

#### 44: Think You Can Play the Green Tea Bit\*h? Let Me Teach You a Lesson

The car rolled to a stop at the Third Funeral Home in New York. Caitlin stepped out from the back seat, adjusting her sunglasses and clicking her black heels on the pavement, her long windbreaker swaying with the breeze. She had a cold, commanding aura as she strode confidently into the building.

Quincy followed her inside, and they went straight to the office to inquire about the cremation records from five years ago. Unfortunately, the staff member there was uncooperative.

"I'm sorry, but our records are confidential and not for public access. Please leave."

The staff member tried to usher them out. Caitlin stayed silent, but Quincy, unfazed, casually pulled out his work ID from his pocket and flashed it in front of the man.

"Take a good look! This is my ID. We are investigating a five-year-old murder case, and the suspect might be someone inside this very funeral home. We need to access the records from that time. If you don't cooperate, we'll charge you with obstruction of justice!"

"Apologies, I didn't realize you were with the authorities! Please, come with me!"

The staff member, thinking they were undercover officers, immediately agreed to show them to the records room. Once inside, he showed them the archive, stacked with files by year. "All the files are here. Please take your time. I've got to get back to work, so I'll leave you to it."

After the staff left, Caitlin and Quincy got to work, sifting through the records from five years ago. However, to their surprise, there was no record of Caitlin's mother's cremation.

"Why isn't there a record for my mother?" Caitlin asked, confused.

"Caitlin, could there have been a mix-up? Maybe your mother was cremated at a different funeral home?" Quincy suggested.

"I've already asked around. They all said she was cremated here. So why isn't there any record?" Caitlin's frown deepened as she pondered the situation.

Quincy kept flipping through other files, trying to find anything that could explain the discrepancy. Suddenly, Caitlin's face shifted. "Quincy! What if someone got to the records before us, just like they killed Una to silence her? What if they've already taken my mother's cremation records?"

Quincy wasn't entirely sure, but he agreed with Caitlin's theory. "It's possible. But why would they hide those records? What are they trying to cover up?"

"I don't know. I don't know!" Caitlin was growing more frustrated by the minute. Her mind was racing with too many unanswered questions.

First, the ashes had been switched, then Una was murdered, and now her mother's cremation records were gone. Too many strange things were happening, all pointing to someone trying to cover up something.

"What should we do now, Caitlin?" Quincy asked.

After a long pause, Caitlin let out a breath. "Someone definitely got to the records first. Their goal is to prevent us from finding the truth. But even if



there's no record here, we can still find the morticians and cremators from five years ago. They might know something."

"Got it, I'll check."

Quincy continued flipping through the files and found that the mortician assigned to the cases around August five years ago was a man named Guan Ping.

"If the mortician is the same, then who were the cremators?" Caitlin asked.

Quincy looked through more records. "There are two cremators listed, which makes sense since they probably worked in shifts."

"Write down their names."

"Sure."

Quincy quickly wrote down the names and handed them to Caitlin. The two of them left the records room and found the same staff member from earlier.

"Could you check if these people still work here?" Quincy asked, handing over the list.

The staff member glanced at the names and nodded. "None of these people work here anymore."

"Did they all die?" Quincy asked, taken aback.

"No, no. They just left. I remember Wyatt worked here the longest, but he resigned two years ago."

Caitlin and Quincy exchanged a look, then asked, "Do you know where they are now?"

"They haven't come back after they left, but I remember Wyatt. I heard from an old colleague a while ago that he's in a psychiatric hospital in the West Suburbs. He went crazy, apparently."

A psychiatric hospital? At least they had a lead on Wyatt.

"Great. That's all for today. We might need to come back for more information later. Thank you for your help!" Quincy said, giving the staff member a serious nod as they left.

As they stepped out of the funeral home, Caitlin stared down at the list of names in her hands. Wyatt's whereabouts were now confirmed. To get answers, she'd have to confront him herself.

Quincy started the engine. "Caitlin, should we head to the psychiatric hospital?"

"Go check things out first. See if you can find these people, and confirm if Wyatt is really in the hospital. Once you know, contact me."

Caitlin didn't want to waste a trip. She needed to verify Wyatt's location before making any moves.

"Understood."

Quincy drove them back toward the city. By the time they arrived, it was already past 2 p.m., and they decided to stop at a restaurant for lunch.

As they walked in, they unexpectedly ran into Yasmin and her sister-in-law, Madison, who were leaving. Yasmin happened to glance up and immediately recognized Caitlin, her eyes narrowing with malicious glee.

"Yasmin, what are you looking at?" Madison, The Jones Family's daughter-in-law, asked.

"Sis, look! That woman is meeting up with a man. It's Caitlin, the shameless tramp! She stole my Sebastian, and now she's out here, doing who knows what with another man!"

Madison followed Yasmin's pointing finger and saw Caitlin walking into the restaurant with a young, handsome man.

"Oh, really? She's out here with him? Let's snap some photos and show Sebastian the truth."

"Exactly!" Yasmin was already in action, pulling out her phone and finding a secluded spot to take pictures of Caitlin and the man.

From her angle, she could get a good shot of Caitlin's face and the man's back. Yasmin recognized him — he was the same guy who had been with Caitlin when she slapped Audrey yesterday. Now they were dining together. Clearly, not a casual relationship.

Yasmin's mind was already spinning a story in her head: Caitlin was clearly having an affair. If she showed Sebastian the photos, he would finally see what kind of woman he married.

With her "evidence" in hand, Yasmin and Madison sneaked out of the restaurant.

Yasmin couldn't wait to get to The Vanderbilt Family estate. She rushed straight to the mansion.

Once there, Xavi was standing guard. Yasmin spoke quickly. "Xavi, please step out for a moment. I need to talk to Sebastian."