

263: He Accidentally Discovers His True Identity

James drove in silence, and Caitlin didn't say another word.

She didn't understand why, but somehow, she always found herself unable to outright refuse James's gestures of kindness.

"Caitlin, I'm taking you to DanCa Estate, right?"

James had already looked up where she lived. Caitlin nodded. "Yeah."

Nothing seemed to escape his notice, and Caitlin saw no point in hiding anything.

The two of them remained quiet for the rest of the drive. Caitlin closed her eyes to rest while James steadily navigated the way back to DanCa Estate.

When they arrived, the estate's security, recognizing the vehicle, opened the gates without question. James pulled up in front of the villa.

Stepping out, he walked around and opened the passenger door. "Caitlin, we're here. Time to get out."

Caitlin opened her eyes and saw that they had indeed arrived. She unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car.

"Thanks, James. I'll have someone send you back."

James chuckled, his usual easygoing smile in place. "I drove you all the way here, and you're not even inviting me in for a cup of tea? I'm kinda thirsty."

His sunny demeanor, coupled with his casual yet sincere tone, made it hard to refuse him.



"...Fine. Come in."

Caitlin led him inside and had the staff prepare some tea for him.

James took in the surroundings with curiosity as he settled onto the couch. Before long, a servant brought over a freshly brewed cup of tea and set it in front of him.

"Take your time, James. Drink as much as you like. If you need a ride back, just ask the driver outside. I'm going to rest now."

"Got it. You go ahead and rest—I'll leave after I finish my tea."

James could sense Caitlin's deliberate distance. Her defenses were up, as if she had already suspected something.

His eyes darkened slightly. It had been hard enough to gain entry into DanCa Estate—there was no way he was going to let this opportunity slip.

Nobody knew his true mission in the U.S.

His objective was simple: to get close to Caitlin and obtain the legendary manuscript, "Yun's Aromatic Codex."

The first time he nearly ran into her with his car, and the second time they crossed paths at the hospital—those were mere coincidences. At the time, he hadn't even realized she was his target.

But after their dinner together, everything else had been carefully planned.

He had to earn her trust first before making his move.

The living room fell silent as the staff left to attend to other duties. James drained the last sip of tea from his cup but made no move to leave.



Instead, he quietly got up and made his way upstairs.

He passed by the master bedroom, but the door was closed. So, he turned toward the study and slipped inside.

Where would Caitlin hide something as valuable as "Yun's Aromatic Codex"?

James started searching meticulously—through bookshelves, drawers, storage boxes—every possible hiding spot.

But he found nothing.

Then, he reached the desk. He rifled through the drawers, but one of them was locked.

Was it in here?

Taking out a thin metal wire he always carried, he worked on the lock with practiced ease. After a few moments, there was a soft click—the drawer unlocked.

Gently pulling it open, James saw a small box inside. His heart pounded with anticipation as he lifted the lid.

But instead of a manuscript, he found a photo frame.

Frowning, he picked it up and turned it over—then froze.

The photo inside showed a mother and her two children sitting beneath cherry blossom trees.

His breath caught.

That cherry blossom grove... wasn't it the one from his fragmented



childhood memories?

His gaze shifted to the little boy in the picture.

It was him.

That was his childhood self.

Which meant... the beautiful, gentle-looking woman in the photo was his mother.

And the girl—around his age, bright and innocent—was his sister?

His mind went blank.

He had finally found his mother and sister.

And this photo—was inside Caitlin's study.

Which meant...

James felt his entire world tilting. The answer was right in front of him, undeniable.

Just as his thoughts spiraled, the study door was kicked open.

Caitlin's icy figure appeared in the doorway.

James looked up at her, his emotions a chaotic storm, his thoughts racing.

"Put that down," Caitlin ordered coldly. "And get out."

She had deliberately left James alone downstairs, wanting to see what his true motives were.



And now—he had exposed himself.

"Caitlin, I—"

James' chest tightened. He had so many things he wanted to say. But at this moment, he couldn't get a single word out.

"Don't say anything," Caitlin interrupted, her tone resolute. "James, I won't hold you accountable for this, considering you've helped me before. But from now on, don't even think about approaching me again."

Her voice was unwavering, cutting like a blade.

"Get out."

Caitlin had already made up her mind. James had deliberately approached her, and his true goal was likely "Yun's Aromatic Codex."

James' heart ached.

He had ruined everything.

Never in a million years did he expect the family he had been searching for to turn out to be his target.

Now—even if he told Caitlin the truth, that he was her brother—she wouldn't believe him.

Right now, he had no choice but to put the photo frame back down and walk out of the study, his hands clenched at his sides.

"...I'm sorry."

As he passed Caitlin, he murmured those words softly.

She didn't respond.



She only stood there, motionless, until James descended the stairs and disappeared from sight.

As she turned around, watching him walk away, a strange sense of loss and regret settled over her.

Why did she feel like she had just lost something important?

That warm, carefree man—she didn't want to believe that he had only approached her with ulterior motives.

Outside DanCa Estate

James was thrown out.

Standing outside the estate gates, he turned back to look one last time. His vision blurred with unshed tears.

His heart ached.

His actions just now—he must have broken his sister's trust completely.

She would never believe him now. She would never let him into her life again.

And it was his own fault.

James gritted his teeth in frustration. How could he ever repair his relationship with Caitlin?

He didn't know.

But one thing was certain—he could no longer blindly follow his master's orders.

Commented [Ma1]:



Because now, he knew — "Yun's Aromatic Codex" was in Caitlin's hands.

Steeling himself, he pulled out his phone and dialed his master.

The man who had taken him in after he left Willow City Monastery.

The call connected.

"James. I assume you've succeeded?" His master's voice was calm, expectant.

James swallowed down his pain and asked, "Master... why did you adopt me back then? There were so many children at the monastery. Why did you choose me?"

The sudden question caught the man off guard.

A brief silence.

"Answer me!" James demanded, his voice shaking. "You knew my real identity all along, didn't you? That's why you picked me. You sent me on this mission, but you never told me that Caitlin is my sister! My own sister!"

Tears of frustration burned in his eyes.

All these years, had he been nothing but a pawn?

Had his entire life been manipulated?

His master finally spoke, his tone cold and detached.

"James, I raised you. You should be grateful. I've just received word that the other half of 'Yun's Aromatic Codex' may soon surface. You need to secure both parts immediately.



If you can't... I'll have Uesugi take over. Stay out of it."

The call ended abruptly.

James's blood ran cold.

If Uesugi got involved—Caitlin would be in danger.

Uesugi was ruthless. He especially enjoyed torturing women.

James took a deep breath.

He had only one choice now—to protect his sister.

And along the way, he had to uncover the truth.

Who was he really?

If Caitlin was a Lewis, did that mean... he was Harrison Lewis?

