

All Her Secrets

Chapter 1

At Vicente Swann's funeral.

As the Swanns were one of the three prominent families in Casier, Vicente's funeral was naturally packed with big shots and members of respected families in Casier.

In the noisy venue, the arrival of a girl in a white T-shirt attracted the attention of everyone present.

All of the people present were either rich or powerful. Despite being good-looking, the girl wore a cheap and battered T-shirt, setting her apart from everyone else at the funeral.

Seeing how she walked straight toward the Swanns family, someone couldn't help asking curiously, "Who is she? Why is she sitting with the Swanns?"

"I heard that she is Miss Catherine, the second daughter of the Swanns that had lived away from the family. Vicente only asked her to come back before he died."

"Is that so? I heard that Vicente ordered the family to announce his will in front of everyone before he died. I guess she only returned for this!"

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The girl did not know that she had already become the topic of the guests' discussions. She looked calmly ahead with an indifferent expression on her face.

Her eyes remained focused on Vicente's portrait in the middle of the venue. Nobody knew what she was thinking about at the time.

At the sight of Catherine Swann like this, Liana Swann, the youngest and favorite daughter of the Swanns, couldn't help complaining to her mother, who was sitting next to her.

“Mom, what is going on with this country girl? Grandpa has died. Even if she isn't sad, she should at least pretend to cry. What would the others think if the media took a photo of her like this later? She wouldn't even change her clothes when we asked her to. People that don't know better would think that the Swanns have mistreated her!”

After hearing her youngest daughter's complaints, Rachael Swann furrowed her brows too. She thought that her youngest daughter did have a point.

She never loved Catherine, her daughter from the countryside, dearly. In fact, Catherine pissed Rachael off just one day after she had returned.

However, it was not the right time for Rachael to handle Catherine now. She planned to wait until the funeral was over before sending Catherine back to the countryside so that Catherine wouldn't continue to embarrass the Swanns here.

Looking up, Rachael saw that her husband had arrived. She comforted her youngest daughter in a low voice, “Liana, be good. Your father is here. Bear with Catherine for now. We need to deal with what is important first!”

Liana couldn't show her annoyance towards Catherine in public, so she could only choke back the complaints on the tip of her tongue.

Nobody noticed that Catherine, who had been looking straight ahead, smiled lightly.

The Swanns never spent time with Catherine, so they wouldn't know she had exceptional hearing. Even though Rachael and Liana spoke in a low voice, Catherine clearly heard every word of their exchange.

Her mother truly did not love her!

As Catherine stared at Vicente's portrait, her eyes flashed with a faint trace of sadness.

Did she have to cry because of pain?

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Korbin Swann walked up the stage slowly. He gave a long speech first and expressed his views about how great Vicente was before finally announcing that the family would publicly announce Vicente's will.

As many people knew this beforehand, the crowd was not too surprised.

Vicente had a son and daughter. It was a no-brainer who would inherit the fortune of the Swanns. However, nobody understood why Vicente would make sure to make such a fuss to announce his will publicly. Was it just for formality?

The lawyer Vicente trusted the most when he was still alive opened the sealed will and read it out loud.

"After careful consideration, I, Vicente Swann, leave all my shares of the Swann Corporation, real estate properties, and a 500 million-dollar deposit at the Bank of Nospines to my granddaughter, Catherine Swann..."

At the lawyer's words, the crowd gasped in shock.

Not even the Swanns, everyone present was dumbfounded.

Catherine Swann?

Wasn't she the second daughter of the Swanns, the jinx that Vicente sent off to be raised in the countryside when she was young?

How could it be?

She would inherit the fortune of the Swanns. With their jaws dropped, everyone shared a similar look of horror.

Except for Catherine, the center of the discussion. She still looked indifferent, as though nothing had happened.

Her eyes were still fixed on Vicente's portrait in the center of the hall.

Her lips parted slightly as she spoke in an almost inaudible voice.

“Old man, what were you thinking?”