

## Hitched 311

### Chapter 311

Elijah chuckled again, "Then you'll have to try not to get mixed up with Evan. Evan has this thing for adopting 'little sisters' left and right, in and out of school. Anyone younger than him instantly becomes his sister. His dream is to be the big brother to every little girl in the world."

Elijah couldn't help but twitch his lips at that.

Elliot said, "You know, despite your different interests, I bet you'd instantly click with Evan. He's lively and energetic, a real firecracker. Plus, he's got moves. None of Tarquin's bodyguards would stand a chance against him."

Elijah was stunned, "What?!"

"No joke. Spend some more time with him, and you'll see. Not only is he agile, but he also..."

Elliot whispered something into Elijah's ear, leaving him wide-eyed in shock.

"He's that impressive?"

"Yep, Evan is mom's own little bodyguard."

Elijah swallowed hard, then asked, "What about you and Emmett?"

"Well... I'm mom's invisible piggy bank. Emmett is mom's head stylist."

Elijah was curious, "Piggy bank? Stylist?"

"Yeah, I've got a knack for making money. That Alpha Thorne on the Forbes list? That's me. And Emmett, despite being soft and not the sharpest tool in the shed, just like mom, you shouldn't underestimate him. He's got an incredible sense of fashion, always on the cutting edge. Just take a look in his wardrobe when you get a chance. Even the perfumes mom and Blossom use, all crafted by Emmett himself. And his cooking? Out of this world. Mom once said, Emmett is going to be the darling of every girl when he grows up!"

Elijah was both shocked and a bit anxious. Elliot, Evan, and Emmett, each with their unique talents, and there he was, feeling rather ordinary... Would mom think less of him? Was he not worthy of being her son?

Reading Elijah's mind, Elliot continued, "Mom doesn't know about our...extra talents. She just knows Emmett can cook, tailor clothes, and make perfumes. She has no clue I can make money or Evan knows martial arts. Mom's quite timid. The truth would scare her, so we've kept it from her. In mom's eyes, we're just regular five-year-olds. She loves us for us, not for what we can or can't do. Even if we were completely clueless, we'd still be her precious sons. It's the same for you. Whether you're a genius or just average, or even less, in mom's eyes, you're her son, and that's all that matters. Besides, you're amazing in your own right. It's because of you mom isn't bullied by Tarquin. You're her shield."

Elliot's words brought a sense of relief to Elijah.

Right, he had to be mom's protector! Not just from dad, but from anyone in the world who dared to bully her! Whoever tried to hurt his mom would be his lifelong enemy! He might not be as versatile as Elliot, Evan, or Emmett, but he had the strength to protect his mom!

Elliot nudged him suddenly, "Here comes Emmett. Let me introduce you two."

Elijah looked up quickly, spotting Emmett who had just come out of the restroom, and was a bit taken aback. Weren't they quadruplets? Why did Emmett look different from the rest?

Emmett ran over, sat down, and without recognizing Elijah, said, "Big bro, second bro, you're back! So, did you meet Elijah?"

Elijah was silent; Emmett seemed a bit... slow.

Elliot smiled, "This is Elijah."

Emmett blinked, staring at Elijah for a long moment before exclaiming, "So you're Elijah? You look just like big bro and second bro!"

Chapter 312

Elijah was never one to warm up to strangers easily, but something about Emmett felt different, almost inviting.

He took the initiative, "Hey, I'm Elijah. Nice to meet you."

"Nice, nice! Welcome, and thanks for joining our big, crazy family."

"Thanks for... me?"

"Yeah, your presence just brings this vibe of happiness, man. It's all you, so thank you for that."

Elijah paused, feeling as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly warmed his heart. Emmett's warmth and friendliness touched him deeply. It felt as if he had unlocked a door to a world he never knew, one filled with vibrant colors and life.

Elijah's heart was warmed, but at that moment-

Tarquin's heart was cold as ice!

After all, unlike Emmett, who was rational and harbored a complex blend of resentment and familial affection for Tarquin, Evan only had disdain for him. Not an ounce of love. In his eyes, anyone who loved his mom was a friend, anyone who hurt her, well, they were the enemy.

"Please, just be quiet. I need some peace."

"Could you keep it down for a bit? I'm trying to have a moment here."

"Don't speak!"

"Hey, are you dense? Can you not keep your mouth shut?!"

Those were his son's words to him after getting in the car. Four sentences, each colder than the last, the final one exploding in frustration.

Tarquin was both shocked and surprised at his son's tone; Elijah had never spoken to him like that before!

"Elijah..."

"Ughhh..." Evan scratched his head in irritation. After a moment, he glared at Tarquin through gritted teeth,

"Listen here, Tarquin, I've been holding back for so long, way too long! It's been hard, really hard. You better zip it, or I might just lose it!"

He had indeed been holding back a lot! Seeing Tarquin always made him want to lash out. But his big brother had said, "Tarquin's your dad, you can't hit him!" Hitting him would mean disappointing his mom, and he didn't want to bring shame to her. So, for his mom's sake, he tried his best to hold back.

But Tarquin, oblivious, kept pushing him to speak, and he was nearing his breaking point!

Evan was still fuming internally when Tarquin was already stunned into silence.

"You, you want to hit me?!"

"Yes, I really do!" Evan clenched his teeth, "So, behave, and don't push me!"

Tarquin was genuinely angry now, "Elijah!"

"I'm not your Elijah!" Evan snapped back without thinking.

"If you're not Elijah, then what? And who do you think you are, calling yourself 'little lord'?"

"I..." Realizing his slip, Evan pouted, "I don't want to talk to you!"

Evan turned his face away, staring out of the car window.

Tarquin's breathing became erratic, "Elijah, look at Daddy!"

"Not looking!"

"Listen to Daddy!"

"Not listening, not listening at all. Just stop talking to me. I don't want to say a word to you, let's just not talk to each other!"

Evan mumbled, even covering his ears with his hands.

Tarquin felt a sting in his heart, "So, you dislike Daddy this much now?"

"Yes!"

"...All because you accepted Elysia as your mom, you don't want Daddy anymore?"

"Elysia is my mom! I never planned on having a 'Daddy', hmph!"

Tarquin was left speechless.

### Chapter 313

Just as the car came to a halt, Evan shoved open the door and bolted out. He'd been here before and navigated his way to the apartment entrance with a familiarity that had his hands shoved in his pockets and his pace brisk. The last thing he wanted was to spend another second in the car with Tarquin.

It was suffocating! Too much to bear! He wanted to give Tarquin a piece of his mind, maybe even more, but restraint was a cruel companion.

Inside the car, Tarquin sat frozen, staring through the window at his son's retreating figure, feeling a billion wounds slash at his heart. His sorrow was a dam breached, unstoppable. His facade of composure crumbled, tears streaming down his face.

Lowell, stepping out to help him with the door, couldn't help but feel a wave of pity. "Tarquin, take a moment, will you? Elijah would never treat you this way. This isn't him. It's like... remember the Elijah who showed up on Thanksgiving, the one who lost it? That's who we're dealing with now, not your son."

Tarquin's brows knitted together, a lightbulb moment illuminating his understanding. He'd been so caught up in his grief that he'd overlooked the whole multiple personality situation. He reassured himself, thinking, Elijah loves me too much to despise me, to hurt me with those words!

If the polite and engaging Elijah was the original, then the one who made an appearance first on Thanksgiving, the one with impeccable manners, was personality number one. And now, this defiant, rebellious version claiming to be "the boss," exuding a 'too cool for school' attitude, was personality number two.

According to Benjamin Lawson, these split personalities were distinct entities, each with or without access to Elijah's memories. They might share his body, but they weren't Elijah. They were entirely new characters.

With this realization, Tarquin found some solace. The one who hurt him wasn't his Elijah. But then, his worry returned. Benjamin had also mentioned that these new personalities took over whenever Elijah was extremely agitated or when something triggered a strong desire, leading to a shift.

Tarquin, now with a grim expression, got out of the car. He dialed Benjamin, urging him to come quickly, as he chased after Evan, piecing everything together. Elijah was fine when he left to pick up some groceries. It was during this errand, meeting Elysia halfway, that everything changed. Elijah had donned a mask and changed clothes, appearing shocked and somewhat guilty upon seeing him...

So, this personality shift occurred in the midst of his errand, during his time with Elysia. What did Elysia say or do to trigger him? Knowing very well about Elijah's condition, did Elysia intentionally provoke this other personality to drive a wedge between father and son? To make Elijah fall for her completely? Was she trying to steal his son from him?

Tarquin's thoughts darkened with every step. The more he pondered, the more his suspicion turned towards Elysia. He instructed Lowell to unlock the apartment for Elijah while he, with a scowl, dialed Elysia.

Accusations flew the moment she answered, "Elysia, you've crossed a line trying to take my son from me!"

An accusation as unexpected as it was unfounded. And poor Elysia, not the sharpest tool in the shed, confused Elijah with Evan, panicked at the accusation, "How... how did you know?!"

Chapter 314

Tarquin could barely contain his fury as he forced out the words through gritted teeth, "Elysia, you're really asking for it!"

Elysia's heart was pounding so hard it felt like it was about to burst out of her chest. Earlier that day at the amusement park, Tarquin had abruptly called to say he was taking Elijah home early and told her to catch a cab. He even said she didn't need to bother cooking dinner for Elijah that evening. Something felt off to her right away.

She had asked why, and he'd snapped at her for prying. Later on, she figured he was Elijah's dad after all and wouldn't harm him, so she dismissed her worries and left the park for the supermarket.

She planned to pick up some treats and cook a lavish dinner for Blossom Blythe and the kids as an apology for neglecting them while she took care of Elijah.

Little did she know, upon arriving home, Tarquin would call, interrogating her!

How did he even find out she had taken his Elliot Evan? And what right did he have to claim ElliotEvan as his own? She was still just suspecting! Even if he had proof, could her actions really be considered stealing?

She was the one who had carried the child for nine months and raised him through sleepless nights and hardships. She was their biological mother, and it was only natural for the children to grow up by her side!

How dare he accuse her of stealing?!

The real thief, if anyone, was him!

As Elysia's frustration mounted, her anger bubbled over.

"How dare you call him your son? What right do you have? Where were you when he was born, when he was learning to speak, when he was sick in the middle of the night?

Do you even know what toys he likes? What food he loves? When his birthday is?

Have you ever even bought him a pair of socks or shoes?

Regardless of whether you knew about him or not, you've never been there for him, never fulfilled a father's duties or responsibilities!



So, you have no right to call him your son!

You're not even fit to be a father to them!

And you certainly have no right to accuse me of stealing your son!

If anyone is stealing, it's you!"

Tarquin, too caught up in his own rage, didn't catch all of what she said.

Out of her entire tirade, all he heard was that he had failed in his duties as a father, that he wasn't fit to be a dad.

The veins on his temples throbbed with rage.

For years, he had poured his heart and soul into caring for Elijah, admitting to himself that if Elijah wasn't as well as other kids, it was his fault as a father.

But to say he wasn't fit to be a father? That was something he couldn't accept.

"Stay away from Elijah, and stay away from me. If you don't disappear from my son's life, I'll make you disappear from this pl!

Let me tell you, I'm much tougher than Allegra Bradford. I don't resort to hit-and-runs; I prefer making people wish they were dead!"

After his tirade, Tarquin hung up, intent on severing all ties with her.

Hearing the disconnect tone, Elysia was struck with horror.

He was talking about Elijah, not ElliotEvan!

But he... he said she would never see Elijah again!

Could she really never see Elijah again?

With a crash, her phone hit the floor, its screen shattered just like her heart at that moment.

The thought of never seeing Elijah again sucked the life out of her, leaving her trembling and heartbroken.

Just then, Blossom came home with the kids.

Seeing Elysia in the kitchen, they were all taken aback. "Elysia, what's wrong?"

"Mommy..."

Not wanting to dampen their spirits, Elysia quickly composed herself, "Mommy's fine."

After saying that, she hurried back to her room.

The kids grew more worried, sensing something was definitely wrong.

"Don't worry, I'll check on her," Blossom said before rushing to Elysia.

The kids crowded by the door, their little brows furrowed in concern.

From inside the room, they heard Elysia's sobbing voice, barely making out that she might never see Elijah again.

Elliot and Emmett turned to Elijah with questions in their eyes.

Elijah, just as puzzled, said, "I don't know what's wrong with Mommy."

Elliot, brow furrowed, messaged Evan: Tarquin made Mommy cry. Find out what happened!

Evan, who had just returned to Elijah's room, saw the message and his eyes widened in shock.

He immediately called Elliot, "Mommy's crying? What happened? Why is she crying? Is she very sad? Is she okay now?"

"Not yet. It seems to be about Tarquin. We'll try to cheer Mommy up. You figure out what's going on."

"Okay!" Evan hung up, his teeth clenched in a mix of worry and anger.

Tarquin had the audacity to upset their precious Mommy, even making her cry!

He was in for it now.

Just then, Tarquin walked in.

Evan shot him a glare cold enough to freeze Hell over.

Chapter 315

Elijah was like a little beast that had been thoroughly provoked; without a word, he charged and threw a punch!

Tarquin swiftly dodged his attack, retreating several steps in shock.

"Elijah, what the heck are you doing?!"

"Cut the crap! If you're brave enough, fight me!"

Evan's face was filled with fury as he launched a fierce attack. Tarquin, of course, wasn't going to engage in a fight with him, but Evan was skilled, leaving Tarquin no choice but to keep retreating and dodging his attacks. Back and forth they went. Furniture clashed, vases shattered, and soon the sound of breaking echoed throughout the spacious room.

Worried that the glass shards might hurt his son, Tarquin tried to force him to calm down, only to receive a punch straight from his own flesh and blood! Even though Evan was young, his punch was powerful, striking Tarquin hard enough to draw blood. Tarquin was stunned, his mind reeling with the thought, 'my son hit me, my son hit me, my son hit me.' It wasn't just his face that his son had hit; it was his heart... The heart of an old father, shattered into pieces on the spot.

Lowell happened to walk into the room just then and stood frozen in shock at the sight! Seeing Evan about to throw another punch, Lowell quickly stepped in front of Tarquin.

"Whoa there, Elijah, cool it, let's talk this out."

Evan immediately withdrew his fist; his intention was only to hit Tarquin, not to hurt an innocent.

"Mr. Lowell, step aside!"

Mr. Lowell?

"Elijah, you're not confused; you recognize me, right? Then do you know who he is?"

Elijah surely wouldn't know; otherwise, why would he resort to violence, especially against his own father. But 'Elijah' said, "Of course, I know. The world's number one jerk, Tarquin, the ultimate jerk!"

The world's number one jerk, Tarquin?! Lowell's eyes nearly popped out of his head in disbelief. Elijah knew this was his dad and still hit him? A son hitting his father-this was utterly against nature! And to call his dad the world's number one jerk!

This-

"Elijah, you... you..."

"Get out of the way, I need to teach him a lesson! Bullying women, what kind of man does that make? Try bullying me!"

He hadn't thought too much about it. In his eyes, there was no such thing as an unforgivable act. And he didn't regard Tarquin as his dad anyway! So what if they were related by blood? Anyone who bullied his mom was crossing the line! Their beloved mom, who they doted on and cherished, wasn't someone to be bullied by anyone.

"Elijah, who did your daddy bully?" Lowell finally caught on to a critical point and hurriedly asked.

Evan crisply replied, "He bullied my mom!"

Lowell was dumbfounded, "Your mom isn't even here with you guys, how could your daddy bully your mom? Could you have misunderstood something?"

"I didn't misunderstand him! Ask him, let him say if he's been wronged or not!"

Lowell instinctively turned to look at Tarquin. Tarquin, deeply hurt in spirit, had been silent for a while. On hearing this, he pressed his thin lips tightly together and stared straight at 'Elijah', not saying a word. Evan frowned deeply, visibly angry.

"A real man stands by his actions. If you can't own up to them, you're a coward!"

Tarquin's brows were furrowed as he looked back at him, his tone even, "The 'mom' you're referring to, is Elysia?"

"Of course! She's the only mom I have!"

Tarquin clenched his lips tightly, a surge of anger rising within him, a flash of severity passing through his eyes. Well then, Elysia!

Chapter 316

Tarquin tried to keep his cool. "How exactly did I bully her?" he asked.

Evan's temper flared even more at the question. "You seriously don't know how you bullied her?"

Tarquin's brow furrowed tighter. "No clue. I believe I've never bullied Elysia."

"You... you..." Evan was beside himself with anger. His mom had been reduced to tears, and here Tarquin was, claiming ignorance!

That was just too much!

Evan, clenching his little fists, was about to take a swing when Lowell quickly intervened, "Evan, let's talk this out calmly, please... don't get all worked up. Let's just talk."

Evan was fuming. "He made my mom cry, and he says he's never bullied her! Bullying a lady, that's not what a true gentleman does! And then he doesn't even have the guts to admit it, what a coward! And he thinks he can be my dad? He doesn't deserve to!"

He doesn't deserve to be his dad?

Lowell was too scared to utter a word.

Tarquin pushed Lowell aside, trying to suppress his anger, and looked straight at Evan. "The bullying you're talking about, is it about the call I made to her tonight?"

Evan pouted, silent.

Tarquin continued, "I did call her before coming here and said some rather unfriendly things, but how did you come to know about that?"

"I... won't tell you!"

"Did Elysia call you to complain?"

Tarquin was deeply upset, but he was more eager to understand how Evan got the news so quickly!

Evan reacted strongly. "As if! Mom never shares sad stuff with us to worry us, she only tells us the happy things to cheer us up!"

Tarquin caught the emphasis. "Us?"

Before Evan could respond, his smartwatch rang. It was Elliot calling.

Evan glared at Tarquin once more. "Stop framing my mom! And lay off talking about her! My mom is the best mom in the world! And you're the worst dad ever!"

With that, he huffed, turned, and retreated to his room, deliberately locking it from the inside.

Tarquin, gasping for air, stared in the direction of Evan's room, his expression indescribable.

The worst dad ever...

That hurt more than a slow knife cut!

Lowell stood by, lips moving but no words coming out, full of sympathy for Tarquin.

Even though they knew it wasn't truly Evan speaking, but another personality of his, those words still stung.

"Bring Elysia's son to me!" Tarquin suddenly demanded.

Lowell was startled. "Huh? Elysia's son? Why do you want Elysia's son?"

Tarquin, with a stone-cold face, didn't even glance at Lowell as he turned and walked toward his study.

Lowell was left puzzled.

Right then, Benjamin rushed in, asking Lowell, "Where are Evan and Tarquin? What happened to Evan?"

Lowell mumbled to himself, "Getting Elysia's son... what's Tarquin planning with Elysia's son?"

Benjamin was confused. "What? What are you talking about?"

Lowell paused, then had an epiphany. "I got it! Evan mentioned 'their mom,' which must mean Ms. Thorne's sons! That means, Evan and Ms. Thorne's son know each other! Tarquin wants Ms. Thorne's son to learn more about Ms. Thorne's intentions!"

With that realization, Lowell headed out.

Benjamin, still confused, called after him, "What are you babbling about? Where are you going?"



"To find Ms. Thorne's son."

"

## Chapter 317

In Elijah's room, the brothers were having a heart-to-heart over the phone.

Evan was really worried about their mom, Elysia. "Is Mom okay now? Is she still crying?"

Elliot replied, "She stopped crying. We've figured it out. Tarquin said he won't let Mom see Elijah anymore. That's why she was upset."

"Why wouldn't he let Mom see Elijah?"

"Well, Mom's not even sure herself. She told Aunt Blossom that Tarquin suddenly called her, accusing her of trying to take his son! Did you do or say something that might have given him the wrong idea?"

Evan blinked, a bit puzzled. "On the way back, he kept talking to me. I asked him to stop, but he wouldn't. He just went on and on, and I got so annoyed that I yelled at him."

"What did you yell?"

"I... I told him Elysia is my mom, and I never wanted a dad."

Elliot sighed. "No wonder."

Evan looked sheepish. "Bro, did I mess up again?"

"It's not a disaster, but you indirectly made Mom sad."

Evan panicked. "I didn't mean to, I swear! I hate seeing Mom upset. I love her so much, how could I ever want to make her cry? I... I..." He was so worked up he was nearly in tears.

Elliot tried to calm him down, "I know you didn't mean it. Don't worry, Mom's fine now. But you can't be impulsive anymore. Tarquin doesn't know about us or his relationship with Mom. When you said what you did, you made him target Mom. Mom's afraid he'll try to take us away, and he's worried she'll try to take Elijah. Mom hides us to protect us. But Tarquin... his reactions could be worse. Right now, he's just said Mom can't see Elijah. He might do something worse to Mom later on."

"He wouldn't dare!"

"We can't take any chances. And because you told Tarquin what you did without exposing us, that's lucky. So, while you're with Tarquin, try to get along with him, just like Elijah would."

"But I can't!"

Elliot spoke softly, encouraging his brother. "Then think of Mom, think of our plan. Do you want to make her cry?"

"No!"

"Do you want to ruin our plan?"

"No!"

"Then listen to me. While you're standing in for Elijah, try to get along with Tarquin."

Evan pouted, utterly reluctant, but thinking over his brother's words, he bit the bullet. "I'll try my best!"

"That's my boy! You can do it, champ!"

Energized by his brother's encouragement, Evan felt a surge of confidence. "Okay!"

But then he deflated. "But, bro... I already got into a fight with him. Can we still get along?"

"You fought with him?"

Evan hung his head. "I lost it when I heard he made Mom cry."

Elliot was about to respond when Emmett burst into the room, shutting the door behind him, all flustered. "Guys, trouble! I overheard someone calling Mom, saying that deadbeat dad wants to meet us. He's sent someone to pick us up."

Evan exclaimed, "Meet us? What does that jerk Tarquin want? I didn't slip up, did I?"

Elliot furrowed his brow, "Evan, tell me everything that happened tonight, in detail."

After Evan recounted the events, Elliot quickly pinpointed the issue. "Mom never tells us sad stuff to worry us, only happy stuff to cheer us up!" The slip-up was in the word "us."

Tarquin was sharp; he must've picked up on it!

After a moment, Elliot said, "Tarquin suspects Mom wants to take Elijah from him. He's seeking us out to understand Mom's intentions and plans. Luckily, we can use this to our advantage, to ease his worries and let Mom be with Elijah like before."

"But won't we be exposing ourselves once he meets us?"

"Calm down for a sec. I'll figure something out and get back to you."

In the bedroom, Elysia was on the verge of a meltdown.

"Just a moment ago, he said I couldn't see Elijah, and now, out of the blue, he wants to see my kids. What's he playing at? Does he know about Elliot and Evan? Is he coming to take them away? Does he want to snatch Elliot and Evan from me?"

Blossom, worried about her current state, tried to offer some comfort, "Elysia, just take a breath, alright? Don't jump to conclusions. Maybe you should just call him and ask what's going on."

"Yeah, yeah, you're right. I should give him a call."

With shaking hands, Elysia dialed Tarquin's number. The first call, he hung up. The second call, again, he hung up. On the third try, he completely ignored it.

Elysia's eyes reddened with frustration. The more he ignored her, the more desperate she felt. It was like her brain had hit a snag, buzzing with no clear direction. Finally, Blossom suggested, "Why don't you call Lowell? He called earlier; maybe you can get some info from him."

As soon as Lowell picked up, Elysia rushed in with her questions, "Lowell, why does he want to see my kids?"

Lowell could sense her worry and urgency but couldn't spill the beans, simply saying, "Don't panic, Tarquin wouldn't hurt them. He just wants to ask them a few questions."

"What questions?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"Can't he just call and ask?"

"It's not that simple. Tarquin insists on seeing them, and tonight, he wants to meet the kids alone, without you."

Alone?

Elysia's breath hitched, "No way!"

"...Ms. Thorne, we'll be at your condo in ten minutes. You can either bring the kids down, or we'll come up to fetch them."

Elysia felt a lump in her throat, "What does he want with my kids?! They're mine, why does he get to demand to see them? I won't allow it! I have a say in this, and I say no!"

Lowell, at a loss for words, just repeated, "Ms. Thorne, believe me, Tarquin just wants to talk to them. He won't hurt them. And a heads-up, Tarquin's not the easiest person to deal with. Crossing him won't do you any favors."

The call ended with a beep, leaving Elysia listening to the dial tone as tears streamed down her face. She knew she was no match for Tarquin. Lowell was right; if he wanted to see them, it was going to happen, whether she liked it or not.

But what would happen when he saw Elliot and Evan? She couldn't even bear to think about Tarquin's reaction!

"Mommy?" Elliot suddenly appeared at the door. Elijah and Emmett followed close behind. Seeing Elysia in tears, all three boys furrowed their brows, especially Elijah, who clenched his fists, feeling a deep ache for his mom.

His newly-found treasure of a mom was now scared to tears, and he was...furious! Stupid dad, he thought, you're in for a real showdown now!

Elysia, trying to hide her tears, looked at her sons. But seeing Elliot and Elijah's faces, so similar to Tarquin's, made her cry even harder. The tears wouldn't stop. In her emotional turmoil, she didn't even notice that the 'Evan' before her was actually Elijah.

"Mommy, don't cry. Do you not want Daddy Tarquin to see us?"

With her eyes brimming with tears, Elysia looked at Elliot, "How did you know...?"

"I overheard you at the door. Don't worry, Mommy, I have a plan." He said, gently wiping away her tears.

Elysia, taken aback, quickly asked, "Elliot, what's your plan?"

Chapter 319

Elliot's voice was soft and reassuring, "Mom doesn't want Dad to see us because she's worried he'll jump to conclusions if we look too much like Elijah, right?"

To keep his mom from worrying, Elliot quickly came up with a reason.

Elysia shifted uncomfortably, torn between not wanting to lie to her children and fearing the truth.

Before she could respond, Elliot chimed in again, "Actually, it's an easy fix. Has Mom forgotten about Emmett's special talent?"

Elysia turned to Emmett, her eyes lighting up with realization, "You mean, let Emmett...?"

"Yep!" Elliot nodded, understanding the plan.

Elysia quickly wiped away her tears, "Can we really do this?"

"Trust me, and trust Emmett."

Emmett, holding Elysia's hand, insisted with childlike confidence, "Mommy, I can do it."

Elijah wanted to reassure Elysia too but found himself at a loss for words, offering only a determined and confident look.

If Mommy didn't want Daddy to see them, he'd do everything in his power to make her wish come true. He couldn't bear to see her cry or be upset anymore.

Seeing her children's determination, Elysia felt a wave of calm. She hugged them close, "It's all up to you tonight!"

"Don't worry, Mom, we've got this!" the three kids declared in unison.

Elysia nodded rapidly, giving them a quick briefing on what to say and what not to say when they met someone later, before telling them, "Go get ready, Mr. Lowell will be here to pick you up soon."

"Okay."

Minutes later, Lowell rang the doorbell.

Elysia led the three kids out, each wearing a mask, so Lowell couldn't see their faces clearly, which kept him from being too surprised. Yet, his gaze lingered a bit longer on Elliot and especially on Elijah, sensing something familiar in their eyes.

"This child..." Lowell began, but Elysia cut him off, "This is my son, Evan. What about him?"

Lowell, not wanting to scare her, replied gently, "He just reminds me of Elijah."

Elysia quickly said, "This isn't Elijah! This is my son, Evan!" Her mind was elsewhere, not recognizing Elijah.

Lowell just smiled, "I know."

He never would've guessed that the Bradford family had other descendants besides Elijah.

Changing the subject, Lowell assured, "Don't be nervous. I'm just taking you to meet someone who wants to chat. He won't harm you."

Elysia insisted on accompanying them, "I'm coming with them!"

Lowell hesitated, "Ms. Thorne, Tarquin he..."

Elysia interrupted, "I'll stay downstairs. I won't let my kids go alone if he disagrees."

"Alright, let's go together then."

Elysia breathed a sigh of relief, feeling somewhat better being close to her children.

On the way, Lowell tried to lighten the mood with conversation, but aside from Elliot, the trio was visibly anxious. Emmett and Elysia shared a timid nature, easily scared, while Elijah worried about being recognized by Tarquin and causing his mother stress.

Once they arrived, Elysia pulled her children aside for one last reminder of their plan, emphasizing the importance of not revealing their resemblance to anyone.

As Lowell led the children inside, Elysia was left fretting in the darkness, her mind racing with worry.



Suddenly, a voice called her name from behind, sending chills down her spine. Turning around, she found nothing but shadows. Confused, she faced forward again, only to hear her name whispered once more, this time clearer, sending a mix of fear and curiosity through her heart.

Elysia turned back again, determined to confront the mysterious voice haunting her in the night.

Chapter 320

Here's the revised translation considering language and cultural nuances:

However, darkness still enveloped everything within sight!

Not a soul to be seen!

Elysia was on high alert, a wave of fear washing over her.

Though she could hear someone, there was no one in sight. Her mind immediately jumped to the notion of a ghost... disheveled hair, ghastly pale face, floating mid-air, drifting aimlessly.

"Who's there? Who's calling me?!"

All around her was dead silent, no response. Elysia tried to muster courage with a fierce tone,

"Quit playing games, show yourself! Or I'll scream for help!"

The pleasant male voice echoed again, closer this time, "Elysia, what a lovely name, suits you perfectly! I like it!"

Still, she could see no one!

Elysia's heart pounded, her skin crawled,

"Who are you?! Show yourself!"

It was as if the stranger hadn't heard her, his voice soft, asking,

"Afraid he'll recognize your son?"

Elysia froze, "What?!"

Ignoring her question, he offered, "I can help you."

"...Help with what?!"

"I can help keep this secret forever, ensure he never discovers your secret."

Something clicked in Elysia's mind, her heartbeat skyrocketed, "I have no secrets!"

"Oh? Isn't your child his as well? How's that not a secret?"

Elysia gasped, eyes wide in shock, "You!!!"

The man chuckled,

"Curious how I know? That's not important. What matters is, I know your son is also his."

"You're spouting nonsense! My son is mine alone, he has nothing to do with him!"

"You know the truth. Six years ago, at the airport lounge, room 101, a one-night stand... need I say more?"

Elysia's heart pounded wildly, almost bursting out of her chest!

Six years ago, at the airport lounge, room 101, a one-night stand... He knew about her past!

He actually knew about her past!!!

"Who... who are you?!"

"It doesn't matter. Don't be nervous. Though I know this secret, I won't spill. I can help you keep it, ensure he never finds out. Do you want my help?" Elysia panted heavily, her mind buzzing!

She thought only she knew, he knew, heaven and earth knew, never imagining someone else did too!

After several deep breaths to calm herself, she managed,

"I want to know, who are you?!"

"That's irrelevant."

"How do you know about this?!"

"That's not important either."

"Then... why help me?!"

"Maybe... because you're beautiful, and I hate to see a beauty in distress. Or maybe... I like your name. Or perhaps for my darling..." "Your darling?"

"Yes, my most beloved... never mind, the reason isn't important. Just tell me, do you want my help?"

"What do you mean by help?"

"Get rid of him, obviously."

His tone was casual, Elysia nearly fainted, "What did you just say?!!!"

He continued with a smile,

"Death solves all problems. If he's dead, you'll never have to worry about him discovering your secret, nor fighting over the child."

Elysia was speechless.

He added, "If you want him gone, I can assist. You need not fear him; I'll devise a perfect plan. Not only will he be out of the picture, but you'll also get away scot-free, unnoticed by the police. With him gone, you and your child can live worry-free..."

"I don't want it! I won't kill anyone! Nor will I have someone else do it!"