

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

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“I **don't** see any reason to report my relationships to you. Even if I hadn't shown up at the launch, do you think your tricks could **fool**

anyone?”

A slight cold sarcasm gleamed in Caitlin's sharp eyes.

“Even if you don't say anything, I'll still figure it out,” Carmen responded, her tone filled with determination.

Odessa was involved in leaking confidential information, and The Yuncey Family was prepared to hold her accountable.

Carmen had already contacted Odessa's assistant, who confirmed they would be arriving in Departure City in three days to discuss **the** matter in person.

“Let’s set that aside for now,” Carmen said with a sigh. “I have another question for you. What is your real purpose in coming to The Yuncey Family? What did you mean by asking my grandfather about the past during dinner?”

Tettters meaning, I want to find out the real reason why my grand The Yuncey Family all those years ago. But that’s none of

your concern.”

“I don’t care about your personal affairs,” Carmen retorted, her expression turning icy. “But I’m warning you not to disrupt The Yuncey Family’s rules or meddle in our family’s matters! If you want to investigate your grandmother’s past, **you** can go visit her old residence.”

“Where did she used to live?”

Having baited Caitlin, Carmen pointed to the direction of the backyard. “In our family’s back garden, walk straight, and you’ll see a walled compound on the west side. That’s where Eleanor used to live when she was younger.”

Caitlin was taken aback. Was the locked-up place in the garden, the one she had passed with Cynthia, where her grandmother had once

lived?

“I’ve passed by the place before, but it was locked up,” Caitlin said.

“Zahra has the *key*.”

Carmen quickly turned away. “But don’t tell anyone I told you.”

After Carmen left, Caitlin stood there for a moment, contemplating.

No matter what, she had to see that mysterious place.

Determined, she immediately went to find Zahra to ask for the key.

When Zahra heard Caitlin’s request, her face turned pale with fear. “Caitlin, you can’t go there!”

“Why not?”

“That place, the West Garden, is strictly off-limits. Timothy ordered that no one is allowed to disturb it. If I give you the key and he **finds out**, I could be in big trouble.”

After hearing this, Caitlin realized that Carmen had intentionally led her to this information. It was clear now: Carmen **was setting her up**.

By going to the West Garden, Caitlin would be breaking the family's rule, giving Timothy a reason to punish **her**.

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Carmen was trying to trap her into doing exactly what she wanted!

Recognizing Carmen's trick, Caitlin's resolve only strengthened. If she didn't go now, what was the point of all of Carmen's manipulation?

"Zahra, why is it off-limits? What's really in there?"

Caitlin asked, her curiosity piqued. "I've heard my grandmother used to live there. Why can't I go see it?"

"Caitlin, you don't understand. There's someone living there now. I'm the one who brings them food every day, but I can't go in," Zahra explained, her voice trembling.

"Someone's living there? Who is it? Is it true there's a dangerous person there, like Cynthia said?"

Caitlin was determined to get to the bottom of it.

“Yes... Yes, it’s true. Billy has a very bad temper, and it’s hard to approach him. He’s also prone to violence, and he could really hurt

someone.”

“Billy? Who is he?”

Caitlin asked patiently, hoping Zahra would reveal more useful details.

Zahra hesitated before speaking. “Billy used to be The Yuncey Family’s old butler. I heard that one day, he suddenly went mad and started attacking people with a knife. But because he once saved the old master, Timothy decided to take him in and house him in the West Garden to take care of him in his final years. No one is allowed to get close to him, to protect everyone’s safety.”

Zahra seemed genuinely afraid, pleading, “Please, Caitlin, you can’t go there!”

The more they forbade her from entering, the more suspicious Caitlin became.

An old butler might know something valuable about her grandmother.

“Zahra, why can’t outsiders go in? What exactly is in that place?” Caitlin asked again.

“I’ve heard that Eleanor used to live there when she was young,” she added, pressing. “I really need to see it for myself.”

“Caitlin, you don’t know... Billy, he’s not someone you should be near. He’s unpredictable. I can’t risk it,” Zahra said, her voice trembling.

Understanding Zahra’s fear but also knowing she had to get inside, Caitlin smiled slightly. “I won’t get you into trouble. Just give me the key and say you misplaced it, and I found it. Please.”

Zahra hesitated. Caitlin then grabbed her cold hands and looked at her with pleading eyes. “Zahra, please help me. I need to know what happened.”

“No, I can’t. I’m just a servant, and I have my family to look after. If I give you the key, I could be in real trouble...” Zahra’s eyes filled with tears as she *spoke*.

Caitlin understood Zahra’s worries. She softened her tone and comforted her. “Alright, I won’t ask you for the key. But I need you to do one thing for me.”

“What is it?”

“If anyone asks you whether you gave **me** the key, *you* have to say yes,”

Though Zahra didn't understand why Caitlin asked her to say **that**, she nodded and agreed.

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After parting ways with Zahra, Caitlin set off for the West Garden.

On her way, she contacted Sebastian, who confirmed they had been assigned elsewhere for dinner. He and James would come **to meet her** after their meal.

Caitlin passed through the garden, walking west until she reached the walled compound, the very place that had been locked **up**.

Did they really think a lock could stop her?

Caitlin smiled to herself. She had a way in.

She pulled out a thin wire and began working on the lock. In no time, the lock clicked open.

Quietly, she pushed the door and stepped inside, her heart pounding with curiosity.

The scenery inside was nothing like what she expected. Instead of being overgrown and abandoned, it was well-kept, with everything arranged neatly and full of life.

There were large patches of irises, their purple flowers in full bloom. A breeze blew through, making the flowers sway like butterflies in flight.

This reminded her of the Thompson Residence in the US, where her grandmother had once grown irises because she loved them so much.

Caitlin continued walking deeper into the garden. Ahead of her stood a house, with various ornamental potted plants placed around it.

The whole place didn't seem like the residence of a mentally unstable person at all.

In the center of the garden was a large water vat, with water flowing in a cycle. Inside, beautiful goldfish swam.

Caitlin reached out and gently touched a wind chime hanging near the water. It rang out with a crisp sound.

But just then, she heard a low growl from behind.

She slowly turned around to see a large, menacing dog baring its teeth at her, issuing a threat with its growls.

“Woof!”

With a loud bark, the dog lunged at Caitlin...

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Caitlin’s heart skipped a beat as she realized the danger she was in. She quickly turned and bolted, running away from the vicious dog that

was chasing her.

The large wolfdog was relentless, barking and snapping, clearly intent on tearing her apart. Caitlin ran further into the yard, trying to find a way to escape the dog’s attack. She had to find a way to get rid of it.

But the dog wasn’t giving up. It was fiercely protecting the yard, and with every step Caitlin took, it continued to chase her, barking ferociously as if determined to not stop until it had tom her to pieces.

After running for what felt like ages, Caitlin tripped on a branch, falling hard to the ground.

“Woof... woof...”

The wolfdog saw her fall and lunged at her, but just as it was about to snap at her neck, a sharp command rang out from a distance. “Tiger!

Stop!”

The wolfdog, called Tiger, immediately halted in its tracks at the sound of its master’s command.

Caitlin’s whole body tensed, feeling the sharpness of the dog’s breath just inches from her neck, its teeth almost sinking into her skin. But miraculously, it obeyed the command, stepping back from her and running back to its owner, tail wagging, as if it had never been a threat.

Caitlin, her heart still racing, slowly got up, taking great care to not make any sudden movements. She turned her head cautiously, spotting a figure in the distance.

An elderly man, with messy, pale hair and a long white beard, was standing near the dog, gently patting its head. The man’s clothes were worn, and he looked disheveled, yet there was a sense of peace as he comforted the dog.

Could this man be the so-called “madman” they had mentioned—the former butler of The Yuncey Family?

“Billy?” Caitlin called out, unsure if she should approach.

The old man heard his name and turned, his cold, piercing eyes narrowing as he looked at her. His voice was sharp, and he barked, “Who are you? Why are you here? *Get* out!”

Billy did not like anyone disturbing the space, acting like a guardian of the garden.

“Woof... woof...”

Tiger growled again, sensing its master’s displeasure, and began to lunge at Caitlin again.

“*Stop!* Go back to your spot!” Billy shouted, grabbing the collar of the dog and pulling it back toward the doghouse, firmly tying it up again.

The old man was clearly agitated, not wanting *to* interact with anyone. But Caitlin, sensing that there was something more beneath his behavior, didn’t leave. She decided to try talking to him.

After a few more steps, Billy stopped and turned to face her. “You’re still here? Didn’t I tell you to leave? Why are you following me?”

“I don’t mean any harm, Billy. I just want to look around. I heard that this was where my grandmother used to live,” Caitlin explained.

“My grandmother?” Billy’s eyes widened as he stared at her, his confusion turning to recognition. He studied her closely **before his eyes grew** even wider in disbelief.

“You... You... You are...” Billy stuttered, his voice trembling as he struggled

to

put the pieces together.

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“**I’m Caitlin.** Eleanor was my grandmother. Do you know her?”

“**Ah...** the young lady...” Billy’s voice cracked, and tears welled up in his eyes as he looked at Caitlin, overwhelmed with emotion.

Seeing the striking resemblance between Caitlin and Eleanor, Billy collapsed, clutching his head in his hands, shaking uncontrollably. His body crumpled to the ground, clearly in distress.

“Billy... Billy, what’s wrong?” Caitlin rushed over, supporting the elderly man as he collapsed.

Billy was in a daze, muttering incoherently as Caitlin carefully helped him sit on a nearby chair. She tried to calm him, urging him to breathe steadily.

“Go... go away... don’t come back...” Billy murmured weakly, urging her to leave.

But Caitlin wasn’t about to walk away now. She felt more certain than ever that Billy knew something—something about what had happened to her grandmother.

Elsewhere, Carmen had already confirmed from Zahra that Caitlin had taken the key and entered the West Garden. Seeing an opportunity, she rushed to Timothy to report the incident.

“Grandfather, a servant just reported that someone has illegally entered the West Garden.”

“What?” Timothy’s eyes widened, his authority as the head of the family being challenged. He slammed his fist on the table in anger.

“Grandfather, someone has broken your order. You should go and check yourself!” Carmen urged, trying to fuel his anger.

With Carmen’s insistence, a large group of The Yuncey Family members followed Timothy to the West Garden.

When they arrived, they found the gate to the garden open. Timothy’s brow furrowed deeply, and he commanded, “Butler! Get in there and bring the intruder out!”

“Yes, sir!” Forrest, The Yuncey Family’s current butler, led a group of servants into the garden to search.

Carmen and her mother exchanged a look of satisfaction. They were waiting to see Caitlin’s downfall. No matter who it was, even if Caitlin was a guest, breaking the family’s rule would lead to punishment.

The rest of the family watched with curiosity, eager to see who had dared to enter the forbidden West Garden. After all, it was home to the old madman and his vicious dog.

Soon, the sound of the dog barking fiercely echoed from inside. Then, everyone could hear Billy yelling at the servants and butler who were trying to approach.

“Get out of here! If you don’t, I’ll kill you...”

Billy had been sitting quietly for a long time, but when Forrest and the others arrived, he grabbed a pair of gardening shears and threatened

to attack them.

“Ah... help...!”

Forrest and the servants were chased all over the garden, terrified of Billy's unpredictable behavior. They searched the area but **found** no one. After a frantic search, they quickly retreated from the garden.

"Master, we didn't find anyone. Billy is alone in there. He's very angry and even picked up a pair of scissors, threatening **to kill us... Forrest** reported, still shaken from the encounter.

Timothy's face darkened in anger as he turned to Carmen. "No one else was **found**? You said someone **entered the garden, but no one is**

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here?"

Carmen panicked. "Grandfather, I didn't lie! It was Caitlin! She didn't listen to advice and went into the garden anyway! She must be hiding **in** there! You can ask Zahra—she can confirm it!"

Timothy, skeptical of Carmen's claims, replied, "Bring Zahra here."

Zahra quickly arrived and stood before Timothy. "Sir?"

“Did you give Caitlin the key? Did she go into the garden?” Timothy asked sharply.

“No, sir, the key is with me. Is something wrong?” Zahra asked, holding up the key in her hand.

Carmen, seeing the key in Zahra’s hand, was stunned. “What? How is that possible? Zahra, didn’t *you* give Caitlin the key?”

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Zahra remained calm, her eyes lowered respectfully, “Why would you say

that? I never gave the key to Caitlin, and she **never asked me for it**

Carmen was shocked, her eyes nearly popping out of their sockets as she sharply demanded, “Zahra! What did Caitlin promise **you? Are you** helping her hide the truth? If you weren’t working with her, how else would the gate to the West Garden be open?”

“I truly don’t know anything about it!” Zahra’s voice shook as she tried to explain, her eyes filling with tears as she dropped to her knees **in** front of Timothy. “Master, I have served The Yuncey Family for so many years, you know my character. How could I ever break your orders?”

“Enough, Zahra, I trust you.” Timothy was quick to help Zahra up, his belief in her unwavering.

“Grandfather, she’s lying to you! She’s lying! Don’t believe her! It’s all Caitlin’s plan... She’s the one behind this!” Carmen refused to let **it go**. She had already set the trap, and now her people had seen Caitlin go to Zahra to ask for the key and enter the West Garden.

Timothy’s voice suddenly became cold. “Enough! What does this have to do with Caitlin?”

Carmen was caught off guard, a shock running through her. Just then, Caitlin walked in, with Sebastian and James following closely behind. “Timothy!” she called out, her voice calm and composed.

Everyone turned to look as Caitlin and her two assistants entered from outside the garden.

“I heard you were all in the garden, so I came to check. With so many people here, is something going on?” Caitlin’s room, completely unaffected, as though she were an outsider.

gaze swept over the

Carmen watched in astonishment as Caitlin entered from the outside. “Caitlin, tell the truth! You went to Zahra, got the key, and opened the gate to the West Garden, right? You opened the lock!”

Caitlin smiled coldly. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I heard from Cynthia that there’s someone who might kill. Why would I want to go in? I wasn’t even interested.”

a

possibly dangerous person living here,

“And let me ask you this, Carmen,” Caitlin continued, her voice sharp. “After I left Timothy’s study, you sought me out. You told me that the West Garden was where my grandmother used to live, encouraging me to go there, even reminding me that Zahra had the key. I didn’t believe you, and I never asked Zahra for the key. I only went to her to ask where my two assistants were. So how could I have opened the

door to the West Garden?”

“You set the trap for me, opened the door in advance, and then called Timothy and everyone else to come it to frame me? Is this because I ruined your little release event earlier? Are you still holding a grudge, Carmen?”

Caitlin’s words hit hard, flipping the situation entirely. Carmen was left speechless.

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Cynthia quickly added, “Yes, yes, Dad. I accompanied Caitlin around The Yuncey Family’s garden earlier, and I told her about all the rules. Caitlin would never make such a basic mistake.”

After hearing these explanations, Timothy couldn’t deny the truth any longer. He shot a sharp glare at Carmen, his voice heavy with disappointment. “Carmen, how could you hold such a petty grudge and scheme like this?”

“I... I didn’t... Grandpa...” Carmen’s tears were flowing as she clung to his arm in an attempt to explain

But Timothy wasn’t so easily swayed. His keen mind saw everything clearly. “Enough! It’s you who stirred this up, so **you take responsibility!** Today, it’s over. Go **to** your room and reflect on your actions.”

Timothy, **still** fond of Carmen for her usual cleverness, chose to let her **off** lightly. But he was deeply **disappointed that she had tried to frame**

Caitlin.

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“Timothy is just a lesson enough? Breaking the ban of the West Garden is a serious offense!” Greta interjected, **looking worried for her daughter.**

“She opened the gate to the West Garden, and set up an elaborate plot to harm me, this is even worse!” Caitlin added, her voice **cutting** through the tension like a knife. “Is one little reprimand enough? The Yuncey Family’s rules shouldn’t be a joke, right?”

Caitlin’s words hit hard, and even Sebastian and James stood by, arms crossed, watching with satisfaction.

“Enough!” Timothy snapped, his patience wearing thin. “Carmen was careless and must accept her punishment. Bring the family discipline here!”

Carmen, terrified, knelt before Timothy. “Grandfather, please! I won’t do it again! I’m sorry, please don’t punish *me*...”

Timothy remained unmoved, but Greta, seeing her daughter’s distress, tried to intercede. “Father, do we really need to use family discipline? Carmen understands her mistake!”

But before Quill could speak up, Timothy raised his voice sharply. “You defend her when she makes mistakes. How will she ever learn responsibility if you keep covering for her? She’s thirty years old, not a child, and still makes these childish errors!”

Timothy had no choice but to enforce the punishment, his pride and disappointment weighing heavily on him.

Soon, the family discipline arrived. Carmen was already a mess, crying uncontrollably. Timothy ordered Forrest to carry out the punishment.

Forrest, holding a whiplash with engraved symbols, took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry," before delivering the first strike to Carmen's

back.

"Ahhh..." Carmen screamed in pain, the sound echoing through the garden.

The women in the family couldn't bear to watch, many of them turning away. Cynthia, on the other hand, seemed to relish the sight, a malicious grin on her face as she hoped for more punishment.

Timothy said nothing, and Forrest didn't hesitate, delivering several more lashes. After seven or eight strikes, Carmen's face had gone pale, and her *cries* grew weaker.

At that moment, Caitlin spoke up. "Stop!"

Forrest froze, his whip still raised, but not yet striking. Carmen, trembling, realized that she had narrowly escaped another blow.

The onlookers turned toward Caitlin, who now faced Timothy. “Timothy, a small punishment is enough. I believe Carmen has learned her lesson and won’t make the same mistake again. To err is human, but to recognize one’s mistakes is even more important. If Carmen can show me the same kindness, I’m sure we can still get along. Right, Carmen?”

Caitlin turned her gaze to Carmen, the smile on her face devoid of warmth. She was making her point clear. If Carmen dared to make trouble again, Caitlin would not hesitate to make her face the consequences.

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Timothy waved **his** hand, signaling Forrest to leave, and then instructed Carmen, “Carmen, Caitlin has already spoken on **your behalf**. **This matter** is over, but don’t repeat this mistake again. Now, apologize to Caitlin and make sure you get along as sisters from **now on**. No more arrogancel”

Having learned her lesson, Carmen didn’t dare to defy him. “I understand... Grandpa...”

She looked up at Caitlin, suppressing the hatred in her heart, and said, “I’m sorry, Caitlin. I was wrong. I realize my mistake. Please forgive me from now on.”

Caitlin waved her hand dismissively. “It’s fine, it’s fine. Greta, please take Carmen back and help her check her injuries. Apply some medicine.”

Greta shot Caitlin a glance, helping her daughter to her feet as they left the West Garden.

The onlookers slowly started to disperse, but Timothy remained behind, and Caitlin saw this as her opportunity.

“Timothy, who exactly is living inside the garden?”

As soon as she finished speaking, Billy appeared in the doorway. Holding a pair of pruning shears, he swung them wildly, muttering curses under his breath. “I’ll cut you... cut you...”

Billy looked completely insane, not at all normal.

Timothy sighed deeply when he saw Billy, explaining, “This man is Billy, our old butler. He lost his sanity some time ago. Fearing that he might hurt someone, I locked him in the West Garden.”

Caitlin nodded and asked again, “So Carmen said my grandmother used to live here—was that true?”

“Yes, your grandmother did live here. But after she left, there isn’t much left in the place,” Timothy replied as he watched the deranged Billy.

Timothy called out to Billy, “Billy, be careful. Don’t hurt yourself.”

Billy ignored him, continuing his chaotic behavior, cutting tree branches recklessly.

Timothy shook his head and ordered someone to lock the gate again and ensure that the area was guarded properly. Once everything was in order, Timothy turned to leave, and Caitlin followed him.

As they walked away, Caitlin took one last glance at the gate. She would be back,

Back at The Yuncey Family’s main house, Greta and Quill took their daughter to their quarters.

Once inside, they shut the door and Greta began *to* examine Carmen’s back, which had several angry blue and purple whip marks. **Seeing th** extent of the damage, she couldn’t help but shed tears.

“Oh, this is *too* much! It’s terrifying to look at!”

Carmen continued **to cry**, muttering through her sobs, “Mom, it’s that woman’s fault... She’s the one who did this **to me....**”

“Enough. Don’t say such things. If your grandfather hears you, you’ll only be in more **trouble.**”

Greta applied some ointment **to** Carmen's wounds, trying to comfort her.

Though Carmen was quiet now, her mind was racing. Every time she thought about Caitlin's alluring face, her hatred flared up. Caitlin had planned everything, trapping her, and now she was the one looking like the fool.

She had pretended to help Caitlin, but it was just to set up a bigger image of her own kindness. Now, **no** one would **suspect Caitlin, and** all

blame would fall on her instead.

Caitlin's strategy was so clever, it was infuriating! Carmen had miscalculated badly.

Though she had learned a lesson, Carmen hadn't genuinely regretted her actions. Instead, she was already thinking of ways to **get back at** Caitlin. She wouldn't let this slide.

Caitlin accompanied Timothy back to The Yuncey Family's main hall. As they walked, Caitlin casually asked, "Timothy, The Yuncey Family's most famous legacy is Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio. Does the studio still exist?"

"Yes. I was planning to tell you about this. Tomorrow morning, let's visit the studio together," Timothy offered, but Caitlin sensed there was more to it than that.

“That sounds great. I was planning to go around Departure City in the afternoon anyway.”

“Do you need someone to accompany you?”

“No, no. I have my assistants with me.”

After Caitlin saw Timothy to his seat, she greeted him and left the main hall.

As soon as she left, Timothy gave a subtle look to one of his subordinates. The man immediately understood and quietly followed her.

The car exited The Yuncey Family gates. James was driving, while Caitlin and Sebastian sat in the back. As soon as they were in the car, Sebastian subtly took Caitlin’s hand.

“The Yuncey Family is shameless. They’re trying to frame you? They really have no self-awareness!” James muttered, glancing at his sister in the rearview mirror.

Caitlin smirked. “I knew the moment Carmen approached me/after I left Timothy’s study that she had something planned. Sure enough, she

did.”

“My wife is too clever for them. She wants to mess with you? She’s asking for trouble,” Sebastian said with a touch of pride.

“By the way, did you find anything when you were inside?” James asked.

“I met Billy. Almost got bitten by his dog. He started off very aggressive, but after I revealed who I was, his reaction was very intense. I think he knows something,” Caitlin replied.

“But Timothy doesn’t want anyone to know, so he’s guarding the place carefully. I’ll need to find another opportunity to visit again.”

Caitlin had already made up her mind, but after what happened today, Timothy would certainly keep a closer eye on the West Garden.

“Alright. So, where are we going now?” James asked again.

“Let’s stop by the police station and check out some case files.”

“Got it.”

James was ready to go wherever Caitlin pointed. But Sebastian interjected, “Let’s get rid of the tail behind **us first.**”

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James noticed the car following them in the rearview mirror. “Alright, hold **on** tight! I’m speeding **up!**”

“**Vroom-**”

James slammed the accelerator, and the car sped up, causing the car tailing them to accelerate as well.

What should have been a quick trip to the nearest police station turned into a detour as James skillfully maneuvered through **the** inner city roads, dodging traffic. After a series of turns, the car behind them was lost in the maze of streets.

Eventually, they arrived at the Departure City police station, where Caitlin, Sebastian, and James went inside.

Officer Shaw greeted them.

“Hello, officer. I need to look up some information related to Eleanor.”

“Who are you to her?”

“Her granddaughter.”

Shaw was taken aback. “You’re Eleanor’s granddaughter? The one reported in the news today?”

The Yuncey Family was always a hot topic for the media, especially the failed new product launch event. Shaw had heard all about the incident, and now Caitlin, the woman who had disrupted the event, was standing before him.

“Yes, officer. I’m Caitlin.”

Shaw was visibly excited. “Alright, alright. What exactly would you like to look up?”

Caitlin explained, “I’d like to request access to any files related to my grandmother, Eleanor. Is it possible to see those records?”

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“I’ll check for you,” Officer Shaw said as he made the request. However, after reviewing Eleanor’s records, he found nothing.

“Caitlin, it seems that during the transition of our police records system, we no longer have data on older cases. The records **that are past the** retention period are no longer kept, and unfortunately, there’s no information we could find. I’m really sorry!”

Caitlin nodded understandingly, “It’s okay. I still appreciate your help, Shaw. I’ll leave my number with you. If any related information surfaces, please contact me right away. Thank you.”

“Of course,” Shaw replied.

Caitlin had a feeling that even if there were records, they might have been deliberately erased. It would be nearly impossible to retrieve **any** information about cases from decades ago through the police.

Leaving the police station, Caitlin made a decision. “Let’s head to the old archives in Departure City.”

“Got it!” James quickly agreed, starting the car to head toward the archive building. On the way, Sebastian received a call from Tyler.

After hanging up, Caitlin asked, “How’s it going? Has Black Hawk spoken yet?”

Sebastian replied, “No, Black Hawk refuses to confess.”

This outcome was expected. Caitlin took a deep breath. “Black Hawk has an obsessive personality. He’ll never tell the truth. Let him face the consequences for his crimes. His time is up.”

“Yes, I’ve already arranged for his extradition back to the U.S. where Felix will handle him,” Sebastian added.

This was the best course of action for now. The U.S. authorities needed to catch Black Hawk and resolve the series of murders, bringing peace back to society.

At the Departure City archive building, Caitlin and her team met the person in charge and requested to look through old newspaper clippings from several decades ago. The elderly archivist asked Caitlin what she was looking for, and when Caitlin gave her name, the archivist looked surprised.

“You’re Eleanor’s granddaughter?” the archivist asked, astonished.

“Yes,” Caitlin replied.

The archivist smiled, revealing a mouthful of missing teeth, his dark bronze skin wrinkled with age. “Oh, I knew your grandmother. She used to come here to read the papers. She was quite a beauty back in the day, just like you.”

Caitlin was taken aback to meet someone who had known her grandmother. “You knew my grandmother?”

“Yes, I did. I remember her well. She came by often, reading the papers, and we’d exchange a few words,” the archivist said with a smile, clearly fond of those memories. “I remember her being just as beautiful as you when she was young.”

Caitlin felt a sense of surprise and gratitude. It was rare to meet someone who had known her grandmother. She was eager *to* hear more.

The archivist continued, “You want to look at newspapers from sixty years ago, right?”

“Yes.”

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“Well, you’d better hurry. The higher-ups recently ordered all old clippings to be sent to the scrap yard for disposal. The forklift is coming today to take them away, so if you’re slow, you might miss it.”

Caitlin was puzzled. Why did they suddenly decide to destroy old records just after she arrived in Departure City?

Was **it** a coincidence or something more deliberate?

She followed the archivist to the old storage warehouse, but they were too late. The forklift had already packed the old newspapers **into large** bundles, pressing them tightly together and loading them onto a truck.

Caitlin sighed, “Looks like we’re too late.”

The archivist shook his head. “Such a pity. It’s really too bad.”

Caitlin didn’t seem discouraged, though. She looked at the elderly man and realized that, even though the papers were gone, this man could still be a valuable source of information. He was an old living archive, having known her grandmother and possibly knowing more about the past of The Yuncey Family.

She followed the archivist back, but instead of leaving, she went to his modest home to speak with him.

The elderly man, Miller, was living alone in a simple, dimly lit house. He didn’t have much, but he was still working at the archive out **of** necessity, earning just a little bit each month.

Caitlin sat down on a bamboo chair and began chatting with him. From their conversation, she learned that Miller had no children, and after retiring, he continued to guard the archives for many years.

“Miller, do you remember any major events related to The Yuncey Family from sixty years ago? I heard my grandmother went missing. That should have made the news, right?”

Miller nodded. “Yes, they published a missing person notice for your grandmother when she disappeared.”

“Before my grandmother disappeared, did you know her well?”

“Not very well. She used to come by the news office often, and I’d see her, talk to her a few times. She was a dignified woman. I was just a young man working at the paper back then, so I only admired her from afar. I didn’t dare get too close.”

Miller seemed a bit embarrassed as he spoke. He had been a young, nameless man while Eleanor was already a distinguished lady.

“Miller, could you tell me more about The Yuncey Family from back then? What were things like before my grandmother disappeared? What happened?”

“Well... I’m afraid I can’t say much.”

“Why not?”

“People who wrote about The Yuncey Family’s past, whether **in** county history or speculative novels, all ended up dying mysteriously. **They** say it’s a curse. That’s why, in Departure City, no one dares to talk about The Yuncey Family’s past. I don’t really know either.”

Caitlin was shocked. The Yuncey Family’s past was so mysterious? So dangerous that it couldn’t even be discussed?

Despite her pressing questions, Miller wouldn’t say anything further. Caitlin decided **to** leave but made sure to give him **a gift as thanks**.

James and Sebastian arrived with a basket of fruit, cigars, and wine, placing it on the ground.

“Please, don’t do this,” Miller said, clearly touched by the gesture. “I didn’t expect such kindness from you.”

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“It’s nothing, really. Take care, Miller. We’ll be on our way now,” Caitlin said, as she, Sebastian, and James prepared to leave.

After they left, Miller noticed that, hidden inside the fruit basket, there was also a roll of cash. His eyes welled up as he realized **that**, despite his old age and obscurity, someone cared about him.

He hurried out, calling after them, “Wait!”

Caitlin paused and turned around to see the elderly man approaching her.

“You’re just as kind as your grandmother,” Miller said, wiping away tears. “Though I don’t know where she went, I can tell you that there was someone else who disappeared with her.”

“Who?” Caitlin asked, shocked.

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“The second uncle of your grandmother.”

Miller glanced around to ensure no one else was nearby before he continued, “Since she disappeared with her second uncle, there were a **lot** of nasty rumors circulating—things like elopement and even incest. The Yuncey Family issued warnings, telling people that **anyone who** discussed it privately would be held accountable. But I always believed your grandmother; she wasn’t that kind of person.”

Caitlin was stunned by the information. She nodded, “I understand now, Miller. Thank *you* for telling me.”

After leaving the archives, the group got into the car, and Caitlin continued to reflect on the recent revelation.

“My grandmother’s second uncle—doesn’t that mean he was Timothy’s father?”

“Yes.”

“He disappeared with my grandmother? I’ve never heard of that. Timothy never told me; instead, he said my mother ran away with another

man.”

Caitlin was piecing together the clues, and it became increasingly clear that Timothy had hidden the truth from her...

Sebastian spoke up, “It’s understandable. He wouldn’t want to spread rumors about his own father. The Yuncey Family is all about their public image, and they wouldn’t want these kinds of rumors getting out.”

Caitlin nodded. “But my grandmother and her second uncle definitely had no such relationship. She loved my grandfather, Walter.”

“Yes, there’s definitely more to this story, and it’s something we’ll need to investigate further. Perhaps understanding this mystery is the key to finding your mother.”

“Exactly. My mother’s disappearance is likely part of this conspiracy too. You and Harrison could take the opportunity to investigate the Yuncey Family buildings and see if there’s a secret room or something hidden.”

“Got it.”

Their next destination was the home of Yordan, the former private lawyer for The Yuncey Family. Caitlin had already located his address through a private detective. He lived in a quaint town outside of Departure City called Fragrance Town.

Following the directions, they arrived at the charming, old-fashioned town.

“This is the road ahead!” Caitlin said, confirming the address. James turned the car around the corner.

Ahead of them, they saw a calm lake, with a small villa with white walls and red tiles reflecting in the water. The view was peaceful and picturesque.

Yordan, now retired, had chosen to live here, which seemed like a good choice for his later years.

But as they got closer to the villa, they noticed an ambulance parked downstairs. When they got out of the car, they saw medical staff carrying a stretcher out of the house,

On the stretcher lay an elderly man—Yordan, no doubt. The medical team quickly loaded him into the ambulance, and two younger family members accompanied him.

Caitlin, Sebastian, and James exchanged surprised looks. “What a coincidence! As soon as we arrive, Yordan ends **up** in the hospital?”

Standing at the door was an elderly woman with a cane, watching the ambulance leave.

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Caitlin **approached** the woman and greeted her, “**Good** day, madam.”

The woman looked at Caitlin and her companions, puzzled. “You are...?”

“We’re from The Yuncey Family. Yordan is your husband, right?”

“**Yes**, you’re from The Yuncey Family? Oh, what’s the matter?”

“We were actually looking for Yordan,” Caitlin explained.

The elderly woman sighed, “That’s unfortunate. My husband had a heart attack today. You saw for yourselves, the ambulance took him

away.”

“It’s alright, I just wanted to ask you a few questions.”

“What do you want to ask?”

“Do you know anything about The Yuncey Family’s incident 60 years ago? The disappearance of people?”

The moment the old woman heard the question, her expression shifted. A look of panic crossed her face.

“I don’t know anything! Please don’t ask me... I don’t know anything...”

With that, she turned and hobbled inside, closing the door behind her.

Caitlin and the others were left outside, unsure whether to force their way in or leave it for now. They decided to leave and try again later.

As they drove back, Caitlin thought about the old woman's panicked reaction. Her brows furrowed. "It seems that the subject of what happened back then is still a sensitive one. That only confirms that it was something serious."

"Yes, I even think Yordan's heart attack might not be a coincidence. Could it be that someone warned him beforehand, and that triggered his heart attack?" Sebastian speculated.

"If that's the case, it means our every move is being watched. They've figured *out* what we want to investigate and are systematically destroying the evidence," Caitlin concluded.

"Most likely, it's Timothy who's pulling the strings. That car that was tailing us this morning is the best proof."

"I have an idea. If they try to follow us again, we could-"

Caitlin shared her plan with the two of them, and both Sebastian and James nodded in agreement. "Alright, let's do it!"

By the time they returned to The Yuncey Family, night had fallen.

They split up in the garden, and Caitlin headed for the living room, where she found Douglas waiting for her.

Douglas greeted her with a smile, “Caitlin, you’re back! I couldn’t find you earlier. Where did you go?”

“I just went out for a bit. Why do you ask?” Caitlin asked casually.

“I heard about what happened earlier. Carmen was in the wrong, and I’m sorry on her behalf. I hope you won’t take it to heart,” **Douglas said**, his gaze lingering on Caitlin, a bit too greedy.

Caitlin instinctively avoided his gaze and took a few steps **into** the room. “It’s fine. I won’t hold it against her. **I’m sure it was just a moment of bad** judgment on her part.”

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“**That’s good to hear. I’m glad. By** the way, I heard you’re going **with my** grandfather to visit **the Fragrance & Dye Studio** tomorrow?”

“Yes, **that’s** right.”

“Great! I’ll be free tomorrow as well. I can come with you to show you around.”

Douglas moved closer, his presence too near for Caitlin’s comfort. A feeling of disgust began to stir in her..

She subtly sidestepped and changed the subject, “I haven’t seen the others. Where are they?”

“They’re all in the dining room, getting ready for dinner. We should join them.”

Caitlin followed Douglas to the dining room, where most of The Yuncey Family had already gathered. Some of them were annoyed **by her late** arrival, but none dared to voice their displeasure openly.

Millie, noticing her husband’s lingering gaze on Caitlin, was visibly displeased.

Just as Caitlin entered, a bowl of hot tea was suddenly splashed in her direction.

She noticed something flying toward her and instinctively raised her hand to shield her face. Still, the hot tea splashed onto her arm and

clothes.

“Oh! I’m so sorry, Caitlin! I didn’t mean to,” Millie quickly apologized, setting down the tea cup.

“Are you okay?” she asked with concern.

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Caitlin shook her arm, trying to get rid of the water from the tea, and looked down at her wet clothes, quickly **pulling at her collar to let them** breathe. The tea was extremely hot, and even through her clothes, **it** stung her skin uncomfortably. Her fair **skin turned bright red where the tea** had splashed..

“**I’m** fine, but I don’t understand why Millie would do that,” Caitlin said, raising her cold gaze and fixing it on the woman before her. **She had** already seen through Millie’s little trick and wanted to ask why Millie was targeting her. Was she doing it on Carmen’s behalf **to get at her?**

Douglas, seeing the trouble his wife caused, glanced at Caitlin’s red arm and scolded Millie, “Millie, how could you be so careless? Look **what** you’ve done to Caitlin.”

“Sorry, I was just trying to pour a new cup of tea and didn’t see Caitlin coming in. Oh no, your clothes are wet, and your skin is red. I’m so sorry. Let me take you to change into something else and put some ointment on it, okay?” Millie said, clearly trying to play the innocent.

Caitlin saw through the act and couldn’t help but think: Millie truly is a white lotus—appearing pure while scheming underneath. If she dared to provoke her, Caitlin would find a chance to get back at her!

The news of Caitlin’s return reached Timothy’s ears. He instructed, “Caitlin’s back, prepare dinner!”

“Yes, sir!”

A lavish dinner was served, and everyone took their seats to eat. Caitlin noticed that Carmen was absent, probably due to her injuries from the whipping earlier.

As they ate, conversation resumed. Because Caitlin had broken the rules earlier, no one cared much about speaking freely during the meal, including Timothy.

Millie, feeling a sense of triumph after her little scheme succeeded, was in a good mood, and she wore an air of satisfaction during dinner. When her eyes met Caitlin’s, she slightly tempered her behavior, making sure to appear courteous. She used the serving chopsticks to pick **up**

food for Caitlin.

“Caitlin, try this dish, it’s a local delicacy from Departure City that you can’t get anywhere else.”

Caitlin tasted the food, “Mmm, it’s delicious. Thank you, Millie, You’ve been so kind to me, I should return the favor.” Caitlin got up and place some food on Millie’s plate in return.

“Thank you, thank you! Caitlin is so sweet,” Millie said as she smiled and ate the food Caitlin gave her, blissfully secretly tampered with it.

After dinner, everyone began to leave, and Caitlin escorted Timothy out.

“You don’t have to see me off, you should rest too.”

“Don’t worry, Timothy. I’ll walk you to your place. I still have something to discuss with you.”

Timothy didn’t argue and, after arriving at his residence, asked, “What do you need to discuss?”

“I want to talk about my mother.”

unaware that Caitlin had

Caitlin sat down beside Timothy. He looked at her and calmly asked, “Yes, since now, you’ve never really talked **about** your mother. **What** happened to her?”

Caitlin coldly scoffed, “Timothy, do you really not know what happened to my mother?”

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I truly don’t know.”

“**My mother** passed away four years ago, but she wasn’t actually dead. She was kidnapped by someone named Black Hawk. I’m **sure you le familiar** with him, Timothy.”

Timothy’s brow furrowed, his expression showing a hint of surprise.

Before Timothy could deny it, Caitlin showed him a photo. “This is Black Hawk. He tried to attack me, but I captured him. From his words, **I** learned he worked for The Yuncey Family. Timothy, he’s one of your men, isn’t he?”

Although Black Hawk hadn’t said anything, Caitlin had intentionally tricked him to see if he would slip up.

Timothy stared at the photo for a moment before nodding, “I know this Black Hawk. He did work for The Yuncey Family in the past. But once his work was done, we lost contact with him. Are you suspecting that your mother’s disappearance is related to me?”

“Is it not related?”

Timothy sighed deeply and swore, “Caitlin, I can swear on my life that your mother’s disappearance has nothing to do with me.”

“Since you say it’s unrelated, then tell me, what was it that you had Black Hawk do for you?”

“Honestly, you know The Yuncey Family is a large organization, and there are certain things that are too sensitive to be handled publicly. The Yuncey Family hired Black Hawk to handle such matters, but it was all limited to Departure City. If you don’t believe me, I can show *you* the receipts for the tasks he completed.”

Timothy turned around and went to his study. He soon returned with a wooden box, inside which were a stack of receipts.

“Here, these are the receipts Black Hawk handed over after completing his tasks. They all bear his signature.”

Caitlin skeptically picked up the receipts and glanced through them. They were task receipts from several years ago, when Black Hawk was still a member of the Moro organization. The tasks listed were all related to disputes involving The Yuncey Family and individuals in Departure City. There was no mention of any international work or tasks in other countries.

James had once mentioned that his encounter with Black Hawk had happened within V Country as well.

Could it be that after Black Hawk left Moro, his new private employers were someone else?

But these receipts alone weren't enough to prove anything. Who knew if Timothy had hidden something?

Still, his explanation seemed plausible and well-crafted.

Caitlin, uncertain whether Timothy was truly unaware or deliberately evading, decided to press on.

“Okay, let's drop the Black Hawk issue. Then, I want to ask, does The Yuncey Family possess the full ‘Yun's Aromatic Codex?’”

Timothy didn't hide anything, “Yes, the second part of the ‘Yun's Aromatic Codex‘ is in my possession. I've been trying to find **the first part so** we can revive The Yuncey Family Fragrance Garments. But the first part is still missing. Caitlin, did your grandmother or mother pass **down** the first part to you?”

“They did.”

Timothy's eyes shone with excitement at her words, "Really? Caitlin, can you give me the first part? Studying Fragrance **Garments** and restoring The Yuncey Family's legacy is my lifelong dream. Our Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio has been waiting **for this** day!"

"I'm afraid I can't give it to you."

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"Why not?"

"I burned it."

"Burned it?"

Timothy stood up from his chair, shock and disbelief written all over his face. "Why would you burn the codex? Do you know...?"

Timothy's face was filled with pain as though he had been deeply wounded.

“It was just an old book. I figured as long as the names of the spices and the dyeing methods were written down, it wouldn’t matter,” Caitlin said nonchalantly.

But Timothy looked as if he might vomit blood, “How could you burn it? Do you know that the codex contains...?”

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Timothy started to speak but quickly realized he had let something slip. He abruptly stopped himself.

“What is it, Timothy? What’s hidden in it?” Caitlin asked, staring at the old man, watching his face as it shifted through various expressions.

Ah, looks like you finally let something slip!

“Nothing... there’s nothing.” Timothy stammered, clearly trying to cover his tracks.

His heart felt as though it was bleeding—how could she have burned something so important? But, Timothy wasn’t about to take her word for it; this girl was far too crafty.

“I’ll take a guess. Is it like the rumors say? Is there a treasure map hidden in the codex? Is that why everyone wants it? They think it’s the key to finding the royal treasure?” Caitlin asked, her voice tinged with sarcasm.

Timothy stared at her in shock, his mouth opening slightly but not denying it.

Caitlin went on, “But Timothy, look at how old you are, 88 years old. You’re practically buried in the ground already. Even if you did find the treasure, do you really have the strength to go after it? I’d believe you more if you told me where you want to be buried after you die.”

Caitlin’s words were harsh, yet so cleverly phrased that it felt like a sharp slap without a single swear word.

“You little brat, your mouth is as venomous as ever,” Timothy growled. His face, already worn with age, turned pale with embarrassment. People his age most feared being reminded of their impending death.

“I’m just sharp-tongued; some people, however, are more vicious—both in heart and hand! And honestly, do you really think the future generations of The Yuncey Family need to go dig up some royal tomb? With your family’s status and power, surely you don’t need to bother with such things?”

Caitlin moved closer, making Timothy uncomfortable, his eyes darting away as she stared at him intently. “There are no secrets, it’s just a bunch of rumors. No matter what you believe, reviving Fragrance Garments has always been my goal.”

“Well, if your goal is the same as my grandmother’s, then we are working toward the same thing. Timothy, could you let me see the second part of the codex?” Caitlin asked.

Timothy paused for a moment *before* getting up. “Wait here.”

He returned shortly with a box and opened it. Inside was the “Yun’s Aromatic Codex,” its worn, old letterin

it, but Timothy stopped *her*. “*You* need to wear gloves.”

He handed her a pair of rubber gloves, and after she put them on, she carefully flipped open the

standing out. Caitlin reached for

The second part continued from the first, which dealt with collecting and drying spices; the second part detailed the methods for dyeing fabrics. Only when the two parts are combined can Fragrance Garments be created.

But as Caitlin examined it, something seemed off. “Timothy, this isn’t the real codex, is it? This is

a copy, right?”

She remembered how the original looked and noticed that the paper of the second part was much newer. The content was **also more** disorganized, which didn't fit the style of an ancient manuscript.

Timothy nodded. "Yes, this is the only copy we have. The original was taken by your grandmother years ago."

He circled back **to** the same old excuse—since her grandmother was gone, there was no way to track **down the original**.

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Caitlin wasn't so easily fooled. She was even more certain now that the real second part was in Timothy's hands. This **copy was likely just** another decoy, meant to confuse the public.

"This is a dilemma. My grandmother passed away a long time ago, and the only half of the codex I had was burned. You don't have the original, and this copy is full of holes. Looks like The Yuncey Family won't be reviving Fragrance Garments anytime soon. I wonder where **the** real second part could be..." Caitlin sighed, pretending to be troubled.

She could feel that Timothy was trying to deceive her

his version of the codex, just

as

she was attempting to get her hands on the **real**

one.

Timothy was no amateur when it came to deception, but Caitlin could match him. The game was now to see who could act more

convincingly.

There was a brief silence between them before Caitlin do was time to leave. “Alright, Timothy, you should get some rest. I’ll head back-

now.”

Timothy nodded, watching her leave. But just as Caitlin reached the *door*, she stopped and turned. “By the way, Timothy, I heard a rumor. They say someone from The Yuncey Family disappeared along with my grandmother. Who was that person?”

Timothy's face stiffened for a moment. He forced a laugh. "What nonsense! No one from The Yuncey Family disappeared with her. Don't believe in rumors. They're harmful."

"Timothy is right. I'm leaving now!"

Caitlin gave him a cold smile before walking out the door.

Once she was gone, Timothy let out a heavy sigh of relief. Caitlin's questions had nearly boxed him into a corner. This girl was far too clever!

This was exactly Caitlin's strategy—asking questions, repeating them, catching him off guard. That was how she planned to make Timothy

slip.

After leaving the main house, Caitlin ran into someone and nearly bumped into them.

"Watch where you're going!"

The man angrily snapped, but when he saw Caitlin, he froze, clearly startled.

“Sorry about that,” Caitlin replied coldly, nodding as she brushed past him.

The man, still stunned, noticed her scent. He turned and stared at her back, his face showing shock. He quickly ran to catch up with her and stopped her. “Wait a minute.”

“What’s the matter?”

style, with handsome features. His taste was evident in Caitlin took a good look at the man. He was a young man dressed in an the details of his appearance. The luggage tag on his suitcase showed he had just returned from abroad.

elegant

British

Caitlin recognized him—Randall, the *son of* The Yuncey Family’s third branch, a well-known fragrance judge.

“That scent you’re wearing... I think I’ve smelled it somewhere before... Were you in the Paris Fragrance Competition? Are you the perfumer Odessa?”

Randall was visibly excited. He had just returned from France and remembered the scent of Odessa, the perfumer he had **chosen as the best** at that competition. It had stayed with him ever since.

He was known for his “golden nose” in the fragrance world and was the one who recommended Odessa’s **perfumes to The Yuncey Family**.

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He had been searching for Odessa for some time, but now, unexpectedly, he had found her—or so he thought.

“That’s a strange way to approach someone. But you must have made a mistake,” Caitlin said coolly.

“It’s impossible!” Randall insisted. Before he could say anything more, several people came into view from the shadows.

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“Hey, isn’t that Caitlin? Where is she?”

Cynthia was the first to spot Caitlin, walking over with Millie.

“Caitlin, you’re here!”

Millie, noticing Randall beside her, was surprised. “Randall, when did you come back?”

“Just got back,” Randall replied politely, noticing Caitlin’s name being mentioned. He seemed surprised. “Is she Caitlin? Eleanor’s granddaughter?”

He had heard about how The Yuncey Family’s product launch had been disrupted, and Carmen had asked him to contact Odessa to deal **with** the situation. That’s why he had rushed back from France.

“Yes!” Millie added, looking at Caitlin. She smiled warmly and said, “Caitlin, I’m so sorry for accidentally burning you earlier. I’ve brought some ointment for you. You should apply it quickly, don’t want to end up with a scar.”

Millie handed the ointment to Caitlin. Caitlin glanced at it but took it without showing any emotion. “Thanks, Millie.”

“You’re welcome, you’re welcome! You have to apply it three times a day,” Millie insisted, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

Caitlin could easily see through this little game of Millie's. It was a well-played act of pretending to show concern, with Cynthia there as a witness to confirm her good intentions. Caitlin wasn't fooled, though. That ointment might be laced with something harmful—Millie was not to be trusted.

But Caitlin was curious. If Millie ate the food Caitlin had served her earlier, why hadn't anything happened yet?

“Randall, you and Caitlin haven't met yet, let me introduce you...” Millie said, trying to be friendly, but before she could finish her sentence, she suddenly grimaced, clutching her stomach in discomfort. The pain in her abdomen surged, and she couldn't speak.

“What's wrong, Millie? Are you okay?” Randall asked, noticing her change in expression.

Millie waved her hand, forcing herself to suppress the discomfort. “I'm fine... I'm fine... oof-” she groaned, the pain getting worse by the second. She couldn't keep it in anymore.

Just then, Quill, Greta, and Edgar, along with her husband Douglas, walked by. Millie had timed it perfectly to come and confront Caitlin in front of the family, hoping to make herself look like a good wife. But now, she could barely hold herself together.

“Pfft-”

A long, loud fart erupted from Millie, leaving everyone around her in shock.

“Oh my...” Cynthia was the first to cover her nose, disgusted.

Caitlin instinctively took a few steps back, and Randall’s gaze toward her shifted.

“Ugh... I...” Millie tried to explain, but it was too late. The pain in her stomach hit like a tidal wave. Her bowels seemed to have completely given way, and the mess was beyond her control.

The situation became quite embarrassing as Millie lost control in front of everyone. The look on everyone’s face **was** one **of utter revulsion**. Even Douglas, seeing his own wife in such a state, was disgusted.

“Millie, how could you...”

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He wanted to scold her, but the words stuck in his throat—how could anyone publicly embarrass themselves the inst

Millie knew how humiliating it was—especially in front of Caitlin. It was worse than being slapped in the face. She pee wanted to creatin hole, clutching her aching stomach as she stumbled away.

Caitlin, on the other hand, just silently watched. This was the consequence of provoking her sometimes, it's better to let people cribanse

themselves.

"Sorry, my wife has lost control," Douglas muttered, darkly embarrassed, and quickly walked away. Quill and Greta pretended not to see taking another path out of the scene.

"Disgusting! Let's leave now, this place smells awful!" Cynthia pulled Caitlin's arm, guiding her away. By the time Pandall realized **what had** happened, Caitlin and the others had already walked far away.

Back in her room, Caitlin took a shower and laid down to rest.

Late that night, in the stillness of the house, Caitlin sensed her phone vibrating. She got up, walked to the door, and opened it to let the men

outside in.

She and Sebastian had arranged a signal—when he came to find her, he would text her, and she would open the door when she felt the

vibration.

Sebastian slipped into the room, and without wasting time, pulled Caitlin into a tight embrace, pressing her against the door, and kissed her passionately, desperate to ease his longing for her.

The kiss was intense, almost suffocating, before he finally pulled away, his voice low and hoarse. “I heard you got burned. Where’s the

injury?”

Sebastian had learned about it through the servants talking among themselves at The Yuncey Family.

“Left arm, but it’s not that serious,” Caitlin replied.

“Let me see.”

Sebastian switched on his phone’s flashlight, illuminating her arm. The burn marks were clearly visible on her fair skin, a reddish patch

covering part of it.

“Ugh-” Sebastian blew gently on her skin, then pulled out an ointment from his pocket and began to apply it gently. “You need to be careful

from now on.”

“I know,” she replied quietly.

“Go, time to act.”

“Let’s go”

Sebastian didn’t trust Caitlin to go to the West Garden alone, so he decided to accompany her there.

They dressed in dark clothes, blending *into* the night, and headed towards the West Garden.

On the way, they encountered a patrolling servant. They quickly ducked into the shadows, waiting until **the man pass** their way.

ore **continuing** on

Crossing the back garden, they reached the West Garden. From a distance, they could see the lights **on** outside the gates, **with two male**

servants stationed there.

“I’ll go distract them,” Sebastian whispered to Caitlin.

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“**Be** careful.”

“I know,” he replied, already sprinting towards the servants.

The two servants spotted someone running past and yelled, “Did we just see someone? Quick, chase them!”

Sebastian successfully led them away, giving Caitlin a chance to approach the gates. This time, instead of unlocking the door, she chose to scale the wall using a tree nearby.

As soon as her feet touched the ground, the loud barking of the large wolfdog echoed through the garden. The dog sensed **an intruder** and started charging towards her.

“Woof woof...”

The barking was loud and growing closer. In the thick night, Caitlin could see the dog’s black silhouette running toward her. She **had no** choice but to scramble back up the tree and retrace her steps.

As she ran away, she could still hear the dog barking in the distance.

What now?

To get to Billy, she had to deal with that dog first. But tonight, it seemed impossible.

The two servants returned to the West Garden, realizing they hadn’t caught anyone suspicious.

Caitlin hid in her previous spot, waiting until Sebastian came back to find her.

“How’s it going? Didn’t make a move yet?”

“I went in, but the dog was too vicious. It would’ve raised alarm. It’s better to wait for another day.”

“Alright, I’ll think of a way.”

The two returned to the guest room, where Sebastian helped Caitlin inside. She urged him to return quickly to avoid being noticed.

But Sebastian wouldn’t leave. Once inside, he pulled her close. “Caitlin, I’m hungry…”

“You didn’t eat dinner?”

“I did, but I’m still hungry.”

In the darkness, his eyes sparkled with a heated intensity as his warm breath surrounded her.

Comment

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No Ads

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Caitlin wasn't sure exactly when the man left, but when he did, she had already fallen into a deep sleep.

The next morning, as Caitlin entered the dining room, she overheard some servants reporting to Timothy about the suspicious person who had appeared in the West Garden last night.

"Did you manage to track down who it was?" Timothy asked..

"No, the person was too fast, we couldn't catch up with them," the male servant explained.

"Any other findings? Did the night patrol notice anything unusual?"

"Only the wolfdog in the West Garden kept barking. The night patrol didn't find anything strange"

"Alright, you may leave."

Timothy was speculating about who might have entered the West Garden last night when Caitlin walked in, “Good morning, Timothy

Timothy glanced up at her, then asked, “Caitlin, did you sleep well last night?”

“Very well, I slept through the night.”

Caitlin looked well-rested, her makeup neat and her energy vibrant, as though she had slept soundly.

Timothy didn't press the issue further and instructed for breakfast to be served.

After breakfast, Caitlin followed Timothy as they prepared to head to Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio.

Sebastian and James joined them. Despite Sebastian barely sleeping the night before, he looked energetic, as though he had an endless supply of energy. James, aware of what Sebastian had been up to the previous night, warned him not to damage his sister's reputation again, though he didn't push it further. He simply wondered if sex was really that exciting.

Other than them, Randall, whom Caitlin had just met, was also joining the group.

Douglas had originally planned to go but had to take his wife to the hospital this morning due to her drama the night before. Carmen, still

with the whip marks, insisted on tagging along as well. Her injury wasn't too severe; after applying some ointment, she was able to endure.

Knowing that Caitlin was visiting Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio today, Carmen couldn't afford to miss the opportunity. The future of the studio had to be in the hands of their branch of the family, not Caitlin's.

"Caitlin."

Randall spotted Caitlin and approached with a hint of excitement in his eyes, greeting her first. Caitlin, as always, responded with her usual

calm demeanor.

Sebastian noticed Randall's gaze lingered on Caitlin, his eyes clearly showing a different kind of interest. Turning to James, he asked curiously, "Who is this guy? I've never seen him before."

"He's probably Randall, just returned from France."

"Annoying," Sebastian's eyes narrowed slightly.

“Tell me about it,” James added, “he keeps staring at Caitlin, and now he’s getting too close, sniffing around **like a dog. What’s his deal?**”

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Not liking what he saw, James quickly stepped forward, pushing Randall aside **to** protect his sister, Sebastian followed. positionin **firmly** next **to** Caitlin, his cold stare fixed on Randall.

Feeling the pressure from both men’s intimidating glares, Randall frowned, confused by the hostility directed his way, I don’t owe you tu anything, right?”

When it was time to get into the car, Caitlin was supposed to ride with Timothy. However, Carmen jumped in ahead, stepping **on** Cardin’s shoe deliberately, pretending not to notice.

“Caitlin, sorry, I’d like to sit with Grandpa. Can you take the car behind?”

Caitlin smoothly pulled her foot back, noticing the white marks left on her black shoe.

Instead of causing a scene, she nonchalantly slapped Carmen’s back. “Sure, Carmen, how’s your injury? Shouldn’t you be resting at **home!**

“Ugh...” Carmen’s face twisted in pain, realizing Caitlin was deliberately poking at her. Still, she had no choice but to **smile through her** discomfort. “I’m fine, no need to rest.”

“Alright, let’s get going!” Caitlin smirked, turning and heading for the car behind.

Carmen, trembling with pain, glared at Caitlin’s retreating figure, wishing she could kick her across the room. “Just wait, Caitlin. I’ll **make you** pay for this!”

“Would you mind if I sit with you?” Randall excitedly asked, wanting to ride in the same car as Caitlin.

Before he could finish, Sebastian and James quickly got into the car. Sebastian took the seat beside Caitlin, while James slid **into the front** passenger seat, leaving no room for Randall.

With no other option, Randall begrudgingly took the third car, hoping to have a chance to talk to Caitlin along the way, but that **didn’t**

happen.

On the drive, Caitlin asked Sebastian, “Is everything arranged?”

“Done.”

“Great!”

Caitlin didn't say much else. Today, she had an important task to complete!

Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio was located by the largest lake in Departure City, surrounded by green mountains, clear waters, and a blue sky. The picturesque view reflected the studio's once-thriving grandeur.

As their car made its way along the lakeside road, they finally arrived at the studio's premises.

Everyone got out of the car, and Caitlin looked up at the studio's gate, which displayed the royal inscription. She **couldn't help but feel a mix** of emotions—once a grand hub, it now seemed to have fallen into decline.

The studio, now protected as a historical site, had become a tourist attraction and a popular spot for **photo** preserved, but the interiors were off-limits to the public.

building **had been**

Timothy ordered the gates to be opened. As they crossed the threshold, Caitlin was struck by the scale **of the place. The architecture was** ancient, and the space was vast, though the passage **of** time had left its mark with heavy weathering.

Inside, Timothy began to explain the structure and the functions of various areas. **In a central courtyard, they came upon large dyeing vats.**

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“Caitlin, look. These are the dye vats from before.”

Caitlin approached and, along with everyone else, observed the vats. The remaining dye stains in the **vats**, mixed with rainwater, are cit musty, foul smell.

At this point, Carmen, who was standing behind Caitlin, suddenly had an idea. While everyone else was distracted listening to Timothy explain the history of the studio, she stealthily reached out to Caitlin’s back.