

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 381

“Hmph...”

Caitlin let out a cold, mocking laugh directed squarely at Carmen’s ignorance.

Randall, on the other hand, was now completely convinced of his instincts: Caitlin was ddessa. Without a doubt,

“So the mysterious perfumer, Ms. Odessa... was you all along? My god, I can’t believe it

Douglas looked at Caitlin with a mix of awe and delight, his gaze lingering with a touch of greed.

But Carmen was the one who completely lost it. It all clicked in her head, and she glared at **Caitlin** with a look of betrayal. “I get it now I get everything! Caitlin, you scheming little snake! This was all part of your setup, wasn’t it? You planned everything just to lure us in!”

In Carmen’s mind, she **was** convinced Caitlin had first seduced her cousin **Randall**, used his recommendation to get into the Yuncey family’s business, then ruined the Fragrance Garments launch on purpose.

To her, it was all a conspiracy.

“Carmen, have you been watching too many

many conspiracy thrillers? You think everyone’s plotting something”

Caitlin curled her lips in amusement. “But you’re wrong this time. My collaboration with the Yuncey Group started six months ago. Back then, I didn’t even know I had any connection to the Yuncey family. It was just a coincidence.”

“Oh, spare me! You really think I’ll believe that?”

Carmen’s face darkened with rage. The thought of being played by Caitlin made her blood boil.

“Believe it or don’t

don’t—I honestly **don’t care.**”

Caitlin shrugged, done wasting breath

As her cousins stared at her in astonishment, Carmen suddenly slammed a contract down in front of her. “Fine! If you’re Odessa, then you leaked confidential information and violated the contract. That’s breach of agreement—tenfold compensation!”

Carmen had no intention of offering Caitlin a position at the Yuncey family’s fragrance company. She just wanted her out—out of the family, out of their business, out of everything.

To Carmen, Caitlin was chaos incarnate.

“I refuse,” Caitlin said coldly.

Carmen sneered. “Refuse? This **is** a legal document. If you don’t comply, I’ll sue you on behalf of the Yuncey Group. See you in court”

**Bang!”

Caitlin slapped the table and stood up, her presence suddenly overpowering.

“I refuse because I didn’t breach anything. No breach—no compensation.”

“What do you mean you didn’t breach the contract? You sabotaged the Fragrance Garments launch, pretended to be Odessa’s friend, **and** exposed trade secrets. That’s **breach**

“Alright. **You** want to talk contract law? **Let’s** talk.”

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Caitlin folded her arms, her voice sharp and steady. “First, I am Odessa. I’m not an outsider explained my own work—there was no leak

“Second, the formula I created was flawless. The issue was with “you” and the Yuncey Group—using the fragrance to create a fake Fragrance Garments brand. You missed the product and committed **fraud**.

“Third, I disrupted your launch because you were committing fraud. That is a moral stand. Your entire Fragrance Garments event was in direct violation of the contract.

“If you **really** take this to court, you might not win. Because no court is going to support fraud.

“And Fragrance Garments? You’ve tainted the Yancey family’s name. Meanwhile, I—I’m the rightful heir to Tun’s Fragrance & Dye Studio!”

Caitlin’s voice rang out like thunder, **each** word hitting its mark. Carmen was stunned into silence, her face pale as she sank back into her chair, trembling with anger and humiliation.

Caitlin looked at her with cold disdain. Then **she** took a breath and continued, "I've said all I need to say. If the Yuncey Group wants to sue I see you in court"

The rooms froze. The atmosphere was heavy.

Randall quickly stepped in to defuse the tension. "Caitlin, let's not go that far. This can still be resolved. Look, now that I know you're Odessa, this is perfect timing. Grandpa asked me to take over the Yuncey Group's fragrance division, and I'd love to work with you. Would you consider becoming our chief perfumer?"

He looked at her with hope in his eyes. Caitlin turned her head slightly, lazily twirling her sunglasses between her fingers. No one could tell what she was really thinking

Douglas picked up on Randall's cue and added, "Caitlin, **we're** all family. Joining the 'Yuncey Group would mean you're helping us grow stronger together. Why not give it some thought?"

Seeing the two men openly courting Caitlin's talents, Carmen couldn't hold back anymore.

"You're both insane! How could you invite her into the company? That woman is dangerous!"

"Carmen, enough!" Douglas snapped.

Both men turned to Caitlin, waiting for her response.

She stood up, calmly slipped on her sunglasses, and said as she turned, “Sorry. I’m not interested in perfumery. It was **just** something I did for fun. As for chief perfumer—find someone else.”

And with that, she left the conference room, her team following behind.

“**Caitin**, wait—please reconsider! I’m being **serious**)”

Randall ran out to catch her, hoping to change her mind. **But** Caitlin shot him down again,

“Don’t bother, Randall, I’m really not interested in working for your company.”

As she walked away, Randall could only watch her leave, his heart sinking with disappointment.

What a waste of talent. If he could work with her, the Yuncey **Group’s** fragrance division would surely explode in popularity.

But no—Cailin never looked back.

She had no intention of being anyone’s employee. Her goal wasn’t a job.

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It was to reclaim everything that had once belonged to the real Yancey legacy.

Back at their law firm's conference room, Caitlin was welcomed by Sebastian and the legal team.

She sat beside Sebastian. "So, how's the research going?"

"I went through everything with Mr. Jin and the others," Sebastian said, handing her a thick stack of files. "We've completed evaluations on Yuncey Group's equity structure and market value,

"Fifty-one percent of the company is held by Quill, Timothy, and other Yuncey family members. The remaining forty-nine percent is divided among external shareholders.

As Caitlin flipped through the documents, Sebastian added, "But there's something else—something you probably didn't expect. We uncovered a very important issue during our deep dive."

"What is it?"

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“Take a look at this -20% of the shares belong to a major shareholder called “Nedyah Group. What comes to mind?” sebastian asked.

Catlin looked closely, “Nothing stands out on the surface.”

“Exactly. It’s designed to look that way. Now try reading the name backwards”

Following his prompt, Caitlin reversed the name. “Nedyah... Hayden.”

A name flashed through her mind like lightning. Her eyes widened as realization hit “it’s him? Hayden

“I’ve already investigated. It’s definitely him. Nedyah Group is a private company under his control, but it’s not listed under his name, so it’s nearly impossible to trace unless you dig deep,”

Caltin’s brows furrowed. Just thinking about Hayden’s seductive, enigmatic face made her expression turn colder.

“Looks like you really can’t judge people by **appearances**. He **already holds** 20% of the company’s shares and now he wants to partner with

me for more? So his endgame is to swallow the entire **Yuncey** Group!

Sebastian added thoughtfully, “What we still don’t know is whether Timothy willingly gave him those shares, or if Hayden schemed to

acquire them.

“if it’s the latter, then maybe it was to avenge his mother, and I can understand that. But if Timothy handed them over willingly that raises

some very interesting questions.

After discovering Nedyah Group's stake, Caitlin's trust in Hayden dropped significantly,

She had to figure out what part Hayden was really **playing** in all of this.

As they left the law office, Sebastian received a call from James. Once inside the car, he said, "Let's go meet up with Harrison—he said he

found something important"

They drove off to meet James, who shared what he had uncovered.

"I was digging into the Yuncey family's background when I accidentally intercepted something big," **James** explained.

"What was it?" Caitlin asked.

"There's this guy, goes by the name Wilson. He's contacted Quill multiple times, demanding money and threatening to expose something from five years ago.

"it's full blown blackmail, but Quill **hasn't** dared report him. Over the past three months, Quill's sent him money three times—round 300,000 each time. The most recent transfer was just earlier **today.**"

Caitlin frowned in thought. “So what the hell did Quill have him do five years ago? Whatever it was, Wilson’s been **using** it to extort him ever

since. What could it **be?**”

“The only way to know is to ask Wilson ourselves, Sebastian suggested.

“**Good** idea. Harrison, can you trace Wilson’s location!” Caitlin asked.

“I already did. He’s at Phoenix Club right now.”

“Then let’s go.”

They drove straight to Phoenix Club, a den of excess with a bustling underground casino.

Caitlin and Sebastian stayed in the car while James went in with a few others to look for Wilson

Inside, the casino was rowdy and full of smoke. Wilson a scruffy, unshaven middle-aged man was a regular. He wouldn’t lose every penny in his pocket.

The 300,000 he received earlier that day was already gone—converted to chips and blown in just a few hours.

Now desperate to win back his losses, he dug through his pockets for his phone. He planned to call Quill for “another loan.”

But before he could make the call, two men suddenly grabbed him by the arms.

“Hey, what are you doing? I don’t know you guys!”

“Someone wants to see you.”

One of the men pressed a knife to his side. Wilson instantly froze

Meanwhile, James and his men had just entered the club. Having seen Wilson’s photo, James quickly spotted him—being led away toward

the **back** exit.

“There! That’s him! Let’s move!

They followed them out. But to their shock, once outside, the two men began beating Wilson mercilessly.

“Help! Stop! Please”

Wilson curled into a ball on the ground, screaming for help.

“Try blackmailing us again and see what happens!”

“Hand over what you’ve got—or you’re dead!”

One of the men grabbed him by the collar, pulling out a spring-loaded knife.

Wilson’s eyes bulged with fear.

“Still won’t talk? We’re giving you a chance to live. You actually recorded something? You must have a death wish!”

Just as the man raised the knife to stab him, James struck—throwing a baton that smacked the attacker’s hand and sent the knife flying.

Before they could react, James's kicks landed hard, sending both men flying.

He and his team **beat** the **attackers** into unconsciousness in seconds.

Wilson, terrified out of his mind, started crawling on the ground to escape—only for James to step in front of him.

“Don't... don't kill me... please...”

“You're Wilson. You're coming with us.”

James **grabbed** him by the collar and hauled him up.

Wilson was dragged back and thrown in front of Caitlin **and** Sebastian.

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When he looked up and saw it, he froze

He'd never seen such a beautiful woman in his 1996

"What are you staring at? One more took and gouge your eyes out, fames snapped, kicking him,

Wilson quickly dropped his head

Caitlin looked him over and asked calmly, "You're Wilson? Quiff's former lackey?"

Wilson was terrified and confused he had no idea what these people wanted from him.

Then Caitlin pulled out a duffel bag, unzipped it, and dumped it at his feet.

"One million. All yours—if you tell me everything you know. if you don't, hand you over to Quit I'm so he's dying to find yo

Wilson's eyes widened at the sight of the cash

Money exactly what he needed most.

"if talk, you'll really give me all this?"

He was still skeptical. He'd never trusted anyone to offer him something without strings.

"Of course. I've got issues with Quill I want to know what he had you do. And I want whatever you've been using to blackmail

Caitlin

laid it out clearly, hoping to calm his nerves.

Wilson hesitated if he spoke, he might live and get paid. If he stayed silent, Quill would probably have him killed anyway.

Faced with overwhelming temptation, he finally cracked.

"Okay! I'll talk I'll tell you everything!"

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From Wilson's confession, Caitlin learned the shocking truth -five ye

to the Ingram family estate,

But Wilson had been cautious. He secretly recorded their conversation

After the job was done, Quill paid him 500,000 and told him to leave Departure City

Wilson lived outside the city for five years, trying to start a business, but it fated Het verything, with nothing left, he turned to gambling and eventually came crawling back to Departure City

Once back, he began blackmailing Quill with the recording Over time, he squeezed an additional son on out of him-bor, as always, lost it

he's ruthless, then I won't play nice either!" Wilson spat bitterly, still fuming over the assassina

now the money's mine, right

"What about the recording?"

Caitlin wasn't just relying on his verbal confession-she needed the actual evidence the recording of Quil

Wilson answered, "I'd never carry something that important around. I've got it hidden."

"Then take him to get it," Caitlin instructed. "If he tries to pull anything, take back the million—and turn him over to the police"

"I'm telling the truth, I swear..." Wilson dared not lie now.

James led him away to retrieve the recording

Caitlin also ordered James to ensure Wilson was protected—as a key witness.

Now that the truth was out, Caitlin could barely believe it.

"Quill is truly insane... To think the fire that killed the Ingram family was something "he" arranged... No wonder Cynthia always held a grudge against the first branch."

"In big families, it's all about power and greed," Sebastian said grimly. "At least now **we** know the truth—this gives us leverage"

"You're right. And I'll make sure every last one of them pays for what they've done"

When Caitlin returned to the Runcey estate, dinner

was already served. Timothy was up and sitting at the head of the table

Timothy, Great-aunt... everyone's here," Caitlin greeted as she walked in.

Except for Randall and Cynthia, most people gave her cold, dismissive looks.

"Caitlin's back. Sit down and **eat**, Timothy **said**

Caitlin took her seat without hesitation.

Thanks to Carmen's gossip, the Runcey family had **already** heard about Caitlin being the mysterious perfumer. To them, her actions were seen. **as** betrayal

"Caitlin, I heard all about it. You're that perfumer, and **you tricked** the Yancey family into a trap, What were you after?" Greta demanded.

Caitlin smiled calmly. "Aunt **Greta**, how **can** you say that? Being a perfumer is just a personal hobby. What trap are **you** talking about? Wh

did I ever deceive the Yuncey family?”

“You used that to take Fragrance & Dye Studio, didn’t you?”

Greta glared at her. Her daughter-in-law, Millie, chimed in, “Exactly. Caillin came back just to stir things up”

“How could I stir anything in such a big family—unless there’s already **internal** division? Let me ask you: is everyone in the Yuncey family truly of one mind?”

Her words silenced the table. No one could answer.

Then Caitlin added deliberately, “By the way, I’ve heard about the fire five years ago—the one that killed so many from the **Ingram** family. Cynthia’s closest loved ones died that night, in all these years, has anyone truly tried to understand her? Has anyone believed her

At that moment, Cynthia appeared at the doorway—late for dinner—and **heard** Caitlin standing **up** for her.

Her eyes welled up with **tears**.

Fortive long years, no one had believed her. Everyone had dismissed her as mentally unstable. No one had pursued an investigation. The fire

that took her husband, son, and in-laws was written off as an accident

No one could ever understand the pain she carried all these years.

But Caitlin's words reached the depths of her heart.

The room went silent. Everyone looked uncomfortable Quill, in particular, squirmed in his **seat**, clearly shaken by the mention of the Ingram

fire.

Greta wanted to speak again, but Timothy intervened. "That's enough. Let's **just** eat."

Halfway through the meal, Quill abruptly left the table and stepped outside to take a call in private.

His subordinate reported, "Sir, we **lost** him. We didn't manage to capture Wilson

"What the hell are you idiots doing? Useless fools

“Sir, we **had** him—but someone intervened.”

“We don’t know. T

They were fast—we couldn’t even react.”

“Find him. I don’t care what it takes. Just find him!”

“Yes, sic

After hanging up, Quill’s heart was pounding, Who had rescued Wilson? If Wilson had fallen into someone else’s hands and spilled everything he was in serious trouble.

After dinner, Caitlin returned to her quarters. Since her previous room had been cleaned out due to Zahra’s death, she’d been reassigned to another wing.

Coincidentally, she was now in the same courtyard as Cynthia.

Just before bed, she heard a knock on the door

“Who is it?”

“Caitlin, are you asleep? It’s Cynthia.”

Recognizing the voice, Caitlin opened the door. “Cynthia, you’re still up?”

“I couldn’t sleep. I wanted to talk

“Come in.”

Caitlin welcomed her in. Cynthia sat at the table, staring at Caitlin in silence.

“Cynthia, I noticed you didn’t come to dinner. Are y

e you alright? if there’s something bothering you, please talk to me.”

Moved by Caitlin’s sincerity, Cynthia broke down and took her hand. Tears streamed down her face.

“Caitlin....all these years, no one’s ever wanted to listen...”

Through **her** sobs, she recounted the fire that killed her husband and the rest of the Ingram family.

Caitlin handed her tissues and listened patiently.

“They a

all died... my husband, my son, my in-laws. Do you think they died for nothing?”

“So you were there that night? And only you

survived? You say you saw someone fleeing the scene? You believe the fire was arson?”

“Yes! I saw it clearly! But no one believed me. I was too devastated. The doctors said I was mentally unstable, so everyone treated my words

like nonsense

“I believe you, Cynthia. Fires don’t just happen without a cause. There’s definitely more to this.”

Caitlin **had** already confirmed that Quill was behind the fire. But she didn't say it—she didn't want Cynthia to lose control and go after him,

“Thank you, Caitlin, You're the only one who ever believed me.”

“Do you have any idea who might've done it?”

“I've always suspected Quill. But I don't have proof,” Cynthia said bitterly.

“You think Quill did it? But why? You're both members of the Yuncey family, You're **half**-siblings. Why would he do that?”

“Why not? He's always been jealous. I was good at business, and Dad wanted me to take over the Yuncey Group. He had high hopes for me.

“But Quill came to me and told me to step aside. refused. He **said** if I insisted on taking control, I wouldn't live

“The fire happened the night before the **handover** ceremony. You tell me if it wasn't him, then who?”

Fury burned in her voice as she **pulled** something **from** her pocket.

“Caitlin, can I ask you to do something for me?”

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“What **is** it, Cynthia? Just tell me

Caitlin leaned in, listening intently.

Cynthia pulled a document from her coat and handed it over. “**Caitlin**, this is the transfer of all the Yuncey Group shares under my name, I’m giving them all to you. Please... help me punish the one who destroyed my family, if I can die knowing justice was done, I’ll finally be at **peace**.”

Caitlin stared at the document, already signed.

She could feel the raw desperation in Cynthia’s **voice**—deep, painful, resolute,

With solemn determination, Caitlin nodded. "I promise, Cynthia, I'll get to the bottom of what happened to the Ingram family. I'll make sure your husband, your son, and everyone who died in that fire get the justice they deserve."

"Thank you... thank you..."

Tears streamed down Cynthia's face. Her faith in Caitlin came from the heart. She trusted her brilliance, her strength—trusting she had the power to bring Quill and his allies down.

She had lived all these years for this one thing for the truth. For vengeance.

If that came true, she could die without regret.

"It's late, Cynthia. Get some rest. After the birthday banquet the day after tomorrow...all the monsters hiding in plain sight will reveal their

true forms."

Once Caitlin had comforted her and seen her off, she sat down to study the transfer document again.

She hadn't expected Cynthia to go this far—to give up everything she had for the sake of justice. It was clear now—Cynthia had long let go of fame or wealth. All she ever thought about was her lost family and the injustice that had never been addressed

With Cynthia's support, Caitlin had even more leverage. Her chances of reclaiming the Yuncey Group just increased.

Late at night when the world was silent, Caitlin met up with Sebastian **at** their usual rendezvous.

This time, they came prepared—with a chunk of meat, laced with a sedative, perfect for luring away a guard dog.

Most of the staff were busy preparing for Timothy's birthday. West Garden was unguarded.

Sebastian stayed outside to keep watch, while Caitlin slipped over the wall, just like last time,

She climbed a tree and leapt **over** the wall. Before her feet even touched the ground, the dog started barking.

Caitlin waited.

Sure enough, the wolfhound came charging over. She tossed down the chunk of meat.

The dog sniffed, then stopped to eat.

A few bites **in**, the sedative took effect. Moments later, the **beast** collapsed.

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Only then did Caitlin drop down and move forward.

She entered Billy's quarters. Inside, she heard the sound of something falling Beacup hitting the floor.

She pushed the door open, flicked on her flashlight, and felt around for the wall switch.

Click. The lights came on,

She walked deeper into the room and heard faint groans. Following the noise, she found Billy lying in bed.

He was sweating, trembling—clearly in pain. Moments earlier, he'd tried reaching for a **glass of** water and knocked it over.

“Billy! What's wrong?”

She touched his forehead. He was burning up. A fever.

Caitlin immediately messaged Sebastian, asking him to bring a thermometer and fever medication,

“Water... water...

Billy’s lips cracked **as** he mumbled in delirium.

Caitlin fetched a glass, helped him up, and gave him a few sips. Then she brought a towel and some cool water, dabbing his face and neck to bring his temperature down.

A while later, Spastian responded. Caitlin stepped outside to retrieve the supplies, then checked his temperature.

39.3°C—dangerously high.

She gave him the fever reducer.

Two hours passed. Finally, the fever broke.

Caitlin cleaned him up with warm water and gently wiped away the sweat.

As Billy slowly regained awareness, he noticed a blurry figure at his bedside. For a moment, he thought he was dreaming.

“Young miss.... you’ve

e come back...”

He thought it was Eleanor—his beloved lady.

He struggled to sit up. “Eleanor... go... you have to leave... don’t come back...”

“Billy! It’s me! I’m not Eleanor—I’m her granddaughter, Caitlin!”

Hearing the voice, Billy blinked and looked again, His old eyes focused on her face—realizing it wasn’t Eleanor. he’d seen **ance** before.

“You’re... her granddaughter...”

“Yes, Billy, You’re sick. You had a high fever, but it’s down now. Are you feeling better?”

all, but the young woman

He glanced at the **basin** and towel by the bed and understood—it was she who’d taken care of him. A flicker of gratitude warmed his heart!

“I’m much better now... What time is it? How did you get in?”

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His mind was sharp again – no signs of delivion.

climbed over the wall.”

Billy sat up, muttering. “A proper lady theaking over walls in the middle of the eight what would people think

you!

Caitlin laughed softly. "Billy, I'm not worried about what they think why should you be

He let out a long sigh

Still weak, he lay back down. Caitlin encouraged him to speak from bed.

His eyes, clouded with age, settled on her face. He was quiet for a while, then finally asked, "Your grandmother how is she?"

"Billy... my grandmother passed away many years ago. She and my grandfather were both murdered

The grief hit him like a blow.

He had spent his life hoping Eleanor had escaped and lived happily. But the truth was cruel

Tears gathered in his eyes.

Caitlin's voice trembled too. "Billy...she died with regrets. She had one last wish, it came back to the Yuncry family to make it come true.

“She wanted to rebuild **Fragrance** & Dye Studio... it was her dream,” Billy murmured. Of course he knew. He’d been her faithful loyal follower, once the butler of the Yuncey family.

His life—his very existence—had been saved by Eleanor.

“That’s right. And I came back for another reason. I need to know why she left the Yuncey family. I need answers. Can you help me, y

“My mother—her daughter—also vanished because of what happened back then. I have to find out the truth and bring her home

“Billy, based on your age, I should really call you Grandpa Jing”

Caitlin spoke from the heart, her words full of sincerity. And they moved Billy

To him, Eleanor wasn’t just a mistress. She was his savior, the woman he quietly loved **for a** lifetime. He had remained in this quiet West Garden all these years for one reason only—to guard her memory.

Now, finally, someone had come

e who deserved to hear the truth.

“Alright... I’ll tell you everything... Just listen carefully...

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She had finally broken through the old man's stubbornness. All of Callin's effort hadn't been in vain.

"Alright, take your time," Caitlin said gently, bracing herself for the truth.

"I met your grandmother when she was just a young girl, Billy began slowly. "She was born after her father died—Madam Alexandra's posthumous daughter. Her father was Lloyd, a son-in-law who married into the Yuncey family

"**Madam** Alexandra had a kind heart, and Eleanor inherited that same compassion. If not, she wouldn't have dragged me home from the

snow that night, half-dead.

"After that, the Yancey family let me stay. I became one of their servants."

Billy's voice took on a dreamy, distant quality, as though the memories were playing like an old film behind his eyes

As he spoke, Caitlin's perception of the Yuncey family's past began to shift.

“The longer I stayed, the more I learned. Things outsiders could never know—dark secrets, shameful scandals.

“I realized Madam Alexandra had endured unspeakable humiliation for years—all to protect the family legacy, and to shield Eleanor.”

He paused. Caitlin leaned forward. “You said my great-grandmother endured humiliation, What do you mean?”

She needed to know if Billy’s story aligned with what Nathaniel had once told her.

“Timothy’s father, Miles... he **wasn’t** Madam Alexandra’s brother. He was the adopted son of Clayton

“But he was evil and greedy. When he found out Clayton intended to pass Yun’s Fragrance & Dye Studio to his daughter and son-in-law, he

snapped.

“He murdered Clayton and poisoned Lloyd. Then he took Madam Alexandra by force...”

As Billy reached this part, his voice trembled and his hands began to shake. “They said Madam Alexandra wanted to die with them. But she was pregnant. She knew if she died, the Yunory legacy would be swallowed up by a monster,

“So she endured—for the child, for the family. She stayed alive, raising Eleanor into adulthood and passing on the studio to her. Only then, heartbroken and worn down, did she pass away.

“I was there when she died. She told Eleanor everything. Warned her to flee with the Yun’s Aromatic Codex. She said not to return to Departure City until she had the power to fight those demons.”

Billy’s version matched Nathaniel’s story exactly. It confirmed what Caitlin had **feated**—an unspeakable tragedy had once consumed the Yuncey family,

More importantly, it proved that Miles and his descendants—Timothy included—were not Yunceys by blood.

“So the day Alexandra died, my grandmother left Departure City with the Codex?”

“No. She tried. But Miles anticipated it. He had **people** watching the estate. Eleanor wasn’t allowed to **leave**.

“She stayed for **the** funeral. She was devastated. Miles pretended to comforter—but tried to touch her. She fought him off

“In revenge, he spread lies. **Said** she seduced him. Then, before her mourning **period was** over, he tried to marry her off to some political ally

“The night before the wedding, Miles came to West Garden. He’d been lusting after Eleanor for years—didn’t want another manto s

“He tried to force himself on her. She resisted. She stabbed him with a pair of scissors. Killed him.

Billy’s Fists clenched with rage.

“My grandmother killed Miles? Then the rumors about her running off with him... that was all a lie?”

Callin

was

shaken. The deeper she dug, the filthier it got

Miles wasn’t just immoral—he was a wolf in sheep’s clothing A monster hiding behind a gentleman’s mask

“She had no choice. After Miles died, we buried him here in West Garden. I helped her. I covered for her and snuck her out. I’ve stayed ever since, guarding this place, making sure no one ever found out.”

The whole truth lay bare before Caitlin now.

All of it—Clayton’s mistake of adopting a snake into the family, the blood on Miles’s hands, her grandmother’s torment—every thread **had led**

here.

“Billy... thank you. Thank you for everything you did for my grandmother. For everything you’ve endured all these years.”

Caitlin rose and gripped his hands. “I swear, I’ll avenge her. And after this is over,

r, take care of you, just like she would have.”

Billy’s eyes filled with tears.

After that, Caitlin left quietly.

The next **day**, Caitlin slept in

By the time she left her quarters, the Yuncey estate was bustling with activity. Decorations were up. Staff were unloading ingredients for Timothy's birthday banquet. Forrest was instructing others to deliver invitations

Caitlin walked d past them with barely a glance.

In the car, she told Sebastian and James everything Billy had revealed the night before.

Both men were furious.

"Just like Nathaniel's story," Sebastian growled. "These people... they're even filthier than I thought."

"Every one of them is a wolf **in** sheep's clothing," James slammed the steering did to her grandmother."

"Their day of reckoning is coming

Caitlin stared out the window, eyes sterly.

gwheel. “if I **could**, I’d bury the whole damn family for what they

James drove her to Hayden’s private estate in Departure City. They had an appointment, so security let them right in.

A staff member escorted them inside.

“Welcome, welcome!”

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Hayden stood with a sly grin. “I have to say I’m surprised. Mr. Vanderbilt, playing bodyguard to Caitlin now? Doesn’t that feel beneath your

“I’m protecting my woman. You got a problem with that?” Sebastian replied flatly.

Hayden smirked but let it go. **Once** seated and tea was served, Caitlin got straight to the point.

“Mr. Klein, you’ve been holding out on me.”

Hayden raised an eyebrow, unbothered. “Oh? What did I do this time to offend you?”

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“Take a look for yourself,” Caitlin said coldly

She pulled a stack of documents from her bag and tossed them onto the table in front of Hayden.

He picked them up, brows raising slightly as he flipped through the paperwork detailing Nedyah Group’s stake in the Tunery Group A wicked smile curled on his face. “Well, well..Caitlin, you really are something. You even managed to dig this up?”

“Then I think it’s time you explain, Caitlin said, her eyes locked onto his “How did fedyah Group come to possess those uncey Group shares? What exactly did you do to get them?”

For a moment, they stared each other down. T

Then Hayden chuckled, clearly entertained.

“What’s so funny?” Caitlin’s face darkened, “if you’re hiding something from me—if you’re not being honest—then we have nothing more to

talk about.”

She grabbed her bag and stood up to leave.

Hayden called after her. “You haven’t even let me explain. Sit down–please.”

Caitlin hesitated, then slowly returned to her seat, though her expression remained icy

“Those shares were acquired through perfectly legal channels. No shady deals. No tricks. And no one from the Yuncey family knows the shares are tied to me except you two,”

Caitlin narrowed her eyes, her silence unnerving, Hayden shifted, brushing a hand through his hair to ease the tension.

“What I’m about to tell you,” he continued, “is for your ears only.”

Meaning Sebastian and James needed to leave.

Sebastian wasn’t having it “And why the hell can’t hear it?”

Though he was posing as Caitlin’s assistant, he made it very clear he was more than that.

“It’s not that y you “can’t hear it,” Hayden said smoothly, “but I won’t **say** it if you’re here.”

Caitlin glanced at both men. With a nod, she signaled them to wait outside.

James left right away. Sebastian lingered, grumbling, “**What** a drama queen...”

Once they were alone, Hayden gestured for Caitlin to follow him. She guessed he was about to pull another one of his mysterious stunts, but curiosity got the better of her.

He led her through a corridor and into a sun-drenched courtyard.

Behind a glass wall sat a middle-aged woman in a wheelchair, a blanket over her legs, basking in the sunlight.

Caitlin stared for a moment, then her eyes widened. “That’s your mother-Taylor?”

“Yes.

“She’s alive?”

Catlin turned to Hayden, her shock palpable. The man was even more calculating than she had imagined.

-So...all that about avenging your dead mother was just a front? She's not dead—she's right here. Still alive. Let me guess—**your** plan was to use me to destroy the Yuncey family, then swoop in and claim it all for yourself?"

Her tone **was sharp**, accusatory. She was furious at the possibility of being manipulated.

Hayden didn't flinch. "Caillin, I get it. But don't paint me like a villain. Yes, I want to take down the Yuncey family. But no—I'm not doing it to 'gain' anything

"I'm doing it for "her". You've seen her. She's alive, but only technically. Years ago, they broke her legs. She's paralyzed from the waist down. If I hadn't gotten to her in time, she'd be **dead**."

The usual slyness disappeared from Hayden's face, replaced by something raw—anger, grief.

"She still obsesses over Timothy. Still regrets not marrying him. Can you believe that? She was tortured by these people, and **she** "s"...she still mourns the life she never had.

"I can't let that go. I won't let that go.

“Do I look like someone who needs the Yuncey family’s wealth? You think I give a damn about their company?”

Caitlin studied him carefully. His voice was rising, his eyes slightly red. Emotion cracked through the surface of his polished charm.

She turned to look at Taylor. Gray-haired, silent, unable to move. The nurse by her side made it clear she needed constant care.

There was no doubt this woman had suffered. For years.

Caitlin made her decision. “Alright. If you’re really doing this for her, then I’ll help you.”

She looked him in the eye.

“I can give your mother peace. I can help you take revenge. But in return, I want your full cooperation.”

Hayden narrowed his eyes. “What kind of cooperation?”

“Transfer every single Yuncey Group share owned by Nedyah Group to me.”

Caitlin's voice **was** like steel. "You just said you don't care about their wealth, right? Or were you just full of crap?"

Hayden stared at her. For a moment, he looked completely caught off guard.

Then he let out a slow, stunned laugh and clapped his hands. "Well played. You really are a piece of work."

"So... you agree?"

"What choice do I have? Gotta prove my sincerity, don't 17"

way out. Caitlin had tuned his own words back on him—and he'd walked right into it.

Hayden had no way

They returned to the **main** room, where Caitlin called Sebastian and James back in Hayden watched in silence as her team pulled out the prepared transfer documents.

He let out a dry laugh. "You really came prepared, huh? What a shark..."

He hadn't expected this. But at this point, there are no prông herë

Under the banner of Ct Greon, Caitlin officially signed the great in one and dating's pre

Thanks to a prior market valuation, meticulous eg, and stadion's involvement, werything were alright,

if he tried.

"Much appreciated," Caitlin said smoothly, "With this, we're officially bind together. Sick de cuvint

Her smile was unreadable.

Nephew and uncle? Not really. They had no blood ties. This was purely a marriage of drategy

With the Nedyah shares and Cynthia's transfer, plus ongoing negotiations with minor shareholders, Can was closing

Once she hit that number, she could launch a hostile takeover of the Yancey Group

After filing the documents, Calin turned to Hayden "Alright. Let's talk about tomorrow's

Invitation?

ow's birthday banquet, I annume

"I have

"My original plan didn't include your mother. But now that she's in the picture, we may need to adjust. De you

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"No. Let's do things your way!

Hayden leaned back with an easy smile, curious to see whether Callin **had** the skiff to carry out her bold plans.

"Good. Then let's get started."

Caitlin proceeded to lay out every detail of her plan, step by ste

by step, specifying exactly what she needed Hayden to prepare in advance.

“This is everything. I need your full cooperation to make it happen.”

“Understood.”

Once their agreement was settled, Caitlin rose to leave with **Sebastian** and James.

Hayden tried to play host. “Caitlin, aren’t you p

going to stay for lunch? You could bring Mr. Vanderbilt along too.”

“No need. I’ve got things to do. See you tomorrow.”

They left quickly—there was still a long list of shareholders to meet. Time was short.

By that afternoon, Caitlin had met with several minor shareholders. Through the CL Group, she successfully acquired additional shares,

bringing her total holdings close to 30%.

She called Yosef.

“Yosef, begin preparations to initiate a takeover of the Yuncey Group under CLHC. Wait for my go.”

“Understood,” Yosef replied, already beginning the arrangements.

Everything was moving according to plan. Now all Caitlin had to **do** was wait for the next day—the grand birthday banquet at the Yuncey

estate

The morning of the celebration.

The Yuncey estate was bustling. A stage had been set up out front, with a professional orchestra performing for the early guests.

It was a spectacle worthy of **an** elite family

By 10 a.m., luxury cars were pulling into the driveway. Guests **in** glamorous gowns **and** suits flashed their invitations before stepping through the estate gates.

Inside the grand banquet hall, nearly all members of the Yuncey family had gathered. Quill and Greta took the lead in welcoming the....ing quests.

Quill's brothers, Spencer, **Fabian**, and Edgar, Along with other relatives from the second and third branches, were all there assisting with hosting duties.

The eldest grandson Douglas, his wife Mile, and their daughter Carmen were front and center, flanked by the younger generation.

The moment guests arrived, the Yuncey hosts sprang into action, exchanging pleasantries and socializing amid the lively atmosphere.

“The birthday boy is here!”

Someone called out, and all eyes turned toward the grand staircase where Randall escorted Timothy into view.

The old man, at 88 years old, wore a rich burgundy suit. His white hair was meticulously groomed, and this presence still carried a commanding weight. He looked remarkably sharp for his age

Beside him stood Rachel, his wife, dressed in an elegant navy blue gown. Regal and poised, she looked every bit the matriarch

The couple stepped into the hall, greeted by a sea of well wishers offering their birthday blessings.

Timothy's stem face softened into a rare smile as he acknowledged each guest

"Timothy," one man said, "we heard your granddaughter-Eleanor's granddaughter-is back. Why haven't we seen her yet?"

A few guests had shown up hoping for a glimpse of Caitlin's beauty.

Timothy scanned the crowd. She wasn't there.

*Where's Caitlin? Has anyone seen her?"

Carmen, noticing her grandfather looking around, quickly jumped in, "Don't bother. She's probably still getting ready"

She said it with a mocking tone, assuming Caitlin was too busy doing herself up probably planning to stun the crowd and latch on to someone powerful.

Timothy said nothing more, though inwardly, he hoped Caitlin would come soon. He was counting on her for the family reunion with his

youngest son.

Meanwhile, with everyone focused on the party, t

the West Garden was

was completely empty.

Caitlin had prepared a home-cooked meal and brought it to Billy. The old man, now recovering, was deeply touched.

“I haven’t had cooking this good in years. **You’re just** like your grandmother.”

“She was a fantastic cook, I used to love her meals when I was a kid.

As Caitlin fed him, music from the main house drifted into the garden. Billy tilted his head. “What’s all the noise?”

“It’s Timothy’s birthday party. The estate’s throwing a huge celebration.”

“Then you should go enjoy it. Don’t worry about me.”

“I’ll be back later to check on **you**.”

After tidying up, Caitlin returned to her quarters. The once-ferocious guard dog now wagged its tail at her like an old friend.

She changed into a new outfit just as Cynthia came knocking.

t? Let’s go together.”

“Caitlin, you’re not at the banquet yet?”

“Sure, let’s”

By the time they arrived, the main hall was packed. Guests had gathered, and giht after gift was being presented to Timothy

When Caitlin and Cynthia entered, heads turned

2/3

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Everyone recognized Cynthia—but the younger woman at her side, elegant and breathtaking, had to be Eleanor’s granddaughter.

“She’s Caitlin?”

lin? Even more stunning than in the news!”

“She really carries Eleanor’s aura.”

“She’s even more impressive than her grandmother”

The older guests were especially taken aback by the resemblance.

Caitlin walked with grace and a soft smile, bringing a sense of warmth with her that made her instantly captivating

The women in the room, however, weren't as pleased. Her beauty stole every man's gaze.

She wore a pale blue dress with a minimalist design—no jewels, no excess. And yet, her understated elegance made the heavily adorned socialites look gaudy in comparison.

The envy was palpable.

Carmen, spotting Caitlin, sneered under her breath. Of course she made a grand entrance. Of course she came in last to make sure every eye was on her,

Caitlin and Cynthia approached Timothy to offer birthday wishes.

Seeing that Caitlin held no gift, Carmen seized the opportunity to stir the pot.

“Caitlin, all of us brought a gift for Grandpa. I chose a custom-made pocket watch—very expensive, of course, I wonder what you prepared?”

AD

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Caitlin turned to Carmen with a gracious smile. “As expected of you, Carmen—such an impressive gift. Everyone’s brought lavish offerings today, so I thought I’d go a different route. I prepared something special for Timothy”

“Special?” Carmen scoffed, skeptical. “What kind of stunt are you pulling this time?”

Caitlin played coy. “Let’s just say it’s something money can’t buy”

Her words piqued the curiosity of the crowd. Randall leaned forward with a teasing smile “What is it, Caitlin? Don’t tell me you’re about to

sing or dance for Grandpa.”

A few of the male guests perked up at t

“No, nothing like that

that idea.

“Then what is it?” Carmen pressed. “Come on, let’s see it.”

“I plan to reveal it near the end of the banquet,” Caitlin said smoothly. “You’ll just have to wait.”

Her deliberate suspense drew all eyes her way. Carmen rolled her eyes. “Such a drama queen...”

Quill took the stage next to deliver his formal address. He thanked the many guests for coming to celebrate his father’s 88th birthday and spoke briefly about the history and growth of the Yuncey family. Then he urged everyone to enjoy themselves and the food.

Timothy was next, accepting the microphone with quiet dignity.

“Thank you all for coming,” he said. “it’s a blessing to celebrate my 88th year with so many dear friends. I hope I’ll be lucky enough to see you all again next year... and the year after

“The Yuncey family has prepared this modest banquet—please, enjoy yourselves.”

With that, the celebration officially began, Guests raised their glasses, and the hall filled with the clinking of crystal, bursts of laughter, and a warm festive hum.

As the b

e banquet neared its end, Caitlin stepped onto the stage and picked up the microphone.

“Good afternoon, everyone. I’m Caitlin. Earlier, I mentioned I **had** a special gift for Timothy, something close to the heart. And now, it’s time to present it.

Every guest turned to the stage. Even those still finishing their meals paused, eager to see what she had planned.

“My gift to Timothy,” she announced clearly, “is reuniting him with his long-lost son.”

The **hall** exploded.

A thunderous murmur swept through the room.

The Yuncey

family members were the most shocked of all

Had they heard her right? Caitlin just said she found Timothy’s long-lost son?

Rachel looked like she'd been **struck** by lightning. Greta exchanged a bewildered glance with her husband. What in the world was Caitlin playing at?

1,3

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The guests whispered excitedly. Most of them had heard the old rumors that Timothy had fathered a child out of marring, st was never acknowledged. And now Caitlin was bringing him out at a birthday banquet?

“Caitlin, stop this nonsensel Get down from there” Carmen shouted. She had expected drama, but this was far beyond what

Was Caitlin really going to drag out Grandpa's dirty laundry today of all days?

Everyone turned toward the family riders. Rachel looked murderous, cursing under her breath. “What is she talking about? A long-**foit son**?

But Timothy's expression... wasn't angry. In fact, it carried a strange blend of emotion-anticipation, even

Greta nudged Quill to do something, but before he could move, Caitlin's voice rang out again.

"Bring him in."

Everyone turned toward the banquet hall entrance.

A moment later, a row of men in black suits entered first, flanking the red carpet with military precision,

Then came a tall figure in a white **suit**, walking confidently between them.

It was Hayden.

His **usual** white blazer gleamed under the lights, and his handsome face was hidden behind oversized sunglasses.

Guests gasped.

"It's The Fixer!"

"The Fixer? He's here!!"

“Why is “he” at the Yuncey family banquet?”

Those who didn't know him looked around, confused. Those who did knew this was about to get good.

Hayden walked the red carpet straight toward the front. Just before reaching Timothy, he pulled off his sunglasses.

His sharp features—eerily reminiscent of a younger Timothy—were on full display.

Rachel's eyes narrowed, her rage mounting

She recognized that face. It bore the unmistakable mark of Taylor

So this was Caitlin's plan. Use that bastard child to make a spectacle? To worm their way back into the family?

Absolutely not

That woman, Taylor, had never been allowed into the Yuncey family, and her son wouldn't be either,

HIL

Timothy looked at Hayden with a storm of emotion behind his eyes. There was something about the way Hayden stood... it brought back memories of his youth.

Hayden stopped a few feet away, and the resemblance was undeniable.

Caitlin stepped down from the stage and came to stand beside them.

“Timothy,” she said clearly, “this **is** your **son**. His name is Hayden. His mother is the once-famous singer, Taylor. Do you remember her??

A heavy silence fell over the room.

Rachel slammed the table and stood up. “Mr. Klein, you must be confused. This is “not” the place for your gamest

She turned on Caitlin, her fury palpable.

“Caitlin, are you trying to ruin your grandfather’s birthday? Have you no shame?”

“Exactly!” Greta jumped in. “This is an embarrassment. She’s making a circus out of us”

Carmen sneered. “Don’t be fooled, Grandpa. This **is** all a scam. There is no ‘lost son! She’s just trying to manipulate you!

Cynthia stepped forward in support. “Caitlin didn’t do anything wrong. If Hayden is Dad’s son, he has every right to be here today

tret

“You don’t get to decide

le that!” Quill snapped. The last thing he wanted was another heir competing for the family fortune.

Guests looked on, riveted, if this ended badly, it wouldn’t just be Caitlin’s reputation at stake—it would be The Fixer’s as well.

Suddenly, Timothy raised his voice.

“Enough!”

The room went still.

Every eye turned to him.

What would the old man decide?

AD

Comment

Send gift

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Upon hearing Timothy's outburst, the members of the Vuncey family exchanged smug glances, confident that the patriarch de so foolish as to acknowledge an illegitimate child in front of everynne. After all, such a scandal would tamish the family's reputation

However, Timothy slowly rose to his feet, his gaze fixed on Hayden. With a nod, he declared, "Son, I'm glad you've come back to recognize me. Welcome home."

His words sent shockwaves through the room. The Yuncey family members were stunned—Timothy had just acknowledged his son

"What nonsense are you spouting, old man? Have you lost your mind? Calling him your son? Bachel was the first to object, grabbing Timothy's arm in an attempt to make him retract his statement.

"Dad, how can you acknowledge him..." Quill and his brothers were equally flustered. Their father must have gone mad! After all these years of denying the illegitimate child, why acknowledge him now?

Timothy, angered by their protests, snapped, "Enough! Can't I recognize my own son?"

Caitlin turned to Hayden. "Timothy has acknowledged you. Shouldn't you respond?"

Hayden shook his head, his eyes misty. Timothy's eyes **were** also red-rimmed. The father and son clasped hands, their emotions conveyed through their gaze.

Rachel was seething, her anger boiling over. That old man had promised never to acknowledge the illegitimate child, yet here he was, publicly doing so. It felt like a slap in the face, a dagger to the heart.

The rest of the Yuncey family were equally displeased, but with guests present, they couldn't openly oppose the decision.

Caitlin observed their barely concealed fury, a slight smile playing on her lips. If they couldn't handle this, they were in for more surprises.

As the banquet concluded, Timothy led his son back to the main hall, with the other guests gradually returning as well. Rachel wore a sour expression, and the Yuncey family members were all harboring their own thoughts, Carmen and the others were furious with Caitlin. If it weren't for her meddling, this whole recognition fiasco wouldn't have occurred.

Timothy engaged in casual conversation with Hayden. When the rest of the family joined them, he began introductions. "**Hayden**, you're new to the family. Let me introduce everyone....

He started with Rachel, but she cut him off, her tone **icy**. "No need for introductions. I'm not like you, recognizing any stray that comes along"

Her words were harsh, offering Hayden no respect. He stared at her, noting the disdain etched on her face.

Timothy frowned, about to speak, when the sound of **beautiful**, romantic music drifted in from outside. The guests turned their attention

toward the source.

“Grandpa, the musical performance is starting. Let me help you outside to enjoy it. It was arranged especially for you,” Carmen offered, assisting Timothy.

Timothy invited Hayden, “Come on, let’s take a look.”

Rachel, reluctant, was also escorted out by Greta.

Everyone exited the banquet hall, eyes fixed on the approaching band. After about ten minutes of performance, vibrant fireworks **suddenly exploded** in the sky,

The dazzling display formed two **lines** of text:

“Happy Birthday, Timothy” and “Congratulations on Your Wedding

The guests burst into laughter upon seeing the “Congratulations on Your Wedding” message.

“Must be a mistakel ‘Congratulations on Your Wedding 7 Haha...”

“Did they mess up the banners? Why the wedding wishes?”

As everyone chuckled, the band resumed playing, and the saxophone's melody filled the air,

A procession entered, leading a pristine white carriage adorned with crystals and flowers. Seated atop was a middle-aged woman in an elegant, understated wedding gown, matching Timothy's attire for the day.

Most people couldn't recognize the woman, but Rachel would never forget her.

Upon seeing Taylor in the carriage, Rachel lost it. She hobbled forward with her **cane**, shouting, "What is this? Who allowed her here? Get her

out!"

Taylor, dressed in her wedding gown, stood her ground. Today was her special day, the culmination of years of longing. Even facing her nemesis, she wouldn't back down.

"Long time no see, Rachel, Taylor said calmly.

Timothy was equally shocked to see Taylor alive. He had believed she was long gone.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Timothy was at a loss for words.

Rachel was furious. “Taylor, you’re relentless! So this was your plan all along? Sending your son first, then trying to re-enter the Yuncey family? Dream on!”

She raised her cane to strike Taylor, who didn’t flinch, not even blinking

Caitlin intervened, catching the cane with a smile. “Rachel, why so angry? Timothy has acknowledged Hayden. It’s only right that Hayden’s mother officially returns to the Yuncey family.

“Look around—guests are here, the birthday celebration is in full swing. Timothy has reunited with his son. Isn’t this a series of joyous events?”

At this point, everyone realized that the woman in the wedding gown was Hayden’s mother, the once-famous singer Taylor, rumored to have died years ago.

They were astonished to see her alive.

“You... you little brat, this **is all** your doing?” Rachel finally understood that Caitlin had orchestrated the entire event. Her anger reached its peak, her heart nearly giving out.

“Rachel, that’s not very gracious of you. Regardless, you couldn’t stop Timothy and Hayden’s mother from being here. She has already had three wives; marrying a fourth isn’t inappropriate, is it?”

Caitlin released **the** cane, her think, Rachel?”

ether back then. Timothy

gaze piercing Rachel. “Moreover, she bore Timothy a son. By all rights, she deserves a proper title, don’t you

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Rachel was overwhelmed with anger, her vision darkening and her head spinning A urge of blond rushed to her chest.

“Ugh...

She coughed up blood, her body swaying as she nearly collapsed.

“Grandmal”

“Mom! Mom...”

Quill and Greta rushed to support **Rachel**, the scene descending into chaos as many gathered around her

Carmen, seeing her grandmother in such a **ste**, couldn't hold back her fury. “Caitlin, you're so cruel! Are you trying to kill my grandma with anger?”

“Carmen, that's a bit much. I never intended such a thing. Since Rachel isn't feeling well, let's help her rest. handle the rest of the proceedings.”

This was precisely the outcome Caitlin had anticipated.

Carmen, unable to tolerate **Caitlin's** interference, turned to Timothy, “Grandpa, can't you see what's happening? How can you let her

continue? Look at what she's done to Grandmal”

Guests whispered among themselves. Timothy glanced at the nearly unconscious Rachel and instructed, “Take her to rest immediately.”

“Dad...” Quill protested, “Are **you** really going to marry that woman?”

Given the circumstances, with all the guests present and Timothy having acknowledged his son, rejecting Taylor now would only invite

criticism.

“Enough! From today on, she is the fourth lady of the Yuncey Family.”

Timothy’s cane struck the ground with authority, his expression stern, publicly affirming Taylor’s status

Quill, seeing his father so resolute, could only storm off, escorting his mother back inside.

With the main branch gone, Timothy approached Taylor.

Their eyes met, tears welling up in Taylor’s eyes. “Timothy...”

“Taylor, I’m sorry I didn’t know you were still alive. I’ve wronged you...”

They finally held hands, Taylor’s long-suppressed grievances pouring out as tears streamed down her face.

“Come, let me take you home.”

Timothy reached to help her up, but she couldn't stand.

“Father, allow me.”

Hayden stepped forward with a wheelchair, gently lifting his mother into it.

Only then did Timothy realize Taylor had been paralyzed for years, his guilt deepening.

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Sested in the wheelchair, Taylor was pushed into the main hall of the Yancey Fantly by her son, frally howing uncontrollably.

In her youth, she had been a simple woman with dreams of singing Meeting Timothy had changed her life.

Pregnant and hopeful of marrying into the Yuncey Family, the was thwarted by Pachel's

reference and fromilation:

Rachel had orchestrated her downfall, turning her from a rising star into a shadow of her former self

After years of enduring hardship, she had finally returned to claim her revenge

Caitlin addressed the guests, "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for staying. Now, please witness the union of Timothy and Taylor. I declare the wedding ceremony begins!"

The prearranged officiant and team took their positions

A unique and classical wedding ceremony commenced in the main hall..

Guests were astounded, they had come for a birthday celebration, only to witness a wedding as well,

It was truly an extraordinary event.

Everyone praised Timothy's renewed vigor. Nothing could halt the ceremony, which concluded successfully.

After the wedding, guests gradually departed, leaving only the Yuncey Family members.

“Congratulations, Timothy and Taylor. Now that the wedding is over, shouldn’t we arrange a place for Taylor to stay?” Cardin smiled at Timothy

“Of course! There’s an empty room in the southern wing, We can have Taylor stay there for now!

Timothy called for the butler, Forrest, to make arrangements. Caitlin interjected, “Timothy, no need for that. There’s a room right next to yours. Why not have Taylor stay there? It would be convenient for both of you.”

Timothy hadn’t anticipated this suggestion. Having Taylor nearby would mean constant proximity to Rachel

“Well... I’m concerned Taylor might mind.....”

In truth, Timothy wanted to avoid conflict, knowing Rachel’s temperament.

“I don’t mind,” Taylor replied with a gentle smile.

“Since Taylor **is** agreeable, let’s proceed. Forrest, prepare the room next to mine for Taylor.”

“Understood, I’ll see to it immediately.”

Forrest **glanced** at Timothy, who gave no objection, and went to make the preparations.

Timothy turned to Hayden, “The southern wing can be arranged for you, Hayden. What **do** you think?”

“No need, Father. I have accommodations elsewhere. Just ensure my mother is settled in

Timothy nodded, and the arrangements were set. He hadn’t expected that acknowledging his son at the birthday banquet would also lead to

a wedding.

All orchestrated by Catlin, leaving him with little to contest.

Soon after, Forrest returned to report that the room was ready.

“I’ll take my mother there.”

Hayden pushed the wheelchair, accompanied by Timothy and Caitlin

Meanwhile, in the main residence's side room, Quill had summoned the family doctor to examine Rachel

“Beatrice **has** suffered a severe emotional shock. **She** needs rest

est and must avoid further stress,” the doctor advised before leaving

After some time, Rachel regained consciousness.

“Mom, how are you feeling?” Quill held her hand.

Rachel sighed deeply. Greta expressed concern, “Mom, should we take you to the hospital

Rachel shook her head, then inquired, “What about that woman? What’s her situation now?”

Quill and the others hesitated to tell her the truth.

“Mom, don’t worry about her. You’re the matriarch of the Yuncey Family. That woman means nothing.”

“Exactly, Mom. Don’t let someone like that affect your health.”

“That’s right, Grandma. This is all Caitlin’s doing. She’s deliberately trying to disrupt our family. We can’t let her succeed!” Carmen added angrily.

At that moment, a sudden noise came from outside. Rachel, puzzled, asked, “What’s that... what’s that sound?”

Quill and the **others** were equally confused and went out to investigate.

AD