

19: The Perfect Sister-in-Law Candidate

Everyone headed downstairs, and Caitlin quickly confirmed that the poisonous snake she had hung in the corridor was indeed gone.

"Beatrice, I had hung the snake in the corner of the corridor, hoping to show it to you as evidence. But now it's missing," Caitlin said.

"How could it have disappeared? Who would take it?" Beatrice asked, her face darkening.

Caitlin scanned the gathered servants. They all shook their heads, each claiming to have seen no one near the area.

Molly looked toward the corridor and remarked, "Unfortunately, that spot doesn't have surveillance cameras—it's a blind spot. If someone took the snake, there's no way to identify them."

"It's actually quite simple," Caitlin explained, her eyes sharp. "For someone to boldly steal the snake in broad daylight, it could only mean one thing—they're guilty and afraid of being caught. The person who stole the snake is most likely the same person who brought it here to harm Mr. Vanderbilt!"

This was exactly what Caitlin had anticipated. She had intentionally chosen a location with no cameras to lure the culprit into taking the snake.

In daylight, with Beatrice on the premises and ready to investigate, the guilty party would feel pressured to dispose of the evidence, even if it meant taking a huge risk. Caitlin had baited the trap perfectly.

"You're right! Caitlin, you're so clever!" Molly exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with admiration.

To her, Caitlin was not only beautiful and intelligent but also kind to Howard—truly the perfect candidate for her brother's wife!

Beatrice nodded approvingly. "Your reasoning makes sense. But how do we find the culprit?"

"Beatrice, please gather all The Vanderbilt Family members in the main hall. I'll expose the culprit for you!" Caitlin declared confidently.

"Alright!" Beatrice agreed, intrigued by Caitlin's boldness.

Molly, brimming with excitement, was eager to see Caitlin in action. "She's like a modern-day Sherlock Holmes! I can't wait to see how she solves this case!"

At the Seb Manor main hall, Beatrice presided as the Vanderbilt family members assembled. The servants stood outside in orderly rows.

Those absent included the injured Willa and Xylia, as well as Sebastian, who was still confined to his bed. Everyone else, including Sebastian's father, Raymond, was present.

Raymond rarely returned from managing the family's international business abroad, making his appearance noteworthy.

Caitlin scanned the gathered faces. The complex web of relationships within the Vanderbilt family was striking.

Beatrice turned to Caitlin. "Everyone's here. How do you plan to find the culprit?"

Caitlin stepped forward and addressed the room. "Beatrice, as I mentioned earlier, the snake was hung in a corner of the corridor where there are no surveillance cameras. The culprit likely believed that

removing the evidence would save them from suspicion.

"But they've underestimated me. I applied a special substance to the rope used to hang the snake. Anyone who touched the rope to retrieve the snake will have traces of it on their hands.

"By simply inspecting everyone's palms, I can identify the culprit!"

Caitlin's confidence was palpable. William, standing among the crowd, watched her intently, intrigued by her composure and strategy.

Beatrice gave the order. "Everyone, show your palms to Caitlin for inspection!"

Reluctantly, everyone complied, extending their hands. Caitlin inspected them one by one, moving from person to person.

After completing her inspection, she returned to the hall and addressed Beatrice.

"Well?" Beatrice asked.

"I didn't find any traces," Caitlin admitted. "It's possible the culprit wore gloves."

Hazel snorted derisively. "Enough with the theatrics. Leave this to the police. You're not a detective, so stop pretending to be one!"

Caitlin shot Hazel a sharp look but ignored her comment. She turned back to Beatrice. "Even if the culprit wore gloves, I have another way to identify them."

"What is it?"

"Give me a few minutes—I'll be back!" Caitlin assured her before walking out of the hall.

No one knew what Caitlin was up to, but before long, she returned with two police officers, one of whom had a police dog on a leash.

When the gathered crowd saw the police and the dog, realization dawned. Caitlin's plan was clear.

Among the servants outside, a male servant began to fidget nervously. Sweat beaded on his forehead as panic surged through him.

He tried to maintain composure, forcing himself to remain calm.

Beatrice and the rest of the family stepped outside to see what was happening.

Hazel sneered. "So much for her brilliance. She's relying on the police now. Pathetic!"

Ignoring Hazel, Caitlin approached Beatrice and explained, "Beatrice, in addition to applying the substance to the rope, I also sprinkled it on the ground beneath the snake. Unless the culprit floated in the air, they would have stepped on it.

"Now, the police dog just needs to sniff out the trail. The culprit won't escape."

Caitlin opened a small pouch containing a light gray powder, letting the dog take a whiff. The police officer then led the dog to begin its search.

The dog sniffed its way toward the line of servants. Many of them stood frozen in fear, unwilling to move.

As the dog neared the sweating servant, he panicked and bolted.

The dog immediately lunged, biting down on the man's pant leg.

"Get it off me! Help!" the servant cried, writhing on the ground in pain.

Caitlin pointed at the scene and declared, "There's your culprit!"

"Peter?" Beatrice recognized the servant and frowned. He had always been a quiet and diligent worker. How could he have done such a thing?

But appearances could be deceiving. Regardless of his motive, Peter had attempted to harm her grandson, and that was unforgivable.

"Peter, did you release the snake? What were you thinking? Were you trying to kill Sebastian?" Beatrice demanded angrily.

Raymond joined in, his voice thunderous. "How dare you! You tried to harm my son? Are you tired of living?"

The police restrained the dog, and Peter continued to grovel on the ground, sobbing.

"Beatrice, please spare me! It wasn't me! I swear!" Peter pleaded.

Caitlin stepped closer, her voice cold and cutting. "The dog sniffed you out. You tried to flee. Are you still going to deny it?"

Marcus, the head butler, added, "Peter, confess now! Did you release the snake?"

"Beatrice, sir... I swear it wasn't me!" Peter cried, tears streaming down his face.

"Looks like you need more convincing," Caitlin said icily.

She picked up one of Peter's discarded shoes and brought it to Beatrice.

"Beatrice, look closely. The powder on the shoe matches the one I sprinkled under the snake. Isn't that proof enough?"



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