

Hitched 781

Chapter 781

However, the doors to the town hall hadn't even opened yet.

Unexpectedly, there was a malfunction with the doors, and the staff was scrambling to fix it.

People there for official business were crowded outside, waiting. Those getting married were in one line, those getting divorced in another.

Tarquin stayed in his car, about to ask Royal Community to check on 'Daphne's' location, when he suddenly spotted Elysia!

She was standing among the crowd, eagerly looking towards the doors.

Tarquin's heart skipped a beat. "What?!"

Why was she here?

Was she here to get a divorce?

Was the surprise she mentioned about divorcing her husband?!

Tarquin got excited at the thought. Indeed, it was a surprise! A huge one!

What a coincidence that they had chosen the same day to get divorced!

Aware that this wasn't the right place to approach her, Tarquin stayed in his car, discreetly watching, curious about who her husband might be. Soon, a sleazy-looking guy approached Elysia and started talking to her.

Tarquin frowned. Was this her husband?

What a joke!

Was he blind or something?

He didn't even seem worthy of being compared to a single strand of Elysia's hair!

No wonder he clung to Elysia, refusing to divorce. A toad dreaming of eating swan meat, of course, he wouldn't want to let go!

Elysia still hadn't noticed Tarquin. She looked at the man with furrowed brows, "What do you want?"

The man, with a sleazy grin, said, "You're here to get divorced, right? Those getting married are in that line."

What business was it of his whether she was getting divorced or married?

Elysia ignored him, but the man moved closer.

"I'm here to get divorced too. Soon I'll be single again. How about we exchange WhatsApp? I like your type. Dreamt of a fairy just like you last night." Elysia felt like throwing up at his greasy words!

Hitting on someone at a divorce queue, what a lowlife!

Just as Elysia was about to retort, a woman behind her spoke up,

"Girl, I'd stay away from him if I were you. He's an abuser!"

The woman, removing her mask and sunglasses, revealed a face marred with bruises and a crusted cut on her lip.

"I'm his wife. These bruises are all his doing."

Elysia was shocked, "!"

The man brazenly cursed at the woman in front of everyone, "You bitch..."

Tarquin, watching from his car, couldn't grasp the entirety of their confrontation.

He just noticed Elysia's angry expression and clenched brows.

Tarquin felt a surge of anger and adjusted his tie in irritation.

He had been wanting to teach this scumbag a lesson, and on the day of his divorce, no less!

Unable to intervene directly, he signaled his bodyguard, "... Go teach him a lesson!"

Soon, the abusive man was taken aside.

He received a thorough beating!

Bruised and battered, the bodyguard left a message,

"Leaving you breathing so you can divorce Ms. Thorne. If you dare not to today, she'll be a widow by tonight!"

The implication was clear: divorce today, or face deadly consequences tonight!

As the bodyguard walked away, the abusive man curled up, watching them leave, both in pain and confusion. Who on earth was Ms. Thorne?

Chapter 782

"His wife doesn't even have the last name Thorne. Who the heck is this Ms. Thorne he's divorcing?!"

Meanwhile, Tarquin suddenly received a call.

"Tarquin, we've got trouble! Just found out, Daphne's over at the GrayLux Hotel with the Bradfords! And get this, they're parading her around as Mrs. Bradford!"

Tarquin's face turned stormy. "What?!"

Wasn't Daphne supposed to be at the city hall for their divorce?

How did she end up at a gala?

Was he being played by Daphne?

A surge of anger welled up inside Tarquin. He clenched his jaw tight, arranged for two bodyguards to escort Elysia through the divorce proceedings, and drove off to the hotel to confront Daphne!

No sooner had Tarquin left, Elysia received a call from the Bradfords.

"Elysia, your kids are here at the GrayLux Hotel. If you don't want anything happening to them, you better come over."

The Bradfords even sent her a video clip, showing Elliot right there at the gala!

Elysia panicked.

She ditched the divorce proceedings and hailed a cab to the GrayLux Hotel.

She had received an invitation from the Bradfords yesterday but had no intention of dealing with them and decided not to go.

Little did she know they would use her kids as leverage!

Elysia was beside herself with worry, not knowing if the kids showing up at the gala was intentional or not.

By ten in the morning, the gala hall was buzzing, crowded, and livelier than ever.

The gala was a hit, drawing in the crème de la crème, with two-thirds of the elite circle making an appearance!

At this moment, all eyes were on the newly revealed Mrs. Bradford!

They hadn't even seen Daphne yet; they only heard about her after arriving at the gala, which was apparently thrown to introduce Mrs. Bradford. Curiosity was in the air, with whispers spreading like wildfire.

"I heard this Mrs. Bradford, named Daphne, has been married to Tarquin for years."

"But wasn't Mr. Bradford recently dating a girl named Elysia? They even have kids together, triplets at that."

"Does that mean Elysia is...the other woman?"

Everyone exchanged glances, filled with murmurs and sighs.

The Bradfords, dressed to the nines, mingled among the guests, clearing up any confusion,

"Daphne and Tarquin have indeed been married for a while. It was a secret marriage, so it wasn't publicized or celebrated with a wedding. Today's gala is all for her."

The guests, savvy as they were, exchanged polite smiles.

It was clear now. This grand affair was orchestrated for Tarquin and Elysia, with Daphne merely playing a part!

This was a blatant move to expose Elysia as the mistress!

Elysia, the mistress, and her kids, born out of wedlock - recognizing them into the family would be a hassle!

Tarquin rushed into the gala, with Keaton and Booker already there, all sweating bullets for him.

This game, the Bradfords were winning hands down!

Now, with the divorce not yet finalized, Elysia's status as the 'other woman' was firmly established!

This was bad news for Elysia and her kids!

"Tarquin!" His buddies approached, their brows furrowed in concern as they eyed him.

The guests at the gala turned their gaze towards him, ready for the drama.

Today's event was shaping up to be a real high-society spectacle!

Chapter 783

Tarquin brushed off the curious stares from the crowd, a storm brewing on his face as he marched straight towards Gideon. "Where's Daphne?!"

Gideon, dressed in a sleek, tailored suit, was comfortably seated in his wheelchair, engaging in lively conversations with a group of elders. His spirits were high, his face beaming with joy-it was clear he was in a good mood.

Upon seeing Tarquin's furious approach, Gideon greeted him with a benevolent smile, "Daphne's upstairs, resting. She felt a bit out of place since you weren't here, and she's not familiar with anyone."

Tarquin knew all too well that Gideon was the puppet master behind the scenes. Glaring at him, he uttered coldly, "After today, you'll be wiped clean of your shares."

With that, he strode towards the elevator.

His words, though calmly delivered, struck Gideon like a knife to the heart! Power and influence were Gideon's lifeblood, and the shares he held were his last bastion of control. Losing them meant his complete downfall.

His confidant quickly whispered reassurances, "Don't worry, sir. Those shares are yours as long as you don't sell them. He can't strip them from you without tearing down the Bradford Group itself. And if he did that, he'd suffer the most. He owns a significant portion of the group; its downfall would hit him hardest. Given his character, he wouldn't go that far.

Moreover, his reputation will take a hit after today, negatively impacting the group. The board will have to step in. Anyone causing the company image to suffer typically faces a united front of opposition."

Feeling somewhat relieved, Gideon took a sip of his tea to calm his nerves, just as Elysia burst into the room. His mood lightened at the sight, and he instructed his aide, "Go fetch Daphne. Tell her her husband is here."

As Tarquin was about to enter the elevator, Elysia's voice suddenly called out, "Tarquin!"

His heart skipped a beat as he slowly turned around, a mix of guilt and surprise in his eyes. Wasn't she in line for a divorce? What was she doing here?

Ignoring the shocked stares of the crowd, Elysia rushed to Tarquin, clutching his arm as if it were a lifeline, "They've brought the kids here! Have you seen them?"

Tarquin's brow furrowed, "The kids are here too?!"

"Yes, the Bradfords sent me a video. They..."

"Mommy! Daddy!" The voices of four little ones suddenly cut through the chatter of the party.

Elysia and Tarquin looked towards the source of the voices in unison, as did everyone else in the room.

The four children were dressed to the nines in matching white suits and trousers, with black leather shoes, bow ties, lapel pins, and their hair neatly combed back. Even Evan, known for his mischief and fondness for brawling, was dressed in a suit, looking every bit the gentleman.

Elliot, feeling under the weather, sat in a wheelchair, with Evan, Emmett, and Elijah standing by his side. The four boys, all smiles, looked confidently at Elysia, unfazed by the attention.

Their demeanor lacked any hint of inferiority; each one resembled a young gentleman groomed by a family of substantial wealth and influence. Whispers filled the room, "Are those the legendary sons of Elysia and Mr. Bradford?"

"They're calling them Mommy and Daddy. And look, three of them are the spitting image of Mr. Bradford! Clearly his own. The one who looks different must be fraternal."

"Oh my stars, quadruplets, and each one as handsome as the next! I'm green with envy. No wonder my husband has been on our son's case to give us a grandchild! I want a grandson too!"

"But I heard that aside from Elijah, the other three were raised by Elysia. Just an ordinary woman, how did she manage to raise such well-mannered kids?"

"Fair's fair, when it comes to raising kids, Elysia's got a magic touch!"

The Bradford family bristled at this, frowning in disapproval,

"They got lucky inheriting the Bradford family genes for their good looks. What's that got to do with Elysia?"

The other ladies fell silent, each thinking to themselves:

The Bradfords have plenty of descendants, and not all are raised that well!

Elysia, her heart and eyes full of her children, didn't catch the murmurings of the crowd as she hurried over to them.

Evan and Emmett rushed to greet her, diving into Elysia's embrace, "Mommy!"

Elysia crouched to hug Evan and Emmett, then looked worriedly at Elliot and Elijah, "Are you all okay? No injuries?" "We're fine, really."

If they didn't want to come, Gideon's goons wouldn't have had a chance to bring them here!

Not to mention the bodyguards arranged by Tarquin were on lookout at the hospital, and just Evan alone, they couldn't handle.

The kids had plans today; had Gideon's people not brought them, they'd have come on their own initiative.

Elysia, eyes reddening, looked each of them over to confirm none were harmed. Only then did she relax, but couldn't help asking, "Why are you dressed like this?"

Evan responded, "Today's a big day, big bro said we should dress up. Emmett picked out the outfits. Do we look good?"

"Handsome!" Elysia gently replied to Evan, then inquired, "What's the big day today?"

Evan teased, "You'll see soon, Mommy."

Before Elysia could probe further, a high society lady suddenly jumped in, feigning ignorance,

"Tarquin, is this your wife Daphne? She's quite the looker! And these children, each one so well-bred! Tarquin, you've really outdone yourself, not only having kids but quadruplets at that."

Mrs. Miller, close to Allegra, spoke with a hidden agenda, deliberately stirring the pot.

Elysia, taken aback, "?!?"

Tarquin? Wife? Daphne?

She turned to Mrs. Miller, then to Tarquin,

"What is she talking about?"

Tarquin looked down, his brows furrowed, his expression complex.

Just as he was about to speak, Mrs. Miller, overflowing with enthusiasm, helped Elysia up, saying,

"You've really hit the jackpot. Tarquin is everyone's dream husband: handsome, fit, and wealthy. You must have done something incredible in your past life to be this lucky in this one. And such a lovely name too, Daphne... Daphne in bloom."

Elysia frowned, "I'm not Daphne, I'm Elysia."

"Ah?!" Mrs. Miller feigned shock, "You're not Daphne?! But I heard Tarquin's wife was named Daphne! Tarquin, if she's not your wife, then who is she?"

Clearly implying, if not the wife, then the mistress.

Tarquin's face turned stormy, his glare at Mrs. Miller could freeze hell over!

Mrs. Miller quickly shut up, apologizing to Elysia with, "Sorry, my mistake."

And with that, she beat a hasty retreat, not before shooting the Bradfords a knowing look.

Tarquin, ignoring her for the moment, focused on Elysia, "Elysia..."

"What... what's your real name?" Elysia asked, breathless.

Tarquin swallowed hard before admitting, "Tarquin, my name is Tarquin."

Chapter 785

Elysia's breath hitched, her beautiful, wide eyes ballooning in shock. "What?!"

It was like her world just did a backflip.

Was this guy Tarquin?

Her husband?

The very man she'd been seeking to divorce?

This couldn't be real!

Elysia couldn't wrap her head around it. "You... your name's not Tarin?"

Tarquin, looking guilty and uneasy, confessed, "I'm sorry, I lied to you before."

Elysia gasped, "You... you're Tarquin, the CEO of Bradford Group?"

"Yeah."

Elysia was rooted to the spot, her eyes wide as saucers, utterly speechless.

Her heart was pounding in her ears!

Her mind was buzzing, everything else faded to black.

She didn't know whether to be furious or overjoyed!

She had been wracking her brain over how to divorce him, stressed out every day about it, and here he was, having deceived her the entire time! But, to think the man she had fallen for was actually her husband!

What a twist!

Just as Elysia was debating whether to kick him or pull him in for a fierce kiss, a voice called out,

"Mrs. Bradford has arrived!"

All attention shifted instantly.

Elysia turned to see Daphne, wearing an outrageously expensive designer dress, her makeup flawless, arm in arm with Allegra, strolling over.

The ladies nearby couldn't help but gossip, "Is that Tarquin's real wife?"

The Bradford clan eagerly confirmed,

"Absolutely! Daphne is the genuine Mrs. Bradford of our family, Tarquin's lawful wife."

Elysia frowned unconsciously at Daphne, her mind a whirlwind of confusion.

Mrs. Bradford? Whose Mrs. Bradford?

Elysia was still pondering when Tarquin's grip tightened around her wrist,

"Elysia, I owe you an apology for today. Let me explain everything when we get back. You have to believe me, I love you! You're the only one I love! Please, take the kids and go home for now."

Today, the Bradford clan had crossed the line by using Elysia and the children as pawns.

They had always branded him as cold-hearted and ruthless.

Well, it was time they witnessed what true ruthlessness looked like!

But he couldn't bear for Elysia and the kids to see that side of him.

And with the current situation turning against Elysia and the kids, he didn't want Elysia to confront Daphne directly.

"She's your wife?" Elysia asked him.

Tarquin, his expression grim but resigned, nodded.

Elysia was stunned, "Then what am I?"

It wasn't an accusation; she wasn't angry. She genuinely didn't understand the situation.

She was supposed to have married in Daphne's place. How was Daphne now his wife?

When she registered the kids, she was confirmed as married, and Tarquin was listed as her husband!

What was going on?

Before Tarquin could respond, a member of the Bradford clan interjected,

"Tarquin has a wife, and you're asking what you are? Our country practices monogamy, so what does that make you?"

Tarquin was about to retaliate when Elijah tugged at his sleeve, shaking his head to signal him to stay silent.

Confused, Tarquin was about to ask why when Allegra, with Daphne in tow, approached.

Allegra, looking down her nose at them, scolded Tarquin, "Really, Tarquin? Can't you show a little discretion? Your wife is here, and you're still cozying up with Elysia. Where do you expect Daphne to put her face?"

Then turning to Elysia, she continued, "And you, showing up here like this, whose face are you trying to save? Do you want the whole world to think Tarquin can't stay faithful in his marriage, that his personal life is a mess? Are you trying to shame the Bradford family?"

Before Elysia could utter a word, the Bradford clan exploded into chatter, each trying to outdo the others.

Chapter 786

After months of frustration and pouring money into the Thorne family, not to mention the fortune spent on hosting this lavish party, this moment was what I had been waiting for!

"Does she not understand her place, or is she deliberately making Tarquin and us uncomfortable?"

"I think she's here to provoke Daphne on purpose! Honestly, mistresses these days are getting bolder by the minute. The legitimate wife hasn't approached her, yet she's the one making the first move!"

"The one thing wealthy families like ours don't lack is children. Thinking she can elevate her status through an illegitimate child is a miscalculation. The Bradford family certainly doesn't acknowledge that!"

When the conversation shifted to her children, Elysia's temper flared, and she lunged forward, slapping the woman across the face.

"Say one more thing about my children, I dare you!"

The crowd was stunned, and the woman covered her face, sobbing,

"Look at how brazen mistresses are these days! Daring to hit someone in public, oh my goodness..."

"How dare you!"

Gideon, seated in his wheelchair, sneered coldly at Elysia,

"

"To openly strike a member of the Bradford family at our own event is utterly disrespectful and ill-mannered! Today, in front of all these people, I, on behalf of the Bradford family, declare that even though Tarquin fancies you, we have always sided with righteousness over wickedness! We acknowledge only Daphne, and you will never be welcomed into the Bradford family!"

Tarquin's face turned ashen. Wrapping his arm protectively around Elysia's shoulders, he glared at Gideon,

"Then let me make it clear to everyone here today, from this moment on, I, Tarquin, have nothing to do with the Bradford family! From now on, we go our separate ways, without any further entanglements!"

The crowd was in shock: "!!!!!"

The Bradfords were collectively swallowing their astonishment!

No one had anticipated that Tarquin would make such a declaration for Elysia!

Despite his known issues with the Bradfords, he had never left, and there were reasons for that.

He was investigating the circumstances surrounding his parents' deaths and couldn't sever ties since Gideon held his mother's ashes, effectively keeping him bound to the family.

Even in the most strained moments, he had never suggested a complete separation from the Bradfords!

Thus, it never crossed their minds that he would, like his father before him, opt to leave the family!

Without Tarquin, the Bradfords would lose everything!

So, in addition to the stunned onlookers, his brothers and the Bradfords themselves were at a loss for words.

Tarquin then turned his cold gaze to Daphne,

"Although we are husband and wife in name, we have neither shared a life nor feelings for each other. You were brought into this family by their arrangement. After our divorce today, you can follow them. They seem to value you highly!"

Daphne, already feeling guilty, became even more frightened at Tarquin's outburst and began to cry.

Gideon, realizing the dire consequences of losing Tarquin for the family, played the family card.

With teary eyes, he said,

"Tarquin, are you really willing to cut ties with the Bradford family over a woman? We've raised you with so much effort, not asking for gratitude but at least not expecting you to break our hearts like this."

Allegra also chimed in loudly,

"You're even more foolish than your father. At least his woman wasn't a mistress! Look at you, ready to break with your family over a mistress. Aren't you ashamed? Aren't you worried about becoming a laughingstock?"

Elysia hadn't expected Tarquin to sever ties with his family over her.

Staring at Tarquin for a moment, she turned to Allegra with a frown,

"You keep calling me a mistress. What evidence do you have to prove that claim?!"

"Evidence? The legitimate wife is right here, and you still want to argue?"

Elysia turned to face Daphne, her eyes blazing with anger.

Back then, they forced her into this marriage, and now that Daphne knew Tarquin's true status, she wanted to come back and compete for him? She wanted to see on what grounds Daphne considered herself the legitimate wife.

"So, she's his wife, and what does that make me, huh?"

Chapter 787

Daphne was sobbing her heart out when Allegra roared, "Don't be afraid of her. You've got the whole Bradford clan backing you up! Now, tell her loud and clear, who do you think she is?!"

"Yeah, tell her!"

With a grit of her teeth and tears streaming down her face, Daphne cried out, "So what if you're his wife? You just stole my spot! I should have been the one to marry him! Me! Me! Sob sob sob..."

So what if you're his wife?

Elysia is Tarquin's wife?

The Bradford folks: "?!?!"

Onlookers: "??!!"

Keaton and the others: "???!!!"

Tarquin: "?????!!!!!"

The kids: "...Guess it's time to spill the beans."

Elysia ignored Daphne, turning to the Bradfords, "Now listen up, who's the real home-wrecker here? You keep talking about defending the right and not the wrong. In your eyes, the legitimate wife is wrong, and the mistress is right? The moral compass of the Bradfords really astounds me, a mere commoner!

Now let me make this clear, it's not that you won't let me and my kids through your grand doors, it's that me and my kids wouldn't want to step foot in there! With your twisted values, I'd rather stay far away from you!"

The Bradfords gasped collectively, their faces turning shades of red, utterly shocked!

Gideon's chest heaved, his face turning a mix of green and purple, and had his legs not failed him, he would've confronted Daphne right there and then!

"You... you... what's the meaning of this?! I personally chose my granddaughter-in-law, and I remember clearly, her name was Daphne, not Elysia!" Allegra also glared at Daphne, demanding, "You better explain yourself now!"

Unable to hold back, Verity stepped up to Daphne, trying to calm her down, "Don't cry now, and don't be afraid of them. You've got the whole Bradford family behind you. Tell me, did Tarquin force you to say this?"

Daphne, following Blake's guidance, fell to her knees in front of Tarquin, sobbing out her story, "Elysia was just a stray child my parents took in. When someone came asking for my hand in marriage with a generous dowry, guessing they were wealthy, Elysia, lured by vanity, insisted on taking my place to marry into that wealth!

Even though she wasn't their biological child, my parents loved her too much to watch her threaten her own life over this, so they agreed to let her marry in my stead..."

The Bradfords: "You...!!!"

Elysia had taken Daphne's place to marry Tarquin!

Now Elysia was Tarquin's lawful wife?!

"I don't believe it! This is impossible!"

The Bradfords collectively refused to accept this reality, their denials filling the air.

Suddenly-

Beautiful music filled the banquet hall, and the big screen on the stage lit up!

A photo took up the whole screen, shocking everyone present!

The marriage certificate of Tarquin and Elysia was glaringly displayed on the big screen, blinding everyone with its significance!

The certificate was in duplicate, one for Elysia and one for Tarquin.

This was an electronic file Elliot had meticulously downloaded from the official website, carefully covering up their social security numbers while leaving the rest for the public to see.

Both certificates bore the official seal, leaving no room for doubt.

The date of the marriage, eight years ago!

Meaning, Elysia and Tarquin were legally wed, their union sanctioned by the state!

Meaning, their four children were not born out of wedlock but came into this world two years after their parents' marriage!

No matter how twisted the journey, how many misunderstandings had occurred, the result was clear!

A buzz of gossip spread among the high society ladies present, "My God, the mighty Bradfords, siding with a mistress over the legitimate wife, it's just unthinkable, their moral compass is so off it's lost!"

"This twist is unbelievable! I'm almost moved to tears by the Bradfords' stupidity."

"Defending the right not the wrong, turns out the mistress is right, and the legitimate wife is wrong? Old man Bradford really has lost it, maybe he's got dementia?"

The Bradfords, staring at the marriage certificate on the big screen, were dumbstruck.

Their hearts, once suspended in hope, now sank in defeat.

They had no choice but to accept the truth, even if unwillingly. They had made a mistake, a grave one!

The Daphne they had painstakingly brought back was nothing!

Tarquin's wife, the one they had insulted and humiliated in front of everyone, was Elysia!

Chapter 788

That is to say, all the time, effort, and money they poured into finding Daphne went down the drain!

The massive debt they paid off for the Thorne family, utterly wasted!

Their grand plan to slap Elysia in the face by presenting Daphne as the rightful wife backfired spectacularly!

Ouch, that stings!

This lavish gala, specifically organized for Tarquin and Elysia, turned into a circus with them unwittingly becoming the clowns of the high society!

They really outdid themselves...

Total disasters!

Absolute fools!

"Oh my God!" Verity wailed before fainting, again.

The rest of the Bradfords were painfully aware of their pitiful state, drowning in their sobs...

Their earlier exuberance had completely deflated!

They didn't need anyone to tell them-they felt like absolute jesters on stage!

Gideon felt his head buzzing, with whispers surrounding him, wishing for a way out!

"Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!" he muttered, emphasizing his desperation.

Gideon had his right-hand man wheel him away from the disaster of a party; he just couldn't bear it any longer.

The rest of the Bradfords, too ashamed to stay any longer, scattered, making a spectacle of themselves in front of everyone! Foolish, indeed-

Daphne, green with envy at the sight of the marriage certificate on the big screen, pleaded on her knees before Tarquin,

"Mr. Bradford, the Bradfords chose me back then, really, I didn't lie to you! It was my horoscope that matched yours, not Elysia's! I'm the only one who can bring you prosperity! Only with me by your side will everything go smoothly..."

She believed her dad, who said that rich folks were superstitious!

If Tarquin knew she was the one meant for him, not Elysia, he would surely leave Elysia and marry her!

Elijah frowned, signaling his bodyguards with a glance to drag Daphne away and hand her over to the police. The charge was fraud and extortion.

The Thornes biting the Bradfords, swindling them out of a fortune, certainly qualified as fraud and extortion!

Given the amount involved, it was a serious crime!

The Thornes were done for!

Blake and Juliet rushed over, yowling, "You can't do this to us, our Daphne is the real deal for Mr. Bradford..."

The bodyguard couldn't help but snark,

"Is your whole family brain-dead? Can't you see Tarquin and the Bradfords aren't exactly on good terms? The reason they picked Daphne wasn't because she matched Tarquin; it was the opposite, to cause discord! Idiots!"

The Thornes deflated, speechless.

Elijah didn't even bother giving them another look, instructing his bodyguards to work with the police to shove the whole family into a squad car. The moment was finally about him and his parents; he didn't want any unwelcome characters spoiling it!

He had waited so long, thought so much, and planned so meticulously for this moment to arrive!

His mom and dad, standing together, rightfully and openly!

Meanwhile, the banquet hall buzzed with the elites of high society, still reeling from the spectacle, barely holding back tears of laughter at the Bradfords' expense.

The Bradfords, crowned the joke of the year!

Elysia and Tarquin's marriage certificate continued to scroll on the big screen.

This was the first time Elysia saw their marriage certificate, and she was filled with a mix of emotions.

However, the man of the hour, President Bradford, didn't even glance at it!

Not out of disinterest, but sheer overwhelm!

He stood beside Elysia, panting, like a love-struck fool, turned into a statue of devotion!

From the moment it was revealed Elysia was his wife, he had been frozen in this pose. Unmoving, almost reaching enlightenment!

His mind was flooded with questions, all boiling down to one: Elysia is my wife?

Elysia is my wife??

Elysia is my wife???

His friends, Keaton and the crew, came over, teasing him, "Man, you hit the jackpot!"

Tarquin: "Elysia is my wife?"

High society figures came to congratulate, "Congratulations, Mr. Bradford, well done!"

Tarquin: "Elysia is my wife?"

Elijah, feeling impatient, nudged him subtly, "Hey, snap out of it, man. Say something to mom, it's your chance to shine." Tarquin: "Elysia is my wife?"

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 789

The staff from the local registry office came rushing over!

All flustered and panting, it was clear he was in a hurry.

Just last night, Tarquin had arranged for an expedited marriage certificate because he said he wanted a divorce, and insisted on getting the divorce papers by this morning!

But, come morning, the registry office hit a snag, and the marriage certificate was only just sorted out.

The boss, worried sick that Tarquin might miss his deadline and take offense, decided to send the marriage certificate over first.

To show that if Tarquin couldn't get his divorce papers by noon, it wasn't the registry's fault, but his own for not showing up.

The messenger was a young guy in his early twenties, with an air of innocence about him,

"Mr. Bradford, your marriage certificate is ready. You can proceed with the divorce whenever you're ready."

Tarquin, clearly not yet calmed down, blurted out, "My wife's name is Elysia?"

The employee paused, wondering if the big shot didn't know his own wife's name?

He double-checked the document he was holding, "Yes, her name is Elysia."

Tarquin suddenly grabbed his wrist, tightly, "Are you sure?"

The employee, startled and trembling, unsure whether Tarquin was thrilled or furious, was too scared to answer directly. He squinted at the marriage certificate again for confirmation,

"Yes, your wife's name is definitely Elysia."

Tarquin: "Hah!"

Employee: "?!?"

Tarquin: "Hahaha..."

The employee was baffled, "Mr. Bradford, are... are you okay?"

Tarquin: "My wife's name is Elysia!"

This time it wasn't a question, but a statement.

The employee, still confused, nodded, "Yes, your wife is named Elysia."

What followed was Tarquin showing off like he was unveiling a prized possession!

He boasted to the registry staff!

He boasted to Keaton and a few others!

He boasted to all the high-profile guests present!

He even boasted to the media reporters on site!

Not even the hotel's staff were spared, as he told them over and over again that his wife was named Elysia!

As if others didn't know!

As if he was afraid they wouldn't find out!

The way humans express their emotions is universal – regardless of status, wealth, or poverty, when overwhelmed with joy, they can go mad!

The CEO of the Bradford Group, a tycoon standing at the pinnacle, known for his cold, cunning, and ruthless demeanor, could forget everything in his moment of absolute joy!

Forgetting his status, his usual demeanor, even forgetting he was already in his thirties, he acted like a giddy teenager!

Amidst the laughter, there was also a touch of heartwarming sincerity!

How much must he love Elysia, to be so overjoyed upon confirming she was his wife?!

Joy to the point of madness, joy to the point of delirium!

"Son! My wife is Elysia! Haha, jealous, aren't you? Daddy has married the woman he loves most!"

Tarquin, holding the marriage certificate, waved it proudly at his four little ones.

His smile was radiant and triumphant, as cheerful as a seventeen or eighteen-year-old boy.

Elijah, smiling from a distance, felt a twinge in his nose and a tearfulness in his eyes.

He was happy for his daddy! And for himself!

Others might not empathize or understand his daddy's state, but he did, he understood him!

He and his daddy had waited and longed for this for too long. Now, they had finally gotten their wish, he had found the mommy he had dreamed of, and daddy had married his most beloved girl!

The years of hardship and bitterness didn't matter anymore. What mattered was that their dreams had finally come true, and they were going to embrace their happiness fiercely.

Elliot, sitting in a wheelchair, didn't feel quite as intensely as Elijah did; he felt more content.

Like an old father watching his dearly loved daughter finally find a husband who only had eyes for her. Though he might feel a bit jealous, he was happy for her.

Seeing the love Tarquin had for his mommy, he felt reassured and at ease.

Chapter 790

All past grievances were behind them, and for Tarquin, making his mom happy was all that mattered now!

His mom had gone through too much hardship, deserving nothing but the best the world had to offer. It was time for her to finally bask in happiness. Emmett, always the most emotional of the bunch, sobbed softly, his tears streaming down his face.

Evan quickly wiped away his tears, asking, "Emmett, why the waterworks, buddy?"

Choking back sobs, Emmett said in his babyish voice, "I don't know... I just... when I see daddy smiling, it makes me wanna cry."

Evan sniffed, then joked, "Should I go make him cry so you can laugh, how about that?"

"No, no, don't hurt daddy."

Evan pouted, looking down at Tarquin on the big screen. Despite being visibly moved himself, he still played the tough guy, complaining,

"Embarrassing, looks like a total dork. Don't say I know him."

Keaton and the guys huddled in a corner, taking a smoke break.

They had been teasing Tarquin earlier when he was getting all mushy, but now, seeing him lose his cool, they suddenly fell silent.

Booker, with a cigarette in hand, remarked, "Last time I saw Tarquin this happy was when Elijah first called him 'dad.' Man, he was over the moon, just like today!"

Indeed, when Elijah first called Tarquin 'dad,' Tarquin was ecstatic, celebrating like mad!

At the crack of dawn, around 3 a.m., he rang each of them to brag that Elijah called him 'dad'!

He even summoned them all to his place, just to hear Elijah say 'dad'!

Benjamin mused, "Life's full of surprises. I thought Tarquin would never get Elijah's mother back, doomed to bachelorhood forever. Who'd have thought, out of the blue, Tarquin's got a wife and three grown sons!"

Lowell's eyes welled up, "Tarquin deserves happiness too!"

Keaton nodded, "Seems like the universe finally cut him some slack."

Axel stood in the shadows, leaning against a pillar, silently observing Tarquin, saying nothing.

The group fell into a silent solidarity, puffing away at their cigarettes.

They knew better than anyone the struggles Tarquin had faced. Seeing him so content now, they all felt he deserved it.

After a lifetime of hardships, barely knowing what happiness felt like, it was only right for him to finally get a taste of sheer joy. "Guess the universe does balance things out!"

"Elysia, did you know, you're my wife!" Tarquin was still in a frenzy, grinning at Elysia.

Blushing furiously, Elysia tugged at the hem of his shirt, whispering, "Everyone's looking, tone it down a bit!"

"Right, right, keeping it low-key."

He said, aiming for subtlety, but the next second, he scooped her up, spinning around in circles!

In full view of everyone, he shouted, "Elysia is mine, Tarquin's wife!"

Elysia was mortified, not used to such public displays of affection, "You... put me down! Stop it, or I'll be really mad! I mean it... You believe I won't talk to you for a whole day?"

That was the harshest threat she could think of.

She was shy, not as bold as him, yet deep down, thrilled.

She liked him so much that not talking to him for a day seemed like a severe punishment.

Tarquin, still chuckling, put her down and took her hand, leading her outside.

Elysia inquired, "Hey, where are you taking me?"

Tarquin replied, "Somewhere private."

Then, bursting with joy, he announced to the partygoers, "You guys have fun, I'm taking my wife for some alone time!"

With those words, he flashed the bright red marriage certificate at everyone!

Proud and boasting!

The crowd: "... Great, we're all stuffed with dog food now.

The sickly sweet smell of love completely overpowered the room, leaving the single folks feeling less than fresh, suddenly craving a taste of romance themselves!