

## Hitched 811

### Chapter 811

Axel's call came through like this,

"You've seen the news? Yeah, it's pretty much the same deal. Last night, someone broke into the precinct, took down the night shift officers, grabbed the keys, and went straight for those traffickers. Took them out right there.

The guy's bold, skilled, and his way of killing? Professional and brutal.

Some of the victims were gutted, others had their eyes gouged out, and some were even drained of blood...

The coroner said the murder weapon is almost identical to what was used on Declan. And I've seen the surveillance footage; the perp's build and the way he moves are spitting images of Keith. I'm sure it's him! But he covered his tracks well, no evidence to pin it on him directly."

Axel also raised a question,

"I checked, those traffickers had no known ties to Keith. No clue why he'd target them. But with that bloody message he left behind, the inte's buzzing, calling the killer a 'vigilante,' saying he's taking out the trash for the public good."

Tarquin, wrapped in his bathrobe, stood on his private deck, his expression unreadable.

Keith committing murder wasn't about public service; he wasn't one to play the hero!

But that message he left in blood, 'Those who harm children will pay,' was clearly a warning to child abusers.

Taking out those traffickers was about vengeance, and a form of punishment!

Keith, what are you really about?

After a moment of reflection, Tarquin asked Axel, "Any progress on the little girl's case?"

"...It's tough, not much to go on. We're still searching."

"Speed it up!"

After hanging up, Tarquin thought about lighting up a cigarette but then remembered Elysia. She hated the smell of smoke, and he didn't want to upset her.

Back in the bedroom, Elysia had just ended a call with Blossom.

Seeing him return from the deck, she immediately asked, "Did you hear about those traffickers being killed?"

"Yeah, saw the news online."

Tarquin climbed into bed, pulling her close,

"Was it Blossom's call that woke you, or was it me?"

"I woke up on my own, right when Blossom called. And, um, I overheard you talking about the traffickers last night..."

Elysia looked at him with wide eyes, hesitating.

Tarquin could read her like a book; she was terrible at hiding her thoughts.

He playfully pinched her cheek,

"Getting all worked up over nothing, huh? Murder's against the law, I don't do that kind of work."

Elysia let out a sigh of relief, "Blossom thinks you're the only one capable of such a bold act."

Tarquin couldn't help but feel a bit speechless,

"So in Blossom's eyes, you married a murderer?"

Elysia clarified, "She thinks you're competent!"

"Competent in murder?"

"That's not what she meant. Blossom believes anyone who could pull off a hit in a precinct isn't ordinary."

Tarquin had to agree, Keith was no ordinary man.

Mysterious, unpredictable, dangerous, and unhinged!

Elysia, unaware it was Keith's doing, added,

"Though killing is wrong, it's somewhat satisfying in this case. It's like karma for those who do evil. Hopefully, this serves as a warning to others to do good instead of evil."

Tarquin simply hummed in response,

"Considering there's no known connection between the killer and the traffickers, what do you think his motive was?"

Elysia speculated,

"Either he saw the public outcry online and appointed himself a vigilante or he's just someone who loves children to an extreme, couldn't stand the crimes of the traffickers, and felt compelled to act."

It had to be the latter; couldn't stand not acting.

After a moment, Tarquin exhaled deeply, trying to steer Elysia away from the grim subject,

"Let's move on from this, no need to dwell on it any longer."

Elysia had been down since the news broke, and Tarquin felt for her.

"Yeah, you go on with your day. I'll stay home with the kids."

Chapter 812

"Alright, I'll head to the office in a bit."

At this moment, Keith had just finished freshening up, changing into a set of clean clothes.

He did kill the man, no reason, just couldn't stand those traffickers, annoyed by them.

What kind of strength does it show, picking on kids?!

"Ding ding..." His phone suddenly rang.

Keith walked over to the bedside table, a smile forming as he saw the caller ID, draping the towel around his neck, he answered, "Hey, princess."

His voice was sweet, tender like a loving father.

From the other end came a young girl's voice, soft and milky,

"Daddy, when are you coming back? I miss you so much, so very much."

Keith's smile reached his eyes,

"Daddy misses you too, princess. But I have to wait for mommy, once she's done with her work here, we'll both come back to you."

"So, when you come back, you're not leaving again?"

"Nope, not leaving. Staying with my princess forever."

"Okay, daddy, no fooling around, okay? Liars are puppy dogs."

Keith's smile was radiant, "Daddy's no liar, sweetheart. Once mommy and I are back, we're never leaving your side again."

"How long till mommy's done?"

"Not long, princess. Just be good, eat your meals, maybe put on a couple more pounds, and we'll be right back."

"Okay! I can eat two whole bowls now." The little girl boasted proudly.

Keith laughed, "That's my girl!"

"I'm gonna go eat now, daddy. You and mommy eat well too. Bye, daddy."

As the call ended, the little girl moved closer to the screen, blowing a kiss that made a sound.

Keith's heart nearly melted, holding onto his phone long after the call, as if savoring his daughter's love.

It wasn't until the phone rang again that he snapped back to reality, his smile fading as he answered, "Speak."

"Tarquin has intensified his search, specifically targeting picturesque villages this time. He must have a lead. I'm worried about our princess's safety being compromised."

Keith's brows furrowed, a flash of anger in his eyes.

The caller continued, "I think it's time we stop hiding. Before Tarquin gets to her, we should use our princess for our next move. We've raised her all these years, it'd be a pity not to use her now."

Keith's voice turned icy,

"The princess is off-limits! Without my say-so, nobody touches her!"

"...No one dares, we're only thinking of revenge, not to harm her a bit! She's our trump card, it'd be a shame not to play it. And you know Tarquin's capabilities, without using her, our chance of success shrinks."

Keith, firm and fierce, "Hold your positions, wait for my command!"

Hearing the anger in his voice, the caller didn't dare to say more, "...Yes!"

After hanging up, Keith stared at his daughter's photo, lost in thought.

When he took her from Elysia, it was indeed for vengeance.

But times have changed, and so has he...

His princess isn't a pawn in his game, nor is she Tarquin's daughter!

She has no relation to Tarquin; she's Keith's!

His princess, innocent and dreamy, lively and adorable, shouldn't be dragged into adult conflicts!

As for his deep-seated vengeance, he could avenge without involving her!

"Sigh..." Keith took a deep breath, looking out the window.

The sun had risen, bright and shining!

It was time to end this, years of plotting and planning, his and Tarquin's feud, it was time for a final settlement!

He couldn't bear the thought of being apart from his princess any longer!

Once the revenge was done, he'd return to his princess, watch her grow, guard her upbringing!

For eternity, being her one and only knight!

Chapter 813

Elysia was deep into researching the plight of abducted children, her mind heavy with the gravity of their trauma, when her phone buzzed with a message from her daughter.

Just the day before, the police had issued a nationwide call for volunteers, particularly those skilled in psychology, to help these children recover from their deep-seated emotional wounds. As someone who had delved into child psychology, albeit without any formal qualifications, Elysia didn't hesitate to sign up.

But her lack of credentials raised questions. No sooner had her husband Tarquin left for work that morning than she received a call from the charity. They appreciated her willingness but had to tread carefully-unqualified enthusiasm, however well-intentioned, could backfire.

Elysia proposed a compromise; she'd start as an assistant to the counselors. Touched by her sincerity, the charity agreed and sent her the files on three children in need of support in Jindale City.

One story, in particular, struck a nerve: an eight-year-old boy, abducted two years back, now wheelchair-bound and barely able to communicate, his spirit crushed by the ordeal of having to beg for survival. The injustice of it all fueled Elysia's determination to protect her own children from such a fate.

It was in this mindset that she received the startling news about her daughter. Glancing at her phone, she expected nothing unusual, but the image that greeted her made her heart skip a beat-a sonogram of a woman deep into her pregnancy.

Confusion turned to shock as she focused on the details: Elysia, 23, 38 weeks pregnant, with quadruplets.

Quadruplets? How could that be?

Her mind raced back to the time she had her three sons, Elliot, Evan, and Elijah, and Emmett, the child she'd found and taken under her wing. Could it be that she was originally pregnant with quadruplets?

The revelation shook her to her core, especially as a follow-up video showed her in the hospital, the doctor marveling at the rarity of a quadruplet pregnancy-three boys and a girl.



A girl? The thought left her breathless.

The video, a window to a day five years past when she'd fainted at work and been rushed to the hospital, revealed a truth she'd been unaware of: She'd been pregnant with quadruplets. The discovery, as astonishing as it was, filled her with a mix of emotions.

She pondered over the fate of the daughter she never knew she had, her resolve to keep her family safe now mixed with a longing to uncover the truth about her lost child.

Chapter 814

Elysia's hands trembled with excitement, a rush of elation swiftly followed by a wave of panic. Where was her daughter?!

"Ding—" Another message arrived, this time a video.

Elysia hurriedly opened it to find footage from an operating room. A team of doctors and nurses, clad in scrubs, were performing a C-section on her. One after another, cries filled the room as four babies were safely delivered!

Four nurses, each cradling a baby, were busy with the routine post-birth procedures: clocking the time, weighing, and bathing...

Soon, the four little ones were snugly wrapped and placed side by side in a warming unit.

A nurse commented, "Three boys and a girl, all in good health, though the little girl's a bit on the small side..."

As the video ended, Elysia was left in shock, taking a long time to snap back to reality.

When she finally did, tears were streaming down her face. Overwhelmed with joy yet fraught with fear, she realized:

She had a daughter!

She and Tarquin had a daughter!

But someone had taken her away!

Through her tears, Elysia tried to reach out to the sender, her vision blurred. Wiping her eyes roughly, her hands shaking, she attempted to call back.

No answer. Then, another message came through,

["Want to know where your daughter is? Divorce Tarquin first."]

Unable to reach them by phone, Elysia replied,

["Who are you? Who exactly are you? Why did you take my daughter? Where is she now?"]

The reply was chilling,

["I was the one who took your daughter from you. Divorce Tarquin, and I'll take you to her. She misses you."]

Elysia was frantic, ["I want to see her now!"]

The sender replied, ["Then divorce Tarquin now. As soon as you do, I'll take you to her."]

Elysia couldn't understand why a divorce was necessary to see her daughter. She just wanted to be reunited immediately!

Two more messages followed,

["Choose. Your daughter or your marriage."]

["Elysia, I've been watching you. You have one day to decide."]

Elysia felt her heart pounding, but her next message wouldn't send.

After a final warning not to tell Tarquin, the sender disappeared.

Elysia was at her wit's end, unable to make contact again.

She felt like a trapped animal, clutching her phone in desperation.

She didn't know who the sender was, but she was certain the information was real.

Her daughter had indeed been taken!

Who was this person? Friend or foe? Was her daughter safe or in harm's way?

Haunted by recent child abduction cases, Elysia's mind raced with dreadful scenarios.

Terrified for her daughter's safety, she considered calling Tarquin to reveal everything.

But before she could dial, she hung up, remembering the warning.

The threat was clear: the sender was watching, and any disobedience could mean harm to her daughter.

Silence was her only option, yet silence offered no solace.

How could she find her daughter? Should she really consider divorce?

Would the sender truly return her daughter after a divorce?

Distrustful of the sender's intentions but fearful of endangering her daughter, Elysia felt isolated. Tarquin, their children, along with Blossom and Winona, were her only confidantes.

What to do? How to proceed?

Struggling with indecision and panic, Elysia felt utterly lost.

Finally, an idea struck her a potential solution to her agonizing dilemma.

Chapter 815

Elysia, tears streaming down her face, made her way to the kids' room. Her four boys had just finished their morning rituals, eager to head downstairs for pancakes and bacon.

Seeing their mom in such distress stopped them in their tracks. "What's wrong, Mom?" they chorused, gathering around her.

Elliot guided her to sit down while Elijah quickly grabbed a tissue, passing it to Emmett, who gently wiped their mom's tears away.

Evan, the youngest but with a spirit as fierce as any, his breathing erratic with worry, blurted out, "Mom, don't cry. Just tell me, who's upset you?!"

Elysia, struggling to speak through her sobs, didn't want to alarm the boys. Yet, she couldn't contain her emotions. This was monumental news. She had another daughter, and she was nowhere to be found!

"Call... call your dad. Get him to come home now!" she managed to say.

Elliot was on it: "Right, calling Dad!"

Elijah insisted, "I'll call him, right now!"

Evan, ever the protector, asked, "Did Dad upset you?!"

Emmett, the sensitive soul, seeing his mom in tears, started crying too.

Under normal circumstances, Elysia would reassure Emmett, but today her emotions overwhelmed her. She could only hug him, both of them crying together, her mind consumed with thoughts of her missing daughter.

Elijah, with a furrowed brow, stepped aside to call Tarquin. "Dad, you need to come home. Mom's crying!"

Tarquin, in the midst of a critical meeting with the Bradford family investors, felt his heart tighten. "What happened?" he asked, urgency in his voice. "Mom didn't say. She just told us to call you!"

Without a word more, Tarquin rose, his steps quick and determined out of the boardroom. "I have to go home," he announced to his colleague Lowell, who followed him out. "Tell the Bradfords if they're not willing to sell their shares, they can prepare for jail!"

Tarquin rushed to the elevator, his family's world seemingly on the brink of collapse.

Back home, the revelation shook the boys.

Elijah, trying to comfort his mom, assured, "Mom, don't cry. Dad's on his way."

Evan, fists clenched, demanded, "Mom, just tell me, did Dad upset you? Or was it the Bradfords or the Thornes?"

Elysia shook her head, finally managing to say, "You... you all have a sister!"

Elliot and Elijah were stunned, Evan and Emmett confused.

Elysia continued, "I just found out. You have a younger sister, your biological sister!"

Evan, usually quick to react, was speechless before exclaiming, "Our real sister? Mom, did you...?"

"Yes," she confirmed, a mix of sadness and awe in her voice.

Evan, his mind racing with excitement, turned to Elliot, "Did you hear that? We have a sister!"

Emmett, no longer crying, joined in the excitement, "A sister! Like, from the sky!"

The brothers, momentarily forgetting their mom's tears, echoed in unison, "Mom, where's our sister?"

Chapter 816

Elysia's eyes brimmed with tears that fell in large, sorrowful drops. "My baby girl..."

Elliot and Elijah had been aware of their sister's existence for some time, so the revelation itself wasn't shocking. What truly puzzled them was how their mom found out.

With serious expressions and furrowed brows, Elliot and Elijah questioned, "Mom, how did you find out?"

Wiping away her tears, Elysia handed her phone to Elliot and then pulled Emmett into a comforting embrace, shielding him from the screen.

The fact that Emmett wasn't biologically theirs was still a secret from the little guy, though his brothers were in on the truth.

"Stay with Mommy, Emmett."

"Okay, Mommy, don't cry. Emmett's here with you."

Elliot, Evan, and Elijah took the phone and stepped aside. Their faces transformed with emotion as they scrolled through the messages - especially Evan. One moment he was ecstatic about finally having a sister, and the next, he was plunged into a nightmare learning she had been taken. "Those bastards, they took my sister!"

Just as Evan was about to explode, Elliot whispered something in his ear, calming him down albeit reluctantly. "Fine!"

...

By the time Tarquin hurried home from the office, Elysia had already fallen asleep.

Elliot and Elijah pulled Tarquin into the study for a private discussion, leaving Evan and Emmett to keep Elysia company and out of the loop.

The idea was to protect Emmett from the harsh truth about his origins for a few more years, fearing the revelation might make him feel lost and disconnected.

Evan, known for his impulsive nature and deep affection for the idea of having a sister, was kept at a distance from the planning to prevent him from rash actions.

Inside the study, Tarquin was anxious, "I heard Elysia was crying. Why is she asleep now?"

Elliot explained, "Mom was too upset, and I was worried about her. I convinced her to take a sedative to rest for a bit."

He handed Tarquin Elysia's phone.

"We're now certain we have a sister out there!"

Tarquin's expression turned grave as he browsed through the photos and videos on the phone.

Elliot continued, "Elijah and I tracked the number that sent the messages to Mom. As expected, we hit a dead end. But, I believe Keith is behind this. Your recent focus on Keith must have tipped him off, prompting him to take action."

Elijah chimed in, "He's using our sister to blackmail Mom into divorcing Dad. What's his endgame? How does splitting them up benefit him?" Elliot pondered, "The real motive is still unclear, but it's evident he wants to lead Mom to our sister."

Elijah, furrowing his brow in thought, added, "Kidnapping Mom to find our sister aligns with the mysterious figure's goals. Is Keith the mysterious figure?"

Elliot didn't confirm or deny but shared his thoughts, "I've been mulling this over. Many clues suggest Keith is our guy. But one thing doesn't add up. Last night, he left a message: 'Those who harm children shall perish.' It seems he's fond of kids, evident from his affection towards the daycare children. So, why would someone who loves kids harm one for his own agenda?"

Elijah considered the contradiction. "You think he might not be the mysterious figure?"

Elliot shook his head, "Aside from that inconsistency, everything else points to Keith. Dad, what's your take?"

Both brothers turned to Tarquin, who had been silently fixating on the phone's screen, lost in thought.

Chapter 817



Tarquin's mind was adrift, caught between thoughts of his daughter and Elysia.

Realizing he had a daughter, as opposed to merely suspecting it, brought a whirlwind of emotions, a chasm between doubt and certainty. Doubt was governed by logic, a maze of suspicion and theories. But certainty? It shook him to his core, a mix of joy and anxiety. He, Tarquin, had a daughter. Yet, she was in the hands of another...

His thoughts then wandered back to Elysia, filled with regret and empathy. He regretted missing her entire pregnancy, not once seeing her with a baby bump except for those two video clips-the first glimpses of Elysia pregnant.

And empathy, because childbirth is a daunting journey, more so for someone bearing twins. High-risk pregnancies demand extra care and love, yet she was all alone through hers. The video of her ultrasound showed it all-her pale, undernourished face, the swelling in her legs, and the washed-out clothes she wore. At 38 weeks, she was still scraping by, working hard for the future of her children...

What was he doing at that time?

Five years ago, he was at the pinnacle of his career. After years of perseverance, he stormed back home to take over the Bradford Group, becoming its youngest ever CEO and the undisputed head of the Bradford family. His business empire expanded swiftly, making him a formidable figure in the corporate world. He stood atop the pyramid, looking down on all.

Yet, while he reveled in his success, Elysia was struggling in a poverty-stricken area, enduring a harsh life with his child...

Tarquin had always prided himself on being fair and honorable, never owing anyone anything. Yet, he owed Elysia more than he could ever repay. "Daddy, what's wrong?"

Elijah's concerned voice snapped Tarquin out of his reverie. Taking a deep breath, Tarquin reassured him, "Don't worry about your sister; she's safe for now. I need to spend some time with your mommy."

With that, he stood up, taking Elysia's phone with him as he left the study.

Elliot and Elijah exchanged a look.

Outside, as Evan and Emmett saw Tarquin enter, Elliot motioned for them to step out, sensing the heavy atmosphere. They knew of their mom's past hardships, but for Tarquin, witnessing it firsthand was overwhelming.

The bedroom became a sanctuary, with Elysia still lost in fitful sleep. Tarquin shed his business attire, slipping into bed beside her. Holding her close, he allowed the tears he'd been holding back to fall freely.

Apologies and words of comfort seemed too flimsy to convey the depth of his remorse and tenderness for her. "No, no, please, ah, ah, ah-" Elysia's troubled sleep continued, her voice breaking the silence of the room.

Chapter 818

Elysia suddenly burst into tears, screaming at the top of her lungs!

She clenched onto his shirt so tightly, her whole body shaking uncontrollably, overwhelmed with emotion.

Her eyes were shut tight, as if trapped in a nightmare.

Tarquin quickly called out to her, "Elysia!"

It took several shouts before Elysia finally snapped her eyes open, gasping for air, her breaths short and rapid.

"Having a nightmare?" Tarquin asked.

Elysia's eyes were glossy, staring blankly at him.

For a few seconds, she was in a daze before finally recognizing him and burst into tears, her words tumbling out incoherently,

"Tarquin, we have a daughter, and she's been taken by a bad man, a man who wants to hurt her. She's terrified, and I want to save her! But I can't beat him, what do I do? I can't protect our daughter, I can't protect her, I'm such a failure of a mother, I'm so useless, oh why am I so useless..."

Elysia was heartbroken, blaming herself, while Tarquin's brow furrowed deeply, his heart aching for her.

He knew she would break down the moment she found out about their daughter!

"Elysia, don't be scared, it was just a nightmare."

But Elysia, as if not hearing him, cried even harder,

"Tarquin, please, you have to save her. I can't, but you can, you're so capable, you can surely bring our daughter back! Please, save her, hurry..." Tarquin held her tight, "Elysia, our daughter is not in danger, don't scare yourself."

Elysia, her voice rising uncontrollably,

"She's been kidnapped! She's in danger! She's so much younger than Elliot, Evan, and Elijah, how can she survive without us, you have to save her... oh..."

Tarquin gently pressed his lips against hers, silencing her cries in an attempt to calm her down.

Her emotions were so intense, as if she'd lost her mind; he needed to soothe her before things got worse.

After the kiss, Tarquin tenderly kissed away her tears and her forehead, pulling her head close to his chest. Holding her tightly, he whispered soothingly,

"Elysia, our girl is already five, she's doing just fine, believe me, she's not in any immediate danger."

Elysia finally calmed down.

Clinging to his shirt, she sobbed softly,

"Tarquin, someone took our daughter, our baby girl has been kidnapped! I'm so worried about her, I'm really so worried..." Tarquin's heart shattered,

"I know! But don't worry, I promise we'll find our daughter! Stop scaring yourself, and don't scare me."

Elysia buried her face into his chest, her tears unstoppable.

The joy of discovering they had a daughter was immense!

But the thought of her being in the hands of villains terrified her.

Especially with the recent surge in online discussions about child trafficking, her fears were amplified...

Falling into a restless sleep, she dreamt a horrifying dream.

She dreamt of giving birth to quadruplets, the nurse handed them to her, commenting on her fortune, three boys and a girl, all healthy - a perfect family.

But in the next moment, as she reached to see her children, a menacing figure barged in and snatched away two of her babies.

She screamed, tumbling out of bed, chasing after her children in desperation.

Suddenly, the sky opened up, pouring rain accompanied by thunder and lightning, her children's cries breaking her heart. She followed their cries through the storm, searching frantically.

Finally finding them, she discovered only one child remained in the villain's grasp.

The kidnapper, knife in hand, poised to harm her child.

She screamed 'No!' throwing herself forward to save her child.

The villain turned to her with a sneer, chuckling menacingly.

Chapter 819

Clad in a black trench coat, his hat casting shadows over his sinister grin, he looked like a villain straight out of a horror movie.

He approached her, and with several swift thrusts of his knife, she collapsed to the ground.

As she lay there, her eyes wide with terror, she watched him, bloodied knife in hand, advancing towards her child. One step, then another... getting closer and closer.

The fear was overwhelming; the thought of her child coming to harm was unbearable.

She tried to stand, to rush at him, but her legs wouldn't hold her.

She attempted to drag her bloodied form forward, fingernails scraping against the ground, but she couldn't move.

All she could do was watch helplessly as the perpetrator neared her child, feeling a despair so intense it choked her...

Now awake, the memory of the dream still shook her to the core, her body trembling uncontrollably.

Tarquin held her tightly, trying to comfort her,

"Elysia, I've actually known about our daughter for a while now, but I wasn't sure if the information was reliable, so I didn't mention it.

I know you get scared easily, and I didn't want you to worry unnecessarily.

Our daughter is indeed out there, and I'm 100% certain she's safe.

Remember those antiques I showed you the other day? Our daughter is with him. You've seen his paintings. He loves her and wouldn't harm her. And the messages you received today were just to scare you, with no mention of harming our daughter. So, for now, you don't need to worry about her safety."

Elysia looked at him, surprised that he had known about their daughter all along.

But then she slowly calmed down. He was right; the man wouldn't harm someone he loved.

With the reassurance that their daughter was likely not in danger, a significant weight lifted from Elysia's heart.

She sniffled and asked, "You have his artworks, so you must know who he is, right?"

Tarquin's lips moved slightly. It was Keith.

If Keith hadn't gone to the police station last night, Tarquin might not have been so sure.

Now, he wasn't positive if Keith was the mysterious man, but he was certain that their daughter was with him!

But he feared that telling Elysia would drive her to recklessly confront Keith.

Just as Elliot had kept certain information from Evan.

Just as Tarquin was about to speak, Elysia suddenly stood up, "I know now! Elizabeth!"

Tarquin was puzzled.

Elysia seemed to have an epiphany, wiping away her tears and looking at him excitedly,

"I finally understand why your mother's name felt so familiar to me! Tarquin, I remembered something from five years ago! When I woke up in those woods, all I had were Elliot and Evan, wrapped in these clean but worn small blankets.

The corner of the blankets had some faded lettering, but whether it was from being washed too many times or something else, I couldn't make out what it said.

I spent so long trying to decipher it because I wanted to know who had taken us to the woods. Those two blankets were the only clue.

But the writing was too blurred, and ultimately, I couldn't figure it out.

Later, when I saw your mother's name in your study for the first time, it felt familiar, but I couldn't place where I'd seen it before.

Because I gave up trying to understand after a while and hadn't looked at them for years, my memory had faded.

Chapter 820

After encountering the name 'Elizabeth' a few times, it always struck a familiar chord, but hearing it didn't elicit the same feeling.

Now, I was certain that the name on those blankets was indeed 'Elizabeth'. Both of the small blankets had 'Elizabeth' embroidered on their corners!" Initially, Tarquin was shocked, then his expression turned grave.

The person who left Elysia and her son in the mountains had to be the same one who took Elijah and his daughter!

Keith!

So, it must've been Keith who wrapped up those blankets!

But why would the blankets bear their mother's name?

As Tarquin pondered, a tightness seized his heart. Keith, connected to their mother!

The portrait Keith drew of the beautiful woman with no eyes, was that his mother?!

It took Tarquin several moments to snap back to reality,

"Elysia, you've provided a monumental clue. Rest up and listen to me, I'll handle our daughter's situation. Trust me, I'll find her!" After saying this, he kissed Elysia's forehead firmly, urging her to lie down, and summoned Evan and Emmett to stay by her side. He and the brothers, Elliot and Elijah, retreated back to the study.

While booting up the computer, Tarquin relayed this new lead to Elliot and Elijah.

"Today's focus isn't Keith, but your grandmother. Keith has ties to your grandma!"



Keith had obscured his identity, but Elizabeth's was not a secret.

Following the trail of Elizabeth, they could unravel Keith's identity and the whole saga between them!

No sooner had the computer turned on than Elijah exclaimed, "Dad, move over, let me do this!"

Elijah took the helm, his small fingers tapping away at the keyboard with a speed that distracted Tarquin for a moment!

He knew Elliot was a computer whiz, but Elijah too...

It seemed the Bradford family lacked this gene!

Where did these kids get it from?

Tarquin briefly entertained the thought but quickly refocused on Keith and Elizabeth.

He dialed Axel,

"Our daughter with Elysia is indeed in Keith's hands. Rally everyone, we need to find her! And keep a close eye on Keith! Any movement, I want to know immediately!"

Soon, the brothers had compiled a comprehensive dossier on Elizabeth.

The information was extensive, covering her life from childhood to adulthood.

However, among those who had interacted with her, there was no one named Keith!

Tarquin wasn't surprised, "He must've used a pseudonym. Keith's probably not his real name. Look for any suspects."

Tarquin and Elliot started to meticulously comb through Elizabeth's biography.

Elijah continued to gather information on people related to Elizabeth.

They left no stone unturned in their search, determined to uncover Keith's history.

To know your enemy as yourself is to be victorious in a hundred battles. Understanding Keith's identity would make it easier to confront him. Unfortunately, despite their efforts, they came up empty-handed.

"Could we be barking up the wrong tree? Maybe the blanket mom mentioned was just a coincidence?" Elliot speculated.

With furrowed brows, Tarquin shook his head.

Though Keith's motives were unclear, the fact that he used the 'Elizabeth' blankets was proof enough of a significant connection to their mother. And it was a deep connection at that!

This was also corroborated by Keith's sketch, which underscored the importance of their mother in his heart. After a moment of contemplation, Tarquin stepped out onto the balcony and made a call to a military bigwig, "Soren, do you have a moment? I'd like to discuss something about my mother with you."