

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 71[624 words]

Chapter 71

Zane looked at her with concern. “You alright? Should we head to the hospital?”

Elysia shook her head lightly. “I just need a moment to catch my breath.”

Zane quickly went to the nearby minibar and grabbed a bottle of spring water, twisting off the cap and handing it to her. “Here, drink some water.”

“Thanks,” Elysia said, taking several sips.

“How do you feel now? You sure we don’t need to make a hospital run?”

“Yeah, no need, I’m fine.”

Zane let her rest for a bit before asking, “When did you get back to town? And how on earth did you get into a tiff with Gage?”

Elysia replied, “I’ve been back for a while. Heard from Blossom that Winona was out of the country shooting a film, so I didn’t drop by to visit.”

Mentioning Winona’s filming abroad, a fleeting shadow crossed Zane’s eyes, but it was gone as quickly as it appeared.

“Yeah, she’s been gone sometime now. She got a gig that required hush-hush production and even signed a nondisclosure agreement. No clue when she’ll be back. Heck, even I Can’t reach her.”

After saying this, Zane quickly changed the subject. “So what’s the real deal with you and Gage?”

Elysia frowned. “I was bartending the other night, and he set his sights on me. From the moment we met, he was trying to...”

Zane got the picture and scowled. “That Gage is a notorious womanizer in Jindale City, always loafing around, never serious about anything. If it weren’t for his brother Donovan Slater’s reputation, he’d have been taken down a peg long ago.”

“The Slater family, they’re powerful here?”

“Yep, they’re one of Jindale City’s leading families.”

“I’ve heard of the Bradford family, never the Slaters.”

“The Slater family’s been on the rise these past few years. The reason being Ms. Slater from their family is tight with... well...”

He caught himself, remembering Tarquin had disowned the connection, and quickly pivoted, “Ms. Slater’s close friendship with the Bradfords has given the whole Slater family a leg up. That’s why people tread lightly around Gage.”

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“No wonder Gage’s so brazen.”

“We can’t mess with his likes, so it’s best to steer clear.”

“Got it, and thanks for today.”

“Don’t mention it. But how did you end up bartending?”

“I didn’t have a job lined up, so I took a part-time gig. Just my luck to run into him on my first night.”

Zane frowned. “That’s no place for someone like you.”

Elysia gave a wry smile; she, a penniless soul, couldn’t afford to be choosy. As long as it wasn’t illegal, any job that paid was good enough.

Zane asked her again, “Where have you been all these years? We looked everywhere for you, nearly drove ourselves mad. We even filed a missing person report when we couldn’t find any trace of you.”

Elysia’s lips moved, but she was at a loss for words.

“Ding, ding, ding...”

Zane’s phone suddenly rang, and he glanced at the screen,

“Sorry, gotta take this call.”

“Sure, go ahead.”

Zane stepped aside with his phone. “Hello?”

The voice on the other end was frantic. “Zane, you here yet? Mr. Bradford’s already arrived, and you’re not here. Do you have any idea how much effort I put in to set up this meeting for you? We finally get a chance to have dinner with Mr. Bradford, and you’re not seizing the opportunity to make a good impression. Get over here, pronto.”

Zane glanced at Elysia and responded, “I’ll be right there.”

Seeing the situation, Elysia knew he had obligations. “Go on, get to your meeting. We can catch up some other time.”

With a hint of regret, Zane said, “Business matters, never-ending social commitments.”

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 72[602 words]

Chapter 72

“I know, go ahead.”

“Alright... By the way, how come you’re here? Did you come with someone?”

This was the Jinpeach Restaurant, a place with a steep bill that ordinary folks wouldn’t just stroll into.

Elysia told the truth, “I came with Blossom. She’s treating me to dinner.”

“Oh, that explains it. Well, enjoy your meal. I’ll come find you once I’m done here. Give me your new number, and let’s exchange contacts.”

Elysia nodded, and they swapped numbers, also adding each other on WhatsApp.

With that, Zane parted ways with Elysia.

Elysia steadied her mind and made another trip to the restroom. She needed to freshen up, not wanting Blossom or the kids to notice anything off.

But fate—damn it—has its own plans!

Right as she reached the restroom door, she spotted Tarquin in the smoking area. He was the only one there, standing at the railing, tall and straight, one hand in his pocket and the other holding a cigarette, taking occasional drags.

From her angle, she could only see his profile—sharp nose, long eyelashes, and clear and distinct facial contours.

To be fair, the guy was handsome!

Elliot and Evan did bear a striking resemblance to him.

Elysia didn’t want to see him, though. Just a glimpse stirred annoyance within her. She decided against going to the restroom and turned to leave.

She couldn’t afford to offend him, but at least she could avoid him, right?

But then, a man’s voice came from behind, “I really dislike it when people play games in front of me.”

Elysia stopped in her tracks. Was he talking to her? She glanced back at Tarquin who was still staring straight ahead, his posture unchanged, not looking at her.

Was she imagining things?

Just as she was about to continue walking, she heard him again, “My patience is limited. If you’re trying to play hard to get, save yourself the effort. Why don’t you just come clean about what you’re trying to get from me?”

Now, Elysia was sure she wasn’t hearing things.

She looked around; they were alone in the hallway. He was speaking to her.

Elysia's patience was wearing thin. She turned around and marched up to Tarquin, stopping a mere three feet away.

She looked up at him and said, "My patience is just as limited. I've explained to you many times that I had no intention of getting close to you. I never even thought about knowing you, let alone getting something from you. Don't flatter yourself."

Tarquin turned to look at her, his expression so cold it could have frozen the century. "People who play mind games in front of me never end well!"

Elysia, though startled by his demeanor, stood her ground, tilting her chin up bravely. "I'm not playing any games with you!"

She knew she couldn't run; she had to stand up to him and make things clear, or else she'd be guilty of all the accusations he was hurling at her.

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"You're always suspicious of me, and I want to ask you—what's your deal? They say a lecher sees lechery everywhere; is it just your paranoia, or do you have some sort of ulterior motive concerning me?"

Tarquin's face darkened. "What about you could possibly interest me?"

"Fine, if I'm worthless in your eyes, then could you please stop with your baseless suspicions and leave me be? Let's keep our paths separate, and we'll mind our own business. Can we agree on that?"

"When have you ever not been the one to look for me first?"

"When? Can you be more specific?"

Tarquin was silent...

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 73[691 words]

Chapter 73

Elysia took a deep breath, her resolve steeling as she spoke, “If you’re not gonna say it, then I willl

The first time, you had someone snatch me from the motel. Sure, it was to confront me about Evan scratching your car, but the fact remains you come looking for me first. If you. hadn’t, I wouldn’t even know you existed.

The second time, I was just minding my own business on the street, and again, your had me grabbed. Then you just let me go after all that fuss.

The third time, I was at the bar, working a shift, and I ran into you by accident. I admit, I approached you first that time, but it was to keep you quiet, to stop you from spilling the beans about me in front of Gage.

The fourth time, Gage was taking me away from the hospital, and you just popped up out of nowhere, causing all that drama that followed.

The fifth time, I came to you on my own because your granddad showed up out of the blue, spouting all sorts of nonsense, and then handed me ten grand. I came to the hospital to give it back, and yeah, I wanted to check on Elijah. He’s the same age as my boy, and it breaks my heart to see him like that.

The sixth time, this time, I admit I barged into your sight, but I swear, I had no idea you’d be in that private room!

If I’m lying, may lightning strike me down; may I never have a moment’s peace!”

Tarquin just stared at Elysia, his face dark as a storm cloud, unable to find the words to counter her.

Elysia continued, “You might look like you’re rolling in dough, and sure, you’re easy on the eyes, but you’re not every girl’s dream. Not everyone’s out to get close to you or wants something from you.

Whatever others are thinking, I sure as hell am not!

When I said I was leaving today, I meant it. But then I got stood up this afternoon, which means I’ve gotta stick around Jindale City for a few more days. It’s not some coy game I’m playing!

I'm not gonna settle down here. I've grown to dislike this city, and I plan to take and start fresh somewhere far from here, far from o

you.”

my son

Tarquin remained silent.

“I've said my piece, believe it or not. Like I said before, I never wanted to know you, and I still don't!”

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With that, Elysia turned on her heel and walked away, her back straight and her whole being radiating defiance. She didn't bow or break under the icy gaze that followed her. Only when she rounded the corner, out of Tarquin's sight, did she lean against a wall, clutching her chest as she tried to catch her breath.

Meanwhile, Keaton stepped out of the private room and made his way to the smoking

area.

Standing next to Tarquin, he lit a cigarette and asked with an easy grin, “What's the deal with you and that girl, anyway?”

“No deal,” Tarquin muttered.

“No deal, huh? Then why didn't you play the knight in shining armor?”

It was unlike Tarquin. He might not be a saint, but he normally had a solid moral compass. And here was this girl, calling for help in his territory, indicating trouble right under his nose, and he just sent her packing. If it had been anyone else, he would've at least had Lowell check it out.

Something was up; Keaton could sense it. Tarquin and that girl had a history.

And look at him now, stepping out to smoke with a scowl, clearly agitated.

That girl had gotten under his skin. Anyone who could rattle Tarquin like this was no ordinary girl.

“Come on, man, are we friends or not? You’re keeping secrets from me? Don’t forget, I’m the Don Juan of this town. When it comes to women, I’m the expert. Let me be your love guru, free of charge. Spill it, buddy. What’s eating you up? I’ll give you some sage advice.”

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 74[561 words]

Chapter 74

Tarquin took a drag of his cigarette, his impatience evident as he said, “Just a woman. playing games, nothing to get worked up about.”

“What, she’s trying to get into your bed?”

Tarquin shot him a glare and took another drag.

Keaton chuckled, “Man, her wanting to hop into your sheets is a good thing. She’s a looker; you wouldn’t be losing out. You should’ve seen the guys in the VIP lounge; their eyes were practically popping out of their heads. Even Upton, Mr. Prim and Proper, was drooling all over himself. If she’s wrapping herself around you, consider it a blessing; don’t be ungrateful.”

“Shut up!”

“Hey, don’t get mad, I’m serious. If she wasn’t easy on the eyes, I’d tell you to steer clear, but she’s a knockout. She’s got the curves, the face, the whole package. If I hadn’t caught that unique perfume on her, you wouldn’t stand a chance. I’d have made my move.”

Tarquin scoffed. “Weren’t you just swooning over some new girl yesterday? And now you’re ready to jump ship?”

Keaton shrugged with a grin. “Well, that was yesterday, wasn’t it?”

Tarquin pursed his lips in disdain and took another puff.

Keaton went on, "Look, you're not getting any younger, spending every night alone in that big house of yours. Doesn't it get lonely?"

"Nope."

When he was alone, his thoughts always turned to Elijah's mother. Day in, day out, how could he feel lonely?

Before Keaton could respond, Tarquin added, "She's got backup. Her cozying up to me might not be all about getting between the sheets."

Keaton's expression turned serious, his eyes narrowing as he asked, "What do you mean? Someone's trying to pull a fast one with a femme fatale?"

"Yeah."

"Who? The Bradford family?"

Tarquin furrowed his brows. "Not sure, but she's had private meetings with Gideon."

Keaton took a contemplative puff on his cigarette, curiosity piqued, "If you know she's got ulterior motives, why not send her packing? Why let her get close?"

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Tarquin's expression darkened. "She's good with child psychology and can help Elijah get better. When Corbin had his episode, she sorted him out."

"What?" Now, Keaton was genuinely concerned. He was shocked. "The 'pretty lady' Corbin mentioned, that's her?"

"Yeah."

Keaton muttered, "Oh my god! Lucky I didn't hit on her because of you today. Otherwise, my sis would've gone medieval on me!"

Mrs. Denton, Keaton's sister and Corbin's mother, was a force to be reckoned with.

They say if you're going to beat your brother, do it while he's young; wait too long, and you'll lose your chance.

Mrs. Denton never went easy on Keaton when they were kids, which is why, even now, he would get nervous around her.

Just the other day, he'd gone to see his nephew, and Mrs. Denton, in tears, told him that after three years, Corbin had finally called her 'mommy! She went on about how beautiful, gentle, accomplished, and perfect Ms. Thorne was.

In passing, he'd joked, "If she's that perfect, set me up, why don't you?"

The response was a swift slap that left his ears ringing. Mrs. Denton, pointing and wailing. "If you dare make a move on Ms. Thorne, I'll thrash you! Keep your hands off the good women!"

Elysia had become the Denton family's savior, and everyone from top to bottom was grateful to her.

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Chapter 75

Keaton wiped the sweat from his brow and swallowed hard before speaking again, "Buddy, you seriously saved my skin today!"

Tarquin remained silent.

Keaton tried to steady his racing heart and asked, "So, what's your take now? If she's been sent by the Bradfords, we've got to watch our backs. Can't let her anywhere near Elijah."

"I know."

"But I heard from my sis that she's pretty sharp. If she's got skills, keeping her away from Elijah might be a loss for him."

That was the crux of the matter.

Tarquin was torn between giving her the cold shoulder and considering Elijah's well-being. He couldn't afford to miss out on any chance to heal Elijah, no matter how slim that hope might be.

Keaton probed, "Didn't you have someone dig into her background?"

"Yeah, but came up empty."

"Figures. If she's a Bradford plant, they'd have covered their tracks well on her ID. But Elijah is the last of the Bradford bloodline, and knowing how much Gideon values lineage, even if he's not fond of Elijah, he wouldn't harm the kid.

He sent a woman to get to you, not Elijah. So, I reckon even if she gets close to Elijah, she probably won't hurt him."

Tarquin flicked his cigarette ashes thoughtfully. "If she really is a Bradford pawn, then Gideon's played a cunning game!"

An ordinary woman approaching him would stand no chance. But this woman, an expert in child psychology, who could help Elijah recover? That alone made it impossible for him. to just push her away.

Moreover, if she could truly cure Elijah's mood swings, he'd owe her his life. In other words, if she won Elijah over, she wouldn't need to bother with him. Victory would be hers without a fight.

He'd be completely under her control...

Keaton hesitated, "You've got a point, but... you can't just assume she's Gideon's spy after one encounter, right? Maybe Gideon just took a fancy to her know-how in psychology and decided to meet her on purpose?"

Tarquin shot Keaton a glance, his brow furrowed in thought. His prejudice against her had deepened because DNA tests proved she wasn't Elijah's biological mother.

So when he saw a photo of her with Gideon, it was natural for him to lump them together. Even when she approached him to explain the meeting, he didn't believe her.

But now, giving it more thought, Keaton might not be entirely wrong.

Her meeting with Gideon and the money he gave her only suggested a high likelihood of her being a Bradford spy.

But it was just a possibility.

Thinking deeper, how could Gideon have the resources to hack into Bradford Group's computers? To pull off stealing so many deals overnight? Did Gideon actually have that kind of money?

If he was truly capable, he wouldn't have been biting his tongue all these years.

The biggest doubt was, if Gideon was the mastermind, why would he go through all the trouble to find the one who stole Tarquin's deals? He was desperate to find that person to use against him, right?

So, Gideon couldn't be the one stealing the deals!

Meaning, Elysia might not have lied...

After a moment, Tarquin dialed Lowell's number. "Whatever it takes, make Gideon's confidant talk. I need to know everything Gideon and Elysia discussed at the café today."

Once he hung up, Tarquin lit another cigarette.

Apart from this mess, Elysia's accusations were gnawing at him. She had stood there, looking up at him with those determined eyes, spelling out her grievances word by word, even swearing oaths....

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Chapter 76

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She was telling him that she would stake her life on every word she said, claiming responsibility with the utmost sincerity.

Could it be that he had misunderstood her all along?

But how could he explain away the accusations of bullying a young lady? Who else had he bullied, if not her?

Tarquin's expression darkened as he contemplated. He hadn't mistreated her. He had his reasons for detaining her, and he conducted himself with integrity.

"What's on your mind now?" Keaton nudged him.

Tarquin snapped out of his reverie, took a hard drag on his cigarette, and fell silent.

"Keaton, where did you and Tarquin run off to? Come on back, everyone's here. We're just waiting on you two," Booker called out to summon them.

"Okay," Keaton replied, "we'll be there in a sec."

After hanging up, he turned to Tarquin and said, "Let's go. Stop overthinking for now. The birthday boy is calling us in."

Tarquin let out a quiet sigh, stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, and followed Keaton to the private room.

Keaton added, "There's something I need to tell you in advance. My sister has taken quite a shine to that girl. If you plan on doing anything to her in the future, you'd better be discreet, or my sister will make a scene. She won't confront you directly, but she'll take it out on me, and then I'll be forced to draw a line between us. That could mess up our brotherhood."

Tarquin smirked. "That's all the guts you have, huh?"

"Heh, easy for you to say. You don't have a sister. You have no idea how devastating an older sister can be to her little brother!"

Tarquin rolled his eyes and continued back to the room.

Booker greeted them cheerfully, “The prodigal sons return! Now that we’re all here, as today’s birthday guy, let me just say thanks for coming out to celebrate with me. Let’s

have a toast.”

Everyone raised their glasses to honor Booker’s birthday.

Sitting at the head of the table, Tarquin didn’t stand up. He simply clinked his glass on the table and knocked back his drink in one gulp.

The others, taken aback, followed suit. What was supposed to be a sip turned into a

downing of glasses.

The table buzzed with lively conversation. As someone moved to toast with Tarquin, Keaton, knowing his friend was not in the best of spirits, intercepted, “Why aim for Tarquin? Go toast with Booker. It’s his birthday, and you guys should be getting him hammered and throwing him into the arms of a lovely lady to celebrate his manhood. If you don’t, you’re not really men.”

The others, sensing Keaton’s intent to shield Tarquin from more drinks and noting his sour mood, turned their attention to Booker instead.

The crowd got rowdy, insisting that they would see Booker’s bachelorhood ended that night, accompanied by raucous laughter and risqué jokes.

Not wanting to dampen the mood, Tarquin played along for a bit before falling silent. He lit another cigarette, leaned back in his chair, and his gaze landed on Zane.

Earlier, he had seen Elysia chatting with Zane. They seemed quite familiar with each other, and the way Zane looked at her was ambiguous.

Feeling Tarquin’s eyes on him, Zane quickly looked back, searching for a way to engage with Tarquin– now he had his chance.

Zane smartly approached with a glass in hand and said cheerfully, “Mr. Bradford, a pleasure to meet you. I’d like to toast to you. No need for you to drink, I’ll take care of it.”

Zane tipped the glass and emptied it in one go, but Tarquin just continued to smoke, unmoved.

Someone of Zane's caliber wasn't yet worthy of sharing a drink with him.

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Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 77[609 words]

Chapter 77

Had it not been for Booker's birthday bash, their paths might never have crossed. The high. society circles weren't exactly open for just anyone to stroll into.

Booker was Tarquin's go-to guy, his right-hand man, and Zane? Well, Zane tagged along with a mutual buddy of Booker's.

Zane knew he was punching above his weight class, but he was cool as a cucumber event when he realized Tarquin wasn't drinking. With a grin that never wavered, he said, 'Name's Zane; I'm the current manager over at Newsom Group. Been looking forward to meeting. you, Mr. Bradford. Figured I'd take a shot and introduce myself today--here's my card.'

Zane, with a gulp of courage, fished out his business card and extended it towards Tarquin.

Tarquin glanced at it but didn't take it immediately.

Zane's cheeks flared red with embarrassment, scrambling mentally for a graceful exit. Suddenly, Tarquin reached out, taking the card.

Zane blinked, a rush of elation tingling through him as he silently cheered.

Tarquin inspected the card briefly before sliding it into his pocket. Then, he lifted his glass and clinked it on the table before taking a sip.

Zane, feeling honored, quickly topped off his own glass and downed three drinks in quick succession!

The rest of the guests, ever observant, had pretended to revolve around Booker, but their attention had never really left Zane's interaction with Tarquin. Once they saw Tarquin accept Zane's card and share a

drink with him, they swarmed Zane, handing out their own cards and clinking glasses, eager to buddy up.

Total strangers moments ago, now thick as thieves. Such was the pull of Tarquin's influence. Without uttering a word, he could alter someone's fate.

What the crowd didn't know was that Tarquin's favor towards Zane was all for Elysia's

sake.

Meanwhile, Elysia had already returned to the private lounge.

Despite her best efforts to mask her agitation, Elliot picked up on her discomfort.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, sweetie, why do you ask?" Elysia responded, feigning nonchalance.

Elliot furrowed his brows, observing her. "Your hair's a mess, and your hand...why is it

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hurt?"

Only then did Elysia notice the cut on her hand—likely from the ceramic soap dispenser Gage had shattered earlier.

She lied smoothly, "Ran into an old friend, got a little too excited, and accidentally knocked over the soap dispenser in the restroom. It was ceramic, and the shards cut my hand."

Emmett pushed forward; concern etched on his face. "Does it hurt, mommy?"

"Not at all, sweetie. Mommy wouldn't forget about it if it did."

“Let Emmett blow on it; it’ll heal faster,” he offered with childlike sincerity.

Elysia chuckled, “Thank you, Emmett. That’s very sweet.”

As she looked down, Elliot noticed the scratches on her neck but chose to stay quiet.

Blossom, ever the carefree one, hadn’t spotted the marks on Elysia’s neck but did see the injury on her hand. She called for the waiter to bring some alcohol and a Band-Aid while asking, “Who got you so worked up that you weren’t careful?”

Elysia replied, “Zane.”

Blossom expressed surprise. “You ran into Zane?”

“Yeah, he was here for some schmoozing, and we just happened to bump into each other.” “So that’s why you were out for so long. Ran into an old friend, huh? Zane’s made quite a name for himself in Jindale City. Mr. Newsom’s getting on in years, and with his daughter Winona, who is not really into the family business, it’s all on Zane’s shoulders. It’s only a matter of time before the old man steps down.”

“Zane’s got talent, always has since our school days. It’s no wonder he caught Winona’s

eye.”

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 78[614 words]

Chapter 78

“Yeah, it’s been over a year since Winona vanished, and Zane’s been all wrapped up in his career. Not a single whiff of scandal around him, which is pretty remarkable if you ask

1. me.

I heard there was this intern who had a thing for him and tried to make a move. Scared the crap out of Zane—fired her on the spot that very night. Then he went and posted this long memo at work, declaring he was a married man.

And get this: the memo was like some grand love letter to Winona. There was nothing crude or sleazy about it; it was pure poetry. Knocked the socks off half the female fans in the company.

He even hung their wedding photo all over his office—on the back wall, desk, and even the screensaver on his computer is a picture of them together. Dude’s like a one-man wife appreciation society, haha.”

Elysia chuckled, “Winona sure picked the right guy, and it wasn’t for nothing she married him under all that pressure back then.”

“True that. It’s only when I see Winona and Zane together that I believe marriage can actually be beautiful.”

Blossom gave Elysia a look that said a thousand words.

Elysia knew what she was getting at and teased, “You can’t judge the whole forest based on one withered sapling. Love can still be a beautiful thing.”

“Nope, it’s not love that has to be beautiful—it’s true love that counts. Plenty of fake love

out there.”

Elysia teased back, “And here’s a bachelor giving love advice.”

“What do you know? The observer sees all; the player is blind. Us single folks are the real

love critics.”

Elysia laughed. “Sure you are.”

As they chatted, the waiter came over, accompanied by a lady doctor and two nurses.

Elysia was taken aback. Doctors and nurses in a hotel?

It was just a little scratch, and they're making such a fuss?

This place was the crème de la crème of Jindale City's hotels, alright. The service was impeccable.

The doctor carefully treated Elysia's wound and asked gently, "Any other injuries?"

Elysia shook her head with a smile, "No, that's it."

Elliot watched Elysia, frowning.

There was clearly a bruise on her neck!

After giving Elysia some advice, the doctor left.

Elysia was impressed. "No wonder it's pricey here; the service is top-notch."

"Obviously, it's the service industry. If we're paying, we better get treated like royalty."

"Exactly; only with money can you be a princess; otherwise, you're just Cinderella."

"Cinderella had her comeback, too. I'm rooting for you, girl. You're gonna be a rich lady one day."

Elysia was grinning ear to ear. "With a little luck from you, if I do strike it rich, you'll be the first one I'll repay. I'll get all your heartthrobs to call you 'sweetheart.'"

Elysia was money-minded, Blossom was into young celebs, and Winona was all about her

career.

Those were their quirks.

At the mention of heartthrobs, Blossom's eyes lit up like Christmas trees, "Hurry up and get rich, will you? I can hardly wait."

Seeing that lovesick look in her eyes, Elysia reminded her, "Easy there, tiger. The kids are around; don't corrupt the young minds."

Blossom winked at her, then got serious. She handed the menu to Elysia and said, “We’ve already ordered. Take a look and see if you want to add anything.”

Elysia didn’t hold back, taking the menu and casually asking, “Haven’t seen Evan around.

Is he in the restroom?”

Without a second thought, Blossom replied, “Yeah, he’s off doing his business.”

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Elysia didn’t think much of it.

Meanwhile, Evan had just arrived at Tarquin’s private room door.

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 79[871 words]

Chapter 79

Elysia had been out for quite some time, and Evan was getting antsy about finding her.

But Blossom, ever the protective one, wasn’t keen on letting him venture out alone. So, Evan fibbed about needing to use the bathroom for a number two.

With Blossom none the wiser, he made his sneaky escape.

And just his luck, there he spotted Tarquin and Elysia engaged in conversation in the hallway.

Hiding at a distance, he couldn’t make out their words, but the stormy look on his mommy’s face said it all.

In his little mind, Tarquin was clearly the villain who had upset his precious mom.

An eye for an eye, he thought. If Mom's upset, Tarquin won't get off easy either.

So, the little guy was on a mission to even the score. He eavesdropped by the door, catching the lively buzz inside, punctuated by toasts to the "birthday boy."

Evan scoffed silently.

A birthday, huh? Big whoop.

He spied a waiter wheeling over a cart with a birthday cake, and his eyes twinkled with mischief as he sauntered toward it. As he drew closer, he couldn't help but express his

awe.

"Wow, what a gorgeous cake! I'd kill for a slice."

The waiter, charmed by the cuteness, paused, saying with a smile, "It sure is pretty, but it's for someone else. It's not polite to eat without asking. If you want some sweets, just ask your folks to holler at one of us. We've got plenty of other treats in the back."

Evan pouted adorably. "The best ones are always out of reach, huh? Oh, what's that on top? Is that a candle?"

He pointed his tiny finger at the cake's top decoration.

All three waiters glanced up, and in that split second, Evan slipped a little something into the cake from his pocket.

"That's just a fancy topper, not a candle," they explained.

"Oh, then better get going. Don't keep the birthday boy waiting!"

"Sure thing." The waiters chuckled and rolled the cake away.

Evan licked his finger, savoring the sweetness of the stolen frosting.

"Mmm, so good, what a shame," he muttered, grinning wickedly as the cake disappeared into the room.

Soon after, a loud “BANG!” erupted from the party room, followed by screams.

Evan knew his ploy had worked. With a smug humph, he strolled towards the bathroom, whistling a tune, hands buried in his pockets.

Inside, Booker’s cake had exploded, showering Tarquin in a sloppy mess.

Being the closest to Booker, Tarquin was now a cake monster, covered from head to toe. He gasped in shock, nearly losing his cool – never had he been so humiliated, especially not in front of an audience!

As confusion reigned, Booker finally burst out, “Fuck! Who’s fucking with me on my day? You win; you got me. Just wait till I find out who you are, and when your birthday rolls around, I’ll show you...”

Booker assumed it was a prank from one of the guests.

The tension eased as everyone else thought the same, and laughter filled the room.

Tarquin didn’t dwell on it.

A little birthday prank among guys was nothing out of the ordinary. But with it being Booker’s day, Tarquin swallowed his anger, storming off to the bathroom to clean up.

With the party room’s restroom occupied, he headed to the one outside.

That’s when he encountered Evan.

Evan, wearing a face mask, stood in front of the kiddie toilet, fumbling with his trousers.

Their eyes met – a grown man a
and a boy.

Tarquin’s brow furrowed. Had it not been for the boy’s lively eyes, he might have mistaken him for Elijah.

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Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 80[637 words]

Chapter 80

When Elijah was wearing a mask, his eyes were almost identical to this boy's. Only Elijah's brow was frequently furrowed, a clear sign that not even the most shocking events could easily stir his expression.

"Wowza, cake man! It looks super scrumptious!" Evan exclaimed as he dashed towards Tarquin, disregarding the setting entirely and grabbing a fistful of cake to stuff into his mouth.

The cake was genuinely delicious, and he was drooling with desire.

Tarquin quickly grabbed his wrist, "No can do, buddy. You can't eat that."

Evan tried to power through and eat it anyway, but he was no match for Tarquin's strength. Staring at the tantalizing cake just out of reach, the little guy was far from pleased, "Meanie!"

He huffed indignantly and returned to his kiddie stool.

Tarquin's brow creased with annoyance, but he didn't hold a grudge against Evan, instead opting to clean off the cake smears from his body at the sink.

Just as he finished washing his face, Evan turned to him with a pitiful look.

"Sir."

Tarquin turned around with a silent question.

"I... I gotta pee, like, really bad," said Evan.

"Well, go ahead."

"But I... I can't unzip my pants. Can you help me out, please?"

Before Tarquin could react, Evan started his performance.

“Oh no, I can’t hold it anymore. I’m gonna pee my pants, wah wah wah, Sir, please help me!”

Tarquin’s frown deepened. He wasn’t one for small talk, especially with strangers, and that included kids. But he saw a shadow of Elijah in the little guy, and paternal instincts took over, so he didn’t refuse this time.

He walked over, squatted down, and began to help Evan with his zipper.

Just as the zipper came undone, suddenly, a warm stream sprayed out...

Freshly baked boy pee, splashing onto Tarquin’s face, clothes, hands, and shoes...

Tarquin was utterly flabbergasted.

09:46

A sly smirk flickered in Evan’s eyes, and he triumphed inside, “That’s for picking on my mom; take that!”

He was internally gloating, though his face showed sheer panic. “I’m so sorry, Sir. I... I couldn’t hold it. You’re not gonna hit me, are you?”

Out of the corner of his eye, Evan noticed someone entering and burst into tears. “It wasn’t on purpose, Sir. I swear I didn’t mean to pee on you. Let me wipe it off; I’ll clean it up...”

He made a move towards the trash can to pick up used tissues.

Tarquin’s eyes widened in horror, and he shot up, taking several steps back.

“You...”

“You don’t need me to wipe it off?”

“No, I don’t!”

“Well... okay then, you clean up. I’m gonna head out. Oh, and don’t forget to rinse your mouth. I think I saw some pee fly into it.”

Tarquin was speechless.

Lowell walked in with fresh clothes, accompanied by Keaton and Upton. Their eyes widened in shock at the sight before them.

Before they could utter a word, Evan pleaded with them in his most pitiful tone. “I didn’t mean to make him drink my pee, and I didn’t mean to pee on his face. I’m a good kid, raised in a good home.”

The group was at a loss for words.

After his spiel, Evan left the restroom, immediately switching expressions once he was out of sight.

Humming a little tune, he bounced back to their private room in the best of spirits.

Elysia and Blossom were surprised to see him return.

“Evan, when did you go out?”

“Just now, I wanted to find Mommy, but the lady outside told me she was already back, so I didn’t go far.”

Elysia wasn’t overly concerned about Evan running off, but the thought of him bumping into that bastard made her heart leap to her throat. If that man found out about the children’s existence, what then?