

413: I Want You to Promise Me One Thing!

"It sounds like Greta," someone murmured outside.

"Go check."

"Yes, sir."

In the Yuncey Family garden, Caitlin had just stepped in when Greta blocked her path like a rabid dog.

"Caitlin! I know everything!" she shrieked. "You framed Quill! You got him arrested! You're ruthless! What more do you want from us?!"

"Quill committed murder. The police have the evidence. His arrest was lawful—what does that have to do with me?" Caitlin's voice was steady and cold. She had expected someone like Greta to lash out, but she didn't flinch.

"You and Cynthia planned this together, didn't you? You came to this family to destroy it!" Greta raged. "Since the day you stepped into this house, one disaster after another has struck us! Death, prison—now are you satisfied? Is this what you wanted all along?!"

"You're blaming me for your own sins?" Caitlin sneered. "Your family fell apart because of your own actions. No one forced Quill to be a killer. The heavens themselves won't tolerate such evil.

"Quill murdered his own half-sister to protect his power. And you—his wife—stood beside him all along, complicit in everything. So yes, you should suffer too."

With that, Caitlin stepped around Greta and continued on her way.

But Greta was too consumed by hatred. Seeing Caitlin's back turned, she



spotted a flowerpot nearby. Her rage took control.

She grabbed it and hurled it straight at Caitlin's back.

Forrest, stepping out of the main hall, gasped, "Watch out!"

Hearing Forrest's warning, Caitlin turned sharply—and saw the pot flying toward her.

But she didn't dodge. Because someone else got there first.

James appeared in a blur and with a swift kick, sent the flowerpot flying back the way it came.

Greta never expected her attack would reverse on her.

Thud!

The pot smashed right into her face.

Crash!

It shattered on the ground as Greta crumpled like a felled tree, her face bloodied and unrecognizable.

Millie came running, and when she saw her mother-in-law on the ground soaked in blood, she screamed, "Ahhh! Greta! Greta!"

She turned to Caitlin, eyes blazing. "You did this! You killed her! I saw it! You smashed her with that flowerpot!"

"I didn't kill anyone," Caitlin replied coolly.

"It was either you or him! I saw it! He threw it at her!"

Millie's voice grew frantic. "Help! Someone help! Murder! They've killed



her!”

Her shrieking brought a crowd of house staff rushing from all directions.

One knelt down to check Greta’s pulse. “She’s still breathing!”

“Call an ambulance!”

“Someone notify the police!”

As chaos swelled, Forrest guided Timothy to the scene. The old man arrived just in time to hear Millie still crying, “Caitlin... she’s the one who hurt Greta... Look! She’s dying!”

“Enough!” Timothy’s voice was thunderous, his cane striking the ground with a loud *crack*.

Millie fell silent, startled by his rage.

“Do you want to bring more shame to this family? Haven’t we suffered enough already?”

Forrest stepped forward. “Sir, I witnessed the whole thing. Greta attacked Caitlin first. She tried to strike her from behind with a flowerpot. Caitlin’s bodyguard only kicked it away. It accidentally rebounded and hit her in the face.”

Timothy’s eyes narrowed. With Forrest as a witness, the truth was clear.

Greta had thrown the first strike and paid the price for her own violence.

It was the classic case of lifting a rock only to drop it on your own foot.

Millie could no longer argue. She lowered her head and wept quietly.

The situation had spiraled out of control. Their side had lost everything.



But Millie quickly made up her mind. She was still young. When the dust settled, she would divorce Douglas and leave the Yuncey Family behind.

The ambulance arrived. Greta, still alive but unconscious, was loaded onto the stretcher. Millie followed it, disappearing down the drive.

As the garden emptied, Timothy turned to Caitlin.

"Caitlin. Come with me."

She exchanged a glance with James and followed Timothy into his study.

Inside, the old man sat in his antique chair, face dark as thunder. He said nothing at first. Just struck his cane against the floor—*crack*—echoing through the still air.

"Caitlin," he said at last, "can't you stop now? Haven't you done enough? Can't you leave the Yuncey Family some dignity?"

Caitlin narrowed her eyes.

"You think all of this is my doing?"

"Isn't it?" Timothy raised his chin slightly, eyes sharp. "I know you came here because of Eleanor. I don't know what she told you, but the past is the past. Must you bring ruin to this family? Must the Yuncey Family fall apart before you're satisfied?"

Her voice turned icy. "Timothy, do you truly believe I'm the one hurting innocents here?"

She took a step closer.

"Let me ask you—if Forrest hadn't been there today, would you have believed Greta attacked me? Or would you have believed I assaulted her?"



Timothy's lips thinned.

"Your children—your grandchildren—they're greedy, lawless, and wicked. Is that my fault, too?"

"You speak of the past being over. But blood has never dried on the hands of this family. You and your father built an empire soaked in it. Did you really think the consequences wouldn't catch up to you?"

Then she turned to leave.

"But if you want me to stop—if you want me to spare what's left of the Yuncey Family—then you'll have to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"