

### 262: The Consequences of a Scumbag's Actions

"You should return everything to Caitlin! You've taken what's hers for long enough!"

Sebastian had already prepared in advance. He signaled for his men to bring over the pre-drafted stock transfer agreement and placed it in front of Scott.

"I'll sign! I'll sign!"

In his desperation to save himself, Scott didn't hesitate. He grabbed the pen and scrawled his name onto the document.

At this moment, he was as lowly as a stray dog, his face full of pitiful eagerness. "Caitlin, I've signed it. Can you let me go now?"

"Let you go?" Caitlin's expression was icy. "Did you ever think of letting others go when you were hurting them?"

Scott's face turned ghostly pale. His voice trembled with fear. "I've already given you my shares! Isn't that enough for you to let me go?"

"I never said I'd let you go."

Caitlin had no intention of showing mercy. Today, the scum would pay for his sins.

"Not only am I not letting you go," she said coldly, gripping the whip in her hands, "I'll personally send you on your way."

CRACK!

The first lash landed hard on Scott's body.

The iron studs on the whip dug into his flesh, causing him to scream in agony.

"AAAHHH—!"

His bindings had already been loosened, and Scott scrambled frantically, trying to crawl away.

But Caitlin would never give him the chance.

CRACK!

Another brutal lash struck him, echoing through the dimly lit room.

"AAAAAHHHHHHHH—!!!"

His shrill, pig-like squeals filled the air.

Sebastian stood outside with his men, listening to the screams. He didn't interfere. This was Caitlin's battle to fight, and she deserved to vent her fury as much as she wanted.

Inside the room, the relentless sound of the whip continued, punctuated by Scott's progressively weaker cries.

By the time Caitlin finally stopped, Scott was sprawled on the floor, his body covered in bloody welts, his face contorted in pain. He no longer had the strength to crawl. He was nothing more than a battered, bloodied heap.

Caitlin let the whip drop from her hand.

She stepped out of the room, her rage slowly dissipating.

Sebastian approached her. "Alright. Leave the rest to my men. Let's go."

Caitlin didn't respond but followed him out.

Noticing her exhaustion, Sebastian hesitated. "Let me take you back to DanCa Estate to rest."

But Caitlin shook her head. "No. Take me to the hospital. My brother is still there."

Sebastian was taken aback. "Your brother?"

Caitlin clenched her trembling fingers, taking a deep breath. "Sebastian ... I found him. Quincy is Harrison."

The words felt surreal, even as she spoke them.

Her brother had been right in front of her this whole time, yet she had failed to recognize him. Now, he was in a coma, and her heart ached unbearably.

"Are you sure? How do you know Quincy is Harrison? Did you run a test?" Sebastian asked, skeptical.

If Quincy really was Harrison, why hadn't anyone realized it earlier? Why was it only now that Caitlin was making this claim?

"No, I haven't done a test yet," Caitlin admitted. "But I found this."

She opened her palm, revealing the brass whistle.

Sebastian took the whistle, recognizing it as an old, well-worn item. "This was your brother's? You found it with Quincy?"

"Yes."

Caitlin's voice softened as memories surfaced.

The last time she had seen this whistle was at Sakura Ridge. Harrison had been so innocent back then, saying he wanted to bury the whistle in the soil and see if it would sprout more whistles in the spring.

If this was the same whistle, then at some point, Harrison must have dug it up. Otherwise, how could it possibly appear now?

Sebastian fell silent. He examined the whistle again and saw the engraved initials H.L.

Could Quincy really be Caitlin's brother?

If that were true, then his previous hostility toward Quincy had been misplaced.

He was the uncle of his children.

Sebastian exhaled and handed the whistle back. "It's an old item, a significant find. But you should still confirm it properly."

Caitlin's eyes reddened slightly. Guilt weighed heavily on her. "My brother was with me this whole time, but I kept searching elsewhere. If I had been more observant, I might have realized it earlier."

"Don't blame yourself. Didn't Harrison suffer brain damage from the explosion? It makes sense that he wouldn't remember you."

Sebastian's words were logical, but Caitlin's heart still ached.

"Just to be sure," he added, "I think you should do a DNA test."

"I will," Caitlin said firmly.

Now, there was no doubt in her heart. Quincy was her brother.

And once she confirmed it, her next goal was clear—to reclaim LIG.

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Sebastian escorted Caitlin to the hospital.

Faith was still there, standing watch outside the ICU. Quincy remained unconscious.

Sebastian received multiple calls from VEG Corporation, urging him to return.

"You should go," Caitlin told him. "I'll stay here a little longer. We'll talk later."

Sebastian nodded and left.

Shortly after, Caitlin's phone rang. It was James.

"Hello?" Caitlin answered.

"Caitlin!" James sounded relieved. "So it was you who asked Quincy to bring me to the hotel last night. Thanks for that."

"It was nothing," Caitlin replied coolly. She and James were mere acquaintances. After last night's dinner, there was no need to maintain further contact.

"Is Quincy around?" James asked. "I wanted to thank him in person."

Caitlin hesitated before answering honestly. "He's in the ICU. He was in an accident."

"What?! An accident?"

"Yes. I don't have time to explain. I have to go."

Without giving James a chance to respond, she ended the call.

James, however, couldn't ignore this. An accident? Quincy was in the ICU?

He immediately searched online for news and found an article about a hit-and-run accident near the Royal International Hotel. The injured victim had been sent to New York Hospital.

Without hesitation, James headed straight there.

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Arriving at the ICU, he spotted Caitlin and another young woman.

"Caitlin!"

Caitlin looked up, surprised. "Why are you here?"

"I wanted to check on Quincy. I still haven't thanked him."

"He's inside," Caitlin said, her voice heavy with exhaustion.

James stepped forward and peered through the glass window into the ICU.

Inside, Quincy lay unconscious, his body riddled with injuries.

James hadn't expected such a severe accident. Just one night ago, everything was fine. Now, things had taken such a drastic turn.

He turned back to Caitlin. "Don't be too upset. I'm sure Quincy will be okay."

"...Thanks."

Caitlin was emotionally drained. Between the car accident, Quincy's condition, and everything else, she was at her limit.

Faith, noticing her exhaustion, gently suggested, "Caitlin, you should go home and rest. I'll stay here and let you know if he wakes up."

"Alright."

She truly needed to rest.

As she turned to leave, James watched her retreating figure. Something about her seemed off.

He hesitated, then followed.

Halfway down the staircase, Caitlin suddenly swayed. A sharp pain struck her head, and her foot slipped.

James rushed forward and caught her just in time. "Careful, Caitlin!"

"Thanks," she muttered, pulling her arm back. "You should go home too."  
"

She reached her car and unlocked it.

For some reason, James didn't feel comfortable leaving her alone.

He stepped up again. "Quincy isn't around to drive you. How about I do it? I'll be your driver."

"No need."

Caitlin didn't want unnecessary entanglements. She was wary of anyone who tried to get close to her.

"It's fine. I'm free anyway." James pulled open the car door, gently pushed her into the passenger seat, took the keys from her, and climbed into the driver's seat.

The engine roared to life.

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