

Married At First Sight Chapter 3776

Chapter 3776

Tinsley said, "Is he looking for a way out for himself? He thinks that if he takes over our family, even if he loses everything as the acting patriarch and has to leave Havenmill, he won't be penniless. He could also transfer a lot of the Labbe family's business and money to us through open cooperation?"

"That's probably the case. He has already done something similar through his wife, turning some of it into his private property. However, many of the Labbe Group's executives are family elites. They only obey the orders of the true patriarch and jointly protect the family's assets.

Mr. Labbe doesn't have the final say in the Labbe Group. Every expenditure needs approval from many company executives. It's difficult for him to turn the Labbe Group into his own personal property.

Even the most valuable assets of the Labbe family can't be transferred. The small businesses he can shift bring him wealth, which is already a large sum of money for ordinary people. But for him, it's just a drop in the ocean compared to the massive assets of the Labbe family."

After learning that Mr. Labbe had been there, Elora had someone look into the current state of the Labbe family in Havenmill. She knew that no matter how capable or ruthless Mr. Labbe was, as long as he couldn't obtain the totem and token, he would never truly control the Labbe family and might end up being used by others.

Mr. Labbe hated this idea and felt frustrated, but he wasn't the kind of person willing to be a puppet for others. He naturally sought to build relationships with influential people to increase his power, hoping that one day he could use that influence to force the family elites to submit to him.

"A few years ago, didn't the Labbe family go through some drastic changes, and wasn't there a little kid who disappeared without a trace?" Tinsley asked.

The Labbe family faced significant turmoil three or four years ago. At that time, Tinsley was in her early twenties, and the two sisters had already begun managing the Ormond family's business. Since Annenburg and Havenmill were neighboring cities, they naturally heard about the changes in the Labbe family.

Their family had no business connections with the Labbe family. Apart from reflecting on the cruelty of human nature, they couldn't and wouldn't get involved.

After all, it was an internal family matter. Mr. Labbe and his people operated as discreetly as Clarissa, leading to the mysterious deaths of the direct lineage. They were also linked to the underworld, making it difficult to pin down any specific charges. Even the Havenmill police didn't have enough evidence to arrest Mr. Labbe.

Much less would outsiders try to intervene.

If it doesn't concern you, just stay out of it.

Elora said, "I heard that the child appeared in Meadspring, right? But that hasn't been confirmed. Mr. Labbe really wanted to find the child, but the child's adoptive parents were powerful, so Mr. Labbe failed in his attempts. Now, he might not even know the child's whereabouts. The child is alive, for sure, but I don't know where his adoptive parents have sent him."

"The Labbe family's information network is so powerful; how could he not find him?" Tinsley asked curiously.

After a moment of silence, Elora said, "Tinsley, there are always bigger fish in the sea, and there are always more powerful people out there. The Labbe family is powerful, but there are families even more powerful than the Labbe family. Each place has its own local influencers, and those influencers are only strong in their own territory.

Very few families have influence all over the country or even the world. For example, our Ormond family is powerful only in Annenburg. When we go to other big cities, we have to keep a low profile, avoiding trouble and conflicts with others.

Especially now, with the Internet being so developed, even a small incident posted online can lead to a wave of backlash, affecting the reputation of our company."

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After thinking it over for a moment, Tinsley nodded in agreement with Elora. She asked, “Sister, should we just ignore Mr. Labbe?”

“Do you want to see him?” Elora responded.

Tinsley shook her head immediately. “No, he acts like he’s suave, gentle, and charming—a handsome middle-aged man. But to me, he’s just an old creep. I can’t stand the way he looks at me, thinking he’s all refined and sophisticated.”

“After meeting someone as genuine as Tatum, I can clearly see the difference. Compared to him, Mr. Labbe is nothing but a pretender.”

“Tatum is the real deal—elegant, refined, and with such a gracious demeanor. He doesn’t need to say or do anything special; just looking at him makes me feel happy. Now, I truly understand what it’s like to appreciate a handsome man like you’d admire a beautiful view.”

She noticed Elora looking at her with curiosity.

Tinsley quickly added, “Sister, I swear, I don’t mean anything by it.”

Elora smiled, “No need to explain. We’re sisters; we grew up together and understand each other. My parents might not get me, but I know you do. It’s perfectly fine to admire someone like Tatum. There’s no need to be defensive.”

“I’m not embarrassed to say it either. After meeting Tatum, just like you said, no other man seems to measure up. I find flaws in all of them. Tatum’s different—he’s someone worth admiring. It’s not just that he’s my personal chef; his talent and dedication stand out beyond his role in the kitchen.”

“He’s already a success in his own right, and he became my chef to refine his skills even further. I have a knack for critiquing food, and even though his dishes are delicious, I still offer suggestions so he can perfect them. His dedication to his craft is incredible—he’s a true artist in the kitchen.”

Tinsley said, “Sister, it’s just that the way you look at me and Tatum sometimes makes me feel the need to clarify that my admiration for him is purely innocent. I’m definitely not in love with him.”

She also couldn’t help but notice that Tatum only had eyes for her sister.

Tatum was always busy in the kitchen, and on the rare occasions he came out, he would look at Tinsley with polite, calm eyes, as if she were just another person in the room. But when he looked at Elora, his eyes seemed to light up with a mix of tenderness and warmth.

Tinsley knew she wasn't imagining it.

Tatum's attention was clearly focused on Elora.

Maybe it was because Elora was his boss, his loyalty lying with her, which explained why he only had eyes for her. Whatever the reason, Tinsley had no intention of falling for Tatum.

A man who doesn't see her, no matter how great he is, is not the right man for her.

Tinsley knew she was worth more than that. If she ever wanted to marry, she knew there would be plenty of men lined up for her—even those willing to become a live-in son-in-law.

Elora, sensing the moment, said with a smile, "If someone as extraordinary as Tatum doesn't catch your eye, I wonder what kind of man will. You deserve someone truly remarkable—someone who can stand by your side and conquer the world with you."

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"Sister," Tinsley said, blushing as Elora teased her.

Just then, Tinsley's phone started ringing again. It was Mr. Labbe calling, yet another time.

"Sister, it's that old man again. Do you want me to answer it?" Tinsley asked with a frown, clearly irritated. "He just doesn't know when to quit," she muttered. "He's so fake, acting like he has no idea how annoying he is."

Mr. Labbe, who had schemed his way to power by eliminating his rivals, never truly possessed any real nobility or grace.

“You should answer, or he’ll just keep calling,” Elora suggested. “You can’t expect a rogue like him to act like a gentleman.”

Tinsley rolled her eyes and said, “How could the real head of the Labbe family be taken down by someone like him? It’s impossible to fully protect yourself against people with hidden agendas. The head of the Labbe family only led for a few short years before all this happened. This old man must have been planning his move for a long time. Now, there’s only one child left from the main family line. I wonder if that child will grow up strong enough.”

“If that child doesn’t have the ability to seek revenge, it might be better for them to live a simple life, without knowing the ugly truth. At least that way, they’d survive. After all, money isn’t everything.”

A large family is like a dynasty; it’s not unusual for power to change hands.

It just shows that the main line of the Labbe family lost its strength and got overpowered by those on the sidelines.

Reluctantly, Tinsley answered Mr. Labbe’s call.

“Second Miss Ormond,” Mr. Labbe began, his voice still smooth and polite, despite his underlying frustration.

“Mr. Labbe, is there something you need?” Tinsley asked in a polite tone, masking her irritation with a little white lie. “I was just in a meeting, so my phone was on silent. I only just saw your call now.”

She didn’t want to admit that she had been intentionally avoiding his calls.

“It’s alright, Second Miss Ormond. I figured you were busy,” Mr. Labbe replied, keeping his voice calm. “You’re always busy being the best at what you do. I’m actually at the entrance of your company now, at the Qaxun Group. Could you let the security team know to let me in? I’d like to meet with your eldest sister to discuss a possible partnership between our companies. If she’s unavailable, I’d be happy to speak with you instead.”

“Second Miss Ormond, you’re known to be approachable and open to conversation,” he added, trying to sound pleasant.

Tinsley replied smoothly, "I'm afraid I can't help you with that, Mr. Labbe. My sister's schedule is extremely tight, and she rarely has any free time. Everything in her day is planned out to the minute."

"As the head of your family, I'm sure you understand how hard it is to change plans once everything's been set."

Mr. Labbe hesitated, then asked, "Well then, Second Miss Ormond, do you have any availability?"

"Unfortunately, I'm not free either," Tinsley said firmly. "I've just wrapped up a meeting and need to head out for another appointment with a client. I'm really tied up at the moment. I hope you understand." After a short pause, she continued, "Wouldn't it be better to follow the formal appointment process? You can meet with my sister at the scheduled time to discuss business."

In truth, Elora had no intention of partnering with the Labbe Group.

But Tinsley wasn't going to say that outright.

There was a long silence on the other end before Mr. Labbe finally said, "According to the usual schedule, my appointment would be pushed all the way to next summer. That's too long to wait."

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Mr. Labbe had never met anyone who insisted he wait for a scheduled appointment. Whether they were interested in partnering or not, nobody had ever treated him so dismissively.

The only real challenge he faced was from the female head of the Ormond family.

He began to suspect that the Ormonds were not keen on cooperating with the Labbe Group.

"Since you've already booked an appointment for next summer, Mr. Labbe, I suggest you return then," Tinsley said. "With the holiday season approaching, it's unlikely we could reach an agreement now. Plus, my sister's schedule is packed, and she really can't make any extra time."

She added apologetically, “I’m truly sorry, Mr. Labbe, but there’s nothing more I can do to help with this.”

Mr. Labbe forced a smile. “I was hoping to take a shortcut and jump the line, but if your sister’s schedule is that tight, I understand.”

“When is your company’s annual break? I’ve prepared some gifts for you and your team. Just let me know when you’re free, and I’ll arrange to have them delivered,” he said smoothly.

The gifts he prepared were only for Elora and Tinsley—exclusive items that were quite expensive, including designer bags, jewelry, and skincare products he knew they would like.

He had done his homework, discovering which skincare products Elora preferred, so he bought her several sets along with some jewelry. For Tinsley, he focused on designer bags and skincare items since he knew Elora wasn’t much of a bag person.

He believed in giving gifts that were thoughtful and practical, things they could use every day. Otherwise, the gesture would be meaningless, and his effort would go to waste.

Mr. Labbe, who had plenty of experience charming women, knew well how to give just the right gifts to get the results he wanted.

He had used this strategy successfully to keep his mistresses happy and loyal to him.

“Our break starts on the 24th of the lunar year. You’re very generous, Mr. Labbe. Thank you in advance. Just have the New Year gifts sent to the front desk,” Tinsley replied politely. “I’ve been really busy lately and might not be around the office much.”

“Understood,” Mr. Labbe said with a smile. “I won’t trouble you any further, Second Miss Ormond.”

He ended the call with a seemingly polite farewell.

As soon as he hung up, his expression turned dark and his eyes cold, filled with frustration and resentment.

But when he thought about the Ormond sisters, his anger faded, replaced by a sly smile. “The harder they are to get, the more satisfying it’ll be when I do,” he muttered to himself. “If I can win her over one day, it’ll be a real victory.”

He didn’t see Elora as just another woman to be won over with charm and flattery.

She was different, someone who couldn’t be easily swayed, and that only made her more desirable in his eyes.

“Let’s go. Head back,” he told his driver.

As the engine started, the driver asked, “Sir, should I take you to the hotel or home?”

“Take me home,” Mr. Labbe replied, a hint of bitterness in his voice.

He knew that lingering around would get him nowhere.

The Ormond sisters were not like the other women he’d dealt with before. They couldn’t be won over with persistence alone, and to push too hard would only make him look desperate.

After all, as the acting head of the Labbe family, a man with considerable power, he could have any woman he desired.

He had been with other women who, like Elora, were initially distant and cold. With time and effort, he had melted their defenses.

Once they got what they wanted from him, they became affectionate, treating him like the center of their universe.

And when he left them, they clung to him, begging and refusing to let go.

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Of course, his ten cold mistresses couldn’t compare to even one Elora.

As Mr. Labbe’s car was leaving, he noticed a black Mercedes-Benz approaching, and the two vehicles passed each other quickly. He watched as

the security guard at Qaxun Group immediately recognized the car, opening the gate without hesitation. The Mercedes-Benz barely slowed down as it drove straight into the premises.

He assumed it belonged to a senior executive of Qaxun Group.

Leaning back against the car seat, Mr. Labbe took out his phone and called Carrie. He instructed her to blend into the social circle of Serenity and her associates as soon as possible.

Serenity had gone to FC Manor with Sonny.

Mr. Labbe suspected that Titus was currently at FC Manor as well, but his men were no longer able to get close enough to gather information from the estate.

There had been no confirmed sightings of Titus, only rumors and his own suspicions.

Titus, now only three or four years old, was well-protected by the Johnson family, making it easy for them to keep him hidden from the public. A child that young doesn't have a social life, so it's understandable that there wasn't much information about him.

Despite searching all the kindergartens in the area, his people hadn't found any trace of the real Titus. There were many children with the same name, but they were all ruled out. None of them matched the Titus he was looking for.

He was convinced that the real Titus was with the Johnson family and that the child Jane had picked up in Meadspring was indeed Titus.

Otherwise, the Johnsons wouldn't be so secretive about him, and they wouldn't have resorted to aggressive measures, beating and warning anyone who tried to get too close to FC Manor. His men had been forced to back off, unable to continue their surveillance.

Since the Johnson family hadn't enrolled Titus in any kindergarten, Mr. Labbe wondered if they were educating him at home, either by themselves or with a private tutor.

Carrie, fearful of disappointing Mr. Labbe, spoke nervously, “Mr. Labbe, Serenity isn’t in Wiltspoon at the moment, and as Mrs. Labbe, I can’t just show up at the Johnsons’ doorstep. I don’t have any ties with them.”

“Even as the second Miss Newman, it wouldn’t be appropriate. Everyone knows there’s a lot of bad blood between Serenity and me. We’re sworn enemies.”

Before he could respond, Carrie quickly added, “I’m doing everything I can to carry out your instructions, but Serenity is smart and cautious. It’s going to take time to break into her circle of friends.”

“She mostly keeps to her close-knit group and stays busy with her work. She does socialize, but since she’s pregnant, Zachary doesn’t want her to overexert herself. She’s also wary of me. Mr. Labbe, if you can arrange a stand-in for me, it might help to ease Camryn and Serenity’s suspicions. The substitute hasn’t made any moves lately, so Serenity might not even be aware of her. I’ll wait for Serenity at the kindergarten gates once school resumes after the New Year. We’ll have more chances to interact then.”

Mr. Labbe understood it would take time, but his impatience was growing.

Clarissa, the former head of the Farrell family in Jensburg, had tragically taken her own life. Despite running the family for decades, the Farrell dynasty was back in the hands of her eldest sister’s descendants. Her years of dedication had gone unrewarded, with no gratitude from those who inherited her work.

He was determined not to meet the same fate.

Mr. Labbe needed to acquire the token and totem before Titus matured. Only then could he eliminate Titus, ensuring the extinction of the direct lineage.

Once Titus was gone, his own descendants would become the new direct lineage of the family.