

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 411

The figures on the screen hadn't changed, but the relationships between them had.

"Take a good look," Caitlin said coldly, her voice cutting through the air like a blade. "This is the real Yuncey family tree."

"Clayton had only one child—Alexandra. He never had a son. Miles? He was just a godson, not a biological heir."

"Let me be clear—there is a difference between a legally adopted child and a godchild. The former is legally recognized. The latter is symbolic only. Miles was not adopted. He was merely Clayton's godson, granted the Yuncey surname but with no blood relation whatsoever."

"And if there's no blood relation—what right does he have to claim legitimate succession?"

Quill's face twisted with fury and panic. He shot up from his seat.

"Caitlin, stop spreading lies! You're trying to rewrite history just so you can seize the Yuncey Group! Who's going to believe your version of the family tree?"

Caitlin's expression turned icy.

"I didn't alter anything. What I've shown is the original. The one that was changed—was the one you forged."

Her accusation rang through the room like thunder.

The rest of the Yuncey siblings were shaken. None of them had ever heard any of this before.

"Wait, are you saying we're not really Yuncey blood?"

Cynthia was the first to ask, voice filled with disbelief.

"This can't be right," another said.

"Wasn't Grandpa part of the Yuncey line? You mean he wasn't?"

More voices joined in, murmuring, confused and shaken.

Quill's forehead dripped cold sweat, his face pale like spoiled dough.

This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

The lie had started with Miles. Only Timothy, his wife, Quill, and a few select family members like Douglas knew the truth. The rest had never

been told—and no evidence remained. No witnesses left alive.

How had Caitlin uncovered it?

As the room buzzed with stunned voices, Quill shouted, "Enough! Shut up, all of you! Don't fall for her twisted narrative. We are Yuncey blood, and no one can change that!"

Caitlin stared him down like a hawk sizing up its prey.

"You don't belong here anymore, Quill."

The use of his name without honorifics made him explode with rage.

"How dare you! I am your uncle!"

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“You are no uncle of mine,” Calliin **shot back**. “Not when you’ve sold **your soul** and **betrayed your own blood** for power

“You... you’re making this all up...”

Quill charged toward her—but he didn’t get far.

Caitlin raised her leg and landed a sharp kick straight to his abdomen.

Quill crumpled to the ground in front of her, wheezing, face twisted in agony.

“Caitlin!” he snarled through gritted teeth. **“You’re out of control!”**

“You don’t deserve to be called family,” Caitlin said, looming over him. **“You plotted against your own sister. You’re nothing but a parasite** clinging to stolen power.”

“I-I didn’t...”

He staggered to his feet, ready to attack again, but James stepped in front of Caitlin, blocking him completely.

“You know exactly what you’ve done,” Caitlin said coldly. “But the others don’t—so let me enlighten them.”

Everyone held their breath, waiting for the bomb to drop.

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“Remember the Ingram fire? The one that killed nearly the entire family five years ago?”

Gasps echoed through the room.

Of course they remembered. That inferno had rocked all of Departure City. The Ingram Family—wiped out in a single night.

“That fire wasn’t an accident. It was arson. And the one who orchestrated it... was Quill.”

A wave of disbelief swept across the boardroom.

“No way!”

“He couldn’t have—why would he?”

Quill tried to yell over the chaos. “It’s not true! She’s slandering me!”

Caitlin turned to Cynthia.

“Cynthia was the only survivor, She saw someone enter the house before the blaze. But no one believed her—grief had driven her into a mental breakdown.”

Cynthia’s eyes filled with tears.

“I have proof,” Caitlin continued. “The man who set the fire was Wilson, Quill’s former assistant. For years, he blackmailed Quill. Quill paid him hush money... until he decided to silence him permanently.”

Gasps grew louder.

“We got to Wilson first and brought him here. Let’s hear it from him directly.”

As the doors opened, guards escorted Wilson into the boardroom.

He walked forward, eyes locked on Quill.

19.50 Mon, 11 Aug.

“You used me,” he spat. “I was broke. I needed money. You promised me a payout after the job—and now you want me dead?”

Quill looked like a man **struck** by lightning. He scanned the **room**, every eye fixed on him, judgment **in** their **faces**.

Then he laughed—cold, hollow, mad.

“You think dragging in some washed-up thug will take me down? Please. You staged this whole thing!”

“I figured you wouldn’t admit it,” Caitlin said calmly. “Which is why I brought this.”

She took out her phone and tapped a button.

A recording played aloud.

Quill's voice was unmistakable: planning the fire. Instructing Wilson. Promising payment. Telling him to disappear after the job.

Everyone heard it.

Every. Single. Word.

The room was stunned silent.

He did it. To stop Cynthia from taking over the Yuncey Group, he burned her family alive the night before her succession.

Cynthia's tears fell freely.

She stared at Quill, her half-brother. Her parents, her siblings—murdered by the man who shared her blood.

And then her hand tightened around something hidden.

Without warning, she lunged forward.

A blade flashed in her hand.

Gasps erupted.

She aimed straight for Quill's chest.

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Caitlin reacted in a flash, grabbing Cynthia's wrist just as she lunged forward with the knife.

"Cynthia, don't do this!"

She pulled the blade from Cynthia's hand, her voice firm. "He's a monster, yes. But he'll face justice through the law. Don't ruin your life for a man like him."

Cynthia's weapon was gone, but her tears fell freely as she pointed at Quill and screamed through sobs.

“You bastard! I called you my brother! We share the same father! How could you—how could you try

to kill me? ”

Her voice cracked with grief. “You murdered my husband, my son, and my entire family! How have you lived with yourself all this time?”

Her words rang through the boardroom like a hammer striking a bell, full of anguish and fury.

The other Yuncey brothers were shaken. Spencer spoke first, voice tight with disbelief. “You started the Ingram fire? You... how could you? ”

Edgar looked like he’d seen a ghost. “We’re family, Quill! Why would you do this to your own sister?”

“You’ve gone too far,” another said. “Too far.”

Quill had no reply. He slumped to the ground, completely paralyzed, as if suffocating under the weight of their condemnation.

Cynthia, overcome with pain and rage, suddenly launched herself at Quill.

She grabbed his head—and bit his ear.

“Ahhh-!”

Quill screamed. It was a raw, animalistic howl of pain.

“Help! Somebody help me!”

Blood gushed down the side of his face. Cynthia bit down harder, eyes wild.

It took Spencer and the others to pull her off. By the time they did, her mouth was smeared with blood, and Quill’s ear was nearly gone.

Cynthia spat the piece of ear on the floor.

Quill scrambled to retrieve it, but she stomped it beneath her heel, grinding it into pulp.

Her laughter was unhinged, mad with grief. “Ha! I did it! They didn’t die for nothing!”

She laughed, cried, and screamed all at once.

Five years of injustice, of torment and loss—finally, the truth was out.

The room descended into chaos. Some stood frozen, others rushed to help. The brothers dragged Cynthia away. Caitlin and James stood to

the side, calm, watchful. The rest of the shareholders looked on, horrified but unable to look away.

No one would have believed such savagery between siblings—if they hadn't seen it with their own eyes.

Just as Cynthia was removed, a new group entered the room.

Uniformed police officers strode in. Shaw led the team, holding out his badge.

“Mr. Yuncey,” he said. “We have a warrant for your arrest regarding your involvement in the Ingram fire. You'll need to come with us.”

The cold snap of handcuffs echoed through the room.

Quill, still moaning in agony, was hauled to his feet and led out by the officers.

Shaw gave Caitlin a nod before leaving.

Cynthia was also escorted out by her brothers. Janitors moved in to clean the blood. The ear-what was left of it—was swept into the trash.

Silence returned.

Caitlin walked back to the head of the table.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she said clearly, “as you've seen, Quill Yuncey has been taken into custody for arson and murder. Effective immediately, he is removed from all positions within the Yuncey Group.

“We now require a new acting CEO. I nominate Mr. Kelvin.”

Kelvin looked stunned. Caitlin had appointed him publicly—he hadn't seen it coming.

The shareholders quickly voiced agreement.

With Quill's 20% in limbo and Caitlin holding a majority, no one had grounds to object.

“No objections.”

“We support the nomination.”

Caitlin gave a small nod. “Then it's settled. Mr. Kelvin, please take the floor.”

Applause filled the room as Kelvin stood and bowed slightly.

“Thank you, Caitlin, and thank you all for your trust. I will do everything I can to lead the Yuncey Group forward, to ensure we rise again from these trials, stronger and united.”

Applause roared again. The leadership transition was now complete.

With Caitlin at the helm, Kelvin would represent Yuncey in meetings with the CL Group to negotiate the acquisition.

Meanwhile, the news broke like wildfire.

Media outlets, already tipped off, swarmed the entrance of the Yuncey Group headquarters.

When Quill was escorted out in cuffs—ear bandaged, face bloodied—the cameras exploded in flashes.

****#Quill Arrested for Arson and Murder****

****#Ingram Fire: The Truth Revealed****

****#Yuncey Group's Fall From Grace****

The headlines flooded social media. Shock waves hit Departure City again.

The ink hadn't dried on Douglas and Carmen's court decisions. Rachel and Taylor's funerals had just passed.

Now, Quill—the head of it all—was dragged out in disgrace.

Online, people were stunned.

[What the hell is happening at Yuncey? One scandal after another!]

Quill, Douglas, Carmen... total trash family.]

He burned down an entire house... his own sister's family! Insane.]

\ [What else are they hiding? This can't be the end.]

At the Yuncey estate, the news reached Timothy.

He dropped his teacup.

“Quill... was arrested?”

The old man's face drained of color.

Forrest confirmed it. “The Ingram fire. Wilson turned himself in. He gave full testimony—Quill was behind it.”

Timothy staggered back and slammed his hand on the table.

“That monster... I raised that monster!”

He buried his face in his hands.

“So it was true... all this time... Cynthia was telling the truth. And we ignored her. God help us...”

As Timothy wept, a new commotion rose from outside the room.

Yelling. Shouting.

He lifted his head.

“What now?”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.