

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin)

- Chapter 31

Evan lurked in the shadows, seething with rage.

If it weren't for his big brother's instruction to covertly protect Mom but not reveal himself unless absolutely necessary, he would have dashed out there already.

Seeing those three bodyguards gaining on Elysia, Evan whipped out the darts he always carried and threw them with precision.

The darts hit the mark, embedding in the thighs of the three men, who grunted and toppled to the ground in unison.

Evan watched Elysia hail a cab and leave before he could relax.

Masking his face, he clenched his fists and drew the beaten bodyguards towards a clump of trees by the roadside.

Striking from behind, he gave them a good thrashing, crackling and popping like firecrackers.

Dare to harm his precious Mom? Were they looking for an early grave?

After delivering the beatdown, Evan turned to look for Nola.

Nola, having twisted her ankle, still hadn't managed to get up.

Evan hopped and skipped towards her yelling from afar, "Excuse me, ma'am, coming through, you're blocking the way!"

Nola turned to see Evan sprinting towards her like a rocket.

If he hit her, wouldn't she be in a world of pain?

"Slow down! You little rascal, slow down... Ah!"

Evan pounced like a tiger, toppling Nola over and sending her flying several feet away.

Though small, he was trained in martial arts and tough as nails, with strength to spare.

Nola's tears came from the pain, "You... you... Ahhh, whose kid is this? Where are the parents?"

Evan approached with feigned concern, "Oh dear, my apologies, ma'am, I didn't mean to. I was practicing my sprint and couldn't brake in time. Are you alright, ma'am?"

Ma'am?

Nola was livid, "You little brat, who are you calling ma'am?"

\*Should I not call you ma'am? Would you prefer 'auntie'?"

Nola shrieked, "Call me 'miss'!"

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"I can't call you 'miss'; it's disrespectful at your age. Don't be mad, ma'am; let me help you

1. up.

Evan 'helped' Nola up, deliberately stepping on her injured hand.

Nola screamed, trying to fling Evan away, but he lay sprawled on top of her.

Conveniently, his hand landed on her sprained ankle.

With a 'crack', he pressed down, breaking Nola's bone.

"Ah!" Nola fainted from the pain.

Evan then stood up, dusted off his hands, and snorted coldly at Nola. His mom always said women, the elderly, and children were vulnerable and not to be bullied.

But some women didn't qualify as women at all.

Did he hit a woman? No.

He dealt with a she-devil, a monster, a calamity, a venomous scorpion.

Seeing a car approaching, Evan stuck his tongue out at the unconscious Nola and ran off.

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Meanwhile, Elysia had just gotten home.

Elliot and Emmett had received Evan's message and were waiting for her at the bottom of their apartment building.

Upon seeing her, the two boys ran over. "Mom!"

Elysia was surprised. "What are you two doing downstairs?"

The boys looked up, their brows furrowed at the sight of the slap mark on Elysia's face.

Emmett's eyes brimmed with tears, spinning in his sockets as he felt for his mom.

Elysia quickly scooped him up. "What's wrong, sweethearts?"

Elliot, fists clenched, countered, "Mom, what happened to your face?"

Elysia, embarrassed, fibbed, "I bumped into something on the way home; I'm fine, don't worry about me.

The two little ones remained silent, watching her.

Elysia swiftly changed the subject.

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## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 32[ 613 words ]**

## Chapter 32

“I told you guys I’d be late and to hit the hay without me, right? Why are you still up? Where’s Evan?”

Elliot replied, “We just wanted to see Mommy as soon as we could, so we waited up. Evan’s in the bathroom. Let’s head upstairs, Mommy.”

“Alright, alright.”

The trio made their way back to their place, and as soon as they stepped in, Emmett burst

into tears.

It wasn’t clear downstairs, but now, in the light, the slap mark on Elysia’s cheek was

unmistakable, and Emmett was heartbroken.

Elysia quickly scooped up her little man, comforting him, “Mommy’s fine, bud. Just bumped it, no biggie.”

Emmett clung to Elysia’s neck, sobbing softly, shaking with each cry – it was enough to break your heart.

Elliot brought over a cold pack to soothe Elysia’s cheek.

Elysia said nothing, and the boys were wise enough not to press.

After calming Emmett down, Elysia went to freshen up. No sooner had she entered the bathroom, Evan was back.

“Where’s Mommy?”

“In the bathroom.”

Elliot dragged Evan to their room and closed the door, speaking in hushed tones, “What the heck happened?”

Evan was seething. “I’m not sure of all the details. I was too far away from Mommy to hear them. Some chick in sunglasses and a face mask, flanked by bodyguards, cornered Mommy and hit her. Didn’t you ask Mommy what went down?”

“She said she just accidentally bumped it, and she didn’t want to talk about it, so we didn’t push.”

“I already gave them a piece of my mind. Taught them a lesson.”

Elliot frowned. “I’ve got this nagging feeling this city’s got it in for Mommy. Ever since we got here, she’s never been truly happy. We need to figure out what brought Mommy here and then get her the heck out.”

“But what if Mommy won’t spill? What then?”

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“We’ll dig around on our own. Keep an eye on Mommy when she’s out. We can’t let her get hurt again.

“Got it. Mommy’s safety is my job! Oh, and Mommy was bartending tonight.”

Emmett said with teary eyes, “Mommy must be trying to make ends meet for us. I saw her looking for part-time jobs earlier.”

The mention of money left Elliot feeling both helpless and pained. He was five years old, for crying out loud. If he told Mommy about the gazillions he had stashed in the bank, she’d probably faint – and who

knows if she’d wake up again.

Sigh...

“I’ll find another way to slip Mommy some cash.”

Meanwhile, Elysia stood under the shower, letting the warm water cascade over her, lost in thought.

The woman who’d made such a scene today probably didn’t mistake her identity. But she’d only been in Jindale City for two days who could she have possibly enticed?

Tarquin, Tarquin...

Maybe it was about Tarquin?

Elysia's eyes snapped open.

She got it. That woman must be Tarquin's girlfriend!

She had been seeking Tarquin to finalize their divorce, and that woman mistook her for trying to seduce him back!

What a misunderstanding.

Although once upon a time, she genuinely wanted a life with Tarquin, after the incident, she never entertained the thought again. She felt tainted and unworthy of him and never longed for a reunion.

Otherwise, when she found out they were still married, she'd be over the moon instead of shocked to her core, and she wouldn't have come to Jindale City to initiate the divorce talk.

Elysia exhaled deeply, her face still aching with the injustice of it all.

The divorce was still up in the air, and now she was mistaken for a home-wrecker. What a headache.

## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 33[ 645 words ]**

Chapter 33

Elysia emerged from the bathroom to find Emmett had whipped up her favorite comfort meal – a bowl of chicken soup. He had sprinkled chopped green onions and cilantro on top, just the way she liked it, along with a pair of sunny-side-up eggs.

Emmett had a natural flair for cooking and a genuine interest that made everything he touched turn to deliciousness.

A warm feeling bubbled up inside Elysia as she approached Emmett and planted a smacking kiss on his cheek.

“Emmett, you’re the sweetest, like a warm hoodie on a chilly day,” she cooed.

Emmett’s cheeks flushed a rosy hue, his shyness evident. But when he noticed the bruise on Elysia’s face, a shadow of concern crossed his features, and his eyes welled up.

“Mommy, can I sleep with you tonight? I wanna be close to you.”

Elliot and Evan, hearing this, turned their hopeful gazes towards Elysia.

“Of course, you can,” Elysia chuckled.

“Yay! I’ll tell Mommy a joke to make her laugh.”

“I’ll give Mommy a massage.”

“I’ll help Mommy fall asleep.”

Laughter and love filled the small room, a testament to their tight-knit bond.

But as she looked at her three little ones, Elysia’s heart skipped a beat, a strange surge of emotion washing over her. It was as if a piece of her complete heart was missing.

This sensation was not new; it crept up every time they gathered in joyful union, a subtle

ache in her heart.

It felt as if something—or someone—was absent, yet she couldn’t pinpoint what it was.

It was an odd, unsettling feeling.

Over at the grand Number One Mansion, the atmosphere was starkly different, cold and lifeless.

Tarquin carefully carried a plate of spaghetti upstairs, where Elijah was still perched by the window, staring out toward the front door.

The small figure looked lost and forlorn.

Tarquin's heart ached for him, and he approached gently. "Elijah, come on, eat something."

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Elijah didn't move, his eyes fixed on the doorway.

Setting the plate on a small table in front of Elijah, Tarquin tried to coax him. "If you don't eat, Mommy will be sad."

At the mention of Mommy, a flicker of life sparked in Elijah's hollow eyes.

"Do you think Mommy knows?" he asked Tarquin.

"Yes, there's a special bond between mother and child. She knows what you're feeling, and she knows when you're not eating."

"And if I miss her, does she know that too?"

"Yes... she does."

"So if she knows I miss her, why doesn't she come back to see me?"

The sorrow in Tarquin's heart deepened.

Yes, why? Where had that heartless woman gone? Why wasn't she here for Elijah?

"Why? Does she not like me?" Elijah's voice wobbled with sadness.

Tarquin shook his head emphatically. "No, of course not. She must love you very much."

"Then why doesn't she come back if she knows I miss her?"

With a heavy heart, Tarquin stroked Elijah's head. "Maybe she's caught up in something right now, something that's keeping her away."

“You mean she’s in danger?”

Before Tarquin could reply, Elijah leaped to his feet and dashed toward the door.

Tarquin quickly grabbed hold of him. “Elijah, where do you think you’re going?”

“I’m going to find Mommy! She’s in danger, and I have to save her!”

“Elijah, don’t be ridiculous; she’s not in danger.”

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“Let go of me! I have to find Mommy; she must have been taken by bad guys, and I need to save her! Let go of me! No one can hurt my Mommy!”

“Elijah!

It was late, and Tarquin couldn’t dare let him wander out into the night. He clung to Elijah’s arm, refusing to let go.

“Calm down, Elijah!”

But Elijah was far from calm; he became frantic, biting down hard on Tarquin’s wrist.

Tarquin flinched, releasing his grip, and Elijah bolted for the door.

## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 34[ 634 words ]**

Chapter 34

Tarquin quickly positioned himself in front of the door, blocking the only exit.

Elijah, realizing he was trapped, grew even more irate. He began to hurl objects around the room with reckless abandon.

The decorative knick-knacks, the comforter, and pillows from the bed, the alarm clock from the nightstand, clothes from the wardrobe... even the bowl of spaghetti Tarquin had just brought in.

Anything that could be thrown was thrown; anything that could be smashed was smashed.

Unsatisfied with the destruction, he grabbed a fork from the floor and jabbed it towards his own wrist.

Tarquin was terrified and lunged to embrace him. "Elijah!"

Elijah fought back wildly, desperate to break free. When he couldn't, he began to scream, "Ahh! Ahh! Ahh..."

Each cry was angrier than the last. His whole body trembled, teeth grinding audibly. After a fierce struggle, Elijah suddenly fainted.

Tarquin's pupils dilated in panic. "Elijah!"

He scooped up Elijah and rushed downstairs.

Heath was startled. "Sir, what's happened to the young

"Call Benjamin, get the car ready, to the hospital, now!"

master?"

After a harrowing half-hour at the hospital, Elijah's condition finally stabilized.

Benjamin was sweating bullets, "He's okay now. Thank goodness you got him here in

time."

Tarquin sat by the hospital bed, gazing at Elijah's pale face, his heart aching with worry. Benjamin spoke up, "Elijah's condition is getting worse. We can't go on like this, Tarquin. Are you sure you don't want to let Ms. Thorne have a go? I still think she's trustworthy. Maybe she can get through to Elijah."

Tarquin frowned, lost in thought for a moment before replying, "Let's wait a little longer. Arrange for someone else to look after Elijah for now."

He hadn't finished his investigation and couldn't risk it. Elijah was his life, and he wouldn't allow anyone potentially dangerous to get close. There were too many red flags about

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Elysla; he couldn't just trust her.

Benjamin didn't know what exactly Tarquin was waiting for and didn't press further, simply nodding in resignation. "By the way, Nola's also in the hospital, injured her hand and leg. pretty badly. Broke her leg, actually."

Tarquin's brow furrowed. "What happened?"

"Word is she got beaten up."

As soon as Benjamin finished his sentence, Tarquin's phone rang. It was Nola calling.

She was sobbing. "Tarquin, I just heard Elijah's been brought to the hospital. What's wrong? Is it serious? Did he have another episode? I'm here, too. I want to see him, but the doctors won't let me

leave my bed. I'm so worried about Elijah; it's killing me."

Listening to her crocodile tears, Tarquin felt annoyed but managed to keep his temper in check,

"He's fine now. You don't need to come over. Just focus on healing."

"So you know I'm hurt, huh? Can you come and see me?"

A flicker of irritation crossed Tarquin's eyes, but he agreed, "I'll be there in a bit."

After hanging up, Tarquin gave Benjamin a few instructions and left to see Nola.

The moment Nola saw him, her eyes welled up with tears, which began to fall in earnest,

"Tarquin, how's Elijah? I'm really worried about him."

Ignoring her tears, Tarquin sat down. “You don’t need to worry about Elijah. Just take care of yourself.”

Nola dabbed at her eyes. “Tarquin... have you... have you fallen for that woman?”

“Who?”

“The one who kissed you at the bar today.”

Tarquin’s brows knitted together in silence.

With her eyes still red, Nola said, “You never used to let women get close to you, let alone kiss you. Except for me, there were no women who could even stand shoulder-to-shoulder with you. But today, you let her kiss you...”

The image of Elysia kissing him flashed through Tarquin’s mind. His expression darkened, his voice cold. “It was an accident.”

## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 35[ 645 words ]**

Chapter 35

An Accident?

Nola’s heart, which had been in her throat, settled back down at the words. It looked like she’d been spot on—Tarquin wasn’t into that woman; it was she who had been throwing herself at Tarquin..

Typical home-wrecker!

Nola began her performance, playing the victim with gusto.

“She must have gotten the wrong idea about us. She came with her goons and roughed me up, and I was this close to being scarred for life,” she sobbed dramatically.

Nola twisted the truth, aiming to tarnish Elysia's image in Tarquin's eyes. And maybe, just maybe, Tarquin would feel sorry for herself.

Best case scenario, he'd be so furious he'd break that tramp's legs!

After everything she'd done for Tarquin, she hadn't even had the chance to kiss him yet. What right did that bitch have?

"Where were your bodyguards? She attacked you, and they did nothing?" Tarquin asked.

"My bodyguards were taken down by her crew. She brought a horde with her; it was like a scene from a movie—they attacked me on sight. If it hadn't been for a kind soul who called the cops, my face might have been history. Tarquin, you have to stand up for me.

Tarquin just blinked.

"Tarquin, I'm so scared. I'm terrified she's going to keep coming after me. She kissed you, and now she thinks you're into her, she's gotten cocky! Tarquin, can I maybe move in with you for a while? She wouldn't dare to mess with me there, and I can take care of Elijah,

too."

Nola was patting herself on the back for her cunning plan so loudly that even the readers could hear it.

But Tarquin's response was unexpected. "That won't be necessary. If she's hassling you because she's misunderstood something, just clear it up. Lowell, get the word out—I have a strictly platonic relationship with Miss Nola. We're not an item. Tell everyone to mind their own business and stop spreading rumors!"

Wait, what?

Nola was stunned. She had wanted to use this opportunity to move in with Tarquin, not for him to publicly friend-zone her.

If people found out she wasn't Tarquin's girlfriend, they'd stop treating her with respect.

Nola quickly interjected, “You don’t have to go to all that trouble, Tarquin...”

“It’s already been taken care of. You don’t have to worry about her coming after you over a misunderstanding. Just focus on getting better,” Tarquin said, then he left.

Nola watched him go, feeling like she was going to explode with frustration.

Damn it! She was infuriated! Livid!

All because of Elysia, she ended up injured and with a severed tie to Tarquin?

“Argh!” Nola screamed at the top of her lungs, “That bitch! I won’t let her get away with this!”

As soon as Tarquin stepped out of Nola’s hospital room, he asked Lowell, “Did you get to

the bottom of it?”

He had tasked Lowell with investigating because it involved Elysia. He wanted to look into Elysia’s situation, not because he cared about Nola’s drama.

Lowell reported, “Ms. Nola Slater’s bodyguard said it was Gage who tipped her off about you being kissed by Ms. Thorne at the bar. She then rounded up her posse to confront Ms. Thorne. She slapped Ms. Thorne and threatened to disfigure her.

Ms. Thorne fought back, kicked Ms. Slater, and managed to escape... The bodyguards chased after her, but she pepper sprayed them and then hailed a cab and got away.

The weird thing is, some unknown party showed up later and beat the bodyguards to a pulp, then broke Ms. Slater’s ankle.”

“Who could it be?”

Lowell shook his head. “No leads yet, but Ms. Slater’s bodyguard thinks it was one of Ms. Slater’s haters. She isn’t exactly Miss Congeniality in the entertainment industry—she’s rubbed everyone from her co-workers to her fans the wrong way. She’s made quite a few

enemies.”

# Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 36[ 640 words ]

## Chapter 36

Tarquin's brow furrowed, and after a moment of silence, he spoke, "Pull out that fifty million we invested in the Slater family. And drop a message to Donovan Slater for me—tell him I'm not fond of being played for a fool."

How many times had Nola lied to his face, taking him for some kind of chump?

Lowell could see the storm brewing in Tarquin's eyes and nodded in understanding. "Got

It."

Back in Elijah's hospital room, the fury in Tarquin's eyes melted away, leaving only tender concern and a sense of helplessness.

The little guy was still deep in slumber. Tarquin gently lifted his hand to caress his son's small cheek.

"Mommy..." Elijah murmured in his sleep.

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Tarquin's heart clenched even tighter.

That heartless woman, when would she come back?

Her son missed her dearly. If she were here, surely the boy would recover faster. After all, he was her flesh and blood, too. Didn't she have any love or compassion for him?

Suddenly, the image of Elysia flashed through his mind...

The memory of her kiss lingered before his eyes.

Tarquin's hand, still on Elijah's cheek, froze.

Nola was right; no woman had come close to him in years, let alone kissed him. But Elysia had not only held him but kissed him as well.

When she cried, his first instinct was to feel compassion. When she kissed him, he didn't. push her away; instead, he thought of Elijah's mother.

What did that mean? Could it be that she was the woman from back then?

A tightness gripped Tarquin's brow, and his heart skipped a beat.

But if she was indeed Elijah's biological mother, why hadn't she acknowledged that fact openly?

He had promised to treat her well back then. If she had an ulterior motive, wouldn't it be simpler to come forward and reveal herself?

Or was he so yearning for her that he mistook any woman who stirred his feelings for her?

Tarquin sat beside the hospital bed, lost in thought, until he finally pulled out his phone

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and called Lowell.

Bring Elysia to mel

"What? Now?"

"Yes, now!"

Whether she was the one or not, Tarquin needed answers. A paternity test would settle it.

If she was Elijah's mother... Tarquin's throat tightened at the thought.

If she wasn't... Tarquin's brows knitted together. Daring to kiss him, she'd sealed her fate.

Upon receiving the order, Lowell hurried to find Elysia.

With no luck in tracking her down, he headed to the bar to gather information.

The night manager reported that Elysia wasn't listed among the part-time workers for the evening.

Lowell showed him Elysia's photo.

Recognition dawned on the manager's face, "Oh, her! She doesn't go by Elysia. Look, this is how she signed in—not as Elysia."

Lowell and his team exchanged a look, all thinking the same thing: clearly, she really needed money.

"Do you have her address?"

"It's here, but who knows if it's real. Take a look."

Lowell glanced at the registry and sent his men to check, and unsurprisingly, the address was bogus.

Returning to the hospital with a headache, Lowell reported, "Tarquin, Ms. Thorne has vanished again. We've looked everywhere but can't find her. The Denton family is also on the hunt; apparently, Corbin's been crying his eyes out for his pretty lady ever since he woke up. Seems like the Dentons are even more desperate than us."

Tarquin's displeasure was evident. "Didn't you check the bar?"

"We did. But Ms. Thorne used a fake name and address there. Look, she signed in herself."

At first glance, Tarquin admired her handwriting, which was surprisingly elegant.

At a second glance, his lips pursed as he turned to Lowell. "Cash Thorne?"

Lowell couldn't help but chuckle, "Ms. Thorne is clearly infatuated with money."

Tarquin didn't continue the topic. "Keep searching."

# Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 37[ 665 words ]

## Chapter 37

The following morning, Elysia woke up with the first light of dawn, blissfully unaware that she had already caught someone's attention.

Barely opening her eyes, she reached for her phone and called the Royal Community to check if Tarquin had returned. When she got a negative response, a headache started to form.

"When will this marriage ever end?" she thought, feeling hopeless and frustrated.

With a deep sigh, Elysia lay back on her bed and began scrolling through her phone, hoping to catch a glimpse of Tarquin's whereabouts. Instead, her feed was filled with the Denton family's missing person notice.

Unable to find her, the Denton family had reluctantly turned to the internet to issue an appeal. Every major media outlet and TV channel broadcasted their plea as if desperate to ensure she would see it. Fortunately, the notice didn't include a photo or her name, just a concise recount of the previous day's events. If she saw it, she would know they were searching for her.

Elysia sat up, staring at the notice, lost in thought. She had no real connection to the Denton family and didn't want to get involved, She had come back to divorce Tarquin and had no desire to entangle herself with others.

But then she thought of the troubled child, and a wave of concern washed over her.

Mental illness was a frightening thing. If it were just the silence or the outbursts, it would be manageable, but the fear of self-harm loomed large. She knew all too well that many children with severe mental illness ended up taking their own lives.

During her five years living in the countryside, with no social distractions, she had ample time to study. Knowing her children would grow up in a single-parent family, she immersed herself in books on child education and psychology. The only thing she lacked in the field of special education was a certificate; her capabilities were undeniable.

After some thought, Elysia decided to make a trip to the hospital. She had children of her own and couldn't bear to stand by without helping it could be seen as building good

karma for her own children.

Before leaving, Elysia prepared breakfast for her little ones, and after a quick shower and leaving a note, she headed out the door. But as soon as she arrived at the hospital entrance, she bumped into Gage.

Remembering the previous night's encounter, Elysia felt a twinge of guilt and tried to act as if she didn't recognize him.

However, Gage blocked her path.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Cash Thome. What a coincidence we meet again," he said with a smug look.

At the sight of Elysia, Gage's hormones seemed to go into overdrive, his gaze lingering on her with undisguised lewdness.

Elysia frowned and, trying to avoid trouble, replied politely, "I'm here to see a friend, and I'm in a hurry, so if you'll excuse me..."

Elysia attempted to leave, but Gage wasn't having it. "Come on, hanging out with me is way more fun than visiting friends. We didn't get to finish what we started last night. Today, you owe me. Let's go have some fun," he said, reaching out to grab her.

Elysia's patience snapped. "What do you think you're doing? I don't know you; stay away from me!" she exclaimed, trying to get away.

Gage signaled his bodyguards with a nod, and they quickly moved in, grabbing Elysia before she had a chance to call for help and forcefully escorting her to the car.

“We could’ve done this the nice way, but now you want to play tough with me, huh?” Gage muttered under his breath as he dialed his niece Nola’s number.

Nola was still in the hospital room when she heard that Elysia had shown up, and she was furious. In her mind, everything that had happened the injuries she sustained, Tarquin disassociating himself from her, and even the withdrawn investment of fifty million – all Elysia’s fault!

## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 38[ 567 words ]**

### Chapter 38

Nola was fuming, her voice dripping with venom as she lashed out, “That bitch! She should’ve stayed hidden, but she dares to strut around? Does she not fear I might have someone take her out?”

Gage chimed in, “Nola, I’ve heard Tarquin is also in the hospital. You think she came for him?”

At the mention of Tarquin, Nola’s eyes bulged with rage, “That shameless bitch, thinking she can seduce Tarquin? He made it clear he’s not into her, yet she sticks to him like glue. Shameless!

Uncle, take her away and give her a lesson she won’t forget! Start by ruining that pretty face of hers, then let the boys have their way with her, and once they’re done, sell her off to some backwater town. I never want to lay eyes on her again!”

Gage’s eyes sparkled with opportunity. This was the moment he had been waiting for. If Tarquin ever came after him for bullying Elysia, Nola would be the perfect shield. After all, as Elijah’s lifesaver, Tarquin wouldn’t dare blame her for anything.

“Rest easy, Nola. Leave her to me,” Gage reassured her before hanging up. He turned on his heel and strode to his car.

As he pulled the car door open, Elysia, struggling, poked her head out and cried for help, “Somebody, please... help me...”

The hospital entrance was crowded, and heads turned at her pleas.

Gage, caught off guard, improvised, “Look, we’re husband and wife. She’s pregnant with my child but wants to abort. I just have to take her home and talk some sense into her.”

Whispers spread among the onlookers, “Poor man, bad luck in love. The scoundrel gets a beauty, and what a beauty to end up with him!”

“Yeah, must be the allure of his wallet.”

Gage snorted and climbed into the car, slamming the door shut behind him, silencing Elysia’s cries for help.

Gage eyed Elysia with a predatory grin. Ruining her face was out of the question – such beauty was too valuable to waste. He’d keep her captive, his own little plaything until he was bored, and then he’d sell her off.

“Even angry, you’re irresistible. Trust me, darling, I’ll take good care of you,” he cooed.

Without a word, Elysia slapped him hard across the face.

Taken aback, Gage retaliated with a slap of his own. “Bitch, you dare strike me? I’ll teach you a lesson right now.”

10-26

As he spoke, he began unbuckling his belt, clearly intending to force himself on her.

Elysia was livid, disgusted by his repulsive behavior. She clenched her teeth, staring him down, “I came back to avoid trouble, but if you push me further, I won’t hold back!”

Hidden in her sleeve was a silver needle, ready to turn him into a eunuch if necessary. She might lack money, power, and status, but she could defend herself. Those years in the countryside hadn’t been wasted.

Gage ignored her warning, continuing to undress, but before he could act, the driver slammed on the brakes.

Gage flew forward.

With a thud, Gage hit the windshield hard.

“Crap! Can’t you drive? Don’t you know I’m busy?” Gage raged, trying to get up, only to hit

his head again on the steering wheel and pass out cold.

The driver called out in panic, “Gage, wake up, look in front...”

Ahead, a sleek black car blocked their way, trapping them completely.

## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 39[ 729 words ]**

Chapter 39

Lowell had been itching to jump out of the car and rescue Elysia, but seeing Gage knocked out cold, he chilled out.

Peering through the windshield at the disheveled Gage, he couldn’t help but say to Tarquin, That Gage is a real piece of work. I’m embarrassed to even know the guy. What a disgrace!”

Tarquin glanced outside with a flick of his eyelashes and said in a frosty tone,

“If he’s so fond of going au naturel, let him do a streak around Jindale City three times without a stitch on.”

Lowell’s lips twitched at the thought. In this freezing weather, to streak?

Exhilarating.

Serves him right.

If you're a real man, you don't mistreat women. What kind of skill is it to use force?

Lowell got out of the car to meet Elysia.

Just as Elysia pushed open the car door and jumped out, frantic to get away, she suddenly saw Lowell and froze.

Having just leaped out of Gage's car, she was now being forced into Tarquin's ride.

Elysia didn't head for the back seat; she climbed right into the passenger side. She didn't want to sit with Tarquin. He irked her!

And she feared him, not just because she owed him money, but mainly because he would lock her up at the drop of a hat, which terrified her.

At this moment, with Lowell still outside, the car was eerily quiet with just the two of them. Elysia sat in the passenger seat, staring straight ahead, her spine rigid, her mind racing.

This guy must be after her for the money, but she had none.

What would she do when he came to collect?

And didn't he know she was Tarquin's wife? How dare he still go after her? Wasn't he afraid of the Bradfords? Or did he know that Tarquin didn't care for her at all?

A twitch flickered at the corner of Elysia's mouth, her heart pounding.

No move from the enemy, no move from me.

Without a word from Tarquin, Elysia stayed silent as well. She could feel his gaze fixed on her unshifting since she had entered the car,

Elysia felt a tingling on her scalp from his stare, restless and uneasy. At this point, she was almost hoping he would say something.

Do your worst, but say something!

Elysia didn't get a word from Tarquin, but Lowell returned instead.

After arranging Gage's streaking punishment, Lowell got in the car and said to Tarquin,

"Dr. Benjamin called a while ago. Corbin's awake, and it's not looking good. He hopes we can bring Ms. Thorne to the hospital as soon as we find her."

Elysia's attention shifted instantly. She looked urgently at Lowell and said, "The kid's sick, don't stress him out."

"Yeah, he's at the hospital now, with doctors and nurses around, but the kid's latched onto you, crying and making a fuss for you."

"Take me to the hospital, now."

Lowell turned to Tarquin, waiting for a nod before starting the car.

On the way, Tarquin remained silent, but his gaze never left Elysia for a second.

Elysia felt that he was acting oddly today. Not a word was one thing, but even his looks were different.

In their previous encounters, his gaze was sharp, cold, and devoid of warmth. But today...

She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but something was off. Yes, the feeling was different

Was it her nerves, rattled by Gage, or was he truly out of character today?

Nervously, she made it to the hospital, pushing out of the car first and hurrying inside.

One reason was to see Corbin as soon as possible. The other was the fear of being held back by him, she wanted to break free.

Tarquin watched her slender figure dart away, a cryptic light flickering in his deep eyes. He opened the car door and followed.

Lowell was confused.

Tarquin had been on the hunt for Elysia since last night, and it clearly wasn't just for Corbin's sake. But now that he had found her, he said nothing, did nothing. And the way he looked at Elysia... was inscrutable.

However, one thing was clear: his usual fierceness seemed muted around her.

Lowell wondered, could it be that the boss was coming around, perhaps ready for a change of heart?

A peck on the lips, and she had captured his heart?

## **Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem ( Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 40[ 646 words ]**

Chapter 40

Truth be told, Lowell had been hoping his boss would give up on searching for Elijah's birth mother. After all, six years had slipped by without a trace, and the chances of finding her were slim to none.

And even if by some miracle she was found, what if she had moved on, married, and started a new family?

Knowing Tarquin, there was no way he'd force her to upend her life.

Lowell had been Tarquin's right-hand man for years. The fact that he called him by his first name, rather than the formal 'sir' expected between master and servant, spoke volumes

about their bond.

They were brothers in arms, sharing a camaraderie that was thicker than blood, and Lowell wanted nothing but the best for Tarquin.

Meanwhile, Elysia had arrived at Corbin's hospital room.

Just a day apart, and the boy's complexion had turned ghostly pale. He didn't yell or scream; his eyes shut tight, his whole body quivering as he muttered incoherently to himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Denton, along with a flurry of lab-coated doctors, were all standing vigil in

the room.

The doctors were frantically poring over medical charts while Mrs. Denton wept as if her heart would break.

Elysia didn't bother with pleasantries; she hurried over to check on Corbin's condition.

Tarquin followed, his gaze unreadable as he watched

- every mo

Elysia checked Corbin's pulse, and before she could speak, he suddenly woke with a start, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Seeing this, Elysia turned to Mrs. Denton. "I need to be alone with him. Could you all please step outside?"

Mr. Denton trusted her implicitly and quickly ushered everyone out.

As the door closed behind them, those outside could only hear Corbin's cries piercing the silence.

The Denton family was on edge, and the family matriarch voiced her concern:

"I've heard she's not a licensed doctor. You hardly know her. How can you trust her with Corbin?"

10:26

Mrs. Denton, tears streaming down her face, was inconsolable. Mr. Denton sighed deeply. "What other choice do we have? We've consulted every expert available, and not one could offer a cure. If this continues, something terrible might happen to Corbin. It's worth letting her try."

Ultimately, it was a last-ditch effort, hoping against hope.

Tarquin's brow furrowed with worry, his thoughts mirroring Mr. Denton's..

They had exhausted all medical avenues for Elijah, with no improvement in his condition. Any glimmer of hope was worth pursuing.

If not for recent events, he would have allowed Elysia to approach Elijah much sooner.

After about half an hour, the door opened.

Elysia stood at the threshold, announcing, "He's calmed down now, says he's hungry and would like some pasta."

The room erupted in disbelief.

Mrs. Denton was the first to snap back to reality, rushing into the room to find Corbin sitting on the bed, quietly looking up at her with his soft, childlike voice. "Mommy, I'm hungry."

Mrs. Denton nearly shrieked with excitement but managed to cover her mouth, not wanting to startle her son.

Corbin repeated, "Mommy, I'm hungry. I want pasta."

Overwhelmed with emotion, tears welled up in Mrs. Denton's eyes. "Of course, pasta. Mommy will make it herself. Just tell Mommy what kind you'd like?"

"Tomato and egg, with two eggs, please?"

Tears cascaded down Mrs. Denton's cheeks.

"Yes... yes... two eggs. I'll make it right now. My boy wants tomato and egg pasta. Tomatoes, eggs! Someone go buy the freshest tomatoes and eggs!"

Mr. Denton was equally astounded. "Corbin, do you know who I am?"

"Daddy."

"Ha!" Mr. Denton exhaled a breath he'd been holding, his chest heaving with relief. "Corbin, say it again."

"Daddy."

The Denton family was overjoyed as if it were Christmas morning, all crowding around. Corbin.

Elysia quietly exhaled a breath of relief, sharing in their joy.

Suddenly, her wrist was seized in a firm grip.