

261: Discovering an Important Item Connected to Her Brother

Sebastian relayed the inside information he had uncovered over the phone, and Caitlin's face twisted in shock and outrage.

"It was him?!"

She never would have imagined that the one who orchestrated the attempt to run her over was Scott!

He had harbored resentment against her for so long, waiting for the right moment to take revenge. And now, he had actually hired a reckless driver to ram into her?

Was he insane?!

"Wait for me. I'm coming over right now!"

After instructing Faith to stay at the hospital, Caitlin prepared to leave with the three children. She planned to drop them off at the Vanderbilt estate before heading out to meet Sebastian.

Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly heard the sound of a whistle.

The sharp, crisp noise drew her attention, and she turned toward Arthur, who had just blown it.

"Arthur, you can't use a whistle in the hospital. You need to keep quiet."

"Oh, got it, Mommy!"

Glancing at the brass whistle in her son's hand, Caitlin couldn't help but feel curious. "Where did you get that? Let me see it."

"Uncle Quincy gave it to me."



Arthur handed the whistle over, and Caitlin examined it closely.

It was clearly an old whistle that had been polished and restored. The moment she saw it, a childhood memory flashed through her mind—her younger brother, Harrison, had owned a whistle just like this one.

He used to love blowing his whistle.

Their mother had specifically bought it for him as a birthday gift. Caitlin even remembered that they had the shop engrave his initials on it: H.L.

Turning the whistle in her hands, she suddenly noticed faintly visible letters. Squinting to read them, she could still make them out—H.L.

Her heart clenched violently.

This was Harrison's whistle!

Unbelievable!

This was the very same whistle from his childhood.

A wave of emotion surged through her, and tears welled up in her eyes. She turned back to Arthur, her voice trembling. "Arthur, where did you say you got this? Who gave it to you?"

"Uncle Quincy! He gave it to me."

"Quincy? This whistle belongs to Quincy?"

Arthur nodded.

Caitlin could no longer contain her emotions. Tears streamed down her face, and an unbearable pain gripped her chest as she clutched the whistle tightly in her palm.



Faith, seeing Caitlin in tears, was puzzled. "Caitlin, what's wrong?"

"Faith, I think... I might have found my brother..."

Faith's eyes widened in shock. "Master Harrison? Where is he now?"

Caitlin turned toward the ICU.

Faith gasped. "No way! Are you saying Quincy is your brother?!"

Caitlin nodded, stepping closer to the glass window. She stared at Quincy through the glass, her heart aching as if it were being torn apart.

How had her brother been right by her side all this time, and she never recognized him?

Quincy was her brother.

Harrison...

Faith placed a comforting hand on her back. "Caitlin, don't be sad. This is a good thing! At least you found him. Now, all we need to do is wait for Quincy to wake up."

Caitlin nodded. "Stay here and keep an eye on things. I have something to take care of."

Wiping away her tears, her expression hardened with a chilling intensity.

Thinking about the mastermind behind the car accident, she clenched her fists, her fury igniting into a searing hatred.

Not only had Scott failed to kill her, but he had nearly caused her to lose her brother again.

This time, she would make him pay.



She had endured long enough!

Meanwhile

In a hotel room, James slowly regained consciousness, his head throbbing with pain.

As his vision cleared, he realized he was in a hotel. The moment this registered, he bolted upright.

Checking the bedside table, he found his belongings neatly placed there, along with a note. Picking it up, he read Quincy's handwriting, explaining that Caitlin had asked him to bring James here.

His guard lowered slightly as the memory of last night resurfaced—drinking with Sebastian, getting drunk for the first time in his life.

After freshening up, James started packing to leave, but something suddenly caught his attention—something important was missing.

His brass whistle was gone!

He searched all his pockets, overturning everything in his room, but it was nowhere to be found.

Did he drop it somewhere?

Panic set in as he frantically combed through the hotel, even inspecting the carpet for any trace of it. Still, nothing.

Gone.

His only clue to finding his family had vanished.



Could he have left it somewhere else? Maybe the restaurant where they had dinner?

Wasting no time, James checked out and rushed back to the private dining restaurant from the previous night. He asked around and searched every possible spot.

But it was all for nothing.

The whistle was truly lost.

His only lead... was gone.

Caitlin dropped the children off at the Vanderbilt estate before heading to meet Sebastian.

By the time she arrived, Sebastian had already captured Scott.

Scott was lying on the cold floor, bound tightly with a black hood covering his head. He squirmed like a helpless worm.

"Who are you people?! Let me go!"

He had no idea who had kidnapped him or why.

"Is anyone there?! Let me out!"

He was trapped in complete darkness. The cold tiles beneath him sent a shiver down his spine.

Then, he heard the crisp, rhythmic click-clack of high heels approaching.

Each step echoed in the silent room, growing louder, closer—pounding against his heart.



"Who—who is it?!"

The footsteps finally stopped in front of him.

Caitlin stood over him, her gaze burning with hatred.

Sebastian gave a slight nod, and one of his men ripped the black hood off Scott's head.

Bright light flooded his vision. Squinting, he quickly adjusted—and when he finally saw who was standing before him, his face went pale.

"Caitlin?! It's you?! You had me kidnapped?!"

His voice rose in disbelief.

"You're not even going to ask why you were kidnapped?" Caitlin's tone was ice-cold.

"Why...?"

"You still have the nerve to ask?!" Her voice turned sharp. "The hit-and-run accident in front of the Royal International Hotel—you're the one who hired the driver to run me down!"

"I—I don't know what you're talking about! What does your accident have to do with me? Stop making false accusations!"

Scott refused to admit it.

"You think denying it will get you off the hook?" Caitlin's eyes flashed with fury. "The driver survived. And guess what? He already ratted you out. We have records of your transaction with him—the full details of your hired hitman deal. Everything is at the police station."



Pure hatred burned in her eyes as she took a step closer. "Scott, I've had enough. It's time to settle every score, old and new."

"Five years ago, you set a fire to kill me. Instead, you got Dominic burned alive. That's arson.

"You tricked me into signing over my shares, then took control of IIG. That's fraud.

"And now, you hired a driver to kill me—an attack that left Quincy in a coma. That's attempted murder.

"You've done so many terrible things in your life. It's time for karma to catch up to you."

At some point, a black leather whip with metal studs had appeared in Caitlin's hands.

She snapped it against the floor—CRACK!

Scott flinched, terror gripping him as he instinctively tried to back away.

"N-no! Don't! Caitlin... please... I-I'll give you back your shares!"