

Hitched 1061

Chapter 1061

Evan snuck out with White long before dinner time at the Hawkins house.

They barely made it out when they bumped into a guy with a face full of scars!

Seeing Evan, the guy squinted.

Evan froze.

After a brief stare-down, Evan's gaze dropped to what the guy was holding.

Not a thing, but a person!

It was Dr. White, who had fled amidst chaos and once owed his life to Clayton!

Dr. White was unconscious, lying on the ground like a sack of potatoes, and the guy was dragging him by one leg as if he was no heavier than a bag of groceries.

Evan gasped, "What are you doing?!"

"You were looking for him, right? I brought him back for you! How do you wanna do it?"

The guy's tone was casual, almost seeking approval.

Evan's eyes widened, "I did want to find him, but I never said I wanted to kill him!"

"He's your enemy. If you don't take him out, you waiting for him to get you first?!"

"He'd need the skills to try! Besides, there are plenty of ways to deal with an enemy without taking his life! Not everything has to end in death, you know. It's against the law."

"What do you know? Dead men tell no tales. It's the only way to be sure!"

Evan rolled his eyes, remembering how his mom always said to be a law-abiding citizen in a society governed by rules.

His grandpa in the mountains said martial arts were for self-defense and protecting one's family, not for violence!

He decided to listen only to his mom and his trainer, not this guy!

Ignoring him, Evan glanced down at Dr. White with a frown.

His grandpa treated him like a brother, and he betrayed him!

Such scum was despicable!

Thinking of Larry and the house staff who had been kidnapped, leaving his grandpa with no one to lash out at, Evan said to the guy,

"Just toss him over the wall, let grandpa have a go at him."

The guy seemed to think Evan was too kind, slightly pursing his lips, but he did as told.

He grabbed Dr. White by the leg and threw him over the wall into the Hawkins house yard.

Immediately, there was a commotion inside, "Who's that?!"

"It's Dr. White! Quick, tell the boss we found Dr. White!"

Evan exhaled and turned towards the Murphy house.

The Murphy house was the closest to Hawkins Mansion. He planned to check it out first, then hit up the Coffee Shop to hang with some investors, and finally visit Larry at the hospital.

After hanging out with Larry, he'd meet up with Helen.

He aimed to make the full round without missing dinner!

However, passing through a wooded area, the guy suddenly blocked his path,

"Don't bother with the Murphy house. It's off-limits."

"Huh? Why?"

"The Murphy house caught fire."

Evan was stunned, his dark eyes spinning in shock as he quickly checked his smartwatch.

Unaware until now, he was shocked to see the Murphy mansion fire topping the trending news, complete with live footage. The fire was huge, lighting up half the sky!

The Murphys were on the ground, wailing as if the world was ending.

"Good Lord, what a tragedy! It's all gone, all gone. Heaven must be wanting to end the Murphy line!"

"Waaah, who the devil did this? I'll kill them, I swear I will... Waaah..."

Evan was shocked, turning to the guy, "Did you do this?"

"Yeah."

"Why? To get revenge for me?"

"Yeah."

Evan: "?!?"

The guy squinted, saying,

"Don't bother with the Coffee Shop, the hospital, or the police station. I've taken care of those people for you."

Evan's eyes widened in disbelief, "You took them all out?!"

Chapter 1062

"Cut you some slack, for your sake," he said with a smirk that was all too confident.

"What the heck did you do?!" I was flabbergasted.

The boss, wearing a smug grin, boasted, "Torturing folks? I'm leagues ahead of you in that game!"

Evan, puzzled, asked, "Why are you helping me?"

"Consider it a welcome gift from your new mentor!"

"What?!"

"Kid, you know the saying: 'Bite off more than you can chew, and you'll be eating out of someone's hand.' I helped you out, so now you owe me."

Evan blinked in disbelief. Owe him? What was this, some kind of trap?

"Hold up, I never asked for your help!"

But before Evan could further protest, his knees buckled suddenly, and before he knew it, he was kneeling on the ground with a thud.

The boss quickly pushed his head forward in a mock bow.

Evan shoved him away, hopping back to his feet, "What are you doing?!"

The boss was practically beaming.

"The initiation's complete. From now on, you're my apprentice! Forget about that old geezer. You're under my wing now!"

Evan was dumbfounded, "Are you out of your mind?!"

The boss threw his head back and laughed heartily, "Haha, avoiding me won't save you. If you won't give me my revenge, I'll just steal your apprentice!"

Evan was at a loss for words. Steal, as in... kill?

"Listen up, from today, you call me 'Master'! You're gonna learn all my tricks! At least two hours a day!"

"I... I'm telling you, I don't accept this!"

"Accept it or not, it's not up to you!"

The boss moved swiftly, forcing Evan to retreat.

His punches were fierce and unfamiliar, leaving Evan no choice but to defend himself.

Hidden in the shadows, White watched from behind a tree, tongue-tied.

It seemed his young master was in a tight spot, but this odd old man hadn't hurt him. Should he intervene?

Soon, Tarquin got wind of the situation.

Knowing Evan was a handful with a penchant for trouble, he had assigned a highly skilled bodyguard to keep an eye on him.

The bodyguard might not be a match for Evan, but tracking the young rascal was within his capabilities.

Forcing Evan into mentorship?!

After a moment of contemplation, Tarquin decided to consult Elliot,

"Some weird old man is forcing Evan into mentorship. Do you know anything about this?"

Elliot, caught off-guard, replied, "Mentorship?!"

He was aware of the weird old man but knew nothing about the mentorship.

"Hmm, just got the news. Is Evan safe?"

Elliot pondered, realizing why the old man had been so keen on winning Evan over - it was all for the sake of mentorship!

"It's a strange situation, but he wouldn't harm Evan by making him an apprentice."

"Certainly safe, dad, no need to worry."

Tarquin, narrowing his eyes, inquired further,

"This old man, does he have ties to that mentor of yours from the mountains?"

Elliot glanced at him, seeing right through him,

"If dad's so curious about our mountain life, he should ask mom, not me."

Tarquin was indeed curious about the people who had raised Elliot, Evan, and Emmett in the mountains and their adventures there. "Dad!" Elijah and Baby had arrived.

Charles Patel, sitting in the living room, turned his head toward the door upon hearing Elijah's voice.

His eyes lit up at the sight of Elijah, but he quickly sighed inwardly.

They had agreed, once each of them had found what they were searching for, they would meet.

Now, you've found the mother you've been desperately searching for.

But where is the person your teacher has been searching for all this time?

Elijah, where could she possibly be?!

Everyone says she's gone, but is she truly gone?

Chapter 1063

"Daddy, where's mommy?" Baby asked the moment she saw Tarquin.

Tarquin scooped her up in his arms, "Mommy's in the kitchen making dinner. Why don't you go say hi to Grandpa first?"

Carrying Baby, Tarquin entered the house and introduced Elijah and Baby to the Patel family brothers. At the moment, only the Patel brothers were in the living room.

Upon hearing the news about Dr. White, Clayton had rushed over immediately.

Elijah and Charles had known each other online for years, yet they had never met in person. And Charles had never revealed his true identity. He wanted to find Irene first before revealing his true connection to Elijah! It was a pact between the mentor and his apprentice. Now that they had acknowledged each other, it felt as if finding Irene had become an even more distant possibility.

Moreover, the Patel family was currently in a precarious situation. Supporting Clayton meant going against the tide. It was uncertain what fate awaited the Patel family after the Hawkins family's shareholders' meeting. If they acknowledged their relationship now and something happened to him, Elijah would surely seek vengeance on his behalf. It was unnecessary.

Over the years, Elijah had faced many hardships in the search for his mother. Now that he had finally found her, the best thing was for him to grow up healthy, happy, and successful, just like Mr. Bradford.

Charles complimented, "Mr. Bradford, you're truly blessed. Your children are exceptional. They're bound to grow up and become outstanding individuals, just like you."

Tarquin smiled, and Elijah gave a polite bow.

Joshua Patel and Robert Patel, however, were completely taken by Baby. Even in disguise, Baby reminded them of Irene.

Joshua's gaze softened, "This little girl is so cute and chubby."

Robert's eyes reddened, "Irene was younger than Baby when she disappeared."

It's often said that love for the parent extends to the child. Their love for Pamela translated to an equal love for Pamela's daughter.

The memory of Pamela's heart-wrenching cries when Irene first disappeared was something the brothers hadn't forgotten. Even now, the thought brought tears to their eyes.

Over the years, they had watched helplessly as their sister descended into madness, unable to find any way to help her except to search relentlessly. Despite being masters of the inte, the Patel brothers had found no trace of Irene.

As Tarquin was reminded of the past, he sent Lowell to take the children to the kitchen to find Elysia and Pamela.

"Today, when I arrived at the Hawkins family home, I heard rumors. Why do many believe Ms. Hawkins is already dead? And they seem so sure of it. Was there something more to her disappearance?"

The Patel brothers frowned, "We've suspected Irene's disappearance wasn't simple, possibly not an accident but foul play. However, despite our investigations, we've found nothing. All evidence suggests Irene's disappearance was an accident."

Tarquin's brow furrowed in concern.

If it was an accident, her fate would be unknown. So why were so many convinced of her death? There had to be more to this story. Their conversation was interrupted by Clayton's return. His eyes were red and swollen, his voice hoarse from anger.

Sitting down, he despairingly said to Tarquin, "I'm a cautionary tale, Mr. Bradford. Always be wary, even of those you trust. 'Trust but verify' is not always enough. Even blood brothers can stab you in the back, let alone those without blood ties. Does going through thick and thin together mean anything? Does raising someone from childhood mean anything? For some, no matter how good you are to them, it's in vain."

Betrayals by Larry and Dr. White, and Carl's defection, had deeply wounded Clayton.

It was one thing to be hurt by strangers, but betrayal by those close to him cut much deeper. It was the emotional betrayals that hurt the most.

The Patel brothers exchanged somber looks. Tarquin, at a loss for words, could only change the subject.

"On a brighter note, the old Murphy family mansion mysteriously caught fire, suffering massive losses. Several buildings were completely consumed by the flames."

Chapter 1064

The stakeholders at Hawkins Sea-freight were collectively roughed up, all ending up in the hospital.

Helen and Larry were force-fed a concoction of hot sauce and mustard, experiencing a piercing pain they'd never forget.

When they were found, not only were their fingers pierced with long needles, but their toes were, too—a truly pitiful sight.

Clayton was shocked. "Really? Who did this?"

"It's true, but we don't know who."

He knew it wasn't his boy Evan.

Clayton quickly pulled out his phone to check the news. Despite the intense pointing fingers at him, he didn't care; the more he read, the more thrilled he became.

"Fantastic! Are you sure Mr. Bradford didn't have a hand in this?"

"It wasn't me."

Clayton then turned to the Patel brothers, "Was it the Patel family?"

The Patel brothers shook their heads, "Not us, but we're quite grateful!"

That was a blow they were happy to see landed.

Clayton was surprised but excited.

"If not you, and not me, then who? I got it, it must be some vigilante, disgusted by their vile actions, taking revenge!"

Scar-faced boss: Hear that? I am the face of justice here!

Evan: What vigilante! That's a madman! Who forces someone to become their apprentice as revenge, huh?!

It wasn't until dinner time that Evan came back, covered in dirt, looking as droopy as an overripe eggplant.

Elliot was the first to notice him and quietly asked, "Dad said you were forced to take a master. What's that about?"

Evan pouted, looking utterly miserable.

"Bro, my heart's heavy, woe is me "

After hearing his brother out, Elliot narrowed his eyes. This boss was mad, for sure. To take revenge by stealing someone's apprentice?

Hadn't heard of that one before!

But for Evan, this was actually a stroke of luck.

"Don't stress about it. Listen to me, you don't have to call anyone master if you don't want to. But if he's teaching you something useful, learn what you can. It's all gain."

"But he's got a feud with Grandpa!"

"That won't stop you from learning. As long as you don't pick up his bad habits, Grandpa won't blame you! Since you can't get rid of him, just go with the flow!"

Evan hesitated, "Are you sure Grandpa won't be mad?"

"Absolutely. Trust me."

Evan sighed with relief, his guilt somewhat alleviated.

Dinner was a lively affair.

The kids were chattering away, making Pamela incredibly happy.

Her happiness was contagious, lifting the spirits of the Patel brothers and Clayton.

Elysia followed suit, and with her in high spirits, Tarquin was too.

Dinner was a bustling event.

After dinner, Elysia had the kids secretly place sleep-inducing aromatherapy in Clayton and the Patel brothers' rooms to prevent any restless nights. With the aid of aromatherapy, they all had a restful sleep.

Elysia, though saddened by the events, found solace in Tarquin's arms, crying herself to sleep but hopeful for the future.

The real sleepless ones were the Murphy family and the stakeholders at Hawkins Sea-freight!

Pain and rage tortured them throughout the night!

They unanimously believed Clayton was behind their woes, glaring with vengeance and pointing fingers at him.

"He's really courting death by stirring trouble now!"

"He must be feeling bold with Tarquin backing him! Fool! He thinks Tarquin's taking the Murphy family down for him, but it's all for his own son!"

"Take him down! He must be taken down!"

The next morning, Clayton was jolted awake by his ringing phone, his assistant on the line, voice filled with urgency.

"Boss, there's trouble!"

Chapter 1065

Clayton groggily woke to the sound of his phone ringing. "What's going on?"

"Betty's gone!"

Clayton's eyes snapped open, instantly alert. He sat up in shock. "Gone? But wasn't she at the cabin in the woods? How could she just vanish?!"

"Late last night, a wildfire broke out. It wasn't until dawn that they managed to put it out, and that's when they realized Betty was missing."

Clayton's breathing grew heavy. "Missing, or...?"

"She's missing. They got her out of there when the fire started. She wasn't hurt."

Clayton let out a sigh of relief.

"That's good she's not hurt. First, let's call the authorities, then organize a search party!"

After hanging up, Clayton carefully slid out of bed, trying not to wake Pamela who was still asleep.

He took his phone to the bathroom to continue making calls.

He called his mother's personal assistant, the local church, and the security guard he had stationed at the cabin.

After several calls, there was still no word on Betty.

He tried calling Carl, but got no answer.

Feeling uneasy, Clayton was about to change and head out when his phone rang. It was Albert Watson.

Albert was a close friend of Clayton's father. Clayton quickly answered, "Hello, Albert."

"Clayton, do you have a moment? I need to talk to you about something. Could you come over?"

"My mom's suddenly gone missing, I'm trying to find her. Can we talk over the phone, or can it wait until later?"

"I actually wanted to talk to you because of your mother's situation. She was here just before she disappeared."

Clayton paused, "Recently? Today?"

"Yeah. Let's talk when you get here."

The call ended, leaving Clayton puzzled.

Betty had moved into the cabin in the woods not long after Irene disappeared, turning her back on worldly matters and devoting herself to prayer and meditation for her granddaughter's well-being.

It had been years since she last left the mountain!

Why would she suddenly go to the Watsons?

Clayton quickly changed into fresh clothes and rushed out the door.

Half an hour later, Clayton arrived at the Watson residence.

Not only Albert was there, but Florian Miller was present too.

Like Albert, Florian was a close friend of Clayton's father, Randal Hawkins. Though they had no business dealings with the Hawkins Group, their relationship was strong.

Randal had saved their lives, and in return, they had always been there to help him. After Randal passed, Clayton continued to look out for them. Though the Watson and Miller families hadn't been able to assist Clayton like the Patels had, he bore no grudge.

After all, Albert and Florian were advanced in age, with limited influence in high society's circles.

Clayton greeted the elderly gentlemen, "Albert, Florian."

They nodded, motioning for Clayton to sit.

A servant brought in cups of steaming coffee and left.

Clayton couldn't wait to ask, "Albert, why did my mother come to see you today?"

"She didn't just come to me; she also went to see Florian. She knows you're in a tough spot and hoped we could help you out."

Clayton was surprised. "How did she know I'm struggling?"

He had always tried to spare his mother any worry by only sharing good news.

"The wildfire on the mountain... she must have learned something. You know your mother; she's a sharp one."

Clayton frowned. "I've failed her, making her worry like this."

The two old men looked at him sympathetically.

"It's fate, Clayton, not your fault. You know how deep our bond was with your father. Without him, we wouldn't be here today!

He saved our lives. It's not just about helping you; we'd lay down our lives for you if needed. It's just that...

We're both over seventy now, with limited strength. The issues with Hawkins Sea-freight are beyond us; we wish we could do more."

Chapter 1066

Clayton understood the gravity of the situation, "You don't need to blame yourselves. I get it, there's nothing anyone can do about Hawkins Sea- freight."

The two elderly men sighed deeply, each looking more guilty than the other.

"We might not be able to help with the shares, but if you ever need anything in your day-to-day life, just say the word!"

"After tomorrow's shareholders' meeting, those sharks will definitely come after you. You and Pamela can't stay in Ocean Bay anymore.

I've talked it over with your Uncle Albert. We'll set aside some money for you. Take Pamela and find a quiet place abroad to start anew." Clayton was moved but shook his head,

"The thought means a lot, Uncles. But Pamela won't agree to leave Ocean Bay, and I won't leave her. We'll face whatever comes our way. If they take me down, so be it. It's my fate, and I accept it!"

"Ah... Pamela's love for Irene is so strong, it's ended up harming her."

"By the way, Clayton, I heard about a girl named Elysia who looks a lot like Pamela. Pamela's convinced she's Irene. What's all that about?"

Clayton sighed, "Ms. Thorne bears a slight resemblance to Pamela, but that's it. I've asked; she's not from Ocean Bay. She's not Irene." Albert's eyes flickered with curiosity,

"That's a shame. And Mr. Bradford, is he the cavalry you called in?"

"Not at all. They were just tourists in Ocean Bay. Our paths crossed by accident; we had no prior connection."

Clayton's tone was sincere, clearly not lying. The elderly men exchanged looks, then asked,

"So, there's no chance for a turnaround at tomorrow's shareholders' meeting?"

Clayton frowned, resigned,

"I only have 40% of the shares, and they have 45%. I can't win unless Irene comes back."

The elderly men exchanged another look, sighing deeply, clearly feeling for Clayton.

Just then, Clayton's phone rang. It was his assistant,

"Boss, breaking news. Betty's disappearance might be linked to those shareholders."

Clayton's expression darkened, "Are you sure?!"

"No solid evidence yet, but it's highly likely."

Clayton gritted his teeth, "Keep digging!"

After ending the call, Clayton hurriedly told the elderly men about his mother's situation and excused himself.

The men's expressions turned grave,

"We suspected your mother's trouble might be linked to the Murphy family, or those shareholders. You hurt them yesterday; they might be seeking revenge!"

"It wasn't me who did that."

"Not you?" The men were surprised.

"No, not me. But I'm glad. They had it coming!"

The men were puzzled, "If not you, then who? Mr. Bradford? The Patel family?"

"Neither."

The men grew even more puzzled,

"But only you and the Patel family have such a vendetta against them. Besides, who else has the means?"

"I'm not sure myself. I guess it's some unsung hero! The Murphy family and those shareholders have made plenty of enemies; surely, someone righteous couldn't stand by and took matters into their own hands."

The elderly men: "..."

After Clayton left, they pondered,

"The Murphy family's mansion burned to the ground, a massive loss! Hawkins Sea-freight's shareholders, even with their bodyguards, were beaten to a pulp, all hospitalized!

Larry's been tortured beyond recognition! Helen's been scared out of her wits!

Such a feat, no ordinary person could manage!

If it wasn't Clayton or the Patel family, could there really be an unsung hero? Does Ocean Bay harbor forces we're unaware of?"

Chapter 1067

Albert frowned, "It looks like Clayton isn't lying."

Florian, visibly worried, said, "If he was just a lone vigilante, I'd be fine with it. My concern is the unknown forces backing Clayton!"

"No worries. Now that his daughter is out of the picture, no one can help him. We've confirmed Elysia isn't his daughter, so there won't be any surprises at the shareholders' meeting. We can breathe easy; everything is under control."

"Alright, I'll give them a call to ease their minds."

The events of yesterday had caused a stir. Those openly against Clayton had all faced setbacks!

The sudden appearance of Tarquin and Elysia had started to worry them, concerned their plans might be derailed.

That's why Albert and Florian were tasked with fishing for information.

Clayton was oblivious to the fact that Albert and Florian had already turned against him, seeking him out only to extract information.

After leaving the Watson family's mansion, he tried calling Carl again, to no avail.

Frustrated yet helpless, Clayton decided to drive to the hospital to confront the shareholders in person.

Soon, those plotting against Clayton received messages from Albert and Florian.

Relieved that the shareholders' meeting would go smoothly, they set their worries aside.

They continued with their original plan, preparing for Clayton's eventual downfall.

Their goal was not just to seize control of Hawkins Sea-freight; they also planned to eliminate Clayton to prevent any future threats.

To achieve this, they had devised a detailed plan to isolate him completely, making it easier to strike.

Half an hour later, Clayton arrived at Oceanopolis's most prestigious private hospital.

His adversaries were all there.

As he entered the hospital lobby, he spotted Carl.

Clayton's brow furrowed, just about to confront him about his mother's whereabouts, when Carl suddenly lunged at him, landing a punch. Clayton, dazed, exclaimed, "What the hell?!"

Carl, eyes red with rage, retorted,

"It's all your fault, you're the reason Mom's in this mess! If it weren't for you, she'd be fine. I swear, Clayton, if anything happens to her, I'll make you pay!"

Clayton, taken aback, wondered since when Carl had cared so much about their mother.

Looking around, Clayton frowned. Was Carl trying to play the dutiful son?

Fuming, Clayton shot back,

"Mom's missing, and you're here putting on a show, you jerk!"

"You're the jerk, and not just any jerk, you're a curse! A jinx! It's a good thing I've kept my distance, or I'd be in trouble too!"

Your daughter's gone, your wife's lost her mind, now Mom's missing because of you, and your friends have all had mishaps! Tell me, if you're not a jinx, what are you?

I've even consulted a fortune teller, and they confirmed it. You're cursed, and anyone who interacts with you ends up in trouble!"

"You..." Clayton, overcome with anger, landed a punch on Carl.

Carl fought back, and the brothers ended up scuffling on the floor.

The hospital lobby, usually bustling with the elite and affluent, quickly gathered a crowd.

Given that this hospital catered to society's upper crust, many recognized the feuding brothers.

Business folks, often superstitious, listened to Carl's accusations and started looking at Clayton differently.

In the past, Clayton's high status would have guaranteed intervention on his behalf, condemning Carl while siding with Clayton. But today, no one stepped forward to support Clayton.

Chapter 1069

At the Hawkins Mansion, Tarquin, and his sons, Elliot, Evan, and Elijah, were glued to their screens, watching a distressing video.

Evan's eyes were red with urgency as he watched his grandfather being thrown out of the hospital, "Dad, aren't we going to step in and save Grandpa? He's coughing up blood!"

Tarquin frowned, "Your Uncle Jack is already on his way there. We won't make a move!"

Making a move now would only arouse suspicion.

He had to stay out of it, showing indifference to Clayton's fate, to coax those cunning old foxes into showing their true colors.

Wasn't Elysia enduring all this to trap them all in one fell swoop? It would be foolish to waste all their efforts now!

Holding a tablet, Elijah with his brows knitted, asked, "Grandpa's being slandered online, are we not going to intervene?"

Tarquin's frown deepened, "No, let's not intervene. Just take note of those key influencers stirring the pot. We'll settle the score with them later!"

Elliot's expression was grave, "These scoundrels, they're smart. With all this chaos, even before tomorrow's shareholder meeting, Grandpa's already isolated. They could easily take him down after this!"

Evan was seething, "How dare they bully my grandpa like this. It's infuriating! I just want to knock them out right now!"

Elliot and Elijah clenched their fists, equally furious.

Tarquin was also simmering with anger, "Just hold on, tomorrow we'll send them to their doom. And, don't tell your mom about Grandpa being attacked or slandered yet."

The kids nodded in agreement.

Mom was currently with Grandma and hadn't checked her phone yet, unaware of the situation.

She only knew that Great Grandma Betty had gone missing, and Grandpa Clayton had gone out to look for her.

She would be devastated if she knew what Grandpa was going through now!

Suddenly, a black shadow rushed towards Evan.

White was back!

It wrapped around Evan's wrist, flicking its tongue at him.

Evan's eyes lit up, "Good news, we've found Great Grandma Betty. She's indeed at the Watson family! White says she's being held in the basement of the Watson family's house but is safe for now!"

Upon hearing about Betty's trouble in the morning, the Patel brothers immediately started investigating.

They quickly zeroed in on the Watson family.

But given the family's relationship with Clayton, they weren't completely sure.

So, Evan sent White into the Watson family's premises. White was stealthy and quick to react.

Now that it was confirmed, she was indeed there!

Tarquin's lips tightened, his face darkening. Clayton had visited the Watson family that morning and still trusted them...

Albert, truly a cunning old fox!

"Dad, should we go rescue Great Grandma Betty now?"

Tarquin shook his head, "They're using her to threaten your Grandpa, so they won't harm her for now. Let White stay and protect her. We don't need to rescue her yet."

Tarquin knew their main reason for capturing Betty was to prevent Clayton from impulsively donating Hawkins Sea-freight's assets before the shareholder meeting!

Clayton had always toyed with that idea, so they had to be cautious!

Conveniently, he had also been pondering how to dissuade Clayton from that thought without revealing their hand.

Now, there was no need. With Betty in their grasp, Clayton wouldn't act rashly.

"Dad, I'll go with White to protect Great Grandma. She's old and can't withstand such stress. I'll guard her quietly." "Alright, just be subtle about it."

"Don't worry. If anyone tries to harm Great Grandma, I'll intervene quietly."

"Okay." Tarquin let Evan go without worry.

He wasn't concerned for Evan's safety.

Evan was highly skilled, and now, not only did he have White by his side but also a formidable ally. With such an extraordinary team, no one could harm him.

Chapter 1070

With their protection, Betty was in no danger at all!

"Keep an eye on Grandpa's side for me, will ya? I need to have a chat with your mom about your Granny's situation."

Elliot and Elijah nodded in unison, "Sure!"

The brothers kept watch, jotting down notes diligently.

Foes and allies were clearly marked for an easy reckoning tomorrow!

After the shareholders' meeting, they were determined to settle scores-repay the bad and reward the good!

In the backyard, Baby and Emmett were playing with Lan.

Pamela, basking in the sunshine from her wheelchair, watched them with joy, her mood brighter than it had been in ages.

Elysia stood behind Pamela, her mind heavy with concerns.

Seeing Tarquin approaching, she hurried over,

"Any news about Grandma?"

"Yeah, we've found her. She's safe for now. But to avoid tipping anyone off, we're going to wait until tomorrow's meeting to bring her back. It's a bit of a hassle for Grandma, but we'll get her soon."

Elysia nodded vigorously, relieved,

"That's great! Do Dad and Uncle know yet?"

Tarquin hesitated for a moment, "Not yet."

Elysia understood why and frowned slightly, clenching her fists.

Tarquin gently caressed her cheek to comfort her, "Just a little longer, we'll lay it all out tomorrow."

"Okay!"

That evening, when Elysia saw the bruises on Clayton's face and the storm of public opinion online, she couldn't bear to cry in front of Clayton and the Patel family. It wasn't until they were alone in bed that she allowed herself to weep in Tarquin's arms.

She clung to Tarquin's pajamas, burying her face in his chest, crying until she trembled.

The thought of her parents being hurt like this filled her with rage and pain!

No one was more eager to reunite with her parents than she was.

No one was more determined to avenge them and slap those scoundrels hard!

She wished she could confront them right now, tear them apart!

She was so angry, so hurt, and it was so hard to bear!

Elysia's pain was Tarquin's too.

He held her tight, his eyes blazing with fury.

Those who had hurt his Elysia like this would pay!

The next day, Elysia woke up before dawn, as if energized.

She got up to wash up, change clothes, and head to the Hawkins Group!

Tarquin checked the time; it wasn't even four in the morning yet.

He knew, after all this waiting, it was finally time to go into battle, and Elysia was thrilled!

But...

Tarquin pulled her back into his arms.

"The shareholders' meeting doesn't start until ten. We've got time."

"I'll get ready now, and then ask Emmett to disguise me."

"Silly, you don't need a disguise today."

Tarquin looked at her face, which bore a striking resemblance to Pamela's, and softly said, "Today, you're not Elysia from Jindale City; you're Irene from Oceanopolis."

Elysia's excitement grew even more at his words,

"Right, right, right, today I'm finally going to reunite with my parents! No more hiding!"

"Just listen to me and try to rest a bit more."

"I can't sleep!"

"How about I tell you a story? Or sing a song? Would you like to hear a story or a song?"

Elysia shook her head, "I don't want to listen to a song, nor do I want a story."

Tarquin, with a mischievous glint in his eyes, saw her restless excitement and decisively flipped over, pinning her beneath him.

"Since you're not in the mood for songs or stories, how about we do some exercise?"

Elysia was startled, but before she could react, Tarquin's lips met hers.

With so much time to spare, rather than letting her anxieties run wild, why not engage in a more... diverting activity to shift her focus?