



### 279: Uncovering His True Identity

"Watch your words and mind your place—I don't know you."

Zeke's voice was cold and emotionless.

Without waiting for a response, he got into his car and shut the door.

The engine roared to life, and in the blink of an eye, his car sped off, disappearing into the night.

Ximena stood frozen in place, her fingers curling into tight fists as she watched him leave.

Her chest heaved with emotions—frustration, anger, regret, and something else she couldn't quite name.

He really had forgotten her.

Or perhaps, he simply chose to.

But she wouldn't give up.

She would wait.

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### ### A Silent Agreement

On the way home, Sebastian lifted Caitlin's hand to his lips and pressed a lingering kiss to her skin.

Leaning close, his breath brushed against her ear as he murmured,

"Caitlin, thank you... for always giving me face."



Despite Zeke's presence, Caitlin never wavered.

Every time, she chose to stand by his side—and that, for Sebastian, was a victory in itself.

Her loyalty soothed his male pride in a way nothing else could.

Caitlin sighed, "Since I give you face, can you return the favor? Maybe... stop going head-to-head with Zeke all the time?"

Sebastian huffed a small laugh but nodded.

"Alright, I'll try to let it go."

But then he scoffed, remembering something.

"Though, seriously—what kind of psycho spends 50 million just to buy a strand of your hair?"

Caitlin chuckled, shaking her head.

"It's probably just his way of saving face. He couldn't outbid you for the painting, so he found another excuse to spend the money."

Sebastian, however, wasn't convinced.

"I don't buy it. That guy doesn't seem like the 'charitable donation' type to me."

Caitlin smiled knowingly.

"You can't judge people by appearances alone."

Sebastian's expression darkened slightly.



"So tell me then—Zeke is part of Shadow Moon Pavilion, isn't he? What exactly is his role?"

His investigation had already uncovered Zeke's hidden connections.

And if Caitlin called him 'senior', that meant he had been in the organization longer than her—perhaps even outranking her.

Realizing there was no point in hiding it, Caitlin answered truthfully.

"He's the son of my master."

Sebastian's brows knitted together.

"Your master?"

"Zorro Preston. He leads Shadow Moon Pavilion. When they found me and took me in, I trained under him."

Sebastian inhaled deeply, processing this information.

The name "Zorro Preston" was one of legend.

Shadow Moon Pavilion was one of the most mysterious and formidable organizations in the world.

No one knew the true identity of its leader—until now.

If Caitlin hadn't told him, he might have never known.

He nodded slowly, filing this information away.

This was a game of power—and knowledge was the strongest weapon of all.

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### ### Back at The Vanderbilt Estate

When they arrived home, Howard was the first to spot them.

"Mommy!"

The little boy sprinted forward, latching onto Caitlin's leg.

Caitlin crouched down and gathered her son into her arms, her heart melting.

Sebastian, standing beside them, cleared his throat expectantly.

"...Howard, aren't you forgetting someone?"

The little boy glanced at his father briefly—then turned away.

Sebastian's face fell instantly.

"Unbelievable. I raised this kid, and now he's completely forgotten his dad?"

Caitlin laughed, unable to help herself.

Meanwhile, their daughter Patricia called out sweetly,

"Daddy!"

Sebastian beamed instantly, lifting her into his arms.

"Ah, yes—daughters are truly a father's greatest treasure."

But before he could enjoy his victory, the three boys glared at him in



unison.

Traitor.

Once inside, Caitlin noticed several unfamiliar people in the living room.

She turned to Sebastian, raising an eyebrow.

"What's all this?"

Sebastian smiled.

"I hired private tutors. I figured we could set up a small classroom here at the estate—for our kids and my cousins' sons. What do you think?"

Caitlin was surprised but pleased.

"That's a great idea—as long as the kids enjoy it."

After sitting through a trial session, they handpicked three of the best tutors to stay.

The kids were excited about their new "school," and with that, everything was set to begin the next day.

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### ### A Dark Secret

Meanwhile, in a hidden underground studio within New York, Zeke arrived at a seemingly ordinary building.

He entered a private, high-security chamber, scanning his fingerprint to gain access.



Inside, the walls were lined with intricate display cases, each containing a twisted form of artwork.

At first glance, they resembled butterflies, carefully preserved in glass frames.

But upon closer inspection...

They weren't butterflies.

They were human ears.

Each one meticulously preserved, positioned to resemble delicate wings.

Further down the wall, another frame displayed a "fish"—but instead of scales, its body was composed entirely of human fingernails.

Every piece in this room was a masterpiece of horror.

And yet, Zeke admired them with the reverence of an artist.

Slowly, he pulled something from his pocket.

A single strand of Caitlin's hair.

Placing it carefully onto a workstation, he crafted a new display piece—a delicate frame, preserving the strand of hair in elegant glass.

Once finished, he stepped back to admire his work.

On his private collection wall, a new artifact had been added.

A piece of Caitlin.

And in the digital black market of the bidder's web, a new item would



soon be listed—a relic unlike any before it. 1

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### ### Preparing for the Takeover

That afternoon, Caitlin and Sebastian split responsibilities.

Sebastian took the children to visit Molly at the hospital, while Caitlin headed to TIG for a high-level executive meeting.

Ever since LIG had been taken over, now rebranded as TIG, the entire company had been in turmoil.

Jonathan was arrested.

Scott was missing.

Joshua had been fired.

The power vacuum had left employees panicked and uneasy.

And as Caitlin had anticipated—Jonathan's loyalists were making their move.

"If they don't reinstate Jonathan, Scott, and Joshua, we'll walk!"

"That's right—if they don't come back, we QUIT!"

A group of disgruntled high-level executives had banded together, threatening to strike unless Caitlin restored the old management.

At that very moment—

The boardroom doors swung open.



A tall figure strode in—dressed in sharp, all-black business attire.

Beside her was CEO Garrett, exuding an aura of unshakable confidence.

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