

219: He Strikes First

The young Sister Mary was called out, but she wasn't the person he was looking for.

"I mean Sister Mary Walker! She's much older now."

"She passed away five years ago," the young Sister Mary informed him.

Upon hearing that the elderly Mary Walker had passed, the man's expression grew sorrowful. After a brief silence, he asked for the location of her grave, then, holding flowers, he left.

The young man drove to the cemetery, found the grave where Mary Walker was buried, and laid the flowers.

"I'm sorry, Sister, I'm late!" he whispered in front of the tombstone, offering his respects. After a long pause, he spoke again.

"Sister, I've come back. Yesterday I paid respects to my adoptive father. I had planned to visit you today, but I didn't know you had already been gone for five years.

Sigh... Now, all I can say is thank you for taking care of me thirteen years ago.

I'm doing well now. I have a new identity—James. And I have some good news. I've remembered something: my family is in the US. I'm American. Tomorrow, I'll be going to the US on a mission, and I might even find my memories and my family. Sister, please bless me!"

James stood up, bowed deeply, and walked away.



Caitlin, filled with hope when she arrived in Willow City, left feeling utterly disappointed.

On the way back, she stayed silent.

Sebastian, noticing the sadness in her expression, quietly reached out and held her hand.

"Don't be too upset. We will find him. We will."

No matter what, they should keep hoping and continue searching.

"I know. If Harrison is still alive, he's grown now. He should be looking for us too. But... he hasn't come back all these years.

The nun's records said he suffered brain damage in that explosion, which caused him to lose some of his memory. Could that be why he's forgotten about me and Mom?"

No one knew, and Sebastian couldn't answer her. He could only comfort her.

"Maybe Harrison is searching for you too, just like you've been tirelessly searching for him. One day, you'll be reunited."

His words seemed to help. Caitlin wiped away some of her tears and decided to stay strong. She had to keep going!

A few hours later, the helicopter landed back in New York.

After landing, Sebastian drove her back to DanCa Estate.

As soon as they arrived, the three boys ran out of the house. When they saw Caitlin get out of the car, they rushed to her.



"Mommy!"

All three little guys hugged Caitlin. Bruce noticed her eyes were red, as if she had been crying, and sternly asked Sebastian, "Did you bully Mommy?"

"No! Why would I bully your mommy?" Sebastian replied, looking at the three kids with an innocent expression. Was his image really that bad in their eyes?

"Then why are Mommy's eyes so red? Like a rabbit!" Bruce asked suspiciously.

"You'll have to ask your mommy!" Sebastian replied.

The three boys looked up at Caitlin. She smiled and said, "I'm fine, sweethearts. Daddy didn't bully me. I'm just a little tired from catching the flight. I didn't rest well."

The little ones seemed reassured. Arthur grabbed her hand, pulling her toward the house.

"Mommy, go rest quickly, or you'll turn into a panda!" Arthur said.

Arthur and Bruce dragged Caitlin inside, while Sebastian stayed outside. After they went in, he called Howard over.

"Howard, come here."

Only the son he had raised, Howard, looked toward him. Howard ran over, looking up at his father.

"Tell me, has Zeke already left?"

Howard nodded.



Upon hearing that, Sebastian felt relieved.

"Good, go be with your mommy. I'll go back to handle some business and will come back to see you later."

After saying goodbye to his son, Sebastian drove away from the estate.

Bruce and Arthur watched from the window upstairs, feeling a bit curious. Why didn't he come upstairs to see them?

Was he really just leaving?

Back in New York, Sebastian first went to the police station to meet Felix.

"I heard the results of the comparison are in. How did it go?" he asked nervously.

Felix handed him the autopsy report for the bones. "Here, you can look for yourself."

Sebastian took the report and read it from start to finish. After finishing, he let out a sigh of relief.

"This skeleton is not my father's!"

"Right, it's not your uncle. The DNA didn't match."

"Then who is it? Have you checked the pen?" Sebastian asked, recalling that he had thought the pen might belong to his father. Could it be that, like Caitlin said, it was just a pen of the same make?

"The pen's brand is very famous, and it's valuable for collectors. When we investigated, we found that every pen from that brand has a special

number. We traced it back to the manufacturer and confirmed that this particular pen was indeed one that your father had collected."

"But if the deceased isn't my father, why would he have had a pen that belonged to my father?" Sebastian wondered aloud, suddenly coming to a realization. "I know! It was left behind by the person who committed the crime!"

Felix nodded. "That's a possibility! The pen could serve as one of the criminal's pieces of evidence."

Felix then added, "The Vanderbilt family case is very complicated and significant. We need stronger evidence to prove that this person isn't Raymond. The DNA test you did is legally valid, but it doesn't help much. It only proves he's your father!"

"Octavia is still alive, and so is my mother. I have leads on them both. With their testimonies, we should be able to convict him!"

"You're saying your mother's alive?" Felix asked.

"That's right. I haven't seen her yet, but it won't be long now."

Sebastian was confident that as soon as his mother showed up, the fake Raymond would panic and reveal himself.

"That's great!" Felix replied.

Felix then remembered something important. "By the way, about the lead you provided on the Black Hawk, the serial killer behind the Hexagram murders—we still can't find him, and we don't know what his next move will be. The case is still far from being solved."

"I understand. I'll help look for him too, so we can crack the case as soon as possible," Sebastian said.



"We can hide the raven from him, and he'll still come after us, or we can give him the raven, and he'll still fuck everything up."

Kylan reached for my hand and laced his fingers through mine, gently tugging me toward the door. "So we're not giving it back," he continued as we started walking.

"But we still need to figure out what to do with it right now, because I do not take his threat lightly."

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