

268: She Finally Discovers the Truth

"I'm fine. How about you?" Caitlin asked, her concern evident in her voice.

"Much better."

For a moment, they simply looked at each other.

"Then, Quincy couldn't help but ask, " Caitlin, is there something you want to say to me?"

Caitlin felt a lump rise in her throat. Her lashes trembled as she lowered her gaze for a second before lifting her eyes again—slightly red, filled with emotions.

"Quincy... do you remember anything from your childhood?"

Quincy blinked in confusion. "Of course. Why?"

Something about Caitlin's demeanor felt off.

"Do you remember a brass whistle from when you were a kid?"

"A whistle?" He frowned. "What whistle?"

Caitlin pulled out the brass whistle and showed it to him.

"This one. Is this yours?"

Quincy examined it carefully, then shook his head.

"No. This isn't mine."

"What?"



Caitlin froze.

"It's not yours? But... you gave it to Arthur."

Quincy explained, "I found it. I gave it to Arthur on a whim. But it's not mine."

"You found it?"

Caitlin felt as if the ground beneath her had cracked open.

The certainty she had clung to shattered in an instant.

The whistle wasn't Quincy's?

Then how did Arthur get it?

"Where did you find it? When?" Caitlin asked quickly.

If Quincy had only picked it up, then he wasn't her brother.

Then where was Harrison?

"I found it in my car," Quincy recalled. "When I was picking up the kids, I saw it in the car cabin. I have no idea whose it is."

Caitlin's chest tightened.

She had been so sure—but now, everything felt like a mistake.

She swallowed hard and whispered, "This was my little brother's whistle. Arthur told me you gave it to him, so I thought... I thought you were him. But..."

Quincy finally understood what was going on.



"I'm an only child. I don't have a sister. I'm certain of that."

His voice was steady, clear.

Then he added, "But if this whistle belonged to Harrison, then all we have to do is follow this lead. We'll find him."

Caitlin nodded slowly. "You're sure you found it in your car?"

"Yes."

"Who else has been in your car besides me?"

Caitlin was determined to trace every clue.

Quincy thought for a second. "After I got my car washed, only you and the kids have been in it. Oh, and..."

His expression shifted.

"James. That night you asked me to drive him to the hotel—he was in my car too."

Caitlin's breath caught in her throat.

James?

A flash of his bright, sunlit smile filled her mind, and her chest tightened painfully.

Could the whistle have belonged to James?

Could James be... Harrison?

Her memories rewound—the first time she saw James, the inexplicable

warmth she felt.

Was it because, deep down, her heart recognized him?

Caitlin stood abruptly. "Quincy, rest. I need to find James."

"Go ahead."

Without hesitation, she left Faith in charge of looking after Quincy and hurried out of the hospital.

A New Lead

As Caitlin rushed down the hallway, she ran into Sebastian.

Seeing her expression, he frowned. "Caitlin, what's wrong? Where are you going?"

She looked at him, her voice breathless and urgent. "Sebastian, I need to find my brother!"

Sebastian glanced toward Quincy's room. "Quincy is right there."

She shook her head. "No... I was wrong. Quincy isn't Harrison."

Sebastian stiffened. "What?"

"The whistle wasn't his. He found it. That means my brother is still out there!"

Sebastian took a step closer. "Then who is he? Do you know?"

Caitlin swallowed. "I think... it might be James."



Sebastian was stunned.

"James?"

The two of them had interacted with James multiple times, yet neither had ever connected him to Harrison.

"Did you call him?"

Caitlin nodded. "I tried, but his number is disconnected. I think... I think I hurt him too much when I kicked him out of DanCa Estate."

Sebastian could tell how much this was affecting her.

He placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "I'll go with you."

Together, they left the hospital.

Tracking James Down

Sebastian drove while Caitlin sat in the passenger seat, staring out the window, lost in thought.

She told him about her falling out with James—about how she had pushed him away.

Sebastian's jaw tightened. "So he was sent to steal the manuscript? That means someone was controlling him."

"Yes. But I said terrible things to him. If he really is my brother, I..."

Her voice broke.



Tears slipped down her face.

Sebastian handed her a handkerchief. "Don't jump to conclusions yet. There's still a chance this is all a setup. Maybe the whistle isn't even James's. Maybe Harrison is somewhere else."

Caitlin said nothing.

She prayed that wasn't the case.

She couldn't bear another separation.

They arrived at the hotel where Quincy had taken James.

At the front desk, they inquired about his stay.

"He checked out this morning."

Caitlin's heart sank.

"Where did he go?"

She had no clue. No way to reach him.

She clenched her fists. "I should've asked where he lived. Now I don't even know where to start looking."

Sebastian took out his phone. "I'll have Tyler investigate."

After giving instructions, he ended the call.

Then, Caitlin suddenly thought of something.

Commented [Ma1]:



Her head snapped toward Sebastian.

"Sebastian! Take me somewhere."

"Where?"

"Sakura Ridge!"

Sebastian's expression shifted. "Get in."

Without hesitation, he sped toward the outskirts of the city.

Sakura Ridge

One of the largest cherry blossom trees stood atop a small hill—a tree that had stood for years, its thick trunk towering above the land.

The spot was perfect—from there, one could see the most breathtaking view.

Underneath that tree, a lone figure stood.

Dressed in a crisp white shirt, James stared into the distant sky.

No one knew what he was thinking.

Maybe he was reminiscing about his childhood.

Maybe he was mourning the family he never knew.

He had stood there for a long time.

His fingers twitched slightly.



For a brief moment, it felt like the cherry blossoms were in full bloom again.

And through the petals that swirled in his mind—

He saw a little girl running toward him, smiling.

An hour later, Caitlin and Sebastian finally arrived at Sakura Ridge.

The cherry blossom season had passed—the forest was now lush and green.

They walked deeper into the woods.

Searching for the tree where Caitlin and her brother had played as children.

Where they had picnicked with their mother.

Then—

"Caitlin, look over there!"

Sebastian's voice was sharp with urgency.

Caitlin turned her head—

And froze.

