

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 391

It only took one glance for the anger to boil over,

There they were—Taylor and her son Hayden—standing at the door of the previously war-torn room across the courtyard. Timothy was with them, and Caitlin too, along with a small crowd gathered outside.

“I’m going over there,” Carmen muttered, marching toward the commotion.

The room had already been cleaned and arranged, Hayden wheeled Taylor inside, followed by her attendants carrying several personal items—among them, a cherished antique phonograph, a gift from Timothy in their younger days. Taylor had kept it in pristine condition.

“Vivienne, play one of my old songs.” Taylor said softly, clearly pleased with her new quarters. From here, she could see Rachel’s room directly across the courtyard.

Vivienne placed a vinyl on the turntable, and soon, the nostalgic **voice** of Taylor in her youth echoed through the courtyard—clear, soulful, unforgettable.

Timothy stood nearby, his expression pensive. The song seemed to pull him back in time, **to a** part of his life he'd long buried

When Carmen arrived and heard the music, her face darkened.

"Could you turn that down? Or better yet—off! My grandmother is trying to rest. She needs peace and quiet!"

Taylor gave her a sideways glance and **said** calmly, "Vivienne, turn it up. I can't hear it clearly."

"Yes, ma'am," Vivienne replied, and the volume rose, flooding the courtyard with **Taylor's** voice.

"Grandpa, do you hear this?" Carmen turned to Timothy, expecting his support.

"I haven't heard that voice in so long. Timothy murmured. "It's beautiful."

Furious at his indifference, Carmen exploded. "You people are unbelievably"

She stormed inside, knocked over the phonograph, and started stomping on it, smashing it to pieces.

“No–don’t! That was my favorite!” Taylor cried, her **voice** breaking as her treasured memories were crushed under Carmen’s heel

Hayden’s eyes darkened with rage. He seized Carmen by the arm, yanked her back, and landed **four** sharp slaps across her face.

Smack. Smack, Smack. Smack,

The blows knocked her to the floor, stunned and wide–eyed, as Hayden loomed over her like a shadow.

“If you ever **lay** a finger on my mother again, I won’t be this polite.”

Carmen scrambled to look at Timothy. “Grandpa, he hit me!”

“You brought it on yourself, Timothy said coldly. “That phonograph was a gift from me. She only wanted to listen to some music–how dare you destroy it?”

Taylor, tears slipping down her cheeks, looked away. “Forget it, Timothy, I know it’s just a thing... But it **was** from you.”

His face softened. “Forrest!” he called out to the house steward. “Bring the phonograph from my room. She’ll have it instead.”

Watching all this unfold, Carmen fled, humiliated and furious.

From the sidelines, Caitlin stood with arms crossed, an amused glint in her eyes. Like the saying goes—two queens can't rule the same mountain. Taylor and Rachel living as neighbors? This was just the beginning.

Back in the main house, Carmen recounted everything to the rest of her family, Greta gasped at the sight of her swollen face. "This is outrageous!"

"They're turning your father against us," she told Quill. "He's been bewitched. What are we going to do

Quill sighed. "Father's completely lost it."

In her bedroom, Rachel was fuming. When she heard about the smashed phonograph and Carmen getting slapped, she slammed her fists against the bed. "Over a stupid record player? That bastard wants to drive me to my grave!"

Just then, Forrest entered

"Ma'am, I've come to collect the phonograph."

“What for?” Rachel asked sharply.

“Mr. Timothy’s orders,” Forrest answered, taking it from the cabinet without waiting for permission.

“You put that back right now!”

But Forrest ignored her and walked off.

Rachel, trembling with rage, clutched her chest—and then, another gush of blood spilled from her lips as she collapsed unconscious onto the

bed.

“Mom!”

“Call an ambulance! Hurry!”

Chaos erupted in the room as family members scrambled—performing CPR, calling emergency services, and trying to keep her stable.

in! You have to come now!”

Douglas rushed to find Timothy “Grandpa! It’s bad! Grandma passed out again! You

Timothy said nothing but followed Douglas without hesitation.

Once he was gone, Taylor’s expression returned to icy calm.

She would make sure Rachel suffered for everything she had done.

This was only the beginning.

“I’ll go too,” Caitlin said, following after them. She had to see the look on Rachel’s face with her own eyes

As paramedics carried Rachel out on a stretcher, Caitlin stood silently in the courtyard, watching the scene with a calm, unreadable smile.

They a

all thought they could live comfortably?

Not anymore.

Taylor was the weapon.

Rachel was the target.

And Caitlin the one holding the blade.

This was her real objective all along

The very next morning. The Vuncey Family's chaos exploded across the country's news networks.

It was the talk of every household, every online thread. While the public marveled at Timothy's whirlwind birthday turned wedding, only he knew how much trouble was brewing,

Rachel had barely been saved in time. She now lay in the hospital under critical care.

And her children and grandchildren?

They were **livid**

They all came to Timothy, demanding Taylor be kicked out of the estate.

*Dad, you have to choose. The doctors said she can't be around any stress. And Taylor being across the courtyard? That's stress/

Timothy hesitated, caught between loyalty and duty.

Then Caitlin stepped forward.

othly. "One that works for everyone!

"I have a solution," she said smoothly.

"Oh?" Timothy looked at her. "What do you suggest?"

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Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 392

The moment Caitlin opened her mouth, Quill and Greta could already tell thing good was coming

“Dad, don’t listen to Caitlin!!

tiin! She just loves chaost Always coming up with horrible ideas!” Quill snapped,

The others all shot daggers at Caitlin with their eyes, but Cynthia spoke up in her defense. “Dad, at least hear Caitlin out Her idea might jurit. solve this problem.”

Timothy nodded slowly. “Caitlin, let’s hear it.”

Caitlin gave a faint smile. “Timothy, since Rachel and Taylor clearly can’t live under the same roof, the best solution is to ensure they don’t have to meet. But Taylor just married into the family asking her to move out would be inappropriate. So, the most viable option now is... to split the family estate.”

“Split the estate?” Everyone looked stunned. For years, people had thought about it, but no one dared to bring it up Timothy had slanys said that as long as he **lived**, The Yuncey Family would never split.

“It’s been ages since The Yuncey Family last considered division,” Caitlin continued. “But now with Taylor and Hayden joining us, they are part of this family and rightfully entitled to their share. **I propose** that we redistribute the family assets. If the four branches of The Yuncey Family can each operate independently, there’ll be no more conflict **over** who lives where.

“Timothy, you could reside wherever you **like** each household would function under your leadership but without stepping on each other’s toes. To simplify things, we could even divide the main estate into two: Rachel on one side, Taylor on the other.

“As for the descendants of your two deceased siblings, we can allocate them residences outside the main estate.

“This way, the number of people in the main compound is reduced, problems decrease, and everyone can focus on their own business. You can finally relax and spend quality time with your two wives

As Caitlin finished, silence blanketed the room. The air was thick with tension..

Carmen was the first to lash out. “What kind of garbage idea is that?! The Yuncey Family will never split”

She turned to Timothy. “Grandpa, she’s trying to divide us! You can’t listen to her!”

Cynthia chimed in, “Actually, I think Caitlin’s suggestion is pretty good. It’s about time we started living separately.”

The e whole room broke into arguments—some in favor, **some** against, voices clashing in chaos.

Timothy finally slammed his cane against the floor. “Enough! Quiet!”

The room went still. Everyone looked toward the **old** man,

“You people argue day and night! I’ve had enough!”

He sighed. “Caitlin’s suggestion might not be so bad. Since some of you want to split and others don’t put it to a vote.”

He raised his hand. “Who’s in favor of dividing the family?”

Hands shot up across

the room—especially from the second and third branches.

“Who’s against?”

Far fewer hands.

Timothy nodded grimly. "I see. I'm getting old, can't control all of you anyenire. Fine. The family will 1960

"Grandpal"

"Dad, please think this through!"

But Timothy was resolute. "Inform The Yancey Family's legal counsel. Have them here this afternoon

With that, he left the room.

Almost immediately, the others pounced on **Caitlin** like wolves.

"Caitlin! You've gone too fart How dare you meddle in our family's affairs? Now you're trying to split us apart Carmen shouted

Greta glared. "We treated you like family, and this is how you repay us?"

Quill took a slightly calmer tone. “Caitlin, if you act now, there’s still time to

me to convince y

your uncle to reverse his decision.”

“My suggestion is for the family’s own good,” **Caitlin** replied coolly. “Timothy made a wise decision. As juniors, we should support it. Why would I try to change his mind?”

Cynthia backed her. “Splitting is long overdue. Do you think we **enjoy** living here with you, constantly having to tiptoe around? Living apart is best for everyone.”

“You ungrateful brat!” Quill barked at Cynthia. “The Yuncey Family raised you, and this is how you act?”

“I’m ab

‘ma brat, then you’re a heartless beast who

o devours his own!” Cynthia shouted back.

As the family erupted into more arguments about the estate, Caitlin and Sebastian slipped away from the chaos

They had received word that Yordan, The Yuncey Family's former attorney who had been hospitalized with a heart attack, had finally regained consciousness.

They visited the hospital and were led to his room, where his family greeted them with suspicion. **His** son spoke up directly

"We don't know anything. Please don't disturb my father's rest.

Clearly, someone had warned them to keep quiet. But Caitlin wasn't here for information. She already knew the truth about her grandmother's past. Today, she was here simply to pay her respects.

"**We're** just here to see Mr. Yordan. He was an old acquaintance of my grandmother's. We'll leave shortly."

They left a basket of fruit on the table and approached the bed.

"Hello, Mr. Yordan."

"**You** are...?" the old man squinted.

“I’m Caitlin, Eleanor’s granddaughter. Do you remember Eleanor?”

“Ah...” A flicker of recognition lit in his eyes, He remembered the phone calls from The Yuncey Family warning him about her return.

“You’ve come a long way,” Caitlin said. “I tried to **visit** sooner, but you were hospitalized.”

Yordan examined her carefully, reminded of the **Eleanor** he had once known. He nodded and thanked her. Caitlin continued.

19.43 FII, 8 Aug

“I already know everything thappened to my grandmother’s family. You don’t need to worry I’m not here to dig into the past

“You already know?” Yordan looked surprised,

“Yes. I spoke with Nathaniel at Saint Everlight Cathedral. He told me

She sighed. “I never imagined the truth would be so tragic. My grandmother’s family

mast

i died horrific

Yordan's expression froze, unsure how to respond.

"But know this," Caitlin continued, her voice cold. "Those who commit crimes—heaven will strike them down. Accomplices, i

spared,

"And even if they themselves get away, their families will bear the curse.

Her words landed like heavy stones, shaking Yordan to his **core**.

He had indeed been an accomplice. He helped cover up evidence, aided Timothy in manipulating the narrative, and kept the truth buried

He had sinned too deeply,

And he had paid the price—both his grandsons had died prematurely.

“Whatever it takes, I will bring justice to my grandmother’s family. Even if it costs me everything, I’ll make sure those responsible consequences!

With that, Caitlin turned and walked toward the door.

But just as she reached it, a trembling voice called out behind her.

“Wait.....please...wait..

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 393

Caitlin slowly turned back around. On the hospital bed, the elderly man raised a trembling hand, tears welling up in his eyes.

“Om sorry I wronged them...

Yordan finally broke down, confessing through a stream of tears. Years of guilt had weighed on his soul, robbing him of peace. He had lived with the torment of his conscience every day since becoming an accomplice to the crime.

He could no longer bear to carry the secret, especially if it meant putting his family at risk.

Caitlin returned to his bedside as he began to reveal long buried truths. At the end of his confession, he called for his son

“Take Xiaolin and get the black box from the safe. Give it to her“.

His son hesitated, but followed the instruction. He led Caitlin and the others back to Yordan’s home and retrieved the black box from the

safe.

On the way back, Caitlin opened it. Inside were copies of various documents related to changes in The Yuncey Family’s estate and business

holdings.

There was a deed showing the transfer of the old Yuncey estate from Clayton's name to Miles! There were amendments to the company's shareholding structure, and a forced waiver of inheritance signed by Eleanor.

There was even a

a document showing a fabricated relationship change—originally stating that Miles was Clayton's adopted son with no blood ties, but later altered to claim Miles as a biological son, thereby securing him inheritance rights

Reading these documents felt like reading confessions written in blood.

"These are exactly the kind of documents I need," Caitlin whispered. "Even if they're just copies, they're irrefutable proof of what really happened. They'll be critical when reclaiming The Yuncey Family's legacy."

"This trip wasn't wasted after all, Sebastian said, He knew Yordan's willingness to hand over the documents had everything to do with Caitlin's piercing, psychologically precise words.

"Are we heading straight to Bailey's next?" Caitlin asked.

"That's right, Sebastian nodded. "Harrison found out she lives on a small farm not far from here."

They drove out and arrived at the property. Caitlin knocked on the door.

A middle-aged woman answered, clearly wary of the strangers. “What do you want? I don’t know any of you.”

“We’re here about your daughter, Julie,” Caitlin replied gently.

Bailey’s face darkened immediately. “There’s nothing to say about her. Please leave.”

She began to shut the door, but Caitlin quickly placed her hand on it.

“Bailey, we want to help your daughter seek justice! Don’t you want that too? Can you really watch **her** suffer in silence?”

Bailey hesitated. Her guard was still up. “Who are you people? Journalists? If so, I have nothing to say. Please **leave!**”

“We’re not journalists. I’m Eleanor’s granddaughter. Surely you remember who Eleanor was.”

The mention of the name shocked Bailey. “You’re Eleanor’s granddaughter? You’re from The Yuncey Family

Caitlin nodded and produced the jade pendant left behind by her grandmother.

“This belonged to my grandmother I’m the successor to Win’s Fragrance & Dye Studio. Do you believe me now?”

Balicy’s wariness slowly faded. There was nothing for Caitlin to lie about—and the pendant sealed the deal

“I never expected this... Please, come in.”

Inside, Caitlin spoke with Bailey at length. She learned that Bailey had once worked for The Yuncey Family for years before resigning just last year. She also got a clearer picture of their current struggles,

“Bailey, I won’t beat around the bush. You were doing just fine at The Yuncey Family. So why did you suddenly resign last year?”

“It’s because William raped your daughter, isn’t it? And The Yancey Family paid you off to keep quiet—threatened you, even You didn’t report it because you were scared.”

Bailey’s face fell. She nodded reluctantly, still unsure. “**That** was a year **ago**. What could you possibly do now?”

“I may be late, but it’s not too late. We’ll get justice. At the very least, compensation—and most importantly, punishment for the criminal.”

Tears welled up in Bailey's eyes. She dropped to her knees.

"Caitlin, if you **can** truly help my daughter, I'd serve **you** for the rest of my life."

"Please stand, Bailey"

Caitlin helped her up gently and continued listening.

"You don't know what it's been like... Ever since that day, **people** have mocked her, said she seduced **a** rich man, that she was gold digging

trash

"She's attempted suicide more than once. She hardly speaks anymore. I've tried everything I don't know how to help her."

Bailey had no husband—Julie was all she had. And now, even that felt like it was slipping away

"What compensation did The Yuncey Family offer? Did they force you to sign anything?"

“No contract... just hush money. Fifty thousand yuan. That’s all. I’m just a single mother—how could I go up against them?”

Caitlin nodded grimly. “**May** I speak with Julie? I’d like to help her.”

“Of course. If you can help her heal, I’ll be forever grateful.”

Bailey brought Caitlin to a **small**, dimly lit room where Jule stayed. The girl rarely left the house, isolated and silent

At first, she was defensive. But after Estening to Caitlin’s heartfelt words, she softened.

“You’re still so young. One mistake doesn’t define you. What matters is getting up again. Being a woman is tough—**we’re** judged unfairly. But never look down on yourself,

Julie’s walls crumbled. Tears poured down her cheeks.

“Think about your future. You have gilts worth cherishing. You’re a talented seamstress. When I reopen **Fragrance** & Dye Studio, I want **you on** the team. How about it?”

“Really? At Fragrance & Dye Studio?”

Her eyes lit up with a fragile glimmer of hope.

“Of course, Lown it now. I make the calls. And I need people like you. As for what happened before—at’s

“But if you still carry resentment, if you want justice—I help you get it. All you fave to do is nod

Caitlin waited for her answer.

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Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 394

After listening to Caitlin, Julie thought deeply for a moment, Finally, she mastered the courage to speak up. “Alright fitoskey want to fight for justike tool”

Caitlin extended a hand to her. “As long as you’re willing to work with me, I’ll make sure you get proper compensation—and that he ends a in jail. But it may require you to make one more sacrifice.”

Julie hesitated for just a beat before nodding. “Okay.”

With Bailey and Julie finally on board, Caitlin and her team grabbed lunch before heading back to The Yuncey Family estate.

By the time they arrived, nearly everyone was gathered—except for Rachel, who was still in the hospital. Even the family’s lawyer had already

arrived.

“Perfect timing” Caitlin announced as she stepped into the grand sitting room, sweeping her gaze over the room. She spotted Hayden beside

Taylor, both seated calmly.

Rachel’s side of the family looked at her like she was a ticking time bomb, Caitlin didn’t care in the slightest. She was here for the show.

“Everyone’s here, let’s get started,” Timothy **said**, signaling the lawyer, Owen, to begin.

Owen had already completed a full audit of The Yuncey Family's assets—company shares, property, bonds, savings—and handed the documentation to Timothy.

Following Caitlin's suggestion, Timothy had arranged to divide up the family: the second and third branches were assigned other properties and told to move out of the main residence.

He also redistributed his personal shares: 10% went to Taylor and 59% to Hayden—15% total between mother and son.

This immediately triggered protest.

“Dad! How can you give all your shares to them?” Quill demanded.

“Grandpa, have you lost your mind?” Douglas added. “You're giving away everything?”

“I've made up my mind!” Timothy declared. “It's what I owe them. And your shares weren't touched, so what's there to **complain** about?”

His favoritism was obvious. Though the others were displeased, they had no grounds to argue further—Timothy **had** spoken.

In the end, the family was officially split into four branches. With everyone receiving their share, the grumbling subsided.

“Alright. That’s settled,” Timothy **said**. “Start moving into your new places. Forrest will handle the staff assignments.”

The second and third branches left the main estate, while the first and newly created fourth branch—Taylor and Hayden—each took a wing of the old manor. They now lived on opposite ends out of each other’s way.

It was a clever division.

Caitlin watched the entire process unfold. No one thought to ask if she wanted a share—typical But to her, this whole estate had originally belonged to her grandmother’s family.

And now, she would break the empire down—one piece at a time.

After the division, each family branch went about settling into their new quarters. Caitlin accompanied Taylor to their assigned courtyard

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* 19:23 Fri, 8 Aug

Chapter 394

“Well? Taylor, Hayden? Happy with the outcome?” she asked with a faint smile;

Taylor nodded. “Very much. Thank you, Caitlin.”

She turned to Hayden, who rubbed his nose with a sly grin. “I already know what you’re going to say. You’re eyeing **our** shar

“You caught on fast.”

Caitlin wasn’t shy about it—she was definitely eyeing that 15%,

“No rush,” Hayden teased. “All in good time.”

“What’s the rush then? Looking for a girlfriend? Want me to set you up?”

Taylor chuckled. “If **you** know someone suitable, I wouldn’t mind you introducing someone.”

“Mom! I don’t need a matchmaker, Hayden said, coughing awkwardly. The thought of the infamous Fiver needing help to find a date was laughable.

With T

The Yuncey Family preoccupied, Caitlin and Hayden said their goodbyes. Caitlin had other business—namely, a visit to the Fragrance & Dye Studio.

As she approached her car, Douglas caught up with her,

“Hey, I heard

d you’re heading to the studio. Mind if I join you?” he asked.

Douglas hadn’t forgotten his desire to learn more about the whereabouts of the “Yun’s Aromatic Codex“, Plus, he was looking for an excuse to get closer to Caitlin

His e

yes subtly lingered on her figure, but Caitlin caught it She’d already pegged him for a sleaze.

She was just waiting for the right opportunity to bait him in. She smiled smoothly.

I wouldn't want to waste your time. I'm just going to check in quickly. Oh—but actually, I do have something I want to talk to you about in private. It's regarding the studio's development plans. Think you could spare some time tonight!"

"Of course!" he agreed instantly.

"I'll **call** you later, alright?"

"Looking forward to it" Douglas was visibly delighted.

One glance from Caitlin, and his soul was half gone.

As the car pulled away, he stood there, inhaling deeply, intoxicated by the idea of a private evening with her.

He knew from his father and grandfather that Eleanor's branch of the family had no blood relation to theirs. That made Caitlin not technically a cousin and fair game, in his mind.

In the car, Sebastian took her hand and grumbled, "That creep. The way he looks at you—it's disgusting. I should **beat** the hell out of him."

“If all goes according to plan tonight, his days of creeping are over, Caitlin said with a sly smile.

Sebastian was all in. “Don’t worry, everything’s ready. But I’m drained. I need some energy.”

With James distracted at the wheel, Sebastian leaned in and kissed her hard.

“Mmph...”

James didn’t need a mirror to know what was going on in the backseat. He was getting used to being a third wheel—but that didn’t make it

any less nauseating

When the kiss finally ended, Caitlin was breathless and flushed. “Alright, save the rest for later.

Sebastian looked at her like he hadn’t had enough.

Trying to change the subject, she asked, “It’s been a while since we’ve been back to New York. I wonder how everything is there?”

“I checked in. My sister’s **out** of the hospital, the kids are doing well—everything’s good.”

He then added, “Oh—and they caught Teresa’s killer.”

“Who?”

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Comment

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 395

“A licensed anesthetist,” Sebastian said. “But so far, he hasn’t confessed who’s behind it.”

“Keeping tight-lipped, huh?”

“Yeah. Felix and the others are still pressing him for answers.”

They continued discussing the case as they drove toward Yun's Tragrance & Dye Studio. Since Caitlin had successfully reclaimed it, she'd

arranged for the building to be cleaned and restored

When she returned this time, the place was already bustling. Workers were busy repairing the damaged roof, rebuilding broken tools, and deep-cleaning the dye vats. The entire site was alive with hammering and clanking.

Caitlin walked around inspecting the site and made sure the workers received chilled drinks to cool down.

"Miss Caitlin, we'll finish on time, don't worry!" said the project foreman enthusiastically.

"Thank you," Caitlin replied. "I'm not interested in rushed work, what I want **is** high-quality craftsmanship. If you can finish the project on schedule and meet my standards, I'll give each of you a 20% performance bonus on top of the contract."

That promise lit a fire under the workers—everyone expressed their gratitude and doubled down on their tasks.

Caitlin wasn't the type to exploit labor. She cared about quality, Rebuilding Yun's Fragrance & Dye **Studio** would be a long-term project—it wasn't something that could be rushed.

She supervised until dusk before returning to the city.

Meanwhile, dinner at The Yuncey **Family** estate had finished. With half the family moved out, the dining room was eerily quiet. The once- bustling mealtime now felt hollow.

Quill, Greta, and the rest sat in silence, each weighed down by an unspoken anxiety.

“Let’s not mention the family division to Mom yet,” Quill told his wife. “It might be too much for her to take.”

“I **know**. I won’t say anything,” Greta nodded. “But honestly, splitting the family isn’t such a bad thing. At least now we’ll have fewer Headaches. Without your little sister around, my ears finally get some peace.”

“Be careful who hears you,” Quill warned.

As they walked off, Millie called out to her husband. “Honey, what’s going **on**? You’ve been off all evening.”

From the moment dinner **started**, she’d noticed how distracted he was. He kept checking his phone every other minute.

“It’s nothing. **Just** a minor issue at work. I might need to step out and **deal** with it. You go on home first.”

me, it was from a private number,

Douglas **had** been waiting anxiously for Caitlin's call—and when it finally came,

She gave him an address and a hotel room number.

Thrilled, Douglas raced to the hotel, fixed his tie, straightened his jacket, and rang the bell

The door opened, revealing Caitlin in a black silk nightgown. One glance at her **and** his blood began to boil

“Caitlin, L.

His tongue twisted. Even speaking became difficult.

“Come in,” she said.

inside, the curtains were drawn, the lighting low and suggestive. Douglas's mind went blank the moment he saw her silhouette

“I be lust a minute. I’m going to shower,” Caitlin said.

“5-Sure. Take your time.”

As the sound of water ran in the bathroom, Douglas’s heart pounded. The scent in the room—was it perfume or something elset—made his head swim.

Moments Later, the water stopped, and the woman reappeared, her figure half shadowed

The scent, the lighting, the mood—he was too dared to question anything. He only saw what he wanted to see.

And just like that, one thing led to another.

Time passed—he had no idea how much. Still breathless, Douglas was just about to **suggest a** second round when the door burst open, and

the lights flicked on.

A group of men stormed in with cameras and lights, snapping away.

The woman in bed shrieked and dove under the covers. Douglas bolted upright in horror.

“Who the hell are you?! Stop filming!”

“We’re with the press,” one of them said. “Tell us, Mr. Douglas, the woman you just slept with— isn’t your wife, is she?”

“You’re a respected businessman, How do you explain cheating on your wife in a **hotel** room?”

More questions fired at him while flashbulbs went off. Panicking, Douglas grabbed a blanket and lunged for their cameras.

“You can’t air this! I’ll **sue** you! I’ll destroy your entire agency!”

“You’re afraid of getting caught? Then maybe **you** shouldn’t have done it,” one of them snapped. “**If** you want this to disappear, it’ll cost you.”

“This is blackmail”

“Blackmail? No, sir. Just business. For someone like you, a million bucks is packet change. Think of the alternative—if this gets **out**, your reputation’s ruined. Not just yours—The Yuncey Family’s stock could plummet. You’d lose billions.”

Douglas was forced **to** cave. “How much?”

“One million each.”

“What?”

“There are eight of us. That’s eight million.”

Realizing he had no choice, Douglas reluctantly wrote the checks.

Once the reporters were paid, they deleted their footage and leh

Relieved it **was** over, Douglas turned back toward the bed—only to find the woman lying there wasn’t Caitlin

19:43 Fri, 8 Aug

“You... Who the hell are you?”.

He sobered instantly, blinking at her face. There was something familiar about her, but he couldn't place it.

“You don't even remember nie?” she said, voice trembling

Tears welled in her **eye**

“... you... What's going on?”

Douglas was completely disoriented. He could've sworn it had been Caitlin at the door.

Before he could process it, the hotel room door burst open again.

This time, it was Shaw and a squad of uniformed officers.

AD

Chapter 396

“Don't move! Police”

“We’ve received a report of a suspected sexual assault-

Shaw and the officers burst into the hotel room and instantly locked eyes on the scene. Evidence was everywhere

When Shaw saw who it was, his eyes widened.

“Douglas? What the hell?”

“Shaw, I didn’t rape anyone—I didn’t-

Julle was already curled up on the floor, sobbing

“Officer, please help me... He forced himself on me...”

“I didn’t! It’s not like that, I swear!”

Shaw didn’t give him any room to argue

“Powerful background or not, forcing a woman against her will is a crime. You’ll come with us for questioning”

Douglas was cuffed and escorted out of the room. A female officer entered to collect evidence

“I didn’t do anything You’ve got it all wrong—just let me explain!”

“You’ll have time to explain back at the station.”

As they walked down the hallway, Douglas caught sight of Caitlin standing in the doorway of another room. That’s when it hit him

“Caitlin! You set me up! You did this!”

Caitlin didn’t reply. She simply watched as the officers dragged him away, her eyes cool and amused.

Downstairs, real reporters—tipped off beforehand—rushed to snap photos as Douglas was escorted out in handcuffs and shorts.

A scandal of this magnitude?

The CEO of Yuncey Group, William Douglas Yuncey, arrested for sexual assault?

Front-page material.

s couldn’t have imagined that the night that had started so full of promise would end in total ruin.

Douglas o

Upstairs, Caitlin stood by the window, watching it all unfold. She saw the flashing cameras, the squad cars pulling away.

Perfect

This was the second decisive blow in her war against the Yuncey Family.

At the Police Station

Chapter 396

Douglas was booked while reporters hovered outside, eager for the next detail, inside, Shaw had his officers begin format doesbonit

“I didn’t do anything! I swear to God I didn’t rape that woman I don’t even know how I ended up in that room”

“Mr. Yuncey, if that’s the case, then how did you end up in a hotel room with her?”

*It was Caitlin She told me to come to the hotel-check with her! She set me up, I know it! Ask her!”

“Calm down, Mr. Yuncey. We’ll look into everything you’ve said.”

“I want a lawyer. Call my lawyer right now!”

Douglas was losing control of his emotions, his mind spiraling.

Meanwhile, Julie was also brought into the station, seated not far from him. A female officer took her statement.

“What happened in the hotel room? Why did you agree to meet him there?”

Julie, shaking and tearful, said,

“He asked me to meet him there-said he wanted to apologize. I thought maybe... maybe he really regretted what happened before. But instead, he did it again... He forced himself on me again...”

as like a sledgehammer. His eyes shot wide. He suddenly remembered her-her face, her name.

Her words hit Douglas!

“You! It’s you!” he growled.

“You lying bitch! When the hell did I ever force you?! Say it again-say it to my face!”

He lunged, grabbing Julie by the hair, rage exploding across his face.

“Mr. Yuncey! Stand down!”

Officers had to drag him off her. Due to his violent outburst, Douglas was immediately taken down to the holding cell

Juble, still sobbing, gave a full statement detailing the first assault from over a year ago and the second that just occurred.

Fearing public exposure, she begged the officers not to release her name. They agreed to keep her identity anonymous and arranged a safe escort back home.

As for Douglas, he remained in the holding cell, unable to contact anyone. Outside, reporters camped out, waiting for updates.

The story exploded online within minutes. The headline spread across news sites, forums, and trending hashtags

Back at the Yuncey estate, Carmen was scrolling her phone when the news popped up.

She nearly dropped it.

“Oh my God! Douglas is in trouble!”

“What?”

Greta asked sharply.

“Look! He’s been arrested—on rape charges!” She held up the phone with the news article.

Greta gasped in horror.

“How could this happen?”

Quill stood up, stunned,

“No way. He was just here for dinner. There’s no way he’d do something like that.”

Millie entered just then, muttering.

“What’s with the company lately? Douglas has been working late so much he’s still not back?”

“Not working late,” Carmen snapped, “He’s been arrested.”

“What?” Millie cried. “Why?”

“Read it yourself,”

Millie glanced at the screen, then exploded.

“That bastard!”

rd! That son of a bitch! Again?! And now the cops got him?!”

Greta, still defending her son, said,

“He wouldn’t do that! It must be some fake news! Someone’s out to get him!”

Quill dialed his son’s number–no answer. Then the landline rang

Greta picked up.

“Hello!”

“Ma’am, bad news. Douglas has been arrested on sexual assault charges. I’ve just been informed and I’m heading to the station now.”

“Do whatever you have to do! I don’t care what it takes–just get my son out!”

“We’ll try our best.”

Greta hung up and turned to her husband, crying.

“Quill Go down there, now!”

“I’m on it.”

He grabbed his coat and ran out the door.

****Back at the Hotel****

Caitlin answered a call from James

“Julie’s statement is recorded. She’s been taken home safely.”

“Perfect. Now let’s fan the flames. I want this scandal to blow wide open and catch the Tuncey Family completely off guard.”

“On it.”

19:44 Fri, 8 Aug

Once everything was in motion, Caitlin returned to the suite, standing behind Sebastian as he expertly worked his laptop

His fingers danced over the keyboard, wiping the footage of Caitlin meeting Douglas from the hotel’s security system. He also cleaned up any evidence of her presence and edited the timestamps seamlessly.

When he was finished, he closed the laptop, swiveled in his chair, and wrapped his arms around her.

His eyes gleamed with mischief and heat.

“My queen... Mission accomplished. I think I deserve a special reward. Don’t you agree?”

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 397

Caitlin wrapped her arms around him, smiling

“You can do whatever you want.”

“You said it..

His kiss came down on her, dominant yet tender, swallowing her whole.

#yett

Tonight belonged to them. After days of restraint, the man finally let go and made his feelings known in the most passionate way.

Just another night of overwhelming sugar for anyone watching.

While they shared a night of deep intimacy, many members of the Yuncey Family couldn't sleep at all.

At the police station, the family lawyer Owen tried to secure Douglas's **release** on bail—but no luck. With two assault allegations on the table, the police denied the request.

When Owen met with Quill to explain the situation, Quill nearly exploded with rage.

“That useless idiot! How could he make the same damn mistake again?”

He still remembered last year—Douglas had gotten drunk and taken advantage of Julie, the daughter of a housemaid named Bailey. His wife Millie, had even walked in on them.

It was a disaster.

Douglas claimed Julie seduced him. The Yuncey **Family** silenced the scandal with threats and a 50,000 hush payment. Bailey and Julie had no power to resist

But now, a year later, Douglas had done it again. With the same girl.

“This is bad,” Ov

“Owen said grimly. “There’s video from the hotel confirming Douglas was there. And the police found incriminating physical evidence from Julie,”

Quill paced the room, aptated.

“We need to pull every string we can. There’s no way I’m letting my son rot **in jail**”

“But the media’s already running with this,” Owen said. “If the **public** doesn’t see justice done, there’s going to be backlash.”

“Then we drown the noise. Use PR to erase everything!”

Quill immediately launched the Yuncey Group’s internal PR department and contracted outside agencies to help.

But during **their** cleanup, something strange happened—every time they deleted one piece of negative press, ten more popped up. Delete two, and twenty appeared.

It was like a chain reaction had been triggered, some programmed feedback loop gone wild. The teams were overwhelmed **and** soon too afraid to touch anything.

Quill didn't sleep a wink. By morning, he flipped his desk in a fit of rage after hearing the PR team's report.

"What the hell is going on? Are these media outlets trying to humiliate us? Send out cease-**and**-desist letters! War them with legal action!"

13.44

Yuncey Group's legal team issued formal threats to every nolle spreading the scandal,

It did nothing

By sunrise, the situation was out of control. Douglas's name was trending #1. A clip of Julie's tearful interview-her back to the camera, using a pseudonym-had gone viral.

in the video, she begged for justice, calling Douglas a monster, pleading for the law to protect her.

Her raw emotion won over the public. People flooded social media in outrage.

**Just because he's rich and powerful, he thinks he can do whatever he wants?"

Even worse, news leaked that Yancey Group had tried to suppress the scandal through legal threats and backdoor negotiations

The backlash exploded.

At the Yuncey Family Estate

Only a few showed up for breakfast. Timothy scanned the empty seats and frowned.

“Bring breakfast to Taylor’s room. I’ll eat with her today”

“Yes, sir.”

As Timothy stepped outside, he ran into Cynthia returning from her morning walk,

“You’re up early, Father. Have **you** eaten yet?”

ret. What brings you here?”

“Not yet.

“I came to see you—and to tell you the news. You i haven’t heard yet, have **you**? Douglas got into serious trouble.”

“What?” Timothy’s eyes shot wide.

“Sigh... same old habits. He forced himself on a girl last night. She called the cops, and now he’s in jail Didn’t get out all night.”

r’the **pot**.

ynthia had rushed over just to stir the

Timothy nearly had a heart attack,

“That damn fool! **Again**?! What the hell is wrong with him?! I’m going to have a stroke!”

“Calm down, Dad. Don’t let this get to you.”

She helped him inside to rest.

“So what’s the latest on the c

*still under investigation

The asked.

Police were combing through hotel security footage, and while Douglas claimed Caitlin had invited him and opened the door, surveillance didn’t show her anywhere.

2/3

19:44 PM, BAog

The police summoned Caitlin for questioning that morning.

“Did you arrange to meet Douglas at the hotel?” an officer asked.

Caitlin answered calmly

“Yes. He said he wanted to discuss matters related to Fragrance & Dye Studio, But he never showed up. I only found out what happened from

the news”

“Douglas claims you set him up. Any comment?”

Caitlin scoffed.

“How could I possibly set him up? That’s ridiculous. If anything, I suspect he used my name to lure that girl into a trap. I sincerely hope you get to the bottom of this. No one should get away with breaking the law—relative or not.”

with nothing further to investigate, she was free to go

Meanwhile, the scandal had already damaged the Yungry Group. Stocks began to tumble

In a desperate move, Quill sent men to Bailey’s home. His plan was simple: get Julie to change her statement. If she said she seduced Douglas, the charges would fall apart.

He dispatched Owen to lead the effort.

At the same time, Carmen showed up at the detention center, acting on behalf of her mother and sister-in-law.

“Just what the hell is going on with you?” she asked angrily

Douglas grabbed her hand like a drowning

mún.

“Carmen, I’ve been framed Caitlin set me up–this is all her doing! Please, go talk to hert Tell her to let me **go!**”

“Caitlin again?!” Carmen exploded with rage.

“Fine! I’ll deal with her myself

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 398

Carmen tracked Callin down to a fragrance tasting event in Departure City

The moment she arrived, she spotted Caitlin in an elegant pale blue gown, surrounded by a group of well dressed society women, all eagerly chatting with her.

By now, Caitlin's status as the heir to Yun's Tragrance & Dye Studio had been widely recognized throughout Departure City. Add to that her identity as the perfumer Odessa, and she had quickly become a sought-after figure in the city's high society circles

Socialites and luxury housewives all wanted custom fragrances crafted by her. Some fragrance companies even approached her with offers to co-develop new lines of perfume.

Her ability to navigate these circles with such ease came down largely to the influence of Hayden and Randall. One was her uncle, the other her cousin, and with their connections, Caitlin was seamlessly introduced to the who's who of Departure City's elite fashion, perfume, and business scenes.

Just as Caitlin was enjoying polite conversation, a shrill, unpleasant voice cut through the room.

"Caitlin

All eyes turned toward the entrance, where Carmen stormed in, her expression thunderous.

Caitlin wasn't surprised. She had already guessed Carmen would show up—and why.

Randall immediately stepped forward.

“Carmen!”

“You don’t even see me anymore, do you?”

Carmen snapped, showing no regard fo

for Randall’s presence

“What’s going on?” Randall asked, completely confused by her sudden fury

He hadn’t seen the news—he’d pulled an all-nighter working on a proposal, and headed straight to the fragrance event in the morning. No one at the venue had mentioned the Yuncey Family scandal either, so he was totally in the dark..

“Figures. You clearly don’t care about the family at all”

Carmen ignored him and marched straight toward Caitlin, confronting her head-on.

“You set my brother up, didn’t **you**?!”

Caitin’s gaze remained calm and aloof.

“**I**’m not sure what you mean, Carmen. What does Douglas’ situation have to do with me?”

Most of the women at the event already knew what had happened to the Yuncey Family. They just hadn’t brought it up out of respect. But with Carmen’s outburst, the whispering began.

She must be talking about the whole Douglas arrest thing...”

“I heard he was accused of sexual assault again. Isn’t he the one always pretending to be some model gentleman?”

“Apparently it’s not even the first time. Unreal.....,”

The murmurs only made Carmen’s expression darker.

“Don’t pretend!” she snapped. “You invited Douglas to that hotel under the pretense of a business talk, then set him up to be arrested. I’m warning you—go to the police now and clear his name!”

The more furious Carmen became, the calmer Caitlin appeared.

“Carmen, watch your words. I went to the police this morning and cooperated fully. Douglas was the one who asked to meet. I had no idea he planned to do something like that. The victim called the police, they collected evidence, and the case is being handled through legal

channels.

“I don’t own the police station. I can’t just **“make them”** release him. It has to go through the law. Right, everyone?”

She turned to **the** socialites around her. They nodded **in** agreement.

Carmen glanced around. Many of the attendees were her acquaintances, and she felt her temper flare.

“Don’t let this woman fool your She’s a cunning liar!”

“Carmen, are you trying to ruin my name because I exposed your fake Fragrance Garments launch? Caitlin **asked** coolly.

“**You’re** still playing the victim?”

Carmen was losing it. She snatched up a wine glass and threw its contents toward Caitlin—but Randall stepped in just in time **and** took the

splash for her.

Wine dripped from his hair and collar, He wiped his face and snapped, “Carment Take this somewhere else. You’re not making a scene here.”

He tried to push her toward the door, but Carmen resisted.

“I’m not making a scene! Caitlin, go to the police and clear Douglas‘ name now!”

“If your brother is innocent, the truth will come out. Justice doesn’t need my help.”

“Get out of my way! I’m not leaving until I deal with this bitch!”

Carmen shoved Randall aside and lunged at Caitlin again.

“You think you can ruin someone’s life and just stand there ke nothing happened?!”

She grabbed a wine bottle from a nearby table and hurled it at Caitlin—this time, Hayden intervened. He caught the bottle mid-air and clamped down on Carmen's wrist.

"I'm the one hosting this event," he said, voice icy. "Cause another scene and I'll have you dragged o regret it"

His partiality toward Caitlin couldn't have been more obvious.

out of here. Touch Cagain, and you'll

Maybe it was the memory of being slapped four times by him last time, or the dangerously cold look in his eyes—but Carmen finally froze.

She glanced around and saw the disapproving stares of all the guests. The embarrassment hit her like a slap.

She realized her outburst had destroyed her image as the Yuncey Family heiress. Whatever dignity she had left was now gone.

"Fine... I see how it is. You're all working together..

Burning with rage but too humiliated to continue, Carmen backed off. She was about to retreat and figure out a plan when the door

opened again

Several uniformed police officers stepped inside. One of them stepped forward and presented a warrant.

“Carmen Yuncey, based on credible witness testimony, you are under suspicion of involvement in a murder case. This is an arrest warrant. Please come with us.”

Gasps echoed through the room

Carmen froze, stunned speechless..

Only when the cold steel cuffs clicked around her wrists did she fully grasp what was happening.

“I didn’t kill anyone! What **are** you doing?! Let me go–I didn’t do anything!”

Her panicked screams faded as officers escorted her from the event.

The room exploded in whispers.

Yuncey... accused of murder? No way!"

"Carmen Yuncey...

"She totally looked like she was about to kill Caitlin a minute ago! Good thing The Fixer stepped in!"

"She's dangerous. Maybe she really did it..."

Listening to the chatter, Caitlin's expression didn't change—but deep Inside, she let out a cold laugh.

Carmen only had herself to blame.

Caught in her own trap—poetic justice.

This was the third strike in her campaign against the Yuncey Family. And it had landed hard.

And the next wave?

Would hit even harder.

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Carmen had never expected that her attempt to get Douglas out of jail would not only fail—but land herself behind bars as well.

Meanwhile, The Yuncey Family's private attorney, Owen, had arrived at the farmhouse and was now face to face with the victim's family.

He started off with a gentle tone, trying to reason. "Bailey, you've worked for The Yuncey family for years. You should know how much supported and looked after your family. Surely, you can't forget all of that so easily, can you?"

"Mr. Timothy **has** always been kind to you. Don't repay kindness with resentment."

Bailey understood why they were here—but there was no room in her heart for compromise. After waiting this long to finally see the monster who hurt her daughter get arrested, how could she possibly back down now?

“Owen, I understand everything you’re saying, But my daughter was **hurt**—deeply. This isn’t something that can be brushed aside with an apology or money.

Owen nodded sympathetically, “I understand. What happened **last** time—William took advantage of Julie while he was drunk. The 50,000 yuan hush money, in hindsight, may have been too little.

“So I spoke to him again. This time, we’re prepared to offer 200,000. Do you think that’s acceptable?”

He opened a metal case filled with stacks of cash, assuming they were only holding out for a better deal. He truly believed that once the money was on the table, this whole thing would blow over.

But he grossly underestimated Bailey’s resolve to get justice for her daughter.

Even if she got nothing sending that scum to prison was worth it.

“Take it back, Owen. We don’t want your dirty money. All we want is justice”

Seeing how firmly Bailey refused,

ed, Owen assumed she just wanted more. He pressed further. “Alright, how about this? If 200,000 isn’t enough, 11 negotiate again—let’s say 500,000. **Would** that be fair?”

“This isn’t about money!” Bailey snapped. “No amount of cash can wash away what he did!”

Owen’s face darkened. He’d had enough of her defiance. “Bailey, don’t be so ungrateful I came here to **help** settle this peacefully. Do you really want this to explode publicly? Do you really want the whole city knowing what happened to your daughter?

“Think about her future. How will she face anyone? She’s still young—you can take this money, leave Departure City, and start over.

“Don’t be foolish. You should know better than to cross The Yuncey Family. I shouldn’t have to spell it out for you.”

It was clearly a threat

From the back room, Julie had been listening the entire time. Furious, she stormed out, grabbed a broom, and chased wwen out of the house.

“**Get** out! Get the hell out of here! We don’t need your blood money!”

Owen stumbled out with the suitcase in his arms.

Outside the yard, several hired thugs sat waiting in a car. When they saw **Owen** being driven out, they knew it **was** their turn.

According to Quill's plan: start with kindness—if that failed, escalate to force.

Owen drove off. The live thugs kicked down the front gate and stormed into the yard.

Inside, Bailey and Julie were terrified as the front door was forced open before they could lock it.

Bailey was thrown to the ground. "What do you want?!"

The men didn't answer. Two of them grabbed and tied her up.

"Let me go! Please, let me go!"

One of the thugs sneered. "Should've taken the money. Now don't blame us for what comes next."

"If you won't drop the charges, t

, we'll do it right in front of you. We'll take your daughter until you agree

Their laughter was twisted, monstrous. Three of them pushed into the back room

Julie screamed, “No! Stay away! Don’t come near me!”

Bailey sobbed, heartbroken and helpless “Don’t hurt my daughter! Please—she’s all I have!”

Just as the

thugs were about to assault Julie, the door was kicked open with a crash.

James and Sebastian burst in

Bailey, in a haze of desperation, cried out in relief, “Help us! Please!”

She recognized them—Caitlin’s trusted men. **Hope** flickered in her eyes again

Inside, James stormed in and sent the attackers flying with a few swift, brutal kicks.

Sebastian quickly untied Bailey. As she stumbled to her feet, she watched the thugs being dragged out into the yard, beaten senseless

Sebastian blocked the exit. The two men worked together to subdue and tie up all five men before calling the police.

Julie, thankfully, had only been frightened—not harmed. Bailey held her tightly.

“You’re safe now,” Sebastian reassured them. “Don’t worry. They’ll pay for this.”

They **had** anticipated The Yuncey Family might resort to violence so they had acted preemptively. The hidden cameras Caitlin installed had recorded everything the **break**-in, the threats, the attempted assault.

They even had audio. It was irrefutable.

To **ensure** Bailey and Julie’s safety, Sebastian and James relocated them to **a** secure location.

At The Yuncey Family Group headquarters.

ww

Quill sat impatiently in his office, waiting for Owen's update.

Moments later, Owen returned—with the suitcase still in hand.

"They wouldn't take the money," Owen grumbled. "Those two are stubborn as hell."

Quill's face twisted in frustration. "Then they brought this on themselves.

2/3

19:44 Fri, 8 Aug

He had already sent the muscle in.

"All that matters now is putting an end to this quickly," Quill muttered. "If this gets any bigger, the damage to the company will be immeasurable."

"I know. Don't worry, I'll figure it out. Once the girl changes her statement and drops the charges, we'll flip it—charge them with false accusations instead."

"Perfect."

Before they could speak further, Quill's assistant burst through the door, panic in his voice.

"Sir! We **have** a problem!"

Quill's forehead throbbed. "What now?"

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 400

"It's Carmen... she's in trouble."

"Carmen?" Quill's face froze. A sinking feeling surged in his chest. "What happened to her?"

"She's **been** detained by the police. She's suspected of... murder."

“Murder?” Quill shot to his feet, completely stunned. “What are you talking about? My daughter, murder?”

The assistant didn’t know the full details. All Quill could do was grab Owen and **rush** out “Let’s go to the station, How!”

Owen wiped cold sweat from his brow. This time, The Yuncey Family might be in real trouble.”

When they arrived at the police station and got the facts, the full story hit them like a truck.

Turns out, during the interrogation of Philip—the man previously arrested in **Zahra’s** case—he finally confessed: Carmen was the one who ordered him to kill Zahra. She wanted to frame Caitlin

Inside the visitation room, Quill was allowed to see his daughter, Carmen, eyes red and puffy, immediately clutched at his **sleeve**, begging. “Dad, please! You have **to** get me out! Please do something!”

Quill, exhausted and furious, snapped **at** her. “How could you be so stupid?! How could you get involved in something like this?”

He lowered his voice. “Just deny it. Say you never told Philip to do anything. Let Owen handle the rest, understand?”

Carmen nodded **tearfully**. “Okay...I understand.”

Quill's temples throbbed. His daughter behind bars, **his son** arrested **for** sexual assault... And Timothy didn't even know yet. found out, he'd explode.

Right now,

his priority was simple: do whatever it takes to get his children out of this mess.

if his father

The media, however, was relentless. No amount of PR could stop the firestorm. Quill had hired multiple agencies to push soft pieces, trying to drown out the bad press, **but** none of it worked.

Douglas's rape scandal was still trending #1, Now Carmen's suspected murder was climbing fast-right behind it at #2.

The Yuncey siblings had both gone down, and the internet was ablaze with speculation. Netizens eagerly devoured the drama.

Quill had ordered the entire family; no one was to tell Timothy about Carmen.

That evening at the old mansion, the dining table felt unusually empty.

Only Greta and Millie showed up. Timothy frowned, clearly displeased. “Where is everyone? Why is no one here ag

Greta nervously tried to cover it up. “Dad, Quill handling Douglas’s situation, and Carmen went to the hospital to visit her grandma. Let’s just eat–no need **to** wait.

Just then, Caitlin wheeled Taylor into the dining hall “Timothy, I brought Taylor to join you for dinner.”

Timothy’s expression **softened**. He quickly gestured for the staff to pull out a chair next to him. “is Hayden not coming?”

“He’s caught up with something,” Taylor replied

“Alright then Let’s eat.”

But Taylor didn’t lift her utensils. She glanced around the near-empty table. It feels like fewer and fewer people want to eat with end in **i** because of my presence? If I’m making others uncomfortable, I’ll leave.“

She

he made a show of wheeling herself away, but Timothy quickly stopped her. “It’s not because of you. Douglas got into trouble, and handling it. Carmen is at the hospital with Rachel.”

Taylor tilted her head, feigning surprise. “I was planning to visit Hachel after dinner... but I could’ve sworn I saw a news report that **said** Carmen was arrested.”

Timothy blinked, stunned. “What did you say?”

Greta jumped in fast. “Dad, ignore that nonsense. Carmen’s perfectly fine. Why would she be arrested?”

Timothy turned a sharp eye on Greta and Mille. Their faces were pale, their eyes evasive.

He looked to Caitlin. “Caitlin, you tell me. What’s going on?”

Caitlin sighed. “Timothy, if I tell you the truth, please brace yourself.”

“Just say it.”

“Carmen was taken by police yesterday. She’s a suspect in a murder investigation.”

“Murder? Who?”

“It seems she was behind Zahra’s death—she allegedly hired Philip to kill her and tried to pin it on me. Philip’s already confessed to the police.”

The cup in Timothy’s hand shattered as it hit the floor. He stood, trembling with rage.

“You knew all this, and you kept it from me?!” he barked at Greta.

“I’m sorry, Dad!” Greta cried. “We didn’t want to upset you...”

Millie added quickly. “We **were** trying to handle it. Both Douglas and Carmen are **in** trouble—we didn’t know what else to do.”

“Crying won’t solve anything!” Timothy was beyond furious. “Call Quill! Tell him to come back immediately!”

He stormed out of the dining room, leaning heavily on his cane, Greta and Millie scrambled after him, both glaring daggers at Caitlin on their

way out.

Once they were gone, Taylor turned to Caitlin. “Caillin, would you mind taking me to the hospital?”

“Of course, Taylor.”

They headed for the hospital, where Rachel was still recovering.

Rachel lay in bed, a maid quietly tending to Her

She was physically stable now and set to be discharged the next day. But no one had come to visit her in two days, which made her **deeply** suspicious.

“Where is everyone!” she asked. “Not one person’s shown up?”

The maid carefully deflected, “Maybe the company’s been busy. The young masters and ladies must be tied **up**.”

“Not even Greta or Millie could spare a minute?”

Rachel was used to being the center of attention. The silence gnawed at her.

“They should be here soon,” the maid said gently.

Rachel narrowed her eyes. “What about “that” woman? What’s Taylor been up to?”

She fumed silently for a beat. “What if that crippled witch is trying to take over while I’m in here?”

-hedautongthschnauathdanepthealiusgh6

“I heard the old master’s been spending a lot of time with her,” the maid added. “Eating together, walking together...”

67%

ng slut! She’s paralyzed and still has the nerve to seduce him? She must be after the inheritance!
She’s playing the long game!

“That conniving

She should just drop dead!”

She flung her water glass against the wall. The crash was sharp and loud.

Right at that moment, Caitlin wheeled **Taylor** into the room.

Taylor let out a soft gasp. “Well, good

d thing I dropped by. If I hadn’t, I wouldn’t have known how badly you want me dead.”

din

Rachel’s face twisted in fury. “What are you doing here?”

“I came to visit, Ever since I moved in, you’ve been hospitalized. I thought I should at least come see you...so no one says I’m neglecting family.”

Rachel gestured for the maid to **leave**. Then she pointed at Caitlin and Taylor. “I knew it. You’re working together. Caitlin, this is all your doing! You’re using her to get at me, aren’t you?”