

111: Could That Little Girl Be Her Daughter?

Felix drove Caitlin to Omar's residence, a rural hospital, where they met Quincy.

"Quincy, how is Omar doing now?" Caitlin asked, concerned.

"He's in the ward," Quincy replied, leading them to the room.

Upon entering, Caitlin and Felix saw Omar lying on the hospital bed. His neck bore dark purple bruises, and it was a chilling sight.

Quincy explained the situation. "When I found Omar, someone had nearly strangled him to death. Luckily, I arrived just in time to save him. But his throat was crushed, and his vocal cords were damaged. Even if he survives, he might never speak again."

Caitlin fell into deep thought after hearing this. *Who could be so vicious, always hindering my investigation into my mother's ashes?*

"Did you have any direct contact with the attacker? Did you find anything unusual?" she asked Quincy.

"I did have a confrontation. The guy was well-covered, but during the struggle, I managed to tear open part of his sleeve. I saw a black eagle-head tattoo on his arm."

"Eagle-head tattoo?" Caitlin echoed, her brow furrowing.

"Yes. He was just as skilled as I am, but in the end, he managed to escape," Quincy continued.

Caitlin exhaled slowly. *If this person is that skilled, why didn't he come after me directly? Why only stop my investigation into my mother's



ashes?*

Felix examined Omar's injuries, confirming that his throat and vocal cords were severely damaged and could never be repaired.

Felix then turned to Quincy. "If the attacker is trying to stop your investigation, that means there are still three people left, right? Who are they?"

"There are three more crematory workers: Ethan, Oliver, and Aaron. Caitlin has already arranged for people to investigate their whereabouts."

Before Quincy could finish, he received an update from Shadow Moon Pavilion. They had already traced the three remaining individuals.

"Ethan passed away last year, Oliver jumped from a building six months ago, and Aaron is missing, with no trace of him," Quincy reported.

"Stop searching," Caitlin said grimly, the weight of their words sinking in. "It looks like all the people who might have been involved with my mother's cremation are gone. Only Aaron is unaccounted for, but he's probably dead too."

The six key figures—Wyatt, Gavin, Omar, Ethan, Oliver, and Aaron—had mostly perished, with three already dead: Gavin, Ethan, and Oliver. The rest were either seriously injured, insane, or missing. Caitlin's thoughts darkened as she considered what these deaths might conceal.

Another piece of the puzzle came to her mind: *Una*, the maid who had worked for her mother, was also dead.

Each death seemed to be part of a larger conspiracy, but what exactly was it? Who would be the key to unveiling this mystery?



Then it hit Caitlin: the man who had sent the blue Jacaranda flowers to her mother. Could he be an important lead? But since the flowers had stopped coming after she received the last batch, she had no idea where he had gone.

The investigation was at a dead end. Caitlin could feel the frustration building inside her, but she wasn't ready to give up yet.

"We need to head back. Quincy, once Omar recovers, see if he can write anything down about what happened," Caitlin said, standing up.

"Got it, I'll arrange that immediately," Quincy replied, and Caitlin left with Felix to head back to the Vanderbilt family estate.

During the drive, they continued discussing possible leads in the case. Felix asked, "Have you considered looking into The Jonathan Family's history? Maybe dig deeper into your mother's background?"

"I wanted to, but there's nothing left of The Jonathan Family. The estate was auctioned off, and Thompson Global Ventures was absorbed by The Lewis Family," Caitlin explained with a bitter tone, recalling the loss of her family's legacy. "I wasn't able to protect it for my mother. But not for long... I will get it all back."

As the car made its way into the city and merged onto the main road, Caitlin stared out the window, lost in thought.

Soon, a black car pulled up next to them, matching their speed. The back window was down, and a colorful pinwheel spun rapidly in the wind.

Caitlin's attention was drawn to the spinning pinwheel. Her gaze naturally shifted to the girl sitting inside the car, watching the wheel spin.



The little girl had adorable shoulder-length hair, a fringe, and a chubby, round face. She wore a sweet smile, and as soon as Caitlin saw her face, it felt as though her heart was struck by a heavy blow.

That face... Caitlin's mind raced, a chill creeping up her spine. *How does she look so familiar?*

Despite the urgency, Caitlin tried to focus on the girl's face more carefully. But just as she was about to take a closer look, Felix made a sharp left turn.

At the intersection, the black car veered right. A large truck blocked her view, and she lost sight of the car entirely.

Still, Caitlin's heart raced. The girl's face had been so strikingly similar to that of Arthur, Bruce, and Howard. Even though the girl was clearly a child, her features were incredibly familiar.

It was as though she could have been Caitlin's daughter.

But Caitlin's daughter had died long ago...

Caitlin swallowed hard, feeling a bitter pang in her chest. *It can't be her. I must be imagining things.*

Felix dropped Caitlin off at the Vanderbilt Family estate as night began to fall.

"Call me if anything comes up," he said, before driving off.

Caitlin waved him off and walked inside. But before she could go far, a woman's voice called from across the street.

"Caitlin! Stop right there!"



Caitlin recognized the voice immediately—it was Xylia, William's wife. She stopped in her tracks.

"What is it?" Caitlin asked, her tone cool.

"Are you out of your mind, Caitlin? Taking advantage of Beatrice being in the hospital and Sebastian being blind, so now you're shamelessly going after my husband?" Xylia's words came out like an angry bark.

Caitlin raised an eyebrow. *What is she on about now?*

"What are you talking about?" Caitlin asked, confused.

Xylia put her hands on her hips and glared at Caitlin. "You're flirting with my husband behind my back. Don't try to deny it!"

Caitlin was taken aback. *William? Really?*

"Oh?" Caitlin smirked. "Do you have any proof of this? As the saying goes, 'catch a thief with the stolen goods.' If you have no proof, I could sue you for slander."

"I have proof!" Xylia shot back, glaring defiantly.

"Well, then show me!" Caitlin challenged, curious to see what nonsense she would pull out now.