

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 401

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Rachel, you should focus on recovering instead of spinning wild theories. All that suspicion isn't good for your health," Caitlin offered in a calm, almost kind tone.

"Spare me the fake concern! You think I don't see through your act?" Rachel snapped, her voice trembling with rage.

Taylor spoke up for Caitlin. "You've got her all wrong. Caitlin's nothing like what you're accusing her of. In fact, I think she's an exceptional young woman."

"Hmph..." Rachel sneered. In her eyes, Taylor and Caitlin were two of a kind—scheming and manipulative, both out to ruin her.

"You've been in the hospital a few days. I take it no one's told you what's going on at home?" Taylor asked pointedly.

Rachel's eyes narrowed, suspicious. "What are you playing at now?"

“I’m not playing at anything. But your family certainly is. Douglas did something beyond stupid—he raped a girl and has been detained by the police.”

“What? Douglas was arrested?” Rachel sat bolt upright in her bed, her face pale. She turned to Caitlin for confirmation. “Is this true?”

Caitlin nodded. “Yes. And this time, the evidence is irrefutable. He may actually face jail time.”

“No... how could this happen?” Rachel was shaking with rage, pounding her fist against the bed.

Taylor continued, “And that’s not all. Carmen’s in trouble too.”

Rachel’s expression twisted in disbelief. “What now? What happened to Carmen?”

“She ordered their servant Philip to murder Zahra and frame Caitlin. Philip confessed everything, and Carmen has been arrested for

conspiracy to commit murder.”

Taylor let out a theatrical sigh. “I never thought your kids could be this depraved. Is this the kind of legacy you’ve built, Rachel?”

Rachel's blood pressure shot through the roof. "Lies! All lies! They would never do something like that. You're framing them!"

"Caitlin, would you be so kind as to hand her the newspaper?" Taylor said dryly.

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Caitlin passed over the morning paper. Rachel scanned the front page, her expression morphing from shock to horror. Then she glared up at

them with blazing hatred.

"It was you two! You set them up! Especially "you", Caitlin! I see the game now—first you bring her into The Yuncey Family, then you start dismantling us piece by piece. This has been your plan all along!"

Taylor's expression darkened. "This has nothing to do with Caitlin. It was my decision to come back. I made a promise, and I kept it. Despite your endless cruelty and torment, I still returned with my head held high."

She tapped her paralyzed legs. "Remember what you did? That stormy night—you had your men break my legs, left me crippled for life, *My* son and I barely survived. I've spent every day since then in agony, living with what you did to me. But I held on—for this day."

“You wanted me dead, but guess what? I’m still alive. And I’ll stay alive until the day **you’re gone.**”

Taylor’s voice was like ice, her resolve steel-hard. Her revenge had finally come full circle. For years, the only thing that kept her breathing was this moment—watching The Yuncey Family tear itself apart.

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“Get out! Get out of my sight! I don’t want to see either of you!” Rachel screeched.

“I was just leaving.” Taylor said, her tone cutting. “But before I go, you should know... The Yuncey Family has officially been split up.”

“What? Split? What do you mean ‘split’?” Rachel’s voice trembled. No one had told her about this,

She was instantly paranoid: had Timothy handed a chunk of the estate to Taylor and her son?

Taylor didn’t answer, but Caitlin did. “Timothy divided the family into four branches. The second and third branches have moved out of the estate. The main residence was split down the middle—one side for you, one side for Taylor. Your family’s assets weren’t touched. But Timothy did give his personal shares to Taylor and Hayden. Seems fair, doesn’t it?”

“Fair? FAIR?!” Rachel screamed. “You manipulated him! You got him to kick the others out just so you could stand equal with me! You snake! That’ll never happen–never!”

The fury boiled over. Rachel felt a metallic taste in her throat and suddenly-

*Splatter.

Blood sprayed across the newspaper as Rachel coughed violently. Her body slumped backward onto the bed.

Taylor’s lips curled in satisfaction. “Mission accomplished.” She turned her wheelchair and rolled calmly out of the room.

At the door, Caitlin turned to the nurse. “Call the doctor. She’s passed out.”

The nurse scrambled for help as Caitlin wheeled Taylor out of the hospital.

Meanwhile, at The Yuncey Family’s headquarters, Quill was in crisis mode, drowning in damage control.

Then came the dreaded call: Timothy wanted to see him immediately.

He rushed back to the estate, but as soon as he walked in-

SMACK.

Timothy slapped him hard across the face.

“Dad-1”

“How long were you planning to keep this from me?” Timothy roared. “Did you think I wouldn’t find out eventually?”

“I was handling it! Please, Dad, trust me. I’ll clean this up. I promise The Yuncey Family’s name won’t be tarnished.”

Timothy’s hand trembled with rage. “This is your way of handling it?”

He waved to Forrest, who queued up a video on the screen: footage of Owen visiting the He family’s home, attempting to bribe them with

cash to drop the charges.

In the clip, Owen practically admitted that last year, Douglas forced himself on Julie and the family tried to bury it with a measly payout. Now, he was back with even more money to buy their silence again.

Timothy's fury hit a boiling point. "So last year, Douglas lied*. He said she seduced him. And we believed him. We even drove Bailey out of

this house because of it.

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"But it was all a lie! He raped that girl, and you—you-trying to cover it up again with hush money!"

He was seething now. "That worthless bastard has disgraced this family. He's disgraced me!"

Quill floundered, desperate. "Dad, please calm down. There's more to the story—it wasn't Douglas's fault. Caitlin set him up!"

"Caitlin?" Timothy's expression hardened.

At that moment, the door creaked open. Caitlin wheeled Taylor into the room.

Quill's eyes gleamed with venom. "Dad, speak of the devil. Caitlin's here. Why not ask her yourself?"

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As soon as Caitlin stepped into the room and saw the way Quill was glaring at her, she knew he'd been painting her as the villain to Timothy.

"Timothy, Taylor and I are back," she greeted politely.

Taylor looked at Timothy and asked, "What's wrong, Timothy? You don't look well."

"I'm fine. Just discussing some matters with Quill," Timothy replied, not wanting to burden her with the family's mess. He turned to Forrest. "Forrest, take Taylor to her room to rest."

"Yes, sir." Forrest wheeled Taylor away, leaving Caitlin alone with Timothy and Quill in the room.

Timothy turned his gaze on Caitlin, sharp and probing. “Caitlin, I want the truth. Was Douglas’s incident your doing?”

Caitlin didn’t flinch. “Me? Set up Douglas? Who told you such nonsense?”

Quill snapped, unable to hold it in. “Caitlin! Stop playing dumb! You lured Douglas to the hotel under the pretense of a meeting, opened the door for him, then swapped in Julie in your place. If that wasn’t a setup, then what was it?”

He’d gotten the whole story from his son and was convinced Douglas couldn’t have made the same mistake twice—there had to be a trap, and Caitlin was the bait.

“Isn’t there an old saying? ‘Catch a thief with stolen goods, catch an adulterer in the act.’ You’re accusing me of this? Then show me your evidence.” Caitlin’s voice was calm, unshaken. “You’re basing this entirely on Douglas’s story? You, of all people, should know exactly what kind of man your son is.”

“You’re twisting words!” Quill shot back angrily. “Douglas said you called him to meet at the hotel.”

“Great! Then check the records. Call the telecom company and get his call logs. See if my number’s even there,” Caitlin challenged.

Quill immediately dialed his assistant. “Pull Douglas’s call records from the past two days. Look for any trace of Caitlin’s number.”

Ten minutes later, the assistant called back. “Boss, we went through the records thoroughly. There’s no call or text to or from Caitlin.”

“Are you sure? You checked everything?” Quill barked.

“Absolutely. We double-checked. There’s no trace of her number.”

Quill hung up, his face dark.

Caitlin folded her arms. “Well? Any proof?”

“There was no call from your number,” Quill growled, “but that doesn’t mean you didn’t use another phone! And don’t forget—you were at the hotel. Douglas saw you. So did two police officers!”

“I was there with my boyfriend. Is that illegal now?” Caitlin shot back.

“Boyfriend? Who?”

“Sebastian. My fiancé, actually. He visited y Country for business and stopped by to see me. We spent the night together at the hotel. Need me to call him here to verify?”

“Sebastian? Your ex-husband?”

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“Yes. You probably saw the news—he proposed not long ago.”

Quill’s eyes narrowed in disbelief. “Call him. Prove it.”

Caitlin turned to Timothy. “Timothy, would you also like to hear it directly from him?”

Timothy nodded, “It’s best we clarify everything.”

Caitlin called Sebastian. “Honey, I’ve run into a little situation. Mind dropping by The Yuncey Family real quick?”

After a short conversation, she hung up. “He’s nearby. He’ll be here soon.”

Roughly ten minutes later, a servant arrived. “Sir, there’s a Mr. Sebastian Vanderbilt at the front gate. He says he’s from KM International Group. Should we let him in?”

“Of course! Let him in!” Timothy ordered.

Soon, Forrest led a group of men toward the villa.

Tyler and Xavi walked ahead, followed by Sebastian, trailed by bodyguards. Even dressed simply, his commanding presence was

unmistakable.

But today, Sebastian wasn't hiding. He was dressed in a bespoke suit, polished shoes, and carried himself with refined elegance. His sharp, symmetrical features and cool gaze turned every head as he entered the estate.

Even household staff couldn't help but whisper, “Who is that?”

Millie noticed him immediately. She was stunned by his presence. “Who is *that* man?”

No one knew. But when he walked toward the main hall, Millie couldn't stop herself—she followed.

At the entrance, Forrest bowed respectfully. “Mr. Vanderbilt, this way, please.”

Tyler and Xavi flanked the doorway, while Sebastian walked in with calm authority.

Timothy and Quill stood instinctively when he entered.

Sebastian scanned the room. His gaze first landed on Caitlin, then shifted to Timothy and Quill. “I apologize for the unannounced visit.”

Quill had nothing more to say. Sebastian’s swift arrival confirmed Caitlin hadn’t lied.

Timothy gestured. “Mr. Vanderbilt, the pleasure is ours. Please, have a seat. Someone bring tea!”

Sebastian didn’t hesitate. He walked straight to Caitlin’s side, sat beside her, and—without shame or restraint—took her hand in his.

Outside the doorway, Millie saw it all and finally realized who this man was.

KM International Group’s global CEO, Sebastian Vanderbilt.

The real deal looked even better than the news photos.

Watching him next to Caitlin, she suddenly felt the weight of her own choices. The man she married couldn't compare.

And Sebastian's obvious love and protectiveness—his adoration for Caitlin was unmistakable. It was enough to drive Millie mad with jealousy.

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How did Caitlin get so lucky?

Inside the room, Sebastian met Timothy and Quill's gazes with a sharp, icy stare,

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"You summoned me for a confrontation," he said, his voice calm but cutting. "So tell me what exactly involves my fiancée? What trouble *did* she get into that warranted this grand display?"

Mr. Vanderbilt had arrived—and his presence left no room for doubt.

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Caitlin cast a sideways glance at Quill, who looked visibly awkward.

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Faced with Sebastian's imposing presence, Quill quickly shifted gears. "Actually, it's nothing serious. Since Caitlin mentioned you were in Departure City, we thought it'd be nice to invite you over for a visit. Uh... Mr. Vanderbilt, what brings you here anyway?"

His change in attitude was laughable—just moments ago, he was accusing Caitlin with righteous fury. Now, with Sebastian in the room, he

was scrambling to save face.

Sebastian, expression unreadable, replied, "As I'm sure you already know, Caitlin isn't just my ex-wife. She's now my fiancée—my one and only. When I heard she was back at The Yuncey Family, and since I happened to be in Departure City for an investment review, I decided to drop by and see how she's being treated."

As he spoke, he reached out and gently held Caitlin's hand, his eyes full of unmistakable affection and possessiveness. "Caitlin, are you doing okay here? Has anyone mistreated you? Just tell me if someone dares lay a hand on you, I'll make sure their entire bloodline regrets it."

Quill and Timothy both shifted uncomfortably at that.

Caitlin chuckled softly, “How could anyone dare bully me? Even if they tried, I know Timothy would stand up for me.”

She looked toward the old man. “Right, Timothy?”

Timothy nodded solemnly. “Of course. As long as I’m here, no one will hurt Caitlin. You can rest easy, Mr. Vanderbilt.”

Sebastian gave a short nod and didn’t press further.

Naturally, the conversation turned toward The Yuncey Family’s current scandals. Sebastian didn’t offer judgment but commented, “Regardless of what happened, it needs to be handled quickly. Otherwise, the fallout for the family’s business could be catastrophic.”

“We’re working on it,” Timothy said, sighing.

Sebastian stood. “Well, I don’t want to overstay. I have a meeting with a client soon.”

He turned to Caitlin. “Come with me?”

Just then, Quill had a sudden idea—if he could use Caitlin’s relationship with Sebastian to build a bridge between KM International Group

and The Yuncey Family, maybe it would help turn things around.

“Mr. Vanderbilt, why don’t you stay for lunch?”

“Maybe next time. I really do have to go today.”

With that, Sebastian helped Caitlin to her feet, and the two left together. Outside, Millie watched them walk hand in hand, her expression frozen in envy.

After they left, Timothy’s face darkened.

“Look at this mess. If Caitlin had said even a word just now, and Sebastian decided to retaliate, do you realize how much trouble that would’ve brought on The Yuncey Family?”

“I’m sorry, Father. I wasn’t thinking clearly,” Quill murmured.

“You need to be more careful. That man is not someone you want as an enemy.”

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“understand.”

Millie entered then, still staring toward the door where Caitlin had disappeared.

“Grandpa, Dad—what’s going on with Douglas? When is he getting out?”

“We’re working on it. Just wait at home.” Quill brushed her off and left.

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He was off to pull strings, hoping to use The Yuncey Family’s influence to suppress the scandals and get his children released. But to his surprise, every connection he reached out to turned him down. Gifts were returned unopened, and invitations were ignored.

The final blow came when someone from the police informed him that orders from higher up had been issued: both cases involving The Yuncey Family were to be thoroughly investigated, and absolutely no leniency would be shown.

Quill was stunned. His usual tricks weren't working. Someone was blocking him—and with serious power.

Meanwhile, Caitlin and Sebastian were on the road, discussing her investigation.

“I've been back at The Yuncey Family for a while now, but I haven't found a single clue about my mother's whereabouts,” Caitlin said, frowning. “Where could she be?”

Sebastian wrapped an arm around her shoulders. “There are two possibilities. One, Timothy knows where she is and won't say anything until

he gets what he wants. Two, Timothy isn't the one who had her taken.”

“I'm starting to think it's the second,” Caitlin admitted. “Black Hawk was probably hired by someone else. But who?”

She clenched her fists. “The longer I go without finding her, the more danger she might be in.”

Sebastian gently rubbed her arm. “If they wanted her dead, they wouldn't have gone to such lengths. Hiring Black Hawk, hiding her—that suggests she's still alive. They want her for something.”

“I hope you're right. But how am I supposed to get Timothy to talk? He's way tougher than I thought.”

“Don’t stress too much. We’ll get there. One step at a time.”

She nodded, and soon, their car rolled into the entrance of Departure City’s amusement park.

Caitlin looked up. “You brought me to an amusement park?”

“To play,” Sebastian said with a sly smile. He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

She laughed. “Aren’t we a little too old for this?”

“Who says adults can’t have fun at amusement parks?”

They got out. The entire park was empty—Sebastian had rented it out for the day. Staff stood waiting by the rides.

Caitlin couldn’t help laughing. “You really are insane. You rented out the whole park? What about the kids who wanted to come today?”

“I don’t care. I just want you to have fun today.”

He knew she'd been under immense stress lately, mentally and emotionally. He wanted her to breathe, to laugh, to feel light again.

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Caitlin changed into sneakers, and the two of them began to run around like carefree teenagers.

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They rode the carousel—Sebastian on a horse ahead of her, calling back with a grin, “Catch me if you can, baby!”

“You’re so childish,” Caitlin laughed, chasing after him.

Somehow, being with Sebastian made her feel younger. Lighter. Less burdened by all the darkness in her life. It was as if a bit of sunlight had cracked open her hardened heart.

Next, they played bumper cars, shrieking and laughing with every crash. Caitlin hadn't laughed that hard in years.

Finally, they got on the Ferris wheel. As the gondola reached the top, the whole city spread out beneath them. It was quiet, peaceful.

Sebastian turned toward her, eyes burning with affection. He pulled her into his arms.

"Baby, guess what I'm thinking about right now?"

Caitlin's heart skipped. "Hey... this is a public ride. Don't you dare do anything crazy!"

Cue the romantic mischief.

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Sebastian didn't say a word. Instead, he dipped his head and kissed her deeply.

There's an old fairytale about Ferris wheels: when a couple kisses at the highest point, their love will last forever.

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And right now, Sebastian wanted to fulfill that fairytale with Caitlin. He wanted this moment to mark the beginning of a lifetime—no more separations, only forever.

The kiss lasted until the gondola reached the ground again. Only then did he finally let go, satisfied.

Caitlin's heart thumped wildly, her cheeks a deep pink like ripe apples. She playfully gave his chest a soft punch.

Sebastian chuckled and laced his fingers through hers, leading her off the ride. As they walked across the plaza, Caitlin suddenly heard the laughter of children near the flying swings.

She looked over and blinked. "Am I seeing things? That kid on the swing looks like our son!"

She thought maybe she was just missing the children too much. But Sebastian smiled, "You're not seeing things. That *is* our son."

“What? Seriously?!”

Excited, Caitlin ran toward the ride. As she got closer, she recognized some familiar faces—Quincy, Faith, and even Zinnia.

“Quincy! Faith! Zinnia!”

Seeing them confirmed it—her kids were here.

“Ms. Lewis!”

“Caitlin!”

“Trinity!”

The three greeted her enthusiastically. Caitlin stepped forward and gently corrected Zinnia, “Zinnia, please stop calling me Trinity. That name is gone now. Just call me Caitlin.”

“Of course,” Zinnia replied with a warm smile and gave her a hug. “Thank you for sending Quincy and Faith to help me.”

“No need to thank me. If anything, I should be the one grateful—for sparing me. Are your injuries okay now?”

“They’re healing. Nothing major. Don’t worry.”

“Good. From *now* on, you’re with us. You’re family”

Zinnia nodded, though her eyes flickered with a trace of emotion.

She knew Caitlin trusted her deeply, cared for her. But how could she ever repay that trust when she was carrying a death contract? Her heart felt heavy, like a stone crushing her chest. If only she hadn’t signed that contract... maybe she could stay by Caitlin’s side for real.

“Howard! Bruce, Arthur, Patricia...”

Caitlin’s eyes sparkled when she saw the kids on the swings. They noticed her, too.

“Mama! I’m right here!”

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“Mama, look) Patricia went soooo high!”

Their joy was contagious, and Caitlin waved back, beaming,

Sebastian arrived behind her, and together they waited for the kids to finish.

“Daddy! Mommy!”

The children ran over and Caitlin knelt to scoop them all into a tight hug, planting kisses on their heads.

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Relieved to see them healthy and happy, she said, “What do you want to do next? Daddy and Mommy are ready to play with you all day!”

“Pirate ship!”

“Crazy Mouse!”

“Carousel!”

Each child had their pick. Caitlin laughed, “Alright then, let’s hit the pirate ship first!”

The family of six boarded the ride together, but there were plenty of extra seats.

Caitlin waved to the others, “Quincy, Faith, Zinnia—come join us! It’s more fun with everyone!”

They all climbed aboard, and as the ship began to swing, the kids let out loud, gleeful squeals.

Though Caitlin was normally fearless, she instinctively reached for Sebastian’s hand when the ride climbed higher.

“Scared?” he teased, pulling her into his arms.

After the first round, the kids clamored to ride again, but Caitlin shook her head. “Nope, I’m sitting this one out!”

“Mommy’s a scaredy-cat!”

“Mommy’s scared!”

They made silly faces at her, while Sebastian laughed heartily. “So Caitlin does have a weak spot after all!”

“Don’t you gloat,” she huffed and got off the ride, watching from below.

After another round, the kids moved on to their next adventure.

Sebastian slung an arm around her. “How about a roller coaster?”

“No thanks.”

“Haunted house?”

“You go alone!”

She took off before he could say more. Sebastian grinned wider—looks like he found her soft spot. Next time, a horror movie should do the trick. He could already imagine her diving into his arms.

The entire day was filled with laughter and fun. When it was time to leave, Sebastian handed each child a stick of cotton candy.

Of course, he got one for Caitlin too. “Here, Caitlin—my heart for you.”

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It was shaped like a pink heart.

Caitlin blushed. “I’m not a kid. I don’t need this.”

“Adults can enjoy it too. Let’s share.”

He held it up, waiting for her to take a bite. When she did, he leaned in and asked, “Sweet?”

“Very sweet,” she replied with a smile.

“Really? Let me taste.”

But instead of going for the cotton candy, he cupped her face and kissed her lips again.

After savoring it, he nodded. “Mmm. Yup. Super sweet.”

Off to the side, Quincy and Faith caught the entire scene and awkwardly looked away.

But Quincy suddenly had an idea. He took a bite of his cotton candy and turned to Faith, “Hey, Faith, wanna taste mine? See if it’s sweet?”

Faith glanced at him and replied deadpan, “The main ingredient of cotton candy is sugar, powdered and spun. I don’t need to taste it—I know it’s sweet. And too much sugar dulls your brain and rots your teeth. You should cut back.”

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Quincy stared at her, utterly speechless.

Seriously, how was he supposed to flirt with that?

After the amusement park, Sebastian had arranged a place in Departure City for the kids to stay. Vaughn and King would be on duty to

protect them.

Caitlin instructed Quincy and Faith to escort them back for rest.

“Be good, babies. Listen to Uncle Quincy and Aunt Faith. You’ll fly home tomorrow, and Daddy and Mommy will come back later.”

“Okay, Mommy!”

Each child gave her a kiss before boarding the car.

Then Caitlin turned to Zinnia. “Zinnia, for now, stay with me. Stick close.”

Zinnia had been trying to figure out how to stay by her side. This arrangement was perfect.
“Alright. I’ll stay with you.”

After the kids left, Caitlin and Zinnia got into a car together.

As the door shut, Caitlin turned to her, her voice calm but sharp.

“Zinnia, I need to ask you something. When you left Shadow Moon Pavilion, did you sign a death contract? What are the terms?”

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Zinnia's heart dropped with a jolt. She looked at Caitlin, shocked.

She had completely underestimated Caitlin. With how intelligent and perceptive Caitlin was, how could she 'not' suspect that Zinnia had signed a death contract in order to leave Shadow Moon Pavilion?

Right now, Zinnia realized one thing: lying to Caitlin would only raise her suspicions. It was better to tell the truth.

Her eyes dimmed. She lowered her head slightly and murmured, "Yes... I did sign one. The condition is my family's lives."

That was exactly what Caitlin had expected. She understood Zinnia well enough—she'd mentioned her family before. And Zinnia had always been someone who valued loyalty and kinship. Using her family as leverage was the most effective way *to* control her.

"I see. So Zorro threatened your family's safety to force your hand. But what exactly does he want you to do?"

"He... he didn't say. He just gave me a gun."

Zinnia couldn't bring herself to admit the real task. She feared Caitlin would kick her out on the spot. And if she failed the mission, her

family's lives would truly be at risk.

So she could only whisper a silent apology in her heart: *I'm sorry, Caitlin.*

"I understand," Caitlin said softly. "If he's cast you aside, then stay with me. From now on, you'll follow me."

She took Zinnia's hand. In truth, Caitlin already had a clear idea of the mission Zinnia had been sent to carry out—but she didn't confront her

directly. Not yet.

If she wanted Zinnia to completely switch loyalties, she'd need to earn her devotion step by step.

Caitlin didn't press further. Zinnia let out a silent sigh of relief.

"Is there anything I can help you with now?" Zinnia asked.

“Yes. I’m trying to trace any information on the *Yun’s Aromatic Codex* from within the Yuncey Family. I need you to help me investigate and quietly support my plan.”

Zinnia’s eyes lit up. This was precisely the mission she had been given—to find the Codex. If she could locate it ahead of time, it would be

ideal.

“I’m in. I’ll help however I can.”

Caitlin didn’t speak further. In her mind, she was already plotting the next move. Whether or not she could retrieve the real Codex would depend on how her plan played out.

Meanwhile, online public opinion about the Yuncey Family continued to spiral out of control.

Just as the PR team managed to scrub the earlier scandal—Owen offering hush money to the victim’s family—a new video dropped.

This time, it showed masked thugs breaking into the He family’s home, tying up Bailey, and attempting to assault Julie. The footage was

partially censored but devastatingly clear.

When paired with the earlier hush money scandal, the sequence of events became undeniable.

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First came the attempted bribery when that failed, violence followed. The message was clear: the Yuncey Family would stop at nothing.

The internet exploded again.

[So when money didn't work, they resorted to force? Absolutely disgusting.]

[Being rich doesn't mean you get to trample on people's dignity!]

\[Douglas "must go to prison! He can't walk away from this!]

[Support for the victims! They deserve justice!]

The Yuncey Family's public image crumbled. As for Douglas? Any chance at salvaging his reputation was long gone.

But when it came to **Carmen**, who had been arrested for **murder**, she still stubbornly refused to confess.

Caitlin, after getting updates from Shaw, requested a private meeting with Carmen at the station.

Inside the interrogation room, Carmen was restrained in a metal chair. When she saw Caitlin being escorted in, her eyes flared with rage.

“Caitlin! You actually have the nerve to come here?!”

She struggled against her cuffs, but they held firm.

Caitlin calmly stepped forward, eyes cool and unbothered. “I came to see how you're doing, Carmen. Is it cozy in here?”

“Oh, cut the crap. You just wanted to see how pathetic I look, didn't you? You did this to me and my brother. Who's next, huh?”

Carmen spat the words like venom.

“Calm down, Carmen. I only came to talk.”

Caitlin pulled out a chair and sat across from her. “You’ve got it all wrong. I didn’t *do* anything to you. You ended up here entirely through your own efforts. You killed someone. The police arrested you. Pretty straightforward.”

“I didn’t kill anyone! I didn’t! I didn’t kill Zahra! Why would I? It’s a setup! You bribed Philip!”

Carmen shrieked, utterly hysterical. Even the police had given up trying to reason with her. But Caitlin had her own ways.

“I barely know Philip,” she said coolly. “We’ve never met in private, let alone made deals. But you, Carmen... your connection with Philip isn’t

so simple, is it?”

Carmen froze for a split second—but she quickly regained her composure. “I don’t know what you’re talking about! Stop making stuff up! You came into this house with nothing but bad intentions! You’re a damn plague on our family!”

No matter how Carmen cursed her, Caitlin remained composed, her eyes like still water.

When Carmen's fury finally subsided, Caitlin leaned forward.

"Are you done? Good. Then it's my turn."

Carmen glared at her, breathing hard.

"A few years back, you were dating someone, weren't you?" Caitlin began casually. "Then something happened, and he dumped you. After that, you threw yourself into work, swearing off love.

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"But you're still a woman, Carmen. You had your moments of loneliness. That's when you turned to Philip—the strong, obedient house servant who would do anything you asked,"

"Shut up! Shut your mouth! Don't you dare make up stories about me and him!"

“The more you scream, the more guilty you sound.”

Caitlin’s voice didn’t rise. “You were even pregnant with Philip’s child once. But of course, a child with his blood couldn’t be allowed to exist. You got rid of it.”

“Shut up, shut up!”

Carmen looked terrified now, as if Caitlin were reciting her diary aloud.

She never expected Caitlin to *know-to know this much.*

But Carmen quickly snapped back into her defensive mode. Her eyes narrowed.

“So what? You’re trying to use this against me, make me confess? It won’t work! I told you-I didn’t kill Zahra. I had no reason to! Why would !

send Philip to kill her?”

Caitlin’s eyes turned to ice.

“Hmph. So you won’t admit it unless I lay out the proof, is that it?”

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Chapter 406

Without delay, Caitlin pulled a file from her bag and placed it in front of Carmen. “These are the records from the underground clinic where you had the abortion. They prove your illicit relationship with Philip.”

Carmen’s eyes widened in horror as she stared at the ultrasound images and surgical paperwork. Her body trembled uncontrollably.

Caitlin continued, her voice sharp and merciless. “You had two reasons to go after Zahra. First, because you suspected she gave me the key and helped me in secret. Her testimony got you punished by family law, and you held that grudge.

“Second, she walked in on you and Philip together. She also found out about *your* abortion. *You* were terrified she’d expose you, so you decided to silence her.

“And once I came back to the Yuncey Family, our feud deepened. You saw an opportunity—kill Zahra and frame me. A perfect two-birds-one-stone plan, wasn’t it?”

“Now that all the pieces fit together, your motive for ordering the murder couldn’t be clearer.”

“No...no...”

“You can keep denying it. But Philip already confessed. He gave the police everything—his testimony and evidence. The case is solid. What more do you have to say?”

“Aaaahhh-!”

Carmen snapped. She screamed, yanking at her own hair, eyes wide and bloodshot.

Officers rushed into the room to restrain her, afraid she’d hurt herself.

Caitlin stood up calmly. Her work here was done. The truth had been laid bare. The law would handle the rest.

Quill and Greta were powerless to save their children. Desperate, they turned to Timothy, begging him to pull strings and talk to high-ranking

officials.

But even Timothy hit a wall.

Every contact he had refused to help. It felt as if some invisible hand was forcing the issue, determined to crush the Yuncey Family for good.

With pressure from public outrage, irrefutable evidence, and a relentless media storm, Douglas and Carmen were both formally charged and brought to court.

During the trial, both were unable to refute the charges.

Douglas was sentenced to ten years in prison.

Carmen was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death—with a two-year reprieve.

The police released a formal statement afterward. Online, the public was ecstatic:

\[Finally, some justice!\]

\[Good. Let this be a warning to all entitled, lawless rich families.\]

1/4

Sun, Tu **Aug**

[This is what happens when you abuse your power.]

\[Justice for the victims!]

After the sentencing, Caitlin met with Bailey and Julie.

The mother and daughter dropped to their knees before her.

“Caitlin, thank you... If it weren’t for you, my daughter would never have received justice,” Bailey sobbed, her voice shaking.

Julie, crying too, added, “Thank you for saving me, Caitlin. You gave me my life back.”

Caitlin quickly helped them up. “Get up, both of you. I just did what anyone with a conscience should do.”

She turned to Julie, offering a soft smile. “It’s over now. From this point on, I hope you’ll live well. Fragrance & Dye Studio needs you. I’m

counting on your help.”

“Of course!” they both agreed.

Caitlin ensured their safety and transferred the 8 million yuan she’d seized from Douglas as hush money over to them to rebuild their lives.

Julie, reborn from despair, vowed to repay Caitlin in full by helping her restore Fragrance & Dye Studio to its former glory.

At the hospital, Timothy visited his wife Rachel, who had only just recovered after vomiting blood a second time.

Still pale and weak, she clutched her husband’s hand. “How is Douglas? And Carmen? Have you gotten them out yet?”

“Don’t worry about them. Just focus on your recovery.”

“I want to know!” Rachel snapped. “Don’t lie to me. Tell me the truth!”

Timothy sighed heavily. He shook his head.

Rachel’s eyes widened in panic. “You mean they’re still locked up?! You let my grandchildren be thrown in jail? This is all *your* fault, you old fool!”

She began pounding her fists against him. “You’re the one who let that woman into our house! It’s all because of her! She came here to destroy me! She wants my life!”

“She has nothing to do with this,” Timothy said, voice tight.

“You’re still defending that vixen even now?!”

Rachel lost control. She screamed at the heavens, sobbing wildly. “Why, God? Why are you doing this to me?”

The emotional strain and repeated trauma pushed her too far.

Once again, Rachel vomited blood–this time for the last time.

She collapsed unconscious on the bed.

“Rachel! Rachel!” Timothy shouted in horror.

11:40 Sun, 10 AUG

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He called for help. Nurses and doctors rushed in, wirekted her into the emergency room but this time, there was nothing they could do.

Rachel was dead.

News of her death spread quickly. Everyone in the Yuncey Family rushed to the hospital. Quill and Greta wept bitterly Beside her body.

Meanwhile, back at the old mansion, Taylor remained seated calmly.

Hayden entered and told her, “Mom, Rachel’s dead.”

Taylor blinked. Then, slowly, a smile crept onto her face.

And then—she laughed. Loud, from the gut. Tears of relief streamed down her face.

“She’s finally gone,” she whispered. “Thank God... That evil woman is finally dead.”

She’d waited years for this.

Now it was done.

Rachel’s death, plus the downfall of her two precious grandchildren, made Taylor feel her revenge was complete.

Wiping her tears, she grasped Hayden’s hand. “My boy... my vengeance is fulfilled. My heart is at peace. From now on, live strong. Be better than all of them.”

Hayden nodded. “You too, Mom. You’re the lady of this house now. It’s your time to enjoy life.”

Taylor smiled through tears. “I know. Go on then. And hand these over to Caitlin.”

She handed him the Yuncey Family stock transfer documents. “Tell her... thank you. I’ve lived a full life.”

Hayden left with the signed shares.

At Fragrance & Dye Studio, Caitlin and Zinnia were overseeing renovations when Hayden arrived.

“Caitlin.”

“Hayden? What brings you here?” Caitlin greeted him warmly.

“There’s been news. Rachel is dead. You heard?”

just got the call. I was about to head back.”

“I’ll drive. Let’s go together.”

In the car, he handed her two documents.

“My mom and I both want to thank you. One is her share of the family equity, the other is mine—our way of repaying you.”

Caitlin took the papers but felt a pang of unease.

“Taylor said to give me these herself?”

11:40 Sun,

Aug

“Yes. She said her heart is finally at peace... and to thank you.”

Caitlin’s expression changed instantly.

“No... No, this isn’t right. Something’s wrong.”

She turned to the driver, her voice urgent. “Step on it! Get us back to the Yuncey Family estate! Now!”

“What is it, Caitlin?” Hayden asked, confused.

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“I’m afraid Taylor may have done something reckless!” Caitlin said urgently.

“That’s impossible! My mom’s the strongest woman I’ve ever known,” Hayden replied. “She wouldn’t give up now—not when she finally has everything she’s waited so long for.”

But Caitlin knew women too well.

Taylor wasn’t just strong—she was the kind of woman who would go down in flames, dragging her enemies with her if needed. She had held on for revenge, and now that she’d gotten it, Caitlin feared Taylor no longer had a reason to live.

They rushed back to the Yuncey Family estate, sprinting through the halls until they reached Taylor’s room.

Hayden flung the door open. “Mom-!”

He froze in place.

Taylor sat in her wheelchair, head gently tilted, one arm limp at her side, eyes peacefully shut as if in sleep. But the bottle of pills on the floor told the truth.

She had taken her own life.

“Mom! No–Mom!” Hayden dropped to his knees, grabbing her shoulders, shaking her. But there was no response.

Zinnia’s eyes welled with tears, while Caitlin stepped in, checking Taylor’s breath, then picked up the empty bottle.

A heavy sigh escaped her lips. “She must’ve been planning this. Waiting for Rachel to die... and then she could finally go in peace.”

“Why, Mom? Why would you leave me now?” Hayden sobbed. He had spent his life being her anchor, her only support. Now, with their revenge complete and the road ahead finally clear–she was gone.

Grief flooded the room. Caitlin could only stay by Hayden’s side and ask the staff to inform Timothy.

At the hospital, the Yuncey Family gathered in mourning around Rachel’s hospital bed.

Quill, Greta, and Millie cried bitterly–not just for Rachel, but for Douglas and Carmen’s fate as well.

Millie, especially, wept more for herself. Her husband was in prison—what kind of life was left for her?

Randall tried to comfort them as best he could.

Standing on the edge of the room, Cynthia watched silently, her expression unreadable.

She felt no sadness. In her eyes, this was karma.

Timothy didn't look especially grief-stricken either. He sat silently, lost in thought as his sons discussed funeral arrangements.

Then, a servant rushed in. "Sir—sir! Something's happened!"

Timothy's stomach dropped. "What now?" he snapped.

"It's Taylor... she's gone."

11:40 Sun, 10 AugUO

"Gone? What do you mean, gone?" Timothy stood abruptly.

“She... she took her own life, sir.”

A beat of silence.

Then Timothy staggered two steps backward, nearly collapsing. Randall caught him just in time.

“Get the car—back to the estate!” Timothy barked, his voice breaking.

He left immediately, leaving Rachel’s arrangements to his sons.

64%

At the estate, Timothy was brought to Taylor’s lifeless body.

Only then did the truth hit him.

She really was gone.

“Taylor...”

Two wives, gone in a single day.

The weight of old age pressed down on him for the first time in his life. His face, usually sharp and imposing, sagged with grief.

News of the double tragedy spread like wildfire across Departure City.

The Yuncey Family—already embroiled in public scandal—was now the talk of the town again. What on earth was happening within this

once-gilded clan?

Speculations ran wild, but life had to go on. The funerals had to be arranged.

Timothy, summoning the last of his strength, made the decisions himself.

Two mourning halls were set up—one for Taylor in the west wing, and one for Rachel in the east. They could not be placed together. The enmity between them had been too deep.

Caitlin and Sebastian arrived at the estate.

In the main hall, they first met with Timothy.

He looked ten years older. His eyes were hollow, his shoulders heavy. He no longer resembled the powerful patriarch who once held court at his birthday banquet.

“Timothy... are you alright?” Caitlin asked softly.

“I’ll live...” he muttered.

He stared at her for a moment, then sighed. “I never should’ve listened to you. I never should’ve let them come back... I was wrong.”

He regretted everything—especially trusting Caitlin’s advice.

If he hadn’t brought back Hayden, then Taylor would never have returned. Rachel wouldn’t have been triggered into a breakdown. Taylor

TIMP SUNT TO AUG

wouldn't have had a reason to die.

Me glared at her voice shaking. "Rachel died because of you,

Caitlin didn't flinch. "Rachel and Taylor's feud had nothing to do with me. You know that better than anyone.

In truth, you're the one responsible for this outcome. If you hadn't been so unfaithful in your youth, if you had managed your messés properly, none of this would've happened."

Her words struck deep.

Timothy had nothing left to say.

"Take care of yourself, Timothy," she said, and then left with Sebastian to pay their respects.

They visited Taylor's shrine first.

Hayden stood in silence, his grief still raw.

"Hayden, my deepest condolences," Caitlin said.

“You have my sympathy, Mr. Klein,” added Sebastian.

Hayden gave a solemn nod and exchanged a few quiet words with them before they moved on to Rachel’s mourning hall in the east.

That hall was bustling with guests—mostly relatives from Greta and Millie’s families.

And then they saw Caitlin.

Greta’s eyes locked on her like a predator spotting prey.

“You! Caitlin! You see this? *This is the result you wanted, isn’t it?!”

She stormed forward, trembling with rage. “Ever since you came back to the Yuncey Family, look what’s happened—Zahra’s dead! Douglas is in prison! Carmen’s on death row! The family is fractured! Rachel’s gone! Taylor’s gone!

“You did this. “You” tore us apart!”

She looked deranged, convinced Caitlin was behind everything—a snake who had infiltrated and poisoned the family from within.

in a flash, her eyes darted to the nearby refreshment table. A thermos of boiling water sat atop it.

She grabbed it—unscrewed the lid—and lunged.

She

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Enemy 408

Chapter 408

But with Sebastian around, there was no chance anyone could lay a hand on Caitlin.

The second Greta swung the thermos to scald Caitlin, Sebastian reacted with lightning speed, kicking it away mid-air.

The boiling water went flying-right into Millie's face.

64%

"Ahhh!" Millie shrieked, stumbling backward as the scalding water splashed across her cheek. "It burns! It burns! My face! It hurts so bad!"

She clawed at her own face in a panic, but the searing pain only intensified as the skin blistered beneath her fingertips.

"Millie! Oh my God-Millie!" Greta panicked, rushing to her daughter-in-law. But the pain only grew worse.

"My face... my face... what do I do?"

Greta's heart burned with guilt and fury. She knew Millie had already been talking about divorcing her son, and in that moment of desperation, something cruel took over.

She reached into a nearby flowerpot, grabbed a handful of clay pellets used for planting, and began rubbing them into Millie's already-

burned face.

"Just scrub it! It'll be fine if you scrub it!"

Caitlin stood back and watched in silence, disgust curling in her chest. Was Greta serious? Rubbing ceramic shards on scalded skin? If that

wasn't deliberate, Caitlin didn't know what was.

Looks like Millie's dream of remarrying was officially ruined.

After Greta's "treatment," she turned on Caitlin and Sebastian with wild eyes, jabbing her finger at them. "You two! Look at what you've

done!"

Sebastian scoffed, voice cold and full of menace. “If you hadn’t tried to hurt Caitlin, I wouldn’t have had to kick the thermos. What happened

was your own fault.

“Let me make this perfectly clear: as long as I’m around, no one lays a finger on my woman without paying for it.”

He wrapped his arm protectively around Caitlin and walked out of the east wing, not sparing them another glance.

But just as they stepped through the Yuncey Family’s main gate, a rifle muzzle emerged from the shadowy bamboo grove outside.

Thud!”

A muffled shot rang out, silenced but unmistakable.

James, ever vigilant, heard it the moment it fired. His instincts kicked in—he leapt, slamming into Sebastian, knocking him out of the line of

fire.

Sebastian and Caitlin both heard it too. Chaos erupted instantly.

“Get down!” Tyler and Xavi yelled, their team surrounding Caitlin and Sebastian in a tight shield.

James sprinted toward the grove. The shooter realized he’d missed and bolted. Whoever it was had been waiting for the perfect shot.

“Back inside! Now!” Caitlin barked.

11:41 Sun, 10 Aug

They were clearly being targeted—and not just her. The assassin had aimed at Sebastian.

James and the others failed to catch the sniper. The attacker had planned his escape well.

Back inside, Caitlin’s expression was grim.

“That shot wasn’t meant for me—it was for Sebastian. If they failed today, they’ll try again. Stay alert, all of you.”

“We’ll protect Mr. Vanderbilt with our lives!” Tyler and Xavi promised.

Caitlin blamed herself. “I never should’ve let you appear in public. This was a misstep.”

64%

Sebastian pulled her into his arms, brushing her hair gently. “Hey. I’m fine. Don’t blame yourself. Your husband’s got thick skin—takes more than a bullet to scare me.”

“But they’ve shown their hand. They won’t try again so soon.”

For safety, Caitlin arranged for Sebastian to stay at the Yuncey estate.

The next day, Rachel and Taylor were cremated.

Caitlin attended the burial, watching as both urns were placed in the earth. One in the east, one in the west.

But she wasn’t finished. Not yet.

There was one last move to make.

****The final blow.****

The Yuncey Family had been plunged into darkness by the endless storm of scandal.

Their reputation was in tatters. Stocks had plummeted. Market value was in freefall.

Amid the chaos, Caitlin made her move—through the Nedyah Group, she began buying up shares.

She quickly acquired all the shares held by the second and third branches of the family, bringing her total stake above 51%.

She now held controlling interest.

Caitlin ordered Yosef to launch a formal hostile takeover of the Yuncey Family Group under the name of CLHC Investments.

When the news reached Quill, he rushed to the corporate headquarters and called an emergency board meeting.

Caught completely off guard, the Yuncey Family board scrambled for a countermeasure.

But after hours of discussion, no solution emerged.

After the meeting, Quill's assistant came in. "Boss, the CLHC acquisition team will be arriving in Departure City tomorrow to finalize the

terms."

"Their arrogance is unbelievable!" Qujil snapped. "Do they really think they can take down a giant like the Yuncey Family Group? We're still a titan—even if we're weakened, we're not going down to some third-rate investment firm!"

11:41 Sun, 10 Aug

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He paused, pacing furiously.

"Fine. Send out a notice in the group's name. We're calling a full shareholders' meeting tomorrow."

“Yes, sir!”

Quill believed that as long as he could rally the shareholders—especially the ones aligned with the Nedyah Group—he could keep control.

But what he didn’t know... was that Caitlin had been waiting for this moment all along.

The next morning, the Yuncey Family shareholders’ meeting was held at the city’s largest conference center.

Quill scanned the room. Odd.

None of the key family shareholders were there.

“What the hell is going on? Where are they?” he barked at his assistant.

“...I don’t know, sir. They all confirmed attendance.”

Then, a familiar voice echoed through the hall.

“Sorry I’m late. Thought I’d drop by to see the fun.”

Cynthia walked in, smirking.

Quill frowned. “Took you long enough. Go on, get in there.”

Cynthia didn’t bother to tell him she’d already signed her shares over to Caitlin.

She wasn’t here to vote. She was here to watch Quill crash and burn.

Soon after, more relatives arrived—Quill’s brothers and cousins, all technically shareholders.

But what he didn’t know was that their shares were no longer theirs.

“Still no word from the others? What about the Nedyah Group?” Quill demanded.

“They’re on the way,” his assistant replied.

Moments later, a crowd of executives from Nedyah and other shareholder entities entered the room.

“Ah, there you are!” Quill greeted them. “Thought you weren’t coming!”

“Sorry—ran into a delay,” said Kelvin, CEO of Nedyah Group.

“No problem. Let’s get started!”

Once everyone was seated, Quill addressed the room.

“As you all know, recent events have been challenging, but I believe with your continued support, we can weather the storm.”

Then Kelvin raised his hand. “Let’s not waste time. We’ve heard CLHC is pursuing a takeover. How do you plan to respond?”

Quill nodded. “Exactly what this meeting is for. I don’t support the takeover, and I ask for your backing, I’ll increase my stake if needed—we won’t let outsiders gut our legacy.”

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Kelvin raised a brow. “And how much does the Yuncey Family currently control?”

“Fifty-one percent. I personally hold twenty.”

“Then I’m afraid it’s already over. Our majority shareholder now holds 51% outright.”

Quill’s eyes narrowed. “That’s impossible. You only own 20%-you’re the boss, aren’t you?”

Kelvin smiled. “Actually... I’m not. Our real boss prefers to remain behind the scenes.”

Quill’s confusion deepened.

“Then who is it?”

As he spoke, the double doors to the conference room slowly creaked open.

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The rhythmic stomp of footsteps echoed down the corridor.

Quill turned, along with the rest of the room, just in time to see a wall of bodyguards stride into the shareholders' hall.

They parted with military precision.

And then she appeared.

Caitlin stepped through the doorway like a queen descending onto her throne, dressed in a sleek black long-sleeved dress that hugged her frame with poised elegance. Her cinnamon-brown waves cascaded naturally over her shoulders, her crystal earrings catching the light with every step.

She radiated cold beauty, power, and absolute control.

Awe-inspiring. Untouchable.

Quill felt the blood drain from his body.

It was as if someone had poured a bucket of ice water down his spine—his skin crawled, his heartbeat stopped, and the chill penetrated

straight to his bones.

“You... Caitlin, you...?”

Words failed him.

Shock. Fear. Disbelief. His mind struggled to process what he was seeing.

Caitlin—Caitlin—was the real owner of the Nedyah Group?

When? How?!

And why had no one seen this coming?

“How is this possible? You... You’re behind Nedyah?! That’s impossible!” he shouted, stepping toward her like she was some sort of hallucination he needed to shatter.

Caitlin stopped calmly, her eyes glinting like a drawn blade.

“Why would it be impossible? There’s nothing I can’t do if I want it.”

Her voice cut like glass.

Quill’s finger trembled as he pointed at her. “So this is who you really are. All this time... You weren’t just after Fragrance & Dye Studio—you were after the whole Yuncey Family!”

Caitlin smiled coldly. “Don’t make me sound like the villain, Quill. I didn’t come to destroy the Yuncey Family. I came to save it.”

She turned to address the whole room.

“Look at what the Yuncey Group has become under your leadership. If I hadn’t stepped in, it would’ve collapsed already.”

“Don’t give me that sanctimonious crap!” Quill barked, face red with rage. “You’ve been scheming from the moment you stepped foot back in the Yuncey estate! And now, you’re finally showing your true colors!”

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To him, she was no longer Caitlin—she was the enemy.

Unbothered, Caitlin swept across the room, heading toward the shareholders' table.

The seat reserved for the primary stakeholder had belonged to Nedyah Group's CEO, Kelvin.

Now, Kelvin stood respectfully, pulling out the chair for Caitlin and stepping aside like a subordinate.

Not a single flicker of resistance on his face.

Quill's mind spun. What kind of spell had she cast over him? Surely she'd seduced Kelvin—wasn't that the only way a woman like her could claw her way to the top?

Even so... even if she owned Nedyah, that only gave her a 20% stake. She was still far from controlling the Yuncey Family Group.

Quill forced himself to calm down and returned to his seat, addressing the room.

"Fine. The internal affairs of Nedyah Group aren't my concern. But their ownership change doesn't affect the direction of our company."

He launched into a dry explanation of the Group's recent struggles and his ideas for recovery.

Caitlin interrupted, voice crisp. “So how exactly do you plan to reverse the Group’s plummeting value?”

“We’re in talks with several major investors,” Quill said confidently. “With fresh capital, we’ll recover.”

“And what about CLHC’s acquisition offer?” Caitlin asked smoothly.

“There will be no acquisition,” Quill snapped. “The Yuncey Family Group holds 51% of its own shares. We reject the motion. It’s as simple as

that.”

Caitlin leaned back, arms crossed. “You keep saying ‘we.’ But Quill, you only represent yourself. You can’t speak for all shareholders.”

She turned to face the rest of the room.

“Let’s hear what the other shareholders think. After all, their votes matter too.”

Quill looked to his family members—his brothers, his cousins. Surely they'd back him. That was how it had always worked.

That was how Timothy had raised them.

But then Cynthia, sitting near the back, raised a brow.

“Don't look at me. I'm just here for the show. I don't have any shares anymore.”

Her words were a fuse. And she had just lit the match.

Quill's face turned pale. “What... What did you say? You had 5%! You—you can't have sold them!”

Cynthia smirked. “Oops. Forgot to mention—I/sold them when the stock started tanking. Didn't think they'd be worth much longer. Got a good price, though.”

“Sold them?!” Quill's voice cracked.

“And I wasn't the only one,” she added casually. “Ask Spencer. He sold his too.”

Quill's eyes swung to his younger brother. “Spencer?! Tell me that's not true!”

64%

Spencer avoided his gaze. “The way things were going, I figured my shares would be worthless soon. Someone offered me full-price buyback. I took it.”

The knife twisted deeper.

“You too?! My own brother?”

“I’m not alone,” Spencer said, throwing another log on the fire. “Fabian and Edgar also sold theirs.”

Quill’s heart dropped into his stomach. “You... you can’t be serious...”

Fabian and Edgar looked down in silence. Edgar spoke up.

“We didn’t want to get dragged into bankruptcy. If things went south, we’d be liable. So we cashed out while we could.”

“You idiots!” Quill exploded. “You sold your own father’s legacy! You broke every rule he ever laid down! What will you tell him?!”

Then came the final nail.

Quill stumbled backward, blood pounding in his ears. “Tell me... Who did you all sell to?”

He already knew the answer.

He just couldn’t bring himself to believe it.

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 410

“Nedyah!”

“Nedyah...”

Voices echoed across the boardroom as everyone named the buyer of their shares.

Quill turned to Caitlin, stunned.

“You... Caitlin, you dare kick us while we’re down?”

Everything finally clicked.

“This–this was all your plan, wasn’t it? Douglas and Carmen going down, you pretending to support the family’s separation... when really, you were the one pushing it, fanning the flames from behind the scenes! You spread the rumors, tanked our value, then swooped in and bought everyone out for pennies on the dollar. You’re nothing but a venomous snake!”

His words dripped with rage. If he’d known to guard against her earlier, maybe none of this would’ve happened.

Bang!

Caitlin slammed her palm against the table.

The room fell deathly silent.

Her gaze swept through the boardroom like an arctic wind, finally landing on Quill.

“Let’s be very clear. One thing has nothing to do with the other. Your children broke the law. That’s what triggered this chaos. I had nothing to

do with it.

“And as for the so-called ‘family separation’—with a family this big, division was inevitable. The Yuncey Family isn’t immune to the same rules that govern empires: unity followed by division, and vice versa.

“Nedyah’s acquisition was a business decision. But leave it to you to twist it into betrayal.”

Her voice turned sharper.

“Even without me, there were plenty of companies ready to buy your shares. You think your siblings stuck by you out of loyalty? Don’t kid

yourself.

“When the ship starts sinking, everyone scrambles for the lifeboats. Your relatives sold out to protect themselves. It was the smart thing to

do.”

Her words struck home.

Quill stood frozen, chest heaving, eyes full of disbelief—but he had no argument.

Caitlin stood up, both hands on the table, towering in presence if not in height.

“Here’s the truth. You don’t hold 51% anymore. You only have your personal 20%. The Yuncey Family is no longer under your control.”

Quill’s voice cracked. “That’s impossible. Even if you got their shares—there’s no way you hold 51%!”

“Still in denial?” Caitlin turned to her assistant. “Bring the lawyers in.”

11:41 Sun, 10 **Aug**

A team entered, led by attorney Christophe. He stood tall, formal in his tailored suit, and addressed the board.

“Representing Caitlin as controlling shareholder of Nedyah Group, we now officially confirm the total holdings within the Yuncey Family Group reach 51.89%, granting Ms. Caitlin full controlling interest. Signed, sealed, and filed.”

He handed the legal documentation to Quill.

Quill grabbed the folder, scanned the contents, and his hands started to shake.

“No... no, this can't be real...”

It was all right there. Every signature. Every date. Every stamp.

Caitlin's chin lifted as she looked him square in the eyes.

“I trust all the shareholders here understand what that means. Which brings us to the next order of business—let's vote *on* the CLHC acquisition proposal.”

“I object!” Quill roared, slamming his hand down.

“Objection overruled.”

Caitlin's voice was calm but final.

Shareholders began raising their hands one after another.

"I vote yes."

"Agreed."

"Yes."

Caitlin raised her hand as well. "I vote in favor."

She looked back at Quill, his face now pale as chalk.

"Motion passed," she declared.

But she wasn't done yet.

"And since all key shareholders are present, I'd like to introduce a second motion—for immediate dismissal of Quill from all positions within the Yuncey Family Group."

Quill snapped. “Caitlin! I’ve respected you as a younger generation. But how dare you come after me like this? I am the rightful heir! You don’t have the right to strip me of my authority!”

Caitlin’s laugh was bitter and sharp.

“Heir? Do you even hear yourself?”

She stepped out from behind the table and walked toward him.

“I’m not just some figurehead, Quill. I’m the true successor of the Yuncey legacy. Not just Fragrance & Dye Studio, but all of it.”

“You can have Fragrance & Dye Studio!” Quill shouted. “But the Yuncey Group was built by me and my father. This company bears our blood and sweat. I’m its legal owner! You think I’ll hand it over just because you want it?”

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“You won’t have to,” Caitlin said coolly. “Because I’m taking it back—by right.”

She stood toe-to-toe with him now, the difference in height meaningless as her presence eclipsed his.

“You don’t believe me? Then allow me to make it crystal clear.”

She lifted a hand, and James brought up a digital projection on the wall.

The massive screen lit up with a family tree.

“Look closely. This is the real Yuncey family line. Starting with the patriarch, Clayton. He had two children—Miles and Alexandra.

“Miles is your line. Timothy’s father. You, Quill, are the eldest son of the main house. Douglas, your son, is the first grandson.”

She turned, voice steady and commanding.

64%

“But let’s look at Alexandra. She had a daughter, Eleanor—my grandmother. Eleanor was heir to Fragrance & Dye Studio. She passed it to me.”

Caitlin paused.

“So yes, technically, your branch held inheritance rights to the Yuncey Group. But the key word is technically.”

Quill’s voice was tight with fury. “What are you implying?”

Caitlin faced him with calm steel.

“I’m saying the public genealogy you’ve all seen? The official Yuncey family records?”

She paused.

“They’re forged. Lies. Cover-ups designed to erase one inconvenient truth.”

Gasps broke out across the room.

Caitlin’s eyes didn’t waver.

“And now, let me show you what the real Yuncey bloodline looks like.”

With that, the screen shifted—revealing the bombshell that would shatter everything.

AD

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