

Hitched 971

Chapter 971

Elysia reassured with a steady voice, "As long as he doesn't shoot himself in the foot, you can count on me to handle Tarquin."

Verity nodded eagerly, her face washed with gratitude, "Thank you, Elysia, thank you! I knew I could count on you to understand and help me out!" Elysia then pressed, "So, can you tell me now? Who is the real culprit behind the murder of Tarquin's parents?"

Verity furrowed her brows, wiped away her tears, and after a moment of composed silence, she revealed a name,

Elysia's eyes widened in shock, completely taken aback, "!"

In the hospital room.

The moment Gideon laid eyes on Tarquin, his blood pressure skyrocketed, and it took him a moment to bellow, "Your son did this to me, and you're going to pay! There will be no reconciliation, none at all! I'm going to make sure you rot in jail!"

Tarquin just stared at him coldly, silent.

Gideon suddenly sneered, "You think you can squeeze me with that shares business, huh? Well, guess what, you've got another thing coming! Not only will you not get your hands on my shares, but the Bradford Group will be mine! All of it, including all the assets under your name, and you'll watch from prison as I rise to the top!"

Without waiting for Gideon to reply, Tarquin coldly questioned, "Why even bother getting married and having kids?"

He continued, his voice icy, "You're so obsessed with power, why drag marriage and children into it? You married my grandmother and had my father, ruining both their lives! My grandmother would have been happier with anyone but you, and my father would have been better off as anyone's son but yours!"

Gideon's face darkened, "Do you think your grandmother would have experienced any luxury or happiness if she hadn't married me? Or your father would have had a happy upbringing without the wealth I provided?"

"Happiness? If my grandmother was so happy, why did she succumb to depression shortly after having my father? And if my father felt even a shred of happiness, why did he do everything in his power to escape you?"

Gideon was livid, "Your grandmother's depression was her own ungratefulness! Your father's escape was all because he was seduced by your mother's trickery! It's all Elizabeth's fault, that woman is a curse, a disaster!"

As he finished, Gideon's broken bones suffered a second blow, making him howl in pain, "Tarquin, you dare... even on your deathbed... you dare... Ahhh!"

The hospital room door burst open, and Gideon's right-hand man rushed in.

Gideon immediately yelled, "Where are the police? Get them in here to arrest him! His son assaulted me, and now he has too. He must be sentenced to life!"

As Tarquin withdrew his hand, standing aside, he watched Gideon coldly, "The real disaster for the Bradford family is you. It's you who have ruined the Bradford family. Think about how you're going to face the ancestors of the Bradford family after you're gone!"

Gideon lay gasping on the bed, sweating profusely from pain and rage, "Your father didn't listen to me, you don't listen, Elijah doesn't listen. Despite carrying my blood and enjoying my benefits, you all choose to defy me!"

You ungrateful wretches, all of you! The Bradford family won't be ruined by me; under my lead, it will reach its peak. Tarquin, you're finished, completely finished!"

"Sir, it's us who are finished!" Gideon's close associate, his head wrapped in bandages, came running over, sobbing.

Chapter 972

Gideon's face turned a stormy shade of dark as he bellowed, "Nonsense! It's Tarquin who's done for!"

"Boss..." his right-hand man stammered, hands trembling as he pulled out his smartphone to show Gideon a video.

It was a video of Gideon, under the influence of hallucinogens, confessing to a murder in a rambling apology.

Gideon's brows knitted together tightly. "What the..."

His confidant lamented, "Someone uploaded this video online, and now it's everywhere. It even made its way to international sites, and the backlash is just as fierce there."

Gideon's breathing became labored, and after a moment, he managed to spit out, "Get it off the trending topics, now!"

"We can't. The video's too popular, and there's someone behind the scenes fueling its spread."

As if fearing Gideon hadn't grasped the gravity of the situation, his confidant cried, "Boss, your reputation's in tatters, even internationally."

Gideon was livid, itching to slap some sense into him!

"Shut it! Where's the Bradford Group's PR team? Tell them to fix this mess, or they can all pack their bags!"

His confidant sighed in defeat, "I tried, but they won't listen to me."

"Why the hell not? Are they looking to rebel?!"

Avoiding Tarquin's gaze, he blurted out, "Our shares are now in Mr. Thorne's hands. We've got no ties to the Bradford Group anymore, so they're washing their hands of us!"

Gideon roared, "Then get Alpha on the line! Is pulling a video from the trending list really that hard?!"

"I... I tried, but Mr. Thorne's not only refusing to help, he's demanding repayment."

Gideon's eyes bulged, "Repayment? For what?"

"Mr. Thorne claims the ashes were fake, triggering the penalty clause. He's asking for a compensation that would bankrupt you even if you sold everything."

Gideon felt the ground shake beneath him, "Fake? How could they be fake? Is he extorting me?!"

His confidant shivered, "Boss, it's a trap! People from Sage Hall said..."

Hesitating, then with a determined bite, "They said Tarquin visited the restricted area tonight, even descended into the well. Now with Mr. Thorne insisting those ashes are fake, it's clearly a setup. Tarquin's in cahoots with him."

Gideon's jaw dropped in shock!

He turned to face Tarquin, "You... you went to Sage Hall?!"

Tarquin, with a gloomy expression, replied, "When you're gone, I'll drop your ashes into that well, where they'll never be retrieved. Ever." "You..."

Only now did Gideon fully grasp his dire situation, his earlier bravado replaced by sheer terror as he stared at Tarquin.

Tarquin, looming by the bed, glared down coldly, "You've spent your life chasing fame, fortune, and power. Now, you've lost everything. Your shares, your assets, all gone. Buried under a mountain of debt, your reputation in ruins!

Everything you ever wanted is out of reach! You're finished, for good!"

Gideon, gasping for air, stammered, "You... you..."

Tarquin's expression darkened further, "You've sown evil your entire life, unworthy of even the slightest compassion! Death would be too kind. You don't deserve hell; you belong in a demon's nest, tormented for eternity!

Sage Hall will remain, your eternal resting place!

But don't think death will come easy. I won't let you off that lightly!"

Chapter 973

"When you've repaid the sins you carry, only then will I let you meet your maker!

The pain you've caused my mother, the harm you've done to Elijah, and the wounds you've inflicted on Kelsey and Phineas's family... I'll make sure you suffer tenfold for each one!

Gideon, your days of living the high life are over. Welcome to your nightmare!"

Tarquin's voice was as cold as an Arctic blast, his expression as unforgiving as a winter storm.

Gideon gasped for air, his breaths coming in ragged heaves before he suddenly coughed up blood and passed out.

"Sir, sir..."

Tarquin glared at his right-hand man,

"I don't want him dead. Not yet. If he dies now, you'll be the one to pay!"

His aide, terrified, dropped to his knees with a thud, not daring to meet Tarquin's icy stare, "Yes, yes, of course!"

Tarquin looked over at Gideon, lying on the hospital bed battered and bruised, then turned his gaze to the night sky. A few bright stars twinkled above, as if dancing in joy.

Could it be Elizabeth and Kelsey cheering from above...?

When Tarquin left the hospital room, he only saw Elysia and Verity.

The rest had apparently dashed off to the dermatologist!

Seeing him, Elysia quickly stood and walked over, with Verity cautiously following.

Tarquin gave Verity a cryptic look but didn't engage, instead taking Elysia's hand.

"Let's go home."

Elysia studied his face, "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I feel better now."

Elysia sighed in relief, "Is everything settled with Evan?"

"Don't worry. Gideon won't be causing any more trouble."

Elysia glanced back towards the hospital room and nodded, "Then let's head home."

"Alright."

As the couple prepared to leave, Verity called out, "Elysia..."

Her expression was complicated, pleading.

Elysia knew what she wanted, "I haven't forgotten what you said."

Verity nodded quickly, "Thank you. Call me anytime."

"Will do."

In the elevator, before Tarquin could ask, Elysia spoke up,

"Did you know she has a son?"

Tarquin's eyes narrowed, "Verity has a son?"

"Yes. She told me herself."

"...I wasn't aware. What exactly did she tell you?"

"She's asking for help, hoping you'd spare her son."

Tarquin was puzzled, "Her son has dealings with me?"

"Not yet, but it seems he will. She mentioned he's been misled by his foster parents, intent on coming back to fight you for the inheritance."

Tarquin: "..."

"

"She says she kept her son away for his safety, wanting no ties with the Bradfords. She knows he stands no chance against you but can't persuade him otherwise. She's worried about his safety, which is why she came to me, hoping I could intercede on her behalf."

"...How old is her son?"

"Younger than you."

Tarquin pursed his lips,

"Her husband died thirty years ago. Whose child is this twenty-something-year-old?"

Elysia froze, "Her husband died thirty years ago?"

"Yes, he's been gone for thirty years."

Elysia was shocked, "She didn't mention that to me."

"...Did she say anything else?"

"She... she mentioned the killer of my parents."

Tarquin's expression visibly darkened.

He looked down at Elysia, his brows furrowed, "She knows who the killer is?"

Chapter 974

Elysia nodded, her face etched with solemnity. "She said it was Gideon!"

Tarquin went silent.

In the entire Bradford family, anyone could be suspected, but Gideon? That seemed impossible!

The Bradfords had a long-standing tradition: only the direct male descendants could inherit the family fortune.

Unless something happened to the direct line, nobody else would stand a chance to claim the inheritance.

Even though Kendrick had cut ties with Gideon years ago, he was still the root of the Bradford family. As long as he was alive, no one else could even dream of taking over.

And for Gideon, that was a good thing!

Gideon was the epitome of self-interest, always in pursuit of power. With Kendrick disinterested in the family business, Gideon could easily maintain control.

So, why on earth would he kill Kendrick?

"How did Verity find out?"

"She said she overheard Gideon himself saying it. That it was all Kendrick's fault – if he hadn't run off with Elizabeth, if he hadn't severed ties, Gideon wouldn't have been driven to murder!"

Tarquin pursed his lips, silent.

Elysia pressed on, "You think there's something off about Verity's story, don't you?"

Tarquin didn't hide his skepticism. "Yeah, I don't believe Gideon killed our parents."

Elysia frowned,

"I felt something was odd too. She came to me before her son even returned. Why rush? She could have waited. But when she spoke, her expression seemed genuine. If she was acting, she's hiding her game well."

Tarquin remained cool, the Bradfords were known for their ruthlessness.

Verity managing to keep a son hidden from everyone proved she was no simpleton, far smarter than her sister Allegra!

Claiming she wanted to keep her son away from the Bradford drama by raising him outside the family was laughable.

She was clearly biding her time, waiting for the right moment to strike!

Verity approaching Elysia with her story today definitely had an ulterior motive.

With Gideon out of the picture, she was quick to point fingers, perhaps trying to cozy up to them?

But what was her real goal?

A shadow of suspicion crossed Tarquin's eyes. Whatever her aim, the apple didn't fall far from the tree. Those raised by Gideon were not to be underestimated.

"I'll have someone look into Verity's claims. Don't worry about it," he said.

Elysia sighed, "Being born into the Bradfords is less appealing than being an ordinary person. It's one problem after another, a never-ending mess." "That Verity is up to no good; be careful."

"I know. Don't worry about me."

...

When they got home, the kids were still awake, anxiously waiting for Tarquin.

Elysia felt a mix of relief and sorrow,

"Still up? Aren't you tired?"

The kids glanced at Tarquin, shaking their heads in unison, "Not tired. Is everything settled?"

"Yes, everything's dealt with. It's late; you should head to bed."

The kids looked at Tarquin again, silently pleading.

"Elysia, you go up first. I want to talk to Elliot, Evan, and Elijah for a bit," Tarquin said.

"Alright, but don't stay up too late. It's already late."

"Okay."

Once Elysia was upstairs, Tarquin crouched down to be at eye level with Elliot, Evan, and Elijah.

"Thank you, guys, for everything you've done for daddy. I'm really touched. Without you, I wouldn't even know where grandma's ashes were. I'm so lucky to be your dad and to have your love!"

Indeed, it was his greatest fortune to be their father.

Chapter 975

How lucky I am to be cherished like this!

The trio of little ones moved their lips, and Elliot said, "My mommy always says, 'All love in the world is mutual. You love us, and naturally, we love you too.'"

Evan added, "Anyone my mommy likes, I like too! And anyone she protects, I will protect as well! Plus, you're my daddy, Evan's daddy. If anyone dares to bully you, I've got to stand up for you!"

Elijah chimed in, "Mommy told us, a real family shares joy and sorrows together. If one person in the family is unhappy, it's like a cloud over our whole household. Everything we do for daddy, it's for him, but it's also for the sake of our family."

Tarquin's throat tightened with emotion. He wrapped his arms around the three kids, a wounded heart warming under their care. It took a while before he could let go, saying, "Your grandma's ashes being disrespected like that surely made daddy both angry and upset. But now, daddy is okay. As an adult, I won't dwell on the sadness forever. We've retrieved grandma's ashes, and Gideon has been punished.

That's a cause for celebration. So, you don't have to worry about daddy anymore. It's over, and you all should get some good sleep."

Evan's deep eyes rolled skeptically, "Are you really not sad anymore?"

Tarquin ruffled Evan's hair, "Do I look like I'm still sad?"

Evan muttered, "It's best if you're not sad. But if you are, it's okay to cry. We won't make fun of you. My mommy says crying in front of your loved ones is nothing to be ashamed of."

Tarquin smiled, "Next time I'm sad, I'll come to you."

"Pfft, don't jinx it! Can't you just hope for happiness every day?"

Tarquin's smile grew wider, "I can see it now, Evan really adores daddy. Have I scored a perfect hundred?"

Evan's lips twitched, "Don't get too proud. Scores can go up and down. And remember, I like you because my mommy likes you. If she ever stops liking you, then I will too!"

Tarquin affectionately pinched Evan's cheek, "You little pessimist. How could your mommy ever stop liking me? If she dares, I'll just..."

Evan frowned, "Do what?"

Tarquin replied without missing a beat, "I'll cry. I'll lay on the floor, clutching her legs and crying until she gives in."

Evan gave him a thumbs up, "...That's the spirit, I see big potential in you."

Tarquin laughed, thinking to himself that this kid would grow up to be a real charmer.

After chatting for a bit and seeing that the kids were more relaxed, Tarquin sent them upstairs to bed.

He stayed downstairs to make a call, arranging for someone to investigate Verity and her illegitimate child.

After the call, he headed upstairs.

Elysia wasn't in their bedroom; after freshening up, she had checked on Baby and was now in Emmett's room. Tarquin pushed the door open, finding Elysia just as she finished tucking Emmett in, sitting by his bed, staring at him.

Approaching, Tarquin bent down to pinch Emmett's cheek.

Elysia swatted his hand away, whispering, "Don't wake him up."

Tarquin's face broke into a handsome smile, "Emmett's getting more and more handsome."

Elysia sighed, "Today, Blossom called me. She said she ran into someone who looks incredibly like Emmett, almost made her doubt if that woman

could be Emmett's biological mother. But that woman looked so... well, Blossom said it's complicated."

Chapter 976

Tarquin could read Elysia like an open book, and with a soft voice, he said, "If Emmett's biological parents ever come looking for him, we'll respect Emmett's wishes. If Emmett wants to go with them, we'll let him. If he doesn't, he stays with us. Don't worry about the kind of home his biological parents might have. Whether Emmett stays with us or not, we'll make sure he's set up for a happy future. So, just breathe."

Elysia exhaled deeply, her mind somewhat at ease after her conversation with Blossom. Deep down, she knew she'd find it hard to let go after all these years of raising Emmett. But if Emmett's biological parents came for him and he chose to leave with them, she couldn't stand in his way. She hoped for Emmett's sake that his biological family was well-off. But Tarquin was right; with them by his side, they wouldn't let Emmett suffer. "Let's cross that bridge when we come to it. Don't eat yourself up over this," Tarquin consoled her.

Nodding, Elysia kissed Emmett's forehead before standing up to leave his room. Once outside, she asked, "You seem in a good mood, what were you and the kids talking about?"

"The kids were just expressing their love for me, saying they love me more than anything."

Elysia raised an eyebrow, "They said they love you more than anything?"

"Yes!"

"Really?"

"Of course, it's true."

"I don't believe it!"

"Why not? Can't the kids express their love for me?"

Elysia pursed her lips, "It's not that they don't love you, but it's hard to imagine them saying something so cheesy."

Tarquin chuckled, "As long as they love me, it doesn't matter if they say it out loud or not."

Elysia smiled along with him. His happiness was her happiness.

The kids weren't always fond of him, especially Evan. To go from dislike to this level of affection was both touching and reassuring.

"Elysia."

"Hmm?"

As they entered the bedroom, Tarquin wrapped her in his arms, "Marrying you has been the greatest blessing of my life! You've not only raised our children well, but you've also taught them well. Having you in our family, happiness is inevitable!"

Raising kids is known to be hard, but nurturing them is the real challenge a fact known to those who've experienced it.

Tarquin's praise for Elysia wasn't just about the children's achievements but about their values.

Elysia was an ordinary woman without any special skills, but she had instilled in the children something far more important!

The kids had love in their hearts, brightness in their eyes, and could distinguish right from wrong.

They knew what was good, what was bad, what to do, and what not to do.

They valued family and understood kindness.

The children's kindness and compassion were a reflection of their mother's guidance.

Elysia wrapped her arms around Tarquin's waist, "The kids are young, but they can clearly feel both love and malice because you've shown them love first. It's a two-way street. And remember, a happy home isn't just the wife's responsibility; it takes an equally hard-working husband. Our family's happiness is also your doing."

Even the most exceptional wife, when paired with a husband who's irresponsible and heartless, couldn't make a happy home.

A happy household requires efforts from both spouses.

"If you're free one of these days, let's take the kids to pray for blessings at the church downtown. I've heard it's a very spiritual place." "...Alright."

Do ghosts really exist? No one knows for sure. But praying, at the very least, provides solace to the living.

In the deep, quiet of the night, after Elysia and the kids had fallen asleep, Tarquin found solace on the rooftop terrace.

He sat in the wicker chair, silently gazing at the stars, with a cigarette between his fingers, lighting one after another...

Chapter 977

Elysia woke with a start to find the bed beside her empty. Flicking on the bedside lamp, she sat up and called out, "Tarquin?"

No response. He wasn't in the room.

Frowning slightly, Elysia felt a twinge of concern.

She knew he must have gone out to clear his head.

The matter of Elizabeth's ashes weighed heavily on them all. Even though she and the kids did bring warmth and comfort to him, it wasn't possible for the grief to have completely dissipated.

After all, Elizabeth was his beloved mother...

He didn't show it because he didn't want to worry her or the kids.

Sighing softly to herself, Elysia turned off the lamp and lay back down.

Everyone needs their space, and respecting that need without intrusion was paramount.

Some burdens had to be shouldered alone...

The next day.

Dawn was barely breaking when Tarquin received a call from Lowell.

"Tarquin, you won't believe this, but Verity's illegitimate son has been living in Karl Town!"

Tarquin's brow furrowed. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, absolutely. I've sent you the files. Take a look."

Karl Town was a well-known cultural hub abroad, a place filled with art and history.

It was where Tarquin and his mother, Elizabeth, had once lived!

It also turned out to be the base of operations for the mysterious figure Keith had been investigating!

And now, to hear that Verity's illegitimate son was also residing there was too much of a coincidence!

Initially, Tarquin hadn't taken the news of Verity's son too seriously. But this revelation made him sit up and take notice.

Stubbing out his cigarette, he opened the files to see.

The son, now twenty-seven, had grown up in Karl Town.

After graduating from a top university here, he had returned to work at a local publishing house in Karl Town.

Interestingly, this was the same publishing house where Elizabeth had worked after moving abroad. She had juggled her job with her literary pursuits. Tarquin still had vague memories of accompanying Elizabeth to her workplace as a child.

After reviewing the available information, no other anomalies stood out, except for the startling fact that this illegitimate son was living in Karl Town and working where Elizabeth had once been employed.

Tarquin felt there was a deeper issue at play, but couldn't quite grasp it.

The sudden ring of his phone broke his concentration. It was Gideon calling.

Frowning, Tarquin answered, "Speak."

"Sir... Tarquin, sir, the old man wants you to visit him at the hospital. He has something to tell you."

"I'm busy!"

Just as Tarquin was about to hang up, Gideon's urgent voice came through.

"He says if you don't come, you'll never find out who killed your parents. Please, sir, he's very agitated."

"Tell him I'll be there," Tarquin cut in, ending the call abruptly.

The mention of his parents' murderer was a call to action. Over the years, he hadn't uncovered any substantial leads.

He was too young when the tragedy occurred, and by the time he was old enough and had the means to investigate, evidence had vanished.

But Gideon, wielding significant power back then, must have discovered something.

After a moment of contemplation and checking that the kids were still asleep, Tarquin forwarded the information to Elliot and Elijah with instructions to investigate thoroughly.

They were to delve into the adoptive parents of the illegitimate son, any connection between the son and Elizabeth, whether the son had ties to the mysterious figure, and to scrutinize both the publishing house and the son's biological father.

With arrangements made, Tarquin returned to the bedroom.

Elysia was still deep in sleep. After changing his clothes and planting a kiss on Elysia's forehead, he set out for the hospital.

Chapter 978

In the sterile, white expanse of the hospital room, Gideon lay listlessly on the bed, a stark contrast to the bustling life outside. Tubes and wires snaked around him, making him look more machine than man, his complexion ghostly pale without a hint of color.

Gone was the imposing figure he once was. Now, he seemed to have aged decades overnight, resembling a man on the brink of death rather than the power broker he used to be.

Tarquin sat across from him, his face a mask of indifference. "Misery often follows the detestable," he thought, devoid of sympathy.

At Gideon's age, one would expect him to be surrounded by family, basking in the warmth of his twilight years. Instead, his own hubris had led him to this grim juncture.

"What's your price?" Tarquin asked curtly, cutting to the chase. He knew Gideon wouldn't divulge any information about his parents' murderer without demanding something in return.

Gideon's eyes, full of anger and frustration, met Tarquin's. His breaths were shallow and labored as he struggled to speak, "Pay me a fortune... get me safely out of the country, and I'll tell you... who killed your parents."

It was clear Gideon was beaten. With the Bradford Group now under Tarquin and Alpha's influence, he knew he stood no chance. Broke and indebted, he saw no future for himself here. His demand was simple: a hefty sum to live out his remaining days abroad in comfort.

"If you refuse... you'll never find the killer," Gideon threatened, his voice barely above a whisper.

A smirk briefly crossed Tarquin's face at the thought of Gideon fleeing the country. "How much? When do you want to leave?"

Relieved at Tarquin's apparent agreement, Gideon signaled his associate, who quickly spoke up, "Mr. Tarquin, here's the amount he's asking for. If it's alright with you, please transfer the funds to this account and arrange a private jet for his departure. He wishes to leave today, the sooner, the better." They were clearly in a hurry, fearing that the police or Alpha would catch up to them before they could escape.

Tarquin glanced at the figure, his expression unchanging, and made a quick call to arrange everything. Soon after, Gideon's associate excitedly confirmed, "Sir, the money's come through!"

Gideon checked the transfer himself, a ghost of a smile playing on his pale lips. "And the jet?" he asked, eager. "It's being arranged," Tarquin replied coolly.

Unable to contain his excitement, Gideon confessed, "The person behind your parents' death... it's tied to Verity." Tarquin frowned, "Verity?"

"Yes. Initially, I suspected the eldest for her overt ambition... But it turned out, the real threat was Verity. She always kept a low profile, making her the perfect adversary. I've gathered enough evidence linking Kendrick's death to her. Once I'm safely airborne, I'll send you everything."

Tarquin's face darkened, "So, she's involved but not the murderer?"

"The evidence... it implicates her as a participant in the car accident that killed your parents. I can't confirm if she's the killer, but she's definitely connected."

"And Verity aside, who else in the Bradford family was part of this plot?"

"That's it. They've always been scheming, each too wary of the other to truly unite against your father."

In the dim light of the hospital room, Tarquin's resolve hardened. The pieces of a decades-old puzzle were finally beginning to fall into place.

Chapter 979

"So you're saying, if Verity has an accomplice, it's definitely not someone from the Bradford family?"

"Absolutely not! No way!"

"Did you find any suspicious characters?"

"None. But if you're looking for leads, start with Verity. You're sure to find something!"

Tarquin was silent.

He had just learned today that Verity's illegitimate son was living in Karl Town, and he might be connected to the mysterious figure.

Now he found out that Verity was also linked to his parents' death.

Could she be involved with this mysterious person?

"Did you know Verity has an illegitimate son living out there?"

Gideon scoffed.

"Yeah, I knew. She's been keeping him on the side... No intention of coming back to claim inheritance. And that brat... Mediocre at best. He's never caught my eye. Totally beneath my notice!"

"And his father?"

"Clueless. I did look into it but got nowhere. The kid was born abroad through a surrogate, father unknown."

Gideon finished speaking and gasped for air, struggling to breathe.

"Hurry up and arrange a private jet for me... I want to leave now! If you don't get me out of here, you won't get the information I've found!"

Tarquin frowned, "Someone will take you to the airport later."

With that, he got up and left.

Gideon's confidant waited until Tarquin was downstairs, then excitedly approached Gideon, saying,

"Didn't expect it to go so smoothly. Master Tarquin didn't even haggle, just agreed straight away!"

Gideon snorted and panted,

"All these years, he's been investigating the murder, but... he's got nothing! As long as I can provide a lead, he wouldn't reject my offer! He's always been haunted by his parents' death!

You think, after pinning it on the second child, why didn't I confront her? I was saving this for today... I was keeping an ace up my sleeve!"

"With this money, you can live out your days in comfort abroad."

Gideon was in high spirits, looking disdainful,

"So what if they tricked me, or knew I placed Elizabeth's ashes... in a haunted spot?

They still obediently pay me, escort me out of the country!

Thinking of avenging the Inkster family, huh, the Inkster family deserved what they got! They were meant to be trampled on by me!

They're the ones humiliated, they're the ones who died a miserable death, and I, Gideon... am still living well!

I can still... still enjoy my golden years... ha ha ha..."

He gasped for breath, laughing maniacally!

Downstairs, Lowell saw Tarquin and promptly opened the car door for him, asking,

"Tarquin, are we really letting Gideon flee the country?"

Tarquin got into the car, "Yeah."

Lowell quickly took the driver's seat, but before starting the car, he turned to Tarquin, frowning,

"Isn't sending him abroad letting him off too easy? After all the atrocities he's committed, just letting him enjoy his retirement overseas?" He's disgraced!

He's lost everything!

He's been severely beaten by Evan, left disabled for life!

But compared to his crimes, it's nowhere near enough!

He should be tormented every day, hurt every day, wishing for death but unable to die, that would be true justice!

Tarquin leaned back in his seat, his brow furrowed, coldly replying,

"The police are already on to him. Here, his end would be jail. But abroad, it'll be hell!"

Chapter 980

Lowell froze for a moment before it clicked, and his mood instantly improved.

"You're right, absolutely right! Sending him to jail would be too easy on him; he deserves to go straight to hell!"

The freedom abroad couldn't compare to back home!

At home, the law restricts you, making you think twice before acting. But abroad, it's far easier to make someone's life a living nightmare without much effort!

Soon after, Gideon left the country with a reckless joy in his heart, thanks to Tarquin's arrangements.

He thought he was escaping domestic legal repercussions to enjoy a life of luxury abroad.

In reality, he was flying straight into his own personal hell!

From the moment he crossed the border, his torture was set to begin!

Gideon, this earthly demon, was done for!

Lowell, looking up at the sky, mused, "What goes around, comes around. Who can escape their fate? Do wrong, and you'll pay eventually!" Tarquin, quietly smoking, had his mind free from thoughts of Verity and the mysterious figure, focusing instead on Kelsey, the Inkster family, and Elizabeth...

Suddenly, his phone rang. It was the police, informing him that Keith's matter had been settled, and it was time to claim the body.

Tarquin flicked his cigarette ash, looking up at the sky, wondering if Keith knew Gideon was done for, and if that meant he could rest in peace now. After a moment of silence, Tarquin said to Lowell, "Let's head to the police station."

...

After visiting the police station and then the cemetery, Tarquin finally went home.

It was past ten in the morning when he arrived.

Evan, Emmett and Baby were in the living room, playing with Lan, who was full of energy, hopping around the three little ones.

Seeing them, Tarquin immediately thought of Keith, his eyes darkening.

Border City had its share of tough men, their hearts gone too soon.

Some people are just born to suffer!

Keith's life was short and filled with hardship, wrongdoings, and eventually, death because of Baby.

It's hard to judge him entirely; his life was tragic, and death was perhaps a release.

"Daddy!" Baby's voice was soft and sweet.

Tarquin snapped out of his thoughts, stepped forward, and scooped Baby into his arms, speaking gently, "Playing with Lan, huh?"

"Yeah, Lan is so good, Daddy. What were you thinking about?"

"Daddy was thinking... how Baby can be so lovable."

"Cos Baby is like Daddy. Everyone in preschool loves him too!"

Baby was proudly talking about Keith.

Keith's life was indeed tragic, but his love for Baby wasn't wasted. Baby always thought of him, loved him. Elysia, hearing the commotion, came out from the kitchen. Seeing Tarquin back, she quickly asked,

"What time did you leave this morning? Have you eaten anything?"

"Not yet, I rushed out this morning before you woke up, didn't get a chance to tell you."

"Well, it's perfect timing. I've kept your breakfast warm; let me get it for you so you can eat something."
"...Okay."

Turning back to the kitchen, Elysia left Tarquin in the living room with the kids.

After a while, she called him over, "Breakfast is ready."

Tarquin got up and walked to the dining room, where a warm meal awaited him, warming his heart.

He held Elysia's face and kissed her forehead, "Thanks, honey."

Elysia blushed, "Why so formal!"

With a smile, Tarquin sat down to eat. The simple meal tasted exceptionally good to him.

Sitting across from him, Elysia brought up Keith,

"Today, Baby was nagging me to call Keith again. She misses him a lot."

Tarquin paused before responding,

"She was pretty much raised by Keith; it's normal for her to miss him. I'll think of something, maybe find a way to simulate Keith's voice for a call with her."