

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4215

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## Chapter 4215

“Dad, you should have gotten rid of them all from the start and built a network of people loyal only to you.”

Timothy believed his father had made a mistake by keeping those people around.

Mr. Labbe shook his head. “There are too many of them. They’re our relatives and friends. We share the same goal. We can’t just eliminate them all at once.”

He had rallied them to overthrow the head of the family, erasing the entire bloodline—men, women, children, even the elderly.

The reason? They were all from collateral branches, envious of the direct line that had always held power. With a shared ambition, his plan succeeded.

He had waited more than a decade for the right moment to strike. But even after wiping out the direct bloodline, he still couldn’t claim the headship. The family seal, the sacred token, and the ancestral totem—without them, he was merely an acting head. Many loyalists still refused to obey him.

Even worse, he couldn’t gain control over much of the Labbe family’s wealth.

The family’s ancestors had anticipated power-hungry figures like him and created rules to prevent them from seizing control. Even exterminating the direct lineage wouldn’t make him the true leader.

It was maddening.

“Alright, I’ll head back later,” Timothy said.

His family’s affairs took priority over chasing his wife. He accepted his father’s orders without argument.

“Good. When you return, stop by the jewelry store and pick up the set I ordered for your mother. It’s a gift to make her happy.”

“How long will you be in Wiltspoon, Dad?” Timothy asked.

“Not sure. I met **a person** and want to establish a connection with **him**. The people backing **him** are incredibly powerful. Compared to them, our family is like an ant next to an elephant. There’s no competition.”

Timothy was intrigued. “Who could be so powerful that even we can’t compare? Dad, when you become the real head of the family, who could possibly surpass you?”

Right now, their power was limited because his father was only the acting head. The true elites and the most formidable bodyguards of the Labbe family only followed orders from the legitimate leader. Without the proper token and totem, they wouldn’t recognize his authority.

That was their biggest concern—those artifacts had been hidden by the previous head. The only person who might have them was the child who had escaped with the nanny.

If that child only had one of the artifacts, it would be even more infuriating.

The nanny had been dead for years. They had searched everywhere—her home, her family, even distant relatives—but the token was nowhere to be found.

“I still have things to take care of. You’re in charge of the family and business while I’m away. Handle things well—I trust you. Don’t let me down. One day, everything I’ve built will be yours.”

Mr. Labbe saw Timothy as his rightful successor, painting an enticing picture of the future to keep him loyal. He needed Timothy on his side—not turning against him to protect his wife’s interests.

If he did become the real head, he wouldn’t relinquish his power until his last breath.

He had dreamed of this position since childhood.

“I understand, Dad.”

“Good. That’s settled.”

Mr. Labbe hung up quickly, slid his phone back into his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and lit up.