wasn’t enough time to prove her innocence, so he had to play dirty.

After glaring daggers at her, Tarquin glanced at his wrist. “You’ve drawn blood!”

Elysia hadn’t expected that to be his complaint. Her lips twitched. “Serves you right!”

“Who gave you the guts to bite me?”

“I did, and count yourself lucky I didn’t bite it off. My teeth are the sharpest!” And with that, she bared her teeth at him, revealing two neat little canines, like tiny fangs.

“If you keep that up, I might just have to knock those teeth out,” Tarquin threatened.

“You...”

“You’ve got no reason to be upset about today. Sure, you were scared, but you’ve cleared your name. You should be thankful.”

“Thankful? Oh, should I thank you then?”

“No need!”

“No need, my foot! I’ve seen shameless before, but you take the cake! Are you even a man? Let me go! Let me go!”

Elysia struggled fiercely, shaking her head and trying to free her hands while kicking wildly. Tarquin, left with no choice, pinned her down, trapping her legs with his own, rendering her immobile.

Their bodies, separated only by thin layers of fabric, pressed tightly against one another, and their hearts pounded with force. Their breaths mingled, warm against each other’s skin.

Elysia’s eyes widened with rage and embarrassment as she shouted out, “You pervert! Get off me! Scoundrel!”

Tarquin too realized their proximity and quickly released her, stepping back as her cheeks burned with fury. She lunged at him once more, ready to strike, but he warned in a cold voice, “Stay away from me. I’m warning you.”

“You...”

Gasping for air, Elysia managed to suppress her towering rage. “You better stay away from me and my children. If you dare to mess with me again, don’t blame me for not being polite. Scoundrel! Beast! Scum!”

She grabbed a pillow and hurled it at Tarquin with all her might before storming out. She wouldn’t let him push her too far; years of practicing medicine had taught her more than just how to heal.

Keaton and Lowell were still by the door. Seeing Elysia emerge, Keaton made an awkward attempt at being amiable, “Ms. Thorne, take care, goodbye.”

Elysia glared at him without a word, her disdain evident.

Lowell had already retreated into the suite, murmuring, “Tarquin...”

Tarquin stood frozen, holding the pillow Elysia had thrown, his face as dark as a thundercloud.

With a smirk, Keaton teased him, “Ouch, that looks painful. I thought you weren’t afraid of any woman? Why not hit her back? How come she got the better of you? And look at that blush, did she violate your honor or something?”

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 113[635 words]

Tarquin flung the couch pillow at Keaton, but it wasn't enough to vent his fury, so he grabbed the coffee mug from the table and hurled it next.

Keaton dodged with ease, whipping out his phone and snapping a few photos.

“Think twice next time you try to backstab me, buddy. This right here is proof you got whooped by a dame. If I post this in our guys' group chat, let's see how you hold your head up then. The CEO of Bradford Group getting his butt kicked by a little lady, ha!”

With that snarky comment, Keaton bolted before Tarquin could turn him into mincemeat.

Tarquin was fuming, his chest heaving with rage. “Keaton, you better hope I never lay eyes on you again!”

Lowell just stood there, silent. Sure, the scratch marks on Tarquin's neck looked pitiful, but who was to blame? He knew Elysia's kids were her life, yet he dared to use them as leverage. That's practically begging for a beatdown!

Sure, Elysia scratched him up, and that was a bit sad, but sympathy was the last thing he deserved.

Elysia headed to the seventh floor, not bothering to look for Blossom and the kids immediately. She sat alone in the cinema's lounge area, seething with anger that coursed through every organ.

That dog of a man!

How could he stoop so low?

Lucky for her, she had the fortitude of a saint. Any other mom finding out her kid was kidnapped might drop dead from shock!

He was beyond redemption!

She'd told him countless times she had no interest in getting close to him, but he refused to believe it!

There wouldn't be a third time. Elysia wouldn't allow it.

This was the last straw. If he dared to pull another stunt, she wouldn't hold back.

All those years in the mountains, she didn't just study child psychology; medicine was her true expertise. She could heal, and she could harm.

He'd best not push her to that point.

Lost in thought, Elysia was startled when Blossom suddenly appeared.

"Elysia, what are you doing sitting out here?"

"And why are you out here? How are the kids?"

"They're fine, tucked away in a VIP room I booked. It's just us in there, with a waiter at the door to keep out strangers. The kids won't wander off; they're engrossed in a cartoon. I was worried about

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you going to see that wild man, so I was about to call you. What happened?"

Elysia exhaled deeply. "I must've stepped out on the wrong side of the bed today, ran into a bunch of bimbos, and then he showed up to pick a fight."

"A bunch of bimbos? He picked a fight? What do you mean?"

Elysia recounted the ordeal with Oriana and her cronies, leaving Blossom's eyes wide as saucers.

"That happened? Why didn't you call me to come back? What if you couldn't handle them?"

"Don't worry, I didn't lose out. I'm not the same person I was back then. Ever since I had kids, I've changed."

Motherhood brings strength, and she was feeling mighty.

"But in today's world, just being able to throw a punch isn't enough, you know. Money talks."

"Money talks, but that doesn't mean us folks don't have a say. The government's stepping up its game. We still have a voice. And I guess I was lucky today. Ran into Corbin's mother, Mrs. Denton. She really stood up for me, or I would've been in a real mess."

'Corbin? The one with the temper?"

"Yeah."

"My gosh, you got involved with the Denton family? They're old money, with a legacy of strong business. And Mrs. Denton is from the Huber family, they're old money too. Corbin's uncle is Keaton, right?"

"I only found that out today."

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Blossom said with a sigh, "I've heard that poor kid's got it rough. Two years back he was kidnapped, and it's left him with some serious trauma. He's been living in fear ever since. Imagine being so young and scared all the time, day and night. No wonder he gets sick all the time. And the parents? They suffer too. Mrs. Denton used to be the belle of Jindale City, but after having kids, she put on a lot of weight, ballooning up to 400 pounds. No matter what she tried, she couldn't shed the pounds. But once Corbin had his incident, she dropped over a hundred pounds in just two months. Word is, she's been crying her eyes out... When a child gets sick, it's not just the kid who suffers, the parents do too."

Elysia just listened quietly, a flicker of another person's image crossing her mind.

Families dealing with a child's psychological issues, the parents are always to be pitied.

Elijah has psychological issues too, and his mother isn't even around...

Mrs. Denton's heartbroken, but at least Mr. Denton's there with her, someone to talk to, someone to

share the burden.

But that other person... he's got to bear all the hardship alone, playing both mom and dad.

And yet, what of it?

He deserves it!

This time, thinking of him, Elysia felt no pity, only a burning resentment.

There's truth to the saying: Those who are pitiable often have their despicable sides!

"So, getting back to it, how did you end up helping Corbin?" Blossom asked.

Elysia snapped back to reality and recounted her interactions with the Denton family.

Blossom was surprised. "The missing person notice the Denton family put out was actually looking for you?"

“Yeah, over the years I’ve read a lot about child psychology, case studies and stuff. I guess I’m sort of a semi-pro by now.”

After all, without a degree or certification, that’s all she could claim to be.

Blossom gave her a thumbs-up, “You go, girl! And what about that wild man, how did he start trouble again?”

Mentioning him, Elysia was fuming as she recounted the story to Blossom.

Blossom was outraged, “What a scumbag! He actually kidnapped Emmett to scare you?”

“Even though they didn’t hurt Emmett, I’m still furious.”

“Of course, you are. Scaring someone like that is just cruel. If it were me, I’d be scared to death! Elysia, you can’t let this keep happening. That wild man and your ex, they’re both trouble. They’ve latched onto you. If you ask me, you should just tell us who they are, or tell Zane. We’ll help you deal with them!”

Elysia took a deep breath and said, “Let’s wait and see. If there’s a next time, I’ll ask for help.”

She didn’t want to expose the wild man’s identity for two reasons: she wasn’t sure if he was the child’s father, and she didn’t want to get too entangled with him to avoid revealing her child’s existence.

As for not exposing his husband Tarquin, she didn’t want Blossom and Zane to cross the powerful Bradford family because of him.

you. Whenever you need us, we’ll be there, no questions asked.”

Blossom heaved a sigh, “It’s up to you. We won’t push you, but just remember we’re always here for ”

Elysia smiled. “Love you guys.”

Blossom patted her cheek gently and said, “Alright, no more sadness.”

“Yeah, I didn’t lose out today. I even got a few scratches in on that wild man. He had no leg to stand on, didn’t dare touch me back.”

“You should’ve scratched him a few more

times to vent!”

Elysia chuckled again, “You go on and keep an eye on the triplets. I’ll just pop to the restroom to freshen up, and I’ll be right there.”

“Sure thing.”

Elysia headed to the restroom to wash her face and tidy up her hair, reflecting on the day’s events with a sigh.

Seems like her streak of bad luck wasn’t over; even a simple outing could stir up so much trouble.

Suddenly, she overheard a conversation nearby.

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“You know what they say, “You never know how scary someone is until you meet them.” They say Mr. Huber fears nothing under the sun except his sister. I thought it was just a tall tale, but turns out it’s the gospel truth! If only I could be Mr. Huber’s sister.”

“I don’t want to be his sister; I’d rather be his girlfriend, ha!”

“Stop dreaming, girls. Mr. Huber is the silver man of Jindale City. We’re not even in his league.”

Some of the girls didn’t quite catch on.

“Why do they call him the silver man of Jindale City? Is there a golden one?”

“Sure is. It’s Tarquin Bradford. They’re the most attractive men of Jindale City. Word on the street is that Mr. Bradford is even more of a looker than Mr. Huber. Mr. Huber is pretty, but Mr. Bradford? He’s downright dashing.”

The mere mention of Tarquin sent a shiver down Elysia’s spine. She was about to leave when she couldn’t help but linger, pretending to wash her hands just to eavesdrop a little longer.

One woman chimed in, “It’s a pity they’re both men. Imagine if one was a woman and they had a child together? That kid would break hearts!”

“Ha, daydreaming, are we? If Mr. Huber were a woman, Mr. Bradford probably wouldn’t give him the time of day. I heard that although Mr. Bradford is quite the head-turner, he’s not into the ladies.”

“Really? No way!”

“I’m not the one to judge if it’s true or not. Have you not seen the buzz online? That’s what they’re all saying. Remember Nola Slater? Always trying to ride Mr. Bradford’s coattails, making their relationship seem all hazy. Some folks said Mr. Bradford never spoke up because he used her to silence the gossip mongers. Then Mr. Bradford went on record to clear the air about him and Nola. Some say that’s because there was trouble at home.”

“Trouble at home?”

The woman’s voice dropped to a whisper, “Rumor has it Mr. Bradford’s got a boy toy, and he couldn’t stand the rumors about Nola and Mr. Bradford, so he pushed him to set the record straight.”

“No way! A boy toy? A man?”

“Yep!”

Another woman added, “I’ve heard that too. There’s even paparazzi gossip that Mr. Bradford and Mr. Huber, at opposite ends of the spectrum when it comes to women, get along so well because they’ve got a secret thing going on.”

Elysia’s jaw dropped.

What in the world was she overhearing?

Was this kind of juicy gossip free for the taking?

The rumors about Tarquin liking men... she had seen that online as well.

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Back when she had just married Tarquin, she didn’t take those rumors seriously. She was sure it was all made up.

But now, she was starting to wonder.

If Tarquin really liked men, it wasn’t without evidence. He had always refused to divorce her. perhaps to use her as a shield against prying eyes?

If the news about his preferences ever went public, he could claim he was happily married to avoid scrutiny.

Elysia smirked to herself.

What era were they living in that people would still care about that? Liking men wasn’t a crime.

Tarquin and Keaton...

That wild man and Keaton...

Oh my, she felt like she had struck gold!

That wild man and Tarquin shared a mutual friend!

That wasn't the point, though. The real question was, if Tarquin was truly involved with Keaton, could she use that connection to push Tarquin to finally divorce her?

She had no way to reach Tarquin, but Keaton? After all, Keaton was Corbin's uncle!

Elysia felt like she had stumbled upon a path forward, a light at the end of the tunnel, and her mood instantly lifted.

She gave herself a pep talk as she looked in the mirror.

First, win over Keaton, then use him to get to Tarquin. A flawless plan!

With this newfound strategy, Elysia's spirits were soaring, and she left the bathroom beaming with hope.

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As soon as Elysia got back, Blossom's curiosity was piqued.

"Something fun happen?" Blossom asked with a twinkle in her eye.

Elysia just said, "Heard a joke in the restroom that cracked me up."

"What kind of joke has you grinning like a Cheshire cat? Share it! Lighten up the mood for us too."

The three little ones also looked at her expectantly.

Elysia couldn't exactly discuss Tarquin and Keaton's gossip in front of the kids, so she made up some random joke to get by.

After a full day of fun, by five in the afternoon the three little ones were struggling to keep their eyes open. They hadn't quite caught up on last night's missed sleep.

Seeing them yawn, Elysia suggested that Blossom take them back to rest, while she went to check on Corbin at the hospital.

“Blossom, if you’ve got stuff to do, just drop them at our place and go. They won’t wander off,”

Blossom instantly offered, “It’s Sunday, I’m off work, and there’s no boyfriend to hang out with. What’s there for me to be busy with? I’ll take care of them at home. You go do what you need to do. The Denton family’s got a solid rep – honest folks, good people. Making nice with them might just come in handy if some jerk ever gives you trouble.”

Elysia didn’t argue, just smiled. “Uh-huh.”

Previously, helping Corbin was just that—helping. This time, she had an angle, she was admittedly using his uncle’s connections. Even though she wasn’t quite sure how to leverage that yet, she knew she wanted to.

Arriving at the hospital entrance, Elysia gave Blossom a few instructions before they parted ways.

Entering the hospital, Elysia caught sight of a familiar silhouette and paused, doing a double-take.

Soon enough, Zane noticed her too, looking equally surprised before he excused himself from the girl beside him and jogged over to greet Elysia.

“Elysia, what brings you to the hospital? You okay? Feeling under the weather?” he asked.

“No, just here to see a friend.”

While talking, she couldn’t help but glance at the young woman near Zane. The girl, with her long hair, porcelain skin, and the striking features of a college student, was pretty but her gaze towards Elysia was less than friendly.

Elysia’s brow furrowed slightly.

Zane caught the shift in Elysia’s expression, looked back at the girl who quickly turned away, avoiding Elysia’s gaze.

The girl didn’t come over, just sat down in an empty spot, waiting quietly for Zane.

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Zane turned back to Elysia, a look of helplessness on his face as he explained, “That’s my cousin. She should be in college but ended up getting pregnant by accident. She took a leave without telling my aunt, and recently she broke up with her boyfriend... Now there are complications with the pregnancy, and she has to terminate, but she’s too scared to tell my aunt. So she turned to me for help. We were poor growing up, and my aunt took care of me a lot—even paid for my high school

expenses. So, I'm really close to her family. She's my cousin, but she's like a little sister to me. She didn't want to tell her mom and she's all alone in Jindale City, so I'm the one looking after her."

Elysia glanced at the girl once more. "You're not planning to tell her mom?"

"I've thought about it, but what good would it do besides upsetting her? What's done is done, and getting angry won't change anything. My aunt's health isn't great; it might just kill her to find out."

Indeed, what had happened couldn't be changed and her mother would only be distressed upon knowing.

"I see her belly's quite big already, must be over five months. What's wrong with the baby?"

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"Doctor says it's a malformation and recommends termination."

Elysia was taken aback, "How did they only find out it's malformed now? It's quite far along, isn't it?" "Yeah, I only found out today."

Elysia couldn't help but steal another glance at the girl, her expression a mix of emotions.

The girl was watching her warily.

When their eyes met, the girl furrowed her brow, then lowered her gaze to avert her eyes.

Elysia was puzzled; where was her hostility coming from?

They had never met before and they didn't know each other, so why the resentment at first sight?

Had she done something to provoke her?

"She's not in a good mood today, just ignore her," Zane seemed to read her mind and commented.

Elysia looked away, "Yeah, it's a tough break. You should talk her through it. And if possible, do your best to encourage her to go back to school after this. She worked hard to get into college, it'd be a shame to waste that."

She knew the struggle of not having a diploma and how hard life could be once you stepped into the real world without it.

“That’s what I’m thinking. After the surgery and some recovery time, I’ll have her go back to school.”

“Right, then you better get her to the doctor. We can catch up some other time.”

“Sure, I’ll call you.”

“Okay.”

After saying goodbye to Zane, Elysia continued on her way to the inpatient department, while Zane led his cousin off to the obstetrics and gynecology wing.

Stepping into the elevator, Elysia’s thoughts were still swirling.

That girl’s strange look was as if she’d seen a romantic rival. But Zane was her cousin, right? And she didn’t know the girl’s boyfriend. So where was the hostility coming from?

Was she overthinking it? Or did she misread the situation?

Or maybe, the girl was just in such a bad mood that anyone would trigger that hostility?

If there was something between her and Zane, he wouldn’t be so nonchalant, would he?

Besides, what could possibly be between Zane and that girl? They were cousins.

Deciding she was overthinking. Elysia shook off the nonsense in her head and went to find Corbin.

Meanwhile, the girl was looking at Zane with teary eyes and said out of the blue, “It’s her, isn’t it?”

Zane furrowed his brows, “Let’s see the doctor first.”

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The girl jerked her arm away from him and looked visibly upset, “I’m asking you, it’s her, right?!”

Her loud voice was drawing the attention of many onlookers. The people around them cast curious glances with varied expressions.

Zane eyed the girl, his unreadable face revealed no sign of anger and his tone was neutral too. “If you don’t want my company, I can call your mom right now.”

His words seemed to hit a nerve, and she shivered, not daring to speak further. Even her sobs were quieter now.

Zane handed her a tissue without any explanation as if she'd never asked anything. "The baby's not going to make it. Dry your eyes, we're waiting for the doctor to call us."

She took the tissue with her head bowed. She didn't dare to look at him while tears were streaming down her face.

In Corbin's hospital room.

Corbin was thrilled to see Elysia, "Sis... sis, sister..."

Elysia smiled, "I'm quite a bit older than you, Corbin. You should call me 'auntie.'"

"Aun... auntie."

"That's right. How has your day been, Corbin?"

"Happy."

"Happy, huh? Is there something special that made you happy? Share with me, so I can be happy too."

"I'm happy because... you are here."

Elysia laughed, "Seeing you makes me happy too."

The little guy's eyes sparkled even more at her words and looked exuberant.

Jessamine was moved to tears, "Corbin really likes you. He's only this happy when he sees you."

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"It proves that the encounter between Corbin and I is fate, right Corbin?"

"Yes... fate."

Elysia softly caressed his cheek. Turning to Jessamine, she said, "I need a moment alone with Corbin, if that's okay with you?"

“Of course, of course, you two chat. I’ll just be outside, right by the door. If you need me, just holler.”

“Okay.”

Once Jessamine had left, Elysia waved her hand in front of Corbin’s eyes and started counting on her fingers, “Corbin, look at my hand. Let’s count together, one, two, three, four, five...”

With a snap of her fingers, Corbin suddenly passed out.

Twenty minutes later, Elysia emerged from the hospital room.

Jessamine immediately asked, “How is he? Is Corbin doing better? Can we take him home?”

“Yes, I just hypnotized Corbin to take a peek inside his mind. His inner world has changed a lot; there’s sunshine, green fields, and cats. Did he used to like cats?”

Jessamine felt a pang in her heart, “...He did. He used to have one, and it was while looking for that cat that he was kidnapped. We lost both, the cat and our peace.”

“No wonder... If it’s okay with your family, you might consider getting another one. Cats are therapeutic and could help Corbin heal.”

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“I will! I’ll arrange it as soon as I get home. So, can he be discharged now?”

“Yes, he can go home to recuperate. But keep in mind, psychological issues aren’t like the common cold; full recovery will be a long road. You’ll need to be patient.”

“I understand. Just seeing him improve is a blessing. We had lost hope before you came along.

Elysia, you’ve been an angel to the Denton family. I don’t know how I could ever thank you enough, but if you ever face any difficulties, you must let me know.”

“There’s no need for such formality. You helped me out today at the mall, and I’m grateful for that.”

Jessamine sniffled a bit, “It’s not the same. I... I won’t fuss over thanking you properly. Just know this, from now on, you’re like a sister to me. And if anyone dares to cross you, they’ll have to answer to me first!”

Elysia smiled and said nothing.

“How about dinner tonight together?” Elysia was about to decline when Jessamine interjected,

“It’s not just out of gratitude that I want to invite you for dinner. Ever since Corbin’s incident, he hasn’t stepped out. He’s been shuttling between home and the hospital.

I was thinking, since you’re here, it might do him good to get some fresh air, to take that brave first step, right? If you weren’t here, he definitely wouldn’t want to go out, and we wouldn’t dare to take

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him.”

Unable to refuse, Elysia agreed.

While Corbin was still unconscious, she called Blossom to talk about dinner.

Blossom said the little ones were still asleep and told her not to worry about them, that she would take care of their meals once they woke up.

Hanging up, Elysia felt a warm glow inside. To have such a good friend in life, she thought, was truly” a stroke of luck.

Blossom and Winona were her guardian angels.

When Elysia was suddenly reminded of Winona, she also thought of Zane and his cousin, and the way his cousin had looked at her. That look one gives to a rival made her feel uneasy.

After the call, Elysia somehow found herself wandering toward the maternity ward.

Zane and his cousin had already left, so she tried asking the doctors for information.

But the doctors were tight-lipped, not willing to disclose patient information.

She understood it was their duty, so she didn’t complain.

Just as she was about to leave, as luck would have it, she ran into Benjamin, who was on his way out after his shift.

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Benjamin was taken aback to see her at the maternity ward.

“Ms. Thorne? What brings you here? Feeling unwell?” he asked.

“No, I just came to check on Corbin. Ran into a friend and didn’t get to catch up properly. Now that I’ve got a moment, I thought I’d see how they are.”

“A friend? Where are they?”

“Not sure. Couldn’t find them.”

“What’s your friend’s name? I’ll ask around for you.”

“Zane.”

Benjamin took it upon himself to get the information. After all, he was a shareholder of the hospital.

The attending doctor explained, “Zane’s here with his cousin for her termination surgery. There’s a problem with the pregnancy; it can’t be saved. Continuing could be life-threatening.”

Elysia immediately asked, “She looked to be about four or five months along. Why only find out there’s a problem now?”

“It all seemed fine until yesterday. The woman has a peanut allergy but ate a bunch of peanut butter. That endangered the baby.”

Elysia frowned, “Didn’t she know about her allergy?”

“She did. Said she ate something without realizing it contained peanut butter. A real unfortunate accident.”

Benjamin chided, “That’s incredibly careless!”

“Indeed. She came alone yesterday and was adamantly against the procedure, insisting on carrying the baby to term. We had to contact her family out of necessity

They only brought her in today. She’s been admitted, and the surgery is scheduled for tomorrow morning.”

Elysia inquired further, “Has that male relative been accompanying her to all her appointments since the pregnancy?”

“No, she used to come alone. Only today did she bring a relative, and it was us who contacted him.”

Elysia nodded, “I see, thank you.”

Once outside, Benjamin questioned her, “You and this Zane guy, you’re close?”

“Yeah, he’s an old classmate and married to my best friend.”

Benjamin immediately got it. “You suspect he’s done something to betray your friend?”

Elysia twisted her mouth in awkwardness, “No, they have a solid marriage. I was just asking.

“Alright then.”

After Elysia left, Benjamin promptly called Tarquin. "I just saw Ms. Thorne at the maternity ward."

Elijah had been discharged, and Tarquin was at home. He was supposed to go to the office, but Elysia had scratched his face, forcing him to work from home.

Hearing Elysia's name made Tarquin grit his teeth, "Whether she's dead or alive, it's no concern of mine! Don't mention her to me!"

He hung up, tossed his phone on the desk, and yanked at his tie in frustration.

Just the mention of her name made his blood boil!

He couldn't focus on work and went to Elijah's room instead.

Elijah had come home late last night. He hated hospitals and insisted on returning home as soon as he woke up.

Not wanting to upset him. Tarquin brought him back.

Elijah was still sitting by the window.

Needless to say, he was waiting for his mommy.

Tarquin's heart ached as he approached, "Elijah."

Elijah didn't turn, didn't even blink, as if he hadn't heard him.

Tarquin crouched down, his voice soft, "Hungry? Daddy will make you something to eat."

Elijah was silent.

Tarquin's heart felt heavy, and he tried again, "Not eating will make your tummy hurt. Mommy would be sad to see you unwell when she comes back."

At the mention of mommy, Elijah finally reacted, turning to look at Tarquin and suddenly asked,

"Is my mommy dead?"

"What? Who said that?"

Elijah didn't reply, just stared straight at him.

For a moment, Tarquin didn't know how to respond.

If he said she wasn't dead, Elijah would undoubtedly ask why she hadn't come to see him and where

she was now.

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Chapter 120

If he said she was gone... he couldn't bear to say it and also couldn't bear the thought of her being dead.

right?

And if he did say it, surely Elijah would be heartbroken, right? It might even send him into shock.

"I get it now," Elijah suddenly said.

Tarquin asked in a rush, "You get what?"

"Mommy's dead."

"What???"

Elijah, staring towards the doorway, said dully, "She must be in heaven. I wonder if she's lonely up there?"

Alarm bells went off in Tarquin's head!

Was his son... thinking of joining his mother in heaven?

Tarquin, sensing the dangerous turn of thought, said sternly, "Elijah, don't let your mind wander. Your mom isn't dead, she's alive and well!"

"How do you know?"

"I... I found some information about her." Tarquin was forced to put on a grim face and lied to his own son.

Elijah's eyes lit up, "Really? Where is she? Why don't you bring her back? Or take me to see her?"

"It's not the right time yet. Just wait a little longer."

Elijah frowned, "Are you lying to me?"

"No! I really have her information, but we've been apart for so long that we can't just bring her back out of the blue. It might startle her." Tarquin bit the bullet and said it.

“So when can I see her?”

“Soon.”

“Tomorrow?”

“No, that won’t do.”

“The day after?”

“That won’t work either.”

Seeing Elijah’s frown deepen, Tarquin said, “Let’s wait for spring.”

Elijah looked at him and after a moment said. “Okay! I’ll wait for spring!”

Relieved that his son believed him. Tarquin let out a sigh of relief inwardly.

“Then you be a good boy and take care of yourself. You need to eat well and sleep well.” He said.

09:41

“Okay!”

That night, Elijah ate his dinner and went to bed without fuss.

Tarquin sat by his bed, his head throbbing with worry.

Elijah’s condition was getting worse. His words today obviously hinted at suicidal thoughts.

If he ever became convinced that his mother was dead, he would surely want to join her in heaven.

Today’s lie had worked, but when spring came and Elijah’s mother was nowhere to be seen... the consequences were unthinkable.

Time was running out!

He had to find a way to cure Elijah before spring arrived, or at least stabilize his condition.

Tarquin watched Elijah for a long while, tucked in the corners of his blanket, and then stepped out.

The butler Heath was waiting at the door, “Is the young master asleep?”

“Yeah, don’t go in and disturb him.”

“Right, right. Oh, when will the young master get better? I heard that little Corbin from the Denton family is all better now, even went out for dinner.”

“Huh? Corbin?”

“Yeah, it’s all over the internet. Today Mrs. Denton and Mr. Denton took Corbin out to The Jinpeach Restaurant, and he looked so happy in the arms of their nanny.

Mrs. Denton and Mr. Denton were beaming with visible joy, and even the old Mr. Denton made an appearance.

These past years, because of Corbin’s illness, Old Mr. Denton was rarely seen in public, always looking morose.

There were plenty of whispers behind the Denton family’s back, but today, they finally had their moment of triumph.”

In this day and age, envy was a common affliction.

The Denton family, being wealthy, attracted their fair share of green-eyed monsters.

After Corbin fell ill, those envious of the Denton fortunes began to talk, “What good does all their money do? Their child is still sickly!”

“The Dentons must have committed some terrible sin in a past life for Corbin to be ill now – karma!”

“God is fair. They got the money in exchange for their happiness.”

it’s

There were even those who cruelly claimed that Corbin would never recover, that he wouldn’t live past ten years old.

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