

360: I Have a Way to Hook Her

"Looks like after Greta married into The Yuncey Family, she didn't need to please people anymore. After being immersed in the culture of a big family for so many years, she's adapted quite well, and her speaking skills have improved dramatically!"

This was an insult without using any dirty words. Caitlin's words hit straight at Greta's most humiliating past—the time when she worked as an escort in her youth.

However, no one in The Yuncey Family dared to speak ill of Greta. The only one who might slander her was Cynthia.

Greta shot a glare at Caitlin and then turned her eyes toward Cynthia.

Cynthia didn't mention anything about Caitlin's words. Seeing Greta glaring at her, she asked, "What? Why are you looking at me? What Caitlin said is true. Living in a big family has nothing to do with anything. Some people are just all show and no substance."

Greta, almost losing her temper, turned to Timothy and said, "Dad, do you hear what Cynthia is saying?"

"Enough!" Timothy slammed his hand on the table, silencing everyone in the room.

He stood up, using his cane to support himself, and said to Caitlin, "Caitlin, come with me."

Caitlin followed Timothy out of the room. Carmen, still seething, turned to comfort her mother, "Mom, don't be angry. Grandpa will take her away and have a good talk with her."

Following Timothy, Caitlin arrived at his study. The room was grand and



old-fashioned, with bookshelves full of classic books. The tea set on the coffee table was exquisite, and the furniture was all top-quality.

After Caitlin entered, she closed the door behind her. Timothy sat at the head of the table and gestured for Caitlin to sit across from him.

"I know you have a lot of questions about your grandmother," Timothy began as he prepared to brew tea. His hands were a little shaky, so Caitlin took over and expertly began preparing the tea herself.

Noticing her expertise in tea preparation, Timothy gave her a nod of approval. When the tea was placed in front of him, he gave a satisfied smile.

After taking a sip, Timothy began, "I am your grandmother Eleanor's cousin. We were a few years apart and grew up together. Our bond was strong. No matter what happened, I always protected her. No one could ever bully her."

Listening to Timothy's words, Caitlin wasn't completely convinced. She had her own doubts and pressed further. "If you were so close, why did Eleanor leave The Yuncey Family? And why did she disappear?"

Timothy looked at Caitlin, letting out a deep sigh. "Caitlin, haven't you figured it out yet? Eleanor didn't disappear — she ran away."

"Ran away?" Caitlin's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"Yes," Timothy replied. "When she was in her early twenties, The Yuncey Family could have arranged a good marriage for her, but she had already fallen for someone else. She even eloped with that person to escape an arranged marriage. The Yuncey Family is a prominent family in Departure City, so they couldn't let the world know she had run away."



To save face, they said she disappeared.”

Caitlin felt a sharp pang in her chest. “If she ran away, then who did she run away with?”

Timothy hesitated before answering, “I suspect it was your grandfather. Perhaps your grandfather tricked her into running away with him.”

Caitlin immediately rejected Timothy’s version of events. In her understanding, Eleanor didn’t run away with anyone. It was her grandfather Walter who had found her, wounded and nearly dead, and had taken care of her. They eventually fell in love, and Eleanor married Walter.

If Eleanor had truly run away, why didn’t the Yuncey Family try harder to find her and bring her back?

“My grandfather, Walter, was well-respected in the US. How could he possibly have abducted a well-bred young woman?” Caitlin asked, her eyes locked on Timothy’s. His seemingly clouded old eyes hid a sharp glint, giving Caitlin the sense that something wasn’t right.

“Oh, I didn’t know about that,” Timothy replied evasively. “I had heard of your grandfather, Walter. But Eleanor made a mistake, and her life was ruined by it.”

Caitlin could see through the lies. Timothy was playing dumb, offering no real answers. If she wanted the truth, she would need to look elsewhere.

Realizing that she wouldn’t get much from Timothy, Caitlin shifted her approach. “Do you have any old albums of my grandmother? I’d like to see them.”



Timothy's face softened, and he got up from his seat, retrieving an old photo album from a nearby cabinet. Caitlin took the album from him, and the old, yellowed pages confirmed that it was indeed a precious antique album.

Carefully flipping through the pages, Caitlin saw black-and-white photos.

"Is this little boy you when you were young?" she asked.

"Yes," Timothy replied.

"And this girl with the braids—she must be my grandmother, right?"

"Yes."

From the photos, Caitlin could tell that her grandmother had been a beauty in her youth. She could see traces of the resemblance between her grandmother, her mother, and herself.

While flipping through the album, Caitlin suddenly heard footsteps outside. It was Carmen and her mother, arriving nearby.

They both seemed to want to see how Timothy would handle Caitlin, but there was no noise coming from the study.

Greta, worried about disturbing Timothy, said, "Let's go back. We don't want to upset Grandpa."

As they walked a little distance away, Carmen lowered her voice. "Mom, we can't just let this slide. If we give in now, she'll just keep climbing all over us! Did you see how she didn't even respect you?"

Greta sighed. "She has Grandpa on her side. What can we do?"



Carmen smirked, a dark plan forming in her mind. “We won’t act directly. We’ll let someone else do it for us...”

She muttered the words “borrow a knife to kill” quietly in her mother’s ear.

Greta’s face lit up with a wicked smile. “Perfect. We can’t be blamed for it.”

“Exactly. Mom, you go back. I have a way to make her take the bait!”

After sending her mother off, Carmen turned back, bumping into Caitlin, who had just come out of the study.

“Caitlin!” Carmen called out. Caitlin stopped and turned, her voice calm as she asked, “What is it? Why are you calling me?”

“I’ll spare you this time because you don’t understand the rules,” Carmen said, crossing her arms and sizing Caitlin up. “But tell me the truth. You’ve been planning to disrupt The Yuncey Family’s product launch from the start, haven’t you? How else would you have Odessa’s perfume? What’s your connection to her?”