

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 91[630 words]

Chapter 91

Wheatfield Homestay.

Blossom's eyes widened in astonishment as she looked over the breakfast spread Zane had brought home, exclaiming, "Goodness, breakfast from the Jinpeach Restaurant? Did you really go out of your way to get this? And so much variety!"

"Yep, it's the best breakfast in town, and Elysia hasn't been home in ages. I wasn't sure if her tastes have changed over the years, so I got a bit of everything just in case."

Blossom tsk-tsked in amazement, "How could it not be delicious? A single muffin costs a fortune."

Elysia gasped, "How much?"

Blossom gestured with her small hands, "One muffin, 800 bucks!"

"That expensive?"

"Mmm-hmm, hard to believe, right? Tarquin really knows how to rake in the dough—a true capitalist through and through!"

Jinpeach Restaurant was one of the businesses owned by Tarquin.

Elysia's expression changed slightly, given that Tarquin was her husband.

With muffins priced at \$800 each, Zane had bought six, in addition to three hearty oatmeal bowls and a dozen side dishes. The breakfast had cost them just shy of ten grand.

Elysia, trying to calm her nerves, said to Zane, "You've really gone all out."

"We're friends, no need for formalities. Come on, sit and eat before it gets cold."

“You haven’t eaten either, have you? Join us.”

“Sure.”

As the three of them ate and chatted, Elysia asked, “Have you heard from Winona lately?”

Zane shook his head, “Not yet.

Blossom chimed in, “She’s been gone for over a year. You’d think she’d be back by now. A movie shoot usually only takes a few months.”

Zane replied, “This time it’s different. She said to brace myself, that it might be a year or two before she could return. If there were any complications, it could take even longer.”

“That long? Must be a major production.”

“Yeah, Winona’s always been ambitious, always challenging herself.”

“Has she been in touch with her folks?” Elysia asked.

Zane shook his head again. She signed a non-disclosure agreement and can’t contact anyone.”

Elysia looked embarrassed, not quite understanding the rules of their industry.

“How have you been these past years?” Zane steered the conversation towards her.

“Alright, I guess.”

“After the scandal, you disappeared so suddenly... we were all terrified...”

“I had a bad rep back then and didn’t want to drag you guys down with me, so I left. quietly.”

“You always saw things too black and white. We’re not just friends, we’re practically family. There’s no such thing as dragging us down. We know you, and there’s no way you’d do anything like ‘cheating within marriage. Winona and I even reached out to the best lawyers to help you fight your case, but then you went off the grid. And that was six years ago.”

Elysia felt remorseful as she said, “I was young and scared, not thinking about fighting the case or assigning blame; I just wanted to escape. I caused you all so much worry...”

“No need for formalities among friends. We never saw you as an outsider. If you ever decide you want to appeal, just say the word, and we’ll be there to help.”

Elysia smiled softly. “It’s all in the past now. I don’t want to appeal anymore. I’m living well now and don’t want to dwell on past troubles.”

“Good point. If you don’t want to appeal, then put it all behind you. We have to keep moving forward.”

“Exactly.”

“Got any plans for the future?”

“To live a good life with my kids.”

Zane looked surprised, “You have kids?”

The triplets were still snoozing in the bedroom, unseen by Zane, which explained his astonishment.

Elysia beamed, “Three boys, they’re five years old now.”

Zane was taken aback. “Five years old? They’re his, and... you went through with the pregnancy?”

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Chapter 92

Zane looked perplexed. “Did you ever find the kids’ father?”

No, I raped them by myself.”

To was visibly impressed. “That must be tough, a single mom with three kids. How did you manage?”

“Just taking it one day at a time, you know? Sure, there have been tough spots, but overall, there’s been more joy than not.”

And you... you don’t ever want to find their father?”

Elysia shook her head emphatically. “No need. The kids are all I need.”

Zane’s gaze lingered on her, filled with compassion.

Blossom too looked at her with an expression of deep sympathy.

Elysia offered a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry about me. I’m doing really well. Once the divorce is finalized and the kids’ paperwork is sorted, I plan to move to a cozy town and settle down.”

Zane was taken aback. “You’re not divorced yet?”

She shook her head. "I guess he hasn't signed the divorce papers yet."

Frowning. Zane asked, "Why wouldn't he sign?"

"I wish I knew."

"You've been back for a few days now, right? How come the divorce isn't final?"

Elysia's face was a picture of frustration. "He's complicating things. I haven't even been able to see him."

"What do you mean? Doesn't he want the divorce?"

"He says he does."

Blossom chimed in, "I bet he's dragging his feet because he knows you really want the divorce. He's probably doing it out of spite, because of what happened back then."

Elysia was just as puzzled. "But he'll want to get married and have his own kids someday, right? Holding onto this marriage isn't doing him any favors—unless he plans on never getting married."

Otherwise, he'd be committing bigamy.

Zane, with a furrowed brow, offered, "If it's okay with you, you can tell me who he is. I'll

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help you sort things out with him. If there's no love left, it's best to just end it.

Blossom also looked at Elysia expectantly. Up to this point, she still had no idea who Elysia's deadbeat husband was.

Elysia, however, remained firm. "You two don't need to worry about this, I'll handle it."

She couldn't very well tell them—there was a confidentiality agreement from their secret marriage that she couldn't breach.

More importantly, with Tarquin's current influence, she wouldn't dare let Blossom and Zane approach him. If Tarquin got angry and went after them in retaliation, she couldn't have that on her conscience.

Seeing Elysia's resolve, Blossom and Zane didn't press further.

Zane tried to lighten the mood, "Listen, if you run into any trouble in Jindale City, you come to me. No need to be shy, okay?"

“Okay.”

After chatting for a while longer, Zane was the first to leave. As soon as he got into his car, he whipped out his phone and transferred fifty thousand dollars to a certain account. Then he made a call..

“I need you to dig up who Elysia’s husband is. If you hit a wall, go ask the Thorne family. Do it fast, and there’s another fifty thousand in it for you. And the job from last night, all taken care of?”

“Yep!”

“Make sure you covered your tracks. If anyone gets wind of this, we’re both done for.”

“Understood.”

Hanging up, Zane leaned back in his seat, a complex expression on his face as he stared at the Wheatfield Homestay.

He hadn’t expected Elysia to reappear in his life. He certainly hadn’t anticipated that she was still married. And he had never imagined that Elysia would have kids, let alone triplets!

After a while, he exhaled slowly, started the car, and drove off, dialing a number as he went.

“Hey, I want to place an order for three kids’ breakfast specials, delivered to Wheatfield Homestay, Building 1. And make it the deluxe versions, please.”

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The trio woke up in a bit of a panic.

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Chapter 93

Emmett glanced at the clock on the nightstand and his face turned ghostly pale. “Oh no,

It’s past ten! We’re in trouble, Mom and Blossom must be starving.”

Leaping out of bed, still in his pajamas, Emmett dashed out of the room.

Elliot and Evan stirred awake as well.

In the living room, Elysia and Blossom were lounging and chatting when they saw Emmett barrel through, anxious as a rabbit in a snare.

“What’s the rush, Emmett?” Elysia asked.

“Mom, Godmother, are you hungry? I’ll whip up some breakfast for you right now.”

Emmett was all set to storm the kitchen when Elysia called him back.

“No need to cook, sweetheart. We’ve already eaten, and your breakfast is ready too. Go freshen up, and then you can eat.”

“Ah? Did you make it, Mom?”

“No, it was delivered by a gentleman.”

“A gentleman?”

“Mhmm, I’ll tell you more about it later. Now go wash up and wake your brothers, too.”

With a quick ‘okay,’ Emmett pivoted and headed back to their room.

“Mom said a gentleman brought us breakfast.”

“Which gentleman?” Elliot and Evan chimed in unison.

“I don’t know.”

Elliot and Evan didn’t bother with washing up; they were more interested in grilling Elysia.

Suddenly, a man appeared in their mom’s life, and they were naturally curious.

With a smile, Elysia explained, “It was your other godmom’s husband, also an old college friend of mine. He heard we were in Jindale City and came to check on us, bringing breakfast along. He even peeked into your room, but you boys were still asleep.”

Elliot and Evan relaxed a bit with the explanation.

However, back in the room, Elliot couldn’t resist checking the security cameras briefly, then did a quick search on Zane’s background.

Zane had several labels: self-made man, tycoon son-in-law, ambitious youth, business

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hotshot, supported husband, universe's best spouse

Finding nothing alarming about him, Elliot finally shut down the computer and went to freshen up.

As long as the guy meant no harm to their mom, they were cool.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Blossom suddenly gasped, "Oh my stars, Gage is getting his comeuppance!"

Hearing Gage's name, Elysia leaned in curiously. "What happened to him?"

"Take a look. The guy's been neutered. You've been away and might not know, but this Gage is an old lecher, a scourge of Jindale City. He loves bullying women, and he's brutally good at it. But because of his ties to Tarquin, no one dared to touch him. Now, finally, a hero has emerged."

Blossom was oblivious to the bad blood between Elysia and Gage; she was merely reacting to the news.

Elysia had heard about the connection between Gage and Tarquin from Zane the night before, and she was intrigued.

Who had the guts to strike at Gage?

Weren't they afraid of Tarquin seeking revenge?

Yet as she glanced at Gage's miserable photos circulating online, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of schadenfreude.

Serves him right!

What goes around comes around!

She didn't have the heart of a saint; she couldn't wish well for someone who had wronged

her so.

Blossom's exclamation was loud enough for Elliot to hear from his room. Midway through brushing his teeth, he hurried back to his computer to check on Gage's situation.

A look of shock crossed his face as he researched. He hadn't even made a move yet, and someone had beaten him to the punch.

"Bro, did you do this?" Evan approached, eyes wide with curiosity.

Elliot shook his head, "Not me. I hadn't lifted a finger yet."

"Then who did?"

“No idea. Gage has wronged so many, any one of them could be the culprit.”

“Whoever it is, they’re a hero in my eyes—ridding us of a menace!”

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Chapter 94

After a hearty breakfast of pancakes and bacon, Blossom suggested that they take the three kids out for a stroll downtown and catch a movie. The party of five set out the door, spirits high and laughter in the air.

Elysia

sia didn’t give the incident with Gage a second thought, but the ripples it caused were far from insignificant.

Gage was nothing more than a contemptible little twerp, disliked by many, but he was a Slater, and that meant he represented the entire Slater clan. And the Slaters had the powerful Tarquin backing them. So, by extension, hitting Gage was like slapping Tarquin across the face.

In current times, it seemed unthinkable that someone would dare to cross Tarquin, and so, the internet exploded with gossip.

Everyone was wondering who would be foolish enough to offend Tarquin. But those close to Tarquin knew well his true feelings toward Gage.

Nola Slater was a lifesaver to Elijah; Tarquin was grateful to her, which extended to some level of care toward the Slater family, but that was strictly business.

As for Gage... to speak frankly, Tarquin never really considered him worth his attention. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have let Gage make a fool of himself running naked through the streets that one time.

Keaton’s call came through, “Was it you?”

Tarquin stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows of his executive office, a cigarette pinched between his fingers as he surveyed the skyline of Jindale City. “Why don’t you. ask your sister?”

Tarquín was aware of the bad blood between Gage and Elysia. Seeing the news about Gage's mishap, he had a hunch it might be related to Elysia.

Now, with the Denton family indebted to Elysia for something, it was a possibility that they'd take Gage down a peg for her sake.

Keaton said, "It wasn't them. My sister just called me, asking if it was you. She said if it was, to thank you for standing up for Ms. Thorne!"

"I'm not that idle."

"Then it's strange. Over the years, plenty have wanted Gage dead but held back out of respect for you. Now him suddenly getting in trouble? Everyone in the circle suspects he's pissed you off, and you handled it personally."

"Me, personally? Is he even worth the effort?"

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"You're right. But whoever did this... using Gage to offend you sounds pretty far-fetched, If they really wanted to cross you, they'd come at me directly. Our bond is Ironclad; you'd definitely blow a fuse if something happened to me."

Tarquín flicked off some ash. "If you're so bored, go take a nap. Stop prying into everything!"

Keaton chuckled, "I've got nothing on today. Don't feel like sleeping or hanging with my girl. How about I keep you company? Feels like ages since I last graced you with my presence."

"Beat it!"

Tarquín hung up without another word.

Lowell approached and said, "Tarquín, I did some digging. The hit on Gage was by a pro, contracted through the dark web. The client only wanted Gage... emasculated, not dead."

With the job being on the dark web, tracing the client would be difficult.

Tarquín took a drag on his cigarette, indifferent to Gage's fate. After all, Gage had made enough enemies who would want to harm him.

"What's Elysia up to?"

Lowell, thankfully aware of his boss's attitude towards Elysia, held back a smirk. Otherwise, he might suspect his boss had fallen for her.

Mentioning her name every chance he got...

“Just got word that she’s out shopping with Ms. Blythe, and they’ve got the kids with them.”

Tarquin remained silent, prompting Lowell to continue, “Also, we got a call from Royal Community. Your wife has reached out again, asking when you’ll be free to finalize the divorce.”

At the mention of his wife, Tarquin frowned in annoyance. “Tell her, if she doesn’t want trouble, to stop harassing me. I’ll get in touch when I’m ready for the divorce.”

Now that he no longer suspected her, he naturally had no desire to see her either.

Lowell nodded in understanding, the office once again falling silent.

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Chapter 95

Elysia was shopping on the bustling streets when her phone buzzed with a new message. She was fuming as she clutched her phone and confronted the caller.

“What do you mean he’ll divorce when he feels like it? Can’t he give me a straight answer? Can’t I just see him, have a one-on-one chat, I-”

“Beep, beep, beep...”

Before she could finish her sentence, the call was abruptly ended.

“Son of a gun!”

Elysia was seething, hands on hips, forehead creased in frustration.

It was only when she reached the mall that she remembered to unblock the number for Royal Community and give them a call about the divorce.

Realizing she had blacklisted their number previously, she quickly salvaged the contact from digital oblivion and dialed back.

The news that Tarquin had actually reached out to her last night, even setting up a meeting for today, had sent her over the moon with excitement.

But, as fate would have it, things took a U-turn.

She didn't know if Tarquin was ticked off for not getting through to her last night, but all she knew was that she was fuming!

Maybe if she had picked up the phone last night, they would have been at the courthouse signing divorce papers by now!

Oh, if only she hadn't drowned her sorrows in wine!

Blossom noticed Elysia's distress and sidled up. "What's up?"

Elysia was a mix of anger and helplessness. "That jerk still refuses to sign the divorce papers. Today he was even more obstinate, telling me not to bother him, saying he'll divorce when he feels like it."

"What?" Blossom's voice spiked in disbelief.

The kids were busy at the arcade, and Elysia, not wanting to cause a scene, nudged Blossom to tone it down.

In a hushed tone, Blossom prodded, "What does he even want? What's this nonsense about divorcing when he feels like it? You two were at each other's throats, not to mention living apart for years! Him dragging his feet is just low-down dirty! Don't worry about it. Let's take him to court! I have a friend who's a lawyer. If he won't play nice, we'll show him tough."

Elysia's expression soured

It wasn't like he was any ordinary man that might be an option but this was Tarquin. Even if he weren't at the helm of the Bradford Group, he stood no chance in court against him.

And now forget about it!

Which lawyer in their right mind would risk crossing Tarquin for her?

If Tarquin was a rock, she wasn't even fit to be an eagle.

Legal action was off the table.

And confronting him directly? That avenue was shut down too. He made it clear any harassment would be on her own head.

This was just bullying!

“You leave it to me Just give me his details I’ll rally my folks and my quest. With two renowned professors and a society lady on our side, how can we not handle one man?”

Blossom refused to back down

Elysia glanced at Blossom awkwardly, internally screaming “Blossom, were no match for him, alas”

Esia sighed. “Let’s just forget about him for now it be wont divorce so be it Let’s see who can outlast the other. He’s got some high and mighty giriftene. I bet she’s itchines to take my place. If she starts making waves, he’ll come crawling to the

Blossom sighed in solidarity feeling frustrated on Evsia’s behalt as she said, “What kind of a jerk holds on to a relationship that’s long dead? He’s disgusting! But whatever you’re better off without him. Since you can’t shake him off, just stay here in Jingale Oby Your biggest worry was the kids schooling, right? I’ve got it covered. They can attend the preschool I’m working at

“Are you sure? Is that okay?”

“Trust me, I’ve got this

“Isn’t the tuition steep?”

“Stop fussing. I told you it’s handled. Don’t worry about the fees

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Chapter 96

“I can’t accept this.”

“Think of it as a loan, sweetheart,” Blossom insisted, her voice warm and soothing like a cup of chamomile tea. “When you’re back on your feet, you can pay me back. Also, cancel that Airbnb you’re staying at and come live with me. I’ve got a three-bedroom house with two rooms gathering dust. This way, I get to see my godsons every day, and I won’t be so lonely. It’s a win-win.”

Elysia’s heart swelled with emotion. She nodded, her words failing to capture the depth of her gratitude. “Thanks, Blossom,” she murmured, feeling a weight lift off her shoulders.

“Mommy, Godmother, come play with us!” Evan called out to them, his voice echoing in the excitement of the arcade.

The two women exchanged a knowing smile and followed the sound of his laughter.

Elysia’s spirits were buoyed by her best friend’s generosity. Her biggest worry had been the kids’ schooling, and now, with Blossom’s help, that concern was alleviated.

“Ah-”

A sudden shriek pierced the air.

Emmett had been pushed off a kiddie motorcycle by another little boy and landed with a thud on the carpeted floor. The usurper had already mounted the bike Emmett was riding, his hands gripping the handlebars, a triumphant ‘vroom vroom’ escaping his lips, oblivious to the injustice he’d just committed.

Evan, with the temperament of a firecracker, didn’t take kindly to the sight. He marched over and gave the boy a shove, sending him tumbling to the ground, chin meeting carpet.

“The nerve! Who do you think you are, picking on my brother?” Evan’s voice was fierce, his protective instincts in full display.

The little boy burst into tears as he cried out, “Mommy, mommy, he pushed me!”

A well-dressed woman hurried over, scooping up her son in her arms. “Oh, my poor baby, where did you get hurt? Tell mommy where it hurts!”

“My bum, it hurts,” he wailed, rubbing his backside.

The woman turned her wrath on Evan, her voice sharp as a knife, “You little brat, how dare you touch my son? You’re going to pay for this!”

Evan, undeterred, stood his ground. “You’re the brat, and so is your whole family!”

“Insolent child! I’ll-” The woman’s hand flew up, ready to strike, but Elysia caught her wrist mid-air.

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Creeding Emmett and shielding Evan behind her, Elysia glared at the furious mother.

What do you think you’re doing?”

“What am I doing? Your kid pushed mine, are you blind? As his guardian, you should teach him some manners. This is a public place, the rides are for everyone. What gives your son the right to stop mine from playing?”

Elysia was livid as she asked, “Who started it? My son Emmett was playing peacefully. until your son pushed him off. Who’s the one lacking manners now?”

The woman’s face turned scarlet with anger. “Do you know who I am to talk to me like that?”

“I don’t care who you are. We’re all trying to make it through life for the first time. I see no reason to coddle you; I’m not your parent! Your son wronged mine first, and if you so much as touch my child...”

With a swift move, Elysia shoved her away.

The woman, unsteady in her high heels, nearly stumbled, saved only by the quick reflexes of her nanny.

“You dare to strike me? You’ll regret this, bitch!” she seethed, ready to lash out at Elysia.

Blossom stepped forward, her own temper flaring. “Who are you calling bitch? You think you’re something special because you’ve got money? Try me, lady. I’m not afraid to stand my ground.”

Rolling up her sleeves, Blossom was ready to fight.

Seeing the determination in Elysia and Blossom’s eyes, the woman spat out a threat, “This isn’t over. Just you wait.”

With a huff, she left with her son and the nanny, leaving Elysia and Blossom to calm Evan and Emmett, their hearts racing but their bonds stronger than ever.

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Chapter 97

Elysia quickly asked Emmett, “Emmett, are you hurt?”

Emmett clung to Elysia’s neck, crying softly, “I’m scared...”

Unlike his brothers Elliot and Evan, Emmett was naturally timid, gentle in spirit, and particularly prone to tears.

“It’s okay, baby, no need to be scared. Blossom and I have chased the bad guys away. Does your bum still hurt?”

“It hurts…”

“Let me rub it for you.”

Blossom tried to distract him, “Emmett, there’s a milkshake stand over there. Want me to take you to get one?”

The little guy blinked, clearly tempted.

“Come on, I will take you.” Blossom reached out, wanting to scoop Emmett into her arms, but the little guy clung to Elysia’s neck and wouldn’t let go.

Although he knew Blossom was safe, their time together had been short, and he relied on Elysia more. Especially having just been upset, he didn’t want to leave Elysia’s side.

Blossom, a bit helpless, asked, “How about you stay here with your mom and I’ll go get you one, okay?”

Emmett snuggled into Elysia’s embrace and gave a little nod between sobs.

Seeing that Elliot and Evan were also sulking, Blossom took one child by each hand and led them off to get milkshakes.

Elysia sat with Emmett in the seating area, soothing him tenderly. She had just calmed Emmett down when that high-society women suddenly came charging back.

And she wasn’t alone; several haughty-looking women followed her, each dressed in designer labels, toting fancy handbags, and teetering on stiletto heels.

Seeing their aggressive approach, Elysia held Emmett close and glared at them.

The women drew near, looking down their noses at Elysia and Emmett with disdain,

“Is it them?”

Emmett, frightened, began to tremble but then jumped out from Elysia’s arms, spread his arms wide, and stood in front of her. “Don’t bully my mommy!”

The women watched Emmett with their arms crossed, unable to hide their amazement.

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Emmett had an extremely good look, even by Hollywood standards. He and his brothers were different in appearance and aura. While all were cute, Elliot and Evan looked more rugged, whereas Emmett was softer. If they were characters from a classic movie, Emmett would be the heartthrob, a face so handsome that even women would be

impressed.

The woman stared at Emmett for a while before one snapped, “Out of the way, you little brat! Mind I don’t slap you with my flip-flop.”

Emmett’s breathing quickened with fear, but he didn’t move. He might be scared, but he wanted to protect Elysia. She was his favorite person, and he wouldn’t allow anyone to bully her.

Touched, Elysia stood up, shielding Emmett behind her, and fixed her gaze on the aristocratic woman,

“What do you want?”

“What do I want? I want you to learn what happens when you cross me.”

Beside her stood a young woman in her early twenties, bearing a resemblance to her, who asked, “Sis, is this the mother and son who bullied you and Quill?”

The high-society lady accused, “Yes, them! My son Quill was playing on his electric bike when her son just pushed him off. The bruise on Quill’s knee is their doing. And after pushing Quill, they didn’t even apologize—typical uncouth behavior, no manners!”

The young woman named Oriana had a venomous gaze despite her angelic looks. She glared at Elysia, pulled out her phone, and dialed, her voice sickly sweet, “Keaton, come to Wansh Mall, quick. My sister and I are being bullied, boo hoo.”

As soon as she hung up, she turned to Elysia with a triumphant look. “You’re done for.”

Elysia realized she was dealing with a manipulator.

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Chapter 98

Elysia pursed her lips and said, “Look, we’re all adults here, no need to spin tales. It was your son who shoved mine first! Everyone saw it.”

The onlookers huddled around, exchanging glances and whispers, none daring to utter a word.

As it happened, Tarquin was in the area conducting an inspection.

The mall was part of the Bradford Group’s portfolio, and he made a point of personally checking on each establishment monthly.

Lowell spotted Elysia and said, “Well, if it isn’t Ms. Thorne. Talk about fate, eh? I heard she went shopping with Ms. Blythe, never imagined they’d grace us with their presence. Must be divine intervention! The big guy upstairs knows you’ve been all knotted up about Ms. Thorne lately, and arranged a little serendipity for you.”

Tarquin shot back with a dry. “Silence is golden, Lowell.”

Lowell chuckled, “Seems like Ms Thorne’s caught up in some trouble. Should we go have a look?”

“Playing the knight in shining armor, are you?”

Lowell blinked, “No, of course not. That wasn’t my intention.

But he was definitely hoping Tarquin would play that role.

Ever since Elysia planted one on Tarquin, Lowell figured she had something special. After all these years, she was the only one who’d managed to get that close!

If she could help Tarquin forget about Elijah’s mother and lead a normal life again, then Elysia would be golden in Lowell’s eyes. Regardless of whether she had an agenda with. Tarquin, as long as she wasn’t after his life, that was fine by them.

Lowell cared for Tarquin and didn’t want to see him suffer over a woman whose fate was uncertain.

“Do you like her?” Tarquin asked out of the blue, catching Lowell off guard.

“Tarquin, that’s not funny.”

“If you’ve got feelings for her, I’ll play matchmaker for you.”

The corner of Lowell’s mouth twitched uncontrollably as he said, “You might as well put me out of my misery.”

I've noticed you're quite interested in her, and you think highly of her. Don't worry about any past issues between us. If you truly like her, I can approach her and extend an olive branch."

Despite his magnanimous words, Lowell was close to losing his cool.

"I don't like her, not like that. I... I may have been a bit enthusiastic, but that's because of you."

"Oh?"

Lowell's lips moved but he said nothing more, aware that Tarquin harbored no feelings for Elysia.

"She stabilized Corbin's condition, didn't she? I think she can help our Elijah."

Tarquin glanced at him with half-closed eyes but said nothing further.

Meanwhile, Elysia was embroiled in a heated argument. A few women were making quite the scene, haughtily proclaiming,

"So what if she pushed your son? The fact that we didn't kick your kid out of the park is mercy enough!"

"Exactly. If it wasn't for Quill wanting to experience a 'normal' life, do you think you'd even be allowed in here? You and your son should be on your knees, thanking him for not renting out the entire place."

Another woman chimed in with a warning. "Next time you pick a fight, make sure you know who you're dealing with. The bruise on Quill's body alone is worth more than your entire net worth."

Elysia frowned at them, recognizing that these women, much like a certain lady of high society, were beyond reason and devoid of manners.

One woman, towering over Elysia, demanded, "Get down and knock your head against the floor three times for Fleur, then slap yourself ten times. Maybe then she'll forgive you."

Elysia responded with icy defiance, "And what if I refuse?"

"Refuse? Then you're choosing the hard way."

As Elysia glared at them and reached for her phone to call the police, one of the women snatched it away and smashed it on the ground,

"Thinking of calling the cops, are you? You must be out of your mind. Do you have any idea who you've crossed today? Quill's uncle by marriage is none other than the renowned Mr. Keaton Huber of Jindale City. The cops will take your side? Fat chance."

The woman moved to crush the phone with her foot, but Elysia shoved her away. "Psycho!"

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 99[617 words]

Chapter 99

Elysia cursed under her breath and bent down to pick up her phone. No sooner had she grabbed it than she felt a sudden yank on her hair.

Someone had grabbed her hair and pulled hard, sending a sharp pain shooting through her scalp.

“We haven’t even started on you yet, and you’re already swinging,” a woman sneered. “You’re asking for it, you wretch!”

A gaggle of women surrounded her, hurling insults and readying their hands for a fight.

Fuming, Elysia thought, if it weren’t for her desire to avoid trouble, she’d give each of them a dose of her own medicine.

She stomped on the foot of the woman who had grabbed her hair, causing her to let go instantly and howl in pain.

“Ouch, ouch, ouch... My foot, waaah...”

She didn’t need needles to handle these women; they were no match for her.

They say a lioness becomes fiercest when she’s a mother, and since having her children, Elysia was no longer the pushover she used to be.

Moreover, living in the countryside for so many years, doing daily labor like collecting herbs and chopping firewood, had made her body strong.

These pampered flowers, raised in a greenhouse, stood no chance against her.

Despite their numbers, they couldn’t get the upper hand.

Oriana frowned at the scene and fixed her gaze on Emmett. Striding over, she kicked Emmett to the ground.

“Think you can compete with us for Quill’s toys? You’re asking for it!”

Emmett burst into tears, “Mommy, mommy... waaaah...”

Seeing Emmett in distress, Elysia flew into a rage, slapping and kicking the group of women until they were sprawled on the ground. She grabbed Oriana and delivered a few sharp slaps across her face., Pushing her away, she scooped up Emmett.

“Don’t be scared, Emmett, Mommy’s here.”

Emmett clung tightly to Elysia’s neck and cried, “Mommy, waaaah, mommy...”

As Elysia comforted Emmett, the other women rushed to Oriana’s aid.

you alright? Did

“Oriana, are you get hurt? Did that fall hurt you?”

Now that Oriana was dating Keaton, she was considered the most prestigious woman in their circle of friends.

Everybody knew Keaton was a womanizer, changing girlfriends more often than his shirts, yet why were so many women eager to date him?

And why did none of his ex-girlfriends ever come forward to badmouth him?

Firstly, Keaton, though flirtatious, never played the field; he was devoted to one relationship at a time.

Secondly, his ‘financial prowess’ played a role; every woman who dated Keaton not only benefited materially but also saw her social status soar. Keaton was famously indulgent with his girlfriends, treating them like queens during their relationship.

Even if Oriana and Keaton were to break up, with the reputation as Keaton’s ex, her social standing would rise several notches. And right now, she was still very much in a relationship with him.

After today’s incident, a single pout from Oriana could land Elysia in jail for a decade, as far as Keaton was concerned.

So, when they heard Oriana’s nephew had been bullied, they rushed to confront Elysia, eager to defend Oriana.

In their minds, even if they publicly beat Elysia and her son to death, with Oriana’s influence, Keaton would ensure they walked away scot-free.

Oriana, with a twisted ankle, sat on the ground clutching her face, glaring at Elysia with hatred.

“You dare hit me?”

Elysia held Emmett close, her face a mask of anger. “We’re all adults here. If you’ve got a problem, take it up with me. What kind of lowlife bullies a child? I thought you were just a typical mean girl, but you’re worse than that! You’re not even human, attacking a kid like that!”

Hitched & Hitched Again: A Comedy of Marital Mayhem (Elysia and Tarquin) - Chapter 100[513 words]

“You... you...”

I’m warning you, don’t push a mother too far. Touch my child and I swear, I’ll go to the ends of the earth to make you regret it!”

Elysia was livid!

These women could pick a fight with her all they wanted, but her kid was off-limits!

The gaggle of women had seen enough of Elysia’s wrath to hesitate before approaching any further. They prodded Oriana instead, “Come on, Oriana, call Mr. Huber and let him sort her out. She’s got a death wish, hitting you like that!”

“Yeah, get Mr. Huber here.”

Oriana, lips quivering with fury, shot Elysia a venomous look and redialed Keaton.

As soon as he answered, she wailed into the phone, “Keaton, I’ve been attacked! Get over here, now! Wahhh...”

Elysia frowned at the unfolding scene, well aware that whoever they were summoning was no ordinary Joe.

The next few moments were not looking good for her.

Without hesitation, Elysia whipped out her cell phone and dialed 911.

Facing the powerful with nothing to her name, her only hope lay in the hands of the law.

Lowell stood by, torn between admiration for Elysia’s pluck-taking on the lot single-handedly-and respect for her fierce maternal instinct.

“They’re bringing in Keaton Huber. Looks like that’s Keaton’s new flame. When he’s smitten, he’s famously at their beck and call. Ms. Thorne might be in for it today.”

After sharing his thoughts with Tarquin, he added, “Just for the mother bear act alone, we can’t just stand by, can we? She’s fighting for her kid. Plus, who knows, maybe she can actually help us with Elijah?”

Tarquin, a thoughtful frown on his face, seemed moved by the sight of Elysia shielding Emmett.

If only Elijah had such protection from his mother, what a blessed child he would be!

“I’ll have the manager look into this.” Lowell reached for his phone, preparing to call the mall management.

The mall’s higher-ups didn’t know about their visit.

Before Lowell could make the call, Tarquin interjected, “No need.”

Who was at fault didn’t matter, his patience with Orlana and her clique was wearing thin

“No? So... do we clue in Mr. Huber first?” Lowell asked.

“No! Didn’t you say you saw Jessamine Huber earlier?”

Jessamine, Keaton’s elder sister and Corbin’s mother, was also Mrs. Denton.

Yeah, i did. But we’re wearing masks, so she probably didn’t recognize us.”

“Let someone tell her that Elysia’s being harassed here.”

Lowell paused, then with a light bulb moment, his eyes lit up. “Tarquin, when it comes to pulling strings, you’re the master.”

Tarquin, face dark, added, “Keaton’s eyesight must be failing, picking up any kind of woman! His sister needs to give him an eye cleanse.”

Elysia was a godsend to the Denton family, yet here she was being bullied by Keaton’s latest squeeze. What would Keaton’s sister, Jessamine, do?

If they intervened, it would simply be a slap on the wrist for those women, but with Jessamine stepping in, Keaton wouldn’t be able to sidestep this mess.

This was shaping up to be quite the spectacle!

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