

Chapter 1083 A Marvelous Bloodline

Hearing this, Loraine was moved by his words. She couldn't stop thinking about her grandfather, who she hadn't seen for a long time.

Rowan and Wesley were always busy. Loraine thought about her grandfather being at home alone. She wondered if he felt nostalgic when he saw old items, just like the old man did.

Joseph had a familiar presence that reminded her of a veteran, which made her miss her grandfather even more.

Her eyes landed on the painting Joseph had shown her. She remembered a story about the painter that Wesley had shared with her. The painter had lost his wife in the middle of his life and his daughter later, which led to a very lonely life.

Loraine wondered whether this old man had experienced similar losses, which might explain his emotional reaction to the painting.

Feeling empathy for his loneliness, she started a conversation about the painting.

Joseph listened quietly. After a short pause with a complex look, he glanced again at the painting he had pointed out. He recognized the painter and understood why Loraine was concerned.

But this understanding made his feelings even more complicated.

Loraine's kind and thoughtful behavior towards a stranger sharply contrasted with the description of an arrogant, bullying rich girl that Kaley had given.

It must be an act!

Joseph thought to himself as he cleared his throat and asked some questions about her remarks, which Loraine answered patiently and in detail.

As Joseph watched her lean in slightly and listen carefully, he suddenly thought of his daughter, whose life had been difficult.

His youngest daughter had disappeared when she was a child, and despite a big search effort, the Wilson family had not been able to find her. Later, to make his wife feel better, he adopted Jaylah, who looked like their lost daughter.

Maybe Jaylah brought him luck because he eventually found his daughter.

Unfortunately, his daughter had grown more distant from them over the years. She might have been upset that they adopted another child. Soon after, she left a letter telling them not to look for her and vanished again.

Joseph searched but could not find her.

Lost in his memories, Joseph's eyes grew sad. After a while, he asked, "Your accent does not sound like it was from Zodiac. Are you out here on your own because your family does not treat you right?"

Loraine smiled and replied, "I'm actually from Vagow, and I'm here to manage the family business. You're mistaken; my family has always treated me well."

Joseph nodded, lost in thought.

Glancing at her watch, Loraine realized it was getting late. She said, "Feel free to keep looking around. I need to leave now; I have some things to take care of."

"Wait!" Joseph yelled out, surprised by his own urgency.

His expression changed as he suggested, "You seem to know a lot about antiques. How about we exchange contact information? I would like to show you some antiques I have recently come across."

Loraine was cautious but found it difficult to deny his enthusiastic request. After hesitating for a moment, she gave him a business number and said goodbye.

The moment she stepped out, the butler from the Wilson family appeared. Joseph's voice shook as he commanded, "Find out everything you can about this young woman..."

But this time, his intentions were pure.

With shaky hands, Joseph pulled out a photo he had kept hidden. Tears filled his eyes as he murmured, "My dear, after all these years, we finally have news about our youngest daughter... I promise to take even better care of her this time. That would make you happy in heaven, wouldn't it?"

Meanwhile, Marco arrived to pick up Loraine and asked her gently what she felt like eating. Feeling a bit guilty for making him rush from work, she suggested, "Why don't we just get something from the night market nearby?"

Marco smiled as he remembered the good times they had there and agreed.

As they walked, Loraine suddenly spotted a figure she recognized.

Chapter 1084 Ghosthand Again

Loraine hesitated briefly before asking Marco, "Is that Ghosthand's son over there?"

Marco followed her gaze to a quiet repair stand where a sullen young man sat alone. He neither greeted potential customers nor made any effort to seem approachable, his face so cold it almost appeared devoid of life.

Yet, both recognized him immediately as Ghosthand's son, the very one who had rejected their earlier request.

With a mutual nod, Loraine and Marco moved towards the stall.

Loraine had done her homework on him. His name was Huntley Hinks, Ghosthand's only son. The father and son led a reclusive life, and Huntley would have preferred to remain within the confines of their ancient home if not for the necessity to earn a living.

However, it was clear that his business was floundering, barely providing enough for basic survival.

Stopping in front of his stall, they found Huntley as listless as ever, not even bothering to look up as he asked, "What do you want?"

Loraine laughed softly, "You know, you'll drive away all your customers if you keep up this demeanor."

At the sound of her voice, Huntley's head snapped up, and after a moment of scrutiny, recognition dawned on him. His

expression shifted abruptly. He stood, began packing up his tools, and prepared to close for the day.

Loraine hadn't anticipated such aloofness from the eccentric craftsman. She inquired gently, "Have I somehow upset you, Mr. Hinks? I mean no harm. What makes it seem like you don't like us?"

Huntley scrutinized them with eyes cold and wary, like a wild animal poised for flight. His voice was low and raspy as he declared, "I've no fondness for wealthy folks like yourselves. I refuse to do business with you. Get lost!"

Marco's brow furrowed, and he took a step forward, but Loraine held him back. She rattled the bag of snacks she had just purchased and offered a warm smile. "Actually, I'm pretty down-to-earth. I frequent food stalls, and I'm familiar with things like the cost of barbecue... Does that change how you see me, Mr. Hinks?"

Huntley was caught off guard by her words. He paused, his expression thawing as he scrutinized her, a flicker of reconsideration in his gaze.

Loraine seemed unlike the haughty, overbearing types who had marred his past. She had never behaved arrogantly, neither today nor during their previous encounter; instead, she came across as approachable and friendly.

Nevertheless, the mention of the necklace caused Loraine's question to echo again in his mind, making his already numb heart sink further.

Huntley replied with icy detachment, "I don't know anything about it. And even if I did, I wouldn't share it with you."

The necklace was the catalyst for his family's downfall.

A spasm crossed Huntley's face, his eyes were dry and bore a

cynical look. In that moment, his disdain for the craftsmanship skills he had inherited from Ghosthand was as intense as the pride he once harbored.

Lorraine's brow furrowed. Everything she and her team had discovered about Ghosthand was murky and led to dead ends. Seeing Huntley's expression, she realized that the lost connections were crucial and had deeply affected the Hinks family.

After a moment's thought, she addressed him earnestly. "I don't understand your aversion to the necklace, Mr. Hinks, but it once belonged to my mother and it might shed light on my family's history."

She went on, "I've never met her. I'm here because I'm seeking to understand more about my mother. If you come across any information, could you please inform me?"

Caught off guard, Huntley stared at her, taken aback by her sincerity.

Lorraine smiled sincerely and said, "I'm sorry. I'm not trying to gain your sympathy through my troubles; I just wanted to explain how much this necklace means to me. You probably have your reasons for turning down my request, reasons you'd prefer to keep to yourself, but... all I really want to understand is anything about my mother."

Huntley looked down, pain evident in his eyes.

He had known that Lorraine wasn't the type to cause problems over the necklace, and now, hearing her reasons, he felt his resolve falter.

After a long pause, he turned and began to pack his belongings. He pushed his cart a few steps forward in silence, then stopped, turned back, and rasped, "Come with me."

Lorraine let out a sigh of relief and walked beside Marco to follow him.

Soon, they reached the old house where the door had been slammed in their faces last time.

Huntley parked his cart in the warehouse and walked toward the old house. As he neared it, his back seemed to curve under the weight of an unseen burden.

He unlocked the gate with his key, and as soon as they entered, a raspy voice demanded, "Where's my wine?"