

### 172: Caitlin Exposes Herself Again

Without realizing when, Sebastian had appeared behind Caitlin and asked, "What did you two talk about just now?"

"Nothing much," Caitlin replied shortly.

Sebastian frowned deeper, growing more serious. "Don't tell me you're not even curious about the six-pointed star cufflinks? Don't you have any questions for me?"

Caitlin didn't even slow down her steps, replying coolly, "If you really wanted to help, you would've just told me, not try to grab my attention like this! What you're doing is childish!"

Sebastian opened his mouth to respond, but found himself speechless. He couldn't think of a single thing to say back to her.

She was clearly trying to get under his skin.

How was he supposed to have a pleasant conversation with her now?

Sebastian wanted to throw a tantrum but quickly remembered who she was. \*She's my woman,\* he thought, even if her temper was enough to drive him mad.

No matter how frustrating, he had to endure it, soothe her, spoil her, and let her have her way. What else could he do? [1](#)

The funeral continued, with Sebastian keeping a stiff face and speaking little. He would occasionally pass by Caitlin, but didn't engage much.

After the memorial service, Xavian's body was to be sent to the third crematorium for cremation. Caitlin and Sebastian followed along, accompanying Xavian on his last journey.

After the cremation, Blake, holding his father's ashes, was overcome with grief. Caitlin comforted him gently, but Sebastian stood nearby, observing her as she coaxed Blake like a little brother. His heart was troubled.

She was so kind to others, but so cold and harsh with him.

\*Would it kill her to show me a little tenderness?\*

From the crematorium to the cemetery, where the burial would take place, Sebastian had helped choose a high-quality burial plot for Xavian. He had arranged for the grave diggers to prepare the tomb and stone coffin in advance.

Everyone gathered at the cemetery, where Blake, holding the urn, tearfully placed his father's ashes in the stone tomb.

As the tomb was about to be sealed, Blake cried out, "Dad... Dad..." His voice cracked with grief.

The scene was enough to bring tears to anyone's eyes, and Caitlin couldn't bear to watch such a painful moment. She turned her face away, struggling to hold back her tears, but they fell anyway.

Sebastian silently handed her a clean handkerchief. Caitlin glanced at him, then took it and wiped her tears away.

"Don't be sad. If you need to, you can lean on my shoulder," Sebastian offered, his voice warm as he inched closer, ready to be her rock.

Caitlin shook her head, taking the handkerchief and returning it to him. "No, thanks."

Sebastian clutched the handkerchief, feeling a small surge of hope. She hadn't rejected it—at least that meant she still needed him in her

vulnerable moments.

With the ashes buried, everyone bowed their heads in respect.

The funeral concluded, and people began to leave. Caitlin and Sebastian were preparing to take Blake home when Sebastian received a message.

"The fake gravedigger has been found!" he told Caitlin.

"Let's go! We need to check it out now!" Caitlin responded immediately.

Finding the fake gravedigger meant the real murderer was close at hand!

The group left the cemetery and headed toward the police station. Word had it that the woman posing as the gravedigger was already being interrogated.

Thanks to Felix, they were allowed into the interrogation room to observe the process.

Inside, the woman, about thirty years old and somewhat attractive, didn't look like someone capable of murder at all. But to Blake, she was the one who killed his father.

Blake's eyes burned with fury as he glared at the woman, his fists clenched, his face filled with rage. He muttered under his breath, "She killed my father... I'll kill her..."

He couldn't hold back anymore and tried to lunge toward the woman, but the police held him back.

"Blake, calm down. Things aren't clear yet. Don't get too worked up! Even if you kill her now, your father won't come back, and you'll lose your life too.

Calm down, alright? Trust the police to bring the real killer to justice!"  
Caitlin said, holding him back.

Blake finally allowed himself to be pulled away, still seething with anger.  
Caitlin turned to Sebastian and said, "Take Blake home and keep an eye  
on him. We can't leave him like this."

"I know!" Sebastian replied, signaling to his men to escort Blake home.

Just then, Felix came over with an update.

"We've investigated Xyla's background. She used to work as a  
gravedigger and graduated from a nursing program. She worked at a  
hospital for a while before leaving for a medical and cosmetic clinic  
called Meishiguang.

She took advantage of her familiarity with the hospital and her  
knowledge of pharmaceuticals to carry out the injection mix-up. She's  
admitted to the crime, but when asked if anyone was behind her actions,  
she insists she acted alone. As for her motive, she claims it's a personal  
grudge with Xavian."

Caitlin frowned. "A personal grudge? What kind of grudge would lead her  
to target a patient with terminal cancer?"

Sebastian added, "Have you looked into her social connections? What's  
the real relationship between her and Xavian?"

"We're still investigating that," Felix replied.

As soon as he spoke, one of his officers delivered a file to him.

"Felix, here's the information we found on Xyla's social connections,"  
the officer said.

Felix quickly skimmed through the file, which revealed that Xyla had no direct relationship with Xavian in the past. This made her claim of a personal grudge seem like a mere excuse.

"She's lying!" Caitlin declared.

"Exactly. She's probably covering for the real killer," Sebastian said, his voice tinged with frustration.

Felix, with his years of experience, could tell something was off as well. "It looks like we need to change our interrogation tactics if we want her to tell the truth."

"I'll give it a try," Caitlin volunteered.

"You?" Felix raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Caitlin explained, "I've studied some hypnosis techniques abroad. I even helped the S-Country police solve the infamous '9-11' serial killer case. I want to see if I can get to the truth from Xyla."

Sebastian raised an eyebrow, looking at Caitlin with newfound admiration. "You helped solve the '9-11' case? The professional hypnotist Ann was you?"

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