

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 414

“Hand over the original second half of ‘Yun’s Aromatic Codex’.”

Caitlin’s voice was calm but unwavering. She had to retrieve what rightfully belonged to the Yuncey Family. And she firmly believed the original must still be in Timothy’s possession. After all, he had once admitted it, even if he later tried to mislead her with a fake.

Timothy let out a long sigh, as though he’d been expecting this request all along.

“Caitlin, I’ll be honest with you the original copy of the second half isn’t in my possession. What you saw before really was a replica. That’s

all I have.”

“You expect me to believe that?” Caitlin sneered, her eyes sharp as blades.

She knew just how cunning this old man could be.

“Believe it or not, it’s the truth. Last time you asked me, I lied. I admit that now,” Timothy said gravely.

Caitlin stared at him for a long moment before finally speaking, her voice frosty. “You better think carefully before you answer, Timothy. At your age, what use do you have for the Codex? Or do you plan to take it with you to the grave?”

Timothy drew in a shaky breath and said, “I swear—I truly don’t have it. What I have is a copy. Your great-grandmother had several made to confuse anyone who tried to steal it. Over the years, many thieves have come for the Codex, but they only ever took fakes.

“The real one—Eleanor took it with her when she left. If you want answers, she’s the one you should be asking.”

Caitlin’s piercing gaze bore into him. Timothy shuddered under her stare. To prove his sincerity, he raised a trembling hand and swore an

oath.

“If I’m lying, may the heavens strike me down. May I die a horrible death.”

The severity of the oath gave Caitlin pause. Maybe he truly didn’t have it.

If that were the case, then where “was the original?”

She couldn't answer that yet. And although Timothy might be telling the truth, she still didn't trust him fully.

"Fine," she said. "You've sworn an oath, so I'll believe you—for now. If you can't give me the Codex, I won't bring it up again. But I want one more thing."

"What is it?" Timothy asked, lifting his aged face toward her.

As Caitlin stepped through the doorway, she stopped and turned halfway back.

"Tomorrow, you will kneel and apologize at Alexandra's grave."

Timothy froze, his eyes widening. His lips moved, but no words came. At last, his arms dropped helplessly to his sides.

Caitlin gave him no more time to respond. She turned and walked out.

James was waiting outside. When he saw her, he asked, "So? Did he agree?"

"He didn't have a choice. Let's go—we're visiting Billy."

Together, they made their way to the small courtyard where Billy lived. As they unlocked the door and stepped inside, the old wolfhound,

942%

Tiger, perked up and bounded over with his tail wagging.

“Tiger!” Caitlin greeted warmly, stroking his head before calling out, “Billy!”

The old man emerged from inside, squinting. “Caitlin?”

“I’ve come to take you out for a bit,” she said, taking his arm gently.

“Where are we going?” Billy asked, surprised.

“First, a haircut and a hot bath. Then we’ll get you a check-up at the hospital,” she replied with a smile.

Billy hesitated. “That’s a lot of fuss...”

Caitlin leaned in and whispered something in his ear. His eyes widened as he turned toward the young man beside her.

“He’s your brother?”

“My twin,” Caitlin confirmed. “You can call him Harrison.”

“Billy, today’s on me,” James said cheerfully. “Let’s get you cleaned up!”

“Well then, alright, alright!” Billy grinned.

The three of them left the courtyard together. For the first time in decades, Billy stepped outside the walls of the Yuncey Family estate. As he looked around at the towering buildings and bustling streets, his heart filled with awe and uncertainty.

He wasn’t sure what life held for him anymore. Or what use he could be.

At the upscale salon Caitlin had arranged, the stylist’s jaw dropped when Billy walked in. With his wild hair and long beard, he looked more like a caveman or a wandering hermit than a senior citizen.

But after a full transformation—a cut, shave, and style—Billy returned to them looking like a brand new man.

“Wow,” James said, eyes wide. “You clean up good, old man. You look like a stylish silver fox now.”

“Yeah, you really do,” Caitlin agreed.

In his youth, Billy must have been handsome, and even after all these years, he still had an aura of dignity.

“Is that really me?” Billy murmured, touching his freshly shaved jaw. “I hardly recognize myself!”

“You’ve still got good days ahead, Billy,” Caitlin smiled.

“Hard to imagine,” he chuckled, shaking his head.

After that, they took him to the hospital for a full physical. The doctor reported that aside from some malnutrition and calcium deficiency, Billy was surprisingly healthy.

With a few prescriptions in hand, Caitlin and James settled Billy into a residence outside the Yuncey estate. She didn’t want to return him to that cage of a courtyard.

That evening, Caitlin personally prepared dinner. The three of them sat together, and Billy was deeply moved. After a lifetime of loneliness, he never imagined Eleanor's grandchildren would one day care for him.

Tears streamed down his face as he ate, grateful beyond words.

17A23 Tue, 12 Aug

After dinner, he reminisced about the old days. Caitlin and James listened intently, slowly piecing together a fuller picture of the Yuncey Family's history.

Once Billy was tucked in for the night, they returned to the estate.

It was already late.

And in the dead silence of night, Caitlin and James slipped into black clothing.

It was time to move.

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 415

Caitlin and James split up to search Timothy's private study and bedroom for the Codex. After a few hours, they regrouped in one of the

rooms.

"How'd it go on your side?" James asked.

"I found two copies," Caitlin replied.

"I found three."

They each pulled the books from their jackets and laid them out in front of them. Caitlin stared at the five identical-looking books, frowning deeply.

"Which one's the real one?" James asked, glancing between the identical covers.

Caitlin flipped through each volume meticulously. After a careful comparison, she let out a cold breath. "None of these are real. They're all decoys-fakes made to fool thieves."

“Then where’s the real one?” James frowned.

Caitlin shook her head. “Maybe the old man was telling the truth. Maybe the original really isn’t here at the Yuncey estate. It’s likely Eleanor took it with her when she left. Why only the first half remains now\... there must be a reason.”

The truth was buried too deep, and neither of them could guess what had happened back then. But it was clear the search for the *Codex*

within the estate had hit a dead end—for now.

The next morning, Millie returned from the hospital and went straight to Timothy with an update.

“I just came from the hospital. My mother-in-law made it through emergency surgery, but the doctor said her brain’s damaged. She might end up in a vegetative state. What do we do now?”

Timothy let out a weary sigh. “Let it be. Just arrange for someone to care for her.”

“Okay, I understand,” Millie nodded, then hesitated before saying, “So much has happened at home lately... I want to go stay at my parents’

for a while.”

“Go,” Timothy said simply, without a trace of sentiment. He could feel it in his bones—there was no holding this family together anymore. His grandson was in prison. What reason did Millie have to stay?

As she dragged her suitcase toward the gate, she ran into Caitlin. Her eyes flashed with resentment.

“Caitlin, happy now? The Yuncey Family’s ruined, just like you wanted.”

Caitlin didn’t answer her. Instead, she gazed toward the trees in the garden.

“Millie, look at that landscaping. Looks beautiful, doesn’t it? But if you peel it open, you’d find it’s crawling with rot on the inside.

“The Yuncey Family is the same—on the surface, a picture of harmony, but in reality, it’s full of decay. This collapse didn’t happen because of me. It happened because the rot was never dealt with.”

“I don’t care about your metaphors. All I know is I lost my husband and my home because of you.”

Millie's voice trembled with bitterness. Once, she was the proud wife of the Yuncey Family's eldest grandson, but now, she had nothing.

"You should be thanking me. At least now you can find a life for yourself. Staying married to a rapist like Douglas—you'd never be truly happy.

"You know exactly what kind of man he is."

Caitlin's eyes dropped to the black scarring on Millie's face. "And think carefully. When your face got burned last time, why did Greta smear clay pellets all over your wounds?

"Any normal person knows not to do that. And what did it leave you with? Scars you can't get rid of."

Millie instinctively reached up to touch her face. The burns had indeed left dark marks that ruined her once flawless skin.

"You think Greta did that to help you? Let me tell you the truth—she was looking out for her son.

"Douglas is in prison. She was afraid you might leave him. So she used that opportunity to destroy your face. That way, you'd have no choice but to stay. It was never about you."

Millie stood frozen, stunned by the realization. The puzzle pieces clicked into place. The way Greta had reassured her afterward—saying

Douglas wouldn't care about the scars—suddenly felt disgusting.

“Believe me or don't, that's your call. But here's my advice: leave. Get out of this mess while you still can.”

Caitlin gave her one last look before walking past.

She never had a personal vendetta against Millie. Her battle had always been with the Yuncey power structure. Millie was just collateral.

Caitlin would let her go.

As she watched Caitlin's retreating figure, Millie mulled over her words. She realized something—Caitlin wasn't trying to ruin her.

She was offering her an escape.

And maybe it really was time to take it.

The Yuncey Family was finished. It was time for her to go.

****Later that morning.****

Several black sedans began arriving outside the private cemetery owned by the Yuncey Family in Departure City.

Inside stood rows of tombstones. The two newest graves belonged to Rachel and Taylor—set apart from each other, with an empty plot between them, reserved for Timothy when his time came.

Every surviving member of the Yuncey Family had been summoned, including Hayden. No one knew what this meeting was about or why it had to take place at a cemetery.

Soon, a car from the old estate pulled up. Timothy stepped out with Forrest by his side and slowly made his way toward the graves.

“Grandpa!”

“Dad-”

“You’re here.”

ORGE THG 42208

The children's grand children gossips him one by one is V, Rearing out his cane as he worked orient
an alter metini

At the graveyard

Timothy stopped before a weathered headstone's

Reside her rested her husband Loyd, and her father Clayton

He turned around to face the family.

everyone here?"

Only Cynthia isn't," Edgar replied. "She had a relapse. Couldn't make it."

Timothy nodded solemnly. "And Caitlin?"

Hayden checked his watch. “She texted—said she’ll be here in a few minutes.”

No sooner had he spoken than several more vehicles pulled up at the cemetery gates.

Caitlin appeared, flanked by Sebastian, James, Zinnia, and a sizable entourage of people—some of whom wore the emblems of local government offices, others carrying professional cameras and press badges.

“She’s here!”

“Wait, is that City Hall staff?”

“Why are there reporters here too? What’s going on?”

The Yuncey Family murmured among themselves, confusion rising. Even Hayden looked puzzled. No one knew what Caitlin was planning, but it was clear something big was about to happen.

Timothy’s expression darkened when he saw who Caitlin had brought.

He had agreed to a quiet apology. But this? This was a public spectacle.

“Caitlin,” he said through gritted teeth. “What is the meaning of all this?”

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 416

4342%D

“Timothy,” Caitlin said firmly, her voice ringing across the cemetery, “Given the significance of today, there needs to be witnesses.”

She turned to the gathered crowd of Yuncey descendants, officials, and reporters, and addressed them calmly but with weight.

“Everyone. I’ve asked you all to come today, including officials from the city and members of the press, to bear witness. What I’m about to do is set the record straight—on the true history of the Yuncey Family.”

“The true history?”

“What do you mean?”

The media had already set up their cameras, their lenses trained on Caitlin and the three ancient gravestones behind her.

“Behind me stand the graves of three people—Alexandra, Lloyd, and Clayton. Alexandra was my great-grandmother. Lloyd, her husband, my great-grandfather. And Clayton... he is my earliest known ancestor.

“Many of you know these names. But I want to ask—how many of you truly understand what the Yuncey Family was like sixty years ago?”

The crowd was silent, puzzled. They’d all heard stories, but most had dismissed them as family legends. Few knew the truth.

Those who’d attended the shareholders’ meeting not long ago—when Caitlin corrected the family genealogy—had a feeling where this was going.

Timothy, standing nearby, finally understood Caitlin’s real intention. This wasn’t just about making him kneel in apology—she wanted to expose a buried truth, one that had been manipulated for decades. Her methods were sharp—ruthless even.

“To speak of the past, we have to mention one more figure—Miles, Timothy’s father. According to the official family tree, he and my great-grandmother Alexandra were siblings. Both supposedly children of Clayton.

“If you’ve ever studied the Yuncey Family history, you’ve likely accepted this as fact, haven’t you?”

The mournful silence of the graveyard seemed to thicken as Caitlin's gaze swept across the gathered descendants. A few nodded hesitantly

“But today, I'm here to correct a grave lie. Miles and Alexandra were not siblings. Not by blood. Not at all.”

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

Those within the family who hadn't heard this before looked at each other in disbelief. Even the city officials and media exchanged stunned glances.

“What do you mean, Caitlin?” one of the reporters asked. “Are you saying Miles and Alexandra weren't related? Not even half-siblings?”

“Not even half,” Caitlin said. “They shared no blood relation. Miles was not Clayton's son—he was a godson. A so-called honorary child. He bore the Yuncey name but not the blood.”

Murmurs broke out. Descendants lowered their heads in silence, outsiders stared in shock.

“Do you have any proof of this?” another reporter called out.

“A few weeks ago, I visited Saint Everlight Cathedral and spoke to Nathaniel. He told me the true history of the Yuncey Family with his own mouth.”

“But Nathaniel’s passed away,” one reporter countered. “How do we know he really said that?”

17:23 Tue, 12 Aug

“He has,” Caitlin replied, “but there’s someone else here today who can confirm everything I’m saying.”

She turned slightly and gestured. “Please bring out the witness.”

All eyes turned toward the edge of the cemetery as an elderly man walked slowly into view, flanked by James,

Most didn’t recognize him. But Timothy’s eyes widened, and his cane trembled in his grip.

“Is that... Billy?” he gasped.

“No way—that’s Billy?”

“It can’t be... Billy was supposed to be mentally ill!”

242%

4187

The Yuncey Family members couldn’t believe it. This man looked nothing like the unkempt, half-mad figure locked away in the estate’s back courtyard for decades.

Billy stepped forward and looked toward the three graves. “Sir, madam, it’s Billy. I came to see you.”

Then he turned to Timothy.

“You’re not insane...” Timothy said, almost in a whisper.

“I never was.”

“You’ve been faking it all these years?”

The shock was palpable. No one could believe that the “crazy” old man had simply been pretending for over sixty years.

Why live like that—locked away, pretending to be mad?

“If I hadn’t, would you have let me live?” Billy said, turning to face the reporters and crowd. “I’m Billy. Decades ago, I was a servant in the Yuncey Family. Later, I became the house steward.”

He began to recount the past: Clayton’s kindness, the betrayal by Miles, the bond between Alexandra and Lloyd. He laid bare the story the

world had never heard.

“Miles was never Clayton’s son. He murdered his own godfather, killed Alexandra’s husband Lloyd, and stole the Yuncey Family’s estate. Then he rewrote the family tree to cover up the truth.”

The crowd was stunned. Even the Yuncey descendants stood frozen.

Media crews scrambled to capture every word. Hayden, staring at Caitlin, finally understood—he wasn’t actually her uncle. They shared no

blood.

Billy continued, his voice steady but laden with emotion.

“Timothy knew all of this. His father tried to force himself on Eleanor–Alexandra’s daughter. That’s why she had to flee the Yuncey Family all those years ago.”

The mystery of Eleanor’s sudden departure from Departure City was finally explained.

Her husband and father were killed. Her mother, Alexandra, tried to raise her in the ashes of their legacy. But under constant threat, Eleanor

had no choice but to leave.

As Billy spoke, Timothy’s expression collapsed into one of horror.

17:23 Tue, 12 Aug

“Lies!” he shouted. “It’s all lies! My father never never did that! Don’t tarnish his name!”

“Timothy!” Caitlin’s voice rang like steel. “With the witness here and the truth laid bare, you still want to deny it?”

Billy's hands trembled, as he wiped tears from his face.

18

"Every word I said is true. I've endured this silence for decades—for Eleanor, and for justice. I was afraid that if I died, the truth would die with me."

Caitlin's eyes welled with tears. She took a deep breath and turned to Timothy.

"Timothy, you are not of the Yuncey bloodline. And I don't need to call you 'uncle' any longer.

"The family legacy you inherited was built on murder and theft. Your father's hands were stained with blood, and you continued his lies.

"By concealing the truth, you enabled him. You are complicit in every atrocity.

"It's time for you to kneel and apologize—not just to me, but to the true Yuncey Family, and to the souls buried beneath our feet."

AD

Comment

Send gift

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 417

Caitlin's voice was cold and sharp as steel, cutting through the air with commanding weight.

Sebastian stood behind her like an immovable mountain, her unwavering support. James stood on the other side, watching Timothy with a grim calm. The younger generation of the Yuncey Family stared in stunned silence, their expressions caught between awe and dread. Even Hayden drew in a slow, deep breath. The local officials from Departure City looked tense under the heavy atmosphere. Reporters held their breath, cameras locked onto Timothy.

All eyes were on him.

Timothy felt like he had been driven to the edge of a cliff. There was no way back. No escape.

He reached up with a trembling hand and wiped the sweat from his forehead, his gaze shifting to the generations of descendants who stood

behind him.

. He knew Caitlin too well. Knew exactly what she was capable of. If he refused to kneel today, it wouldn't just be his dignity at stake—she

would take everything from him, including his family.

There was no other choice.

With great reluctance, Timothy finally dropped to his knees before Clayton's tombstone.

The sound of camera shutters filled the air, rapid-fire clicks documenting the historic moment. Everyone present knew that this kneel, this fall from grace, would be etched into Departure City's history books.

"I'm sorry..."

Timothy lowered his head. His aged face bore traces of remorse.

“I’m sorry. It was my father, Miles, who wronged the Yuncey Family and brought shame upon our descendants. Here and now, I kneel before the ancestors of the Yuncey Family, representing both Miles and the generations of his bloodline. I offer our apology.”

Timothy had finally bowed and apologized on behalf of the family.

Caitlin blinked, her eyes faintly red, but her tone remained resolute as she looked down at the kneeling old man.

“Timothy, since you’ve apologized, I won’t pursue this any further. The blood debt of the past ends here. From this moment on, it’s over. Completely.”

With that, Caitlin drew a firm line. From now on, she and everyone connected to Timothy would have nothing more to do with each other.

The bridge has been crossed. The road divided. Best that they never meet again.

What she had come to reclaim, she had taken back.

Caitlin turned to the gathered crowd. “Thank you all for coming to bear witness. And thank you to the members of the press for documenting

this moment.

“The feud within the Yuncey Family ends here today. Starting tomorrow, this family will begin a new chapter.

“I will also begin work to revitalize Fragrance & Dye Studio and focus on developing authentic Fragrance Garments—something that will contribute to the growth of Departure City’s economy. Once again, thank you all for being here.”

She pressed her hand to her chest in a gesture of sincere thanks on behalf of the family.

4342%

Sebastian stepped forward to escort the officials out first. The media swarmed, hoping to get interviews with Caitlin, but she turned them down politely.

“I’m sorry, but today isn’t the right time for interviews. The Yuncey Family Group will be holding a press conference soon. You’ll be welcome. then.”

The press respectfully dispersed, and the graveyard gradually emptied.

Only the family members remained. Timothy looked like he might collapse at any moment. Edgar and the others helped escort him away. James left with Billy. The rest followed suit.

Caitlin stood silently, facing the three gravestones. The burden in her heart felt lighter than it had in years. She murmured to them, her voice trembling with feeling.

“You heard him, didn’t you? Timothy finally apologized on behalf of Miles. You can rest now.”

“Caitlin!”

At the entrance of the cemetery, Hayden had been waiting.

Zinnia, understanding they needed privacy, quietly stepped away.

Caitlin looked at him, her expression as unreadable as ever.

“Is this the result you wanted?”

It was Hayden, after all, who had approached her in the U.S. and proposed they work together—to return and stir the waters within the Yuncey Family.

And she had. The water was muddied, and now the Yuncey Family was shattered, broken beyond repair. The guilty punished. The past laid bare.

“It’s what I wanted to see. Even if... it played out a little differently than I’d hoped.”

His hands were in the pockets of his white suit pants, a dark cloud hanging over his handsome features. The regret in his words was clear—he hadn’t expected his own mother’s death would be part of the price.

“Plans never keep up with reality,” Caitlin said softly. “Spilled water can’t be gathered back. As for your mother... I couldn’t stop it.”

“I’m not blaming you, Caitlin. I stayed behind just to ask—what happens between us now?”

“We’re not related. You’re not my uncle, and I’m not your niece.”

“Then what you’re saying is... we’re nothing. So if I were to pursue you now, there’s no reason not to—right?”

His eyes, clear and deep as water, locked onto hers. It was the look of someone waiting for an answer.

To him, learning they weren’t blood-related wasn’t a loss—it was a relief. A release. He admired Caitlin deeply, maybe more than he was willing to admit. He’d willingly surrendered the Yuncey Family shares held by Nedyah Group for her.

Caitlin held his gaze for several seconds, then gave a soft sigh and replied with a trace of amusement.

“Just keep being my uncle, Hayden. I’ve accepted it.”

37

4250

So that was a no?

He stood there, stunned. No hesitation. No softness. She hadn’t even left him a sliver of hope.

What a ruthless woman.

He stayed there for a moment, trying to make sense of it, just as Sebastian arrived, Caitlin walked straight toward him without looking back.

Sebastian wrapped his arm around her shoulder protectively. He glanced at Hayden and asked, “What did he want?”

“Nothing important. Let’s go.”

She didn’t mention the conversation, not wanting to make her jealous man stew any more than necessary.

The footage of Timothy kneeling at the grave quickly went viral, spreading across Departure City and all of V Country.

The true history of the Yuncey Family was exposed and widely covered by news outlets. The past could no longer be buried.

It was explosive—like a volcano erupting. The public erupted in outrage as Miles’ monstrous deeds came to light. People condemned him, and Timothy, for sitting on a stolen legacy while letting his descendants run wild.

The Yuncey name, once one of prestige, became a mark of disgrace. None of Timothy’s descendants dared to publicly claim the family name anymore.

Soon after, the Yuncey Family Group officially announced a change in leadership: Kelvin, representing the Nedyah Group, would assume the role of CEO.

The back-to-back bombshells shook V Country. It wasn’t just family drama anymore—it had economic and national implications.

Back at the Yuncey Family estate, Caitlin came to see Timothy once more.

Since the day he knelt, he seemed a husk of his former self—drained, defeated. When she entered, he barely lifted his eyelids.

“Caitlin,” he said hoarsely, “you said... if I apologized, you’d let us live. Does that still hold?”

“Of course,” Caitlin replied. “But I came back today... because there’s one more thing I need to ask of you.”

AD

Comment

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 418

“What is it?” Timothy asked.

42%

15

“I want to reclaim the Yuncey Family estate. And I don’t just mean in name—I want the legal ownership of this house transferred to me.”

“You want to take this house? You might as well take my life. Are you really going to be that ruthless?”

“It’s not about ruthlessness. It’s what should’ve been done long ago,” Caitlin replied firmly, pulling out a set of documents. “These are copies of the evidence I got from Attorney Yordan—proof that Miles illegally transferred Yuncey Family property. You should take a good look.”

Timothy fell into silence as he skimmed the papers. The weight of his past choices settled over him like a burial shroud.

“I’ll be taking back the deed to the old estate, no matter how you feel about it,” Caitlin continued. “But I know you’ve lived here for a long time. I’ll allow you to stay until the end of your days. That’s my final act of mercy.”

It wasn’t a cold-blooded decision—Caitlin still had a heart. She wasn’t here to kick a dying man to the curb.

Her restraint struck Timothy more deeply than any anger could. Shame stirred within him for the first time in years.

He was about to speak when Caitlin's phone suddenly rang.

She glanced at the screen—it was Cynthia.

Her voice came through flat and distant. "Caitlin, I need to ask a favor. If I die, can you take care of my body? Bury me with my husband and son?"

Caitlin's face drained of color.

"Cynthia, where are you? Don't do anything stupid—I'm coming to you right now!"

But the line went dead before she could get an answer.

"Cynthia? Hello? Cynthia!"

Only the dial tone remained.

Timothy furrowed his brow. "What happened? What's wrong with Jia Hui?"

“I think she’s going to take her life. I need to find her—now!”

Caitlin rushed out the door and called James on the move. He answered quickly and brought the car around. As she climbed in, her voice was tight with urgency.

“We need to find Cynthia. She might be attempting suicide!”

Her fingers were clenched around her phone as she fired off a message to Sebastian, informing him of the situation.

After Cynthia had bitten off Quill’s ear at the shareholder meeting, her brothers had taken her away. Now, *no* one seemed to know where she’d gone.

Caitlin and James raced to the estate where Cynthia had been staying. Fabian and Edgar were both there, but they hadn’t seen her. No one had.

“Split up! She could be anywhere!”

٤٣٤”

Everyone scattered in a panic.

Cynthia had shut off her phone. No one could reach her.

Then Caitlin suddenly remembered something.

“James, head to the old Ingram estate! Now!”

James didn’t hesitate—he turned the wheel hard and sped off.

Caitlin recalled a conversation where Cynthia mentioned the restoration of the Ingram family house—the place where her husband, son, and extended family had died. It was the only place she might return to.

They arrived at the estate and burst through the front gate.

James was the first inside. A moment later, his voice echoed from within.

“Caitlin, get in here—now!”

She followed the sound and found herself in the eerily quiet main hall of the old mansion..

There, hanging from a wooden beam, was Cynthia.

She had hanged herself.

James rushed to cut her down, but when Caitlin checked, it was already too late.

“We were too late. She’s gone.”

Caitlin stared at the lifeless body on the floor. A heavy grief settled over her.

Some Yuncey Family members had been monsters—but Cynthia hadn’t been one of them. She had loved deeply, and she had fought fiercely.

Caitlin had hoped Cynthia could start a new life. But, like Taylor, she chose to end hers.

Sebastian arrived soon after. He stared at the body in silence.

“For her,” he murmured, “death was a reunion.”

“Let’s hope she found peace, and her family, on the other side.”

As the group mourned, Edgar and the others finally arrived. They broke down at the sight of their sister’s body. Even Randall looked shaken.

Edgar discovered a letter on Cynthia’s body. In it, she requested no funeral—just that her ashes be cremated and buried with her husband

and son.

Her family honored her wishes. On the day of cremation, even Timothy came to send her off.

As the hearse pulled away, he sighed and said, “Let her go. She suffered enough in this life. Maybe she can finally rest.”

Following Cynthia’s death, the courts announced Quill’s sentence.

He was found guilty of arson and murder—and sentenced to death.

And just like that, the Yuncey Family unraveled.

23 Tue, 12 Aug

Chapter 418.

A once-prosperous household, broken in mere months, Dead. Imprisoned. Scattered.

Was this karma?

After the funeral, Caitlin returned to speak with Timothy. The man looked thinner, frailer—worn down by grief and consequence.

“Her ashes have been laid to rest,” she said.

He gave a small nod.

“Is there anything else you haven’t told me?” Caitlin asked. “Any other secrets I should know?”

There were still things he hadn’t said. But fear held him back.

After a long silence, he finally muttered, “You already know most of it. Probably more than I do.”

“There’s one thing I know for sure,” Caitlin said quietly. “Do you know what happened to your father?”

Timothy looked up, startled. “You found out?”

Caitlin nodded. “He never left the Yuncey Family. He’s buried right here. Under the old courtyard.”

“What...?”

“The night before my grandmother’s forced marriage, he tried to rape her. She killed him in self-defense. His body was buried beneath the courtyard.”

Timothy’s cloudy eyes widened in horror. His hands began to tremble.

“He’s dead. My grandmother killed him. But considering what he did—murdering her father and grandfather—it was justice. Eye for an eye.”

She stood slowly. “It’s all over now. The past is buried. I’m leaving for home tomorrow.”

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and walked away.

That night, Timothy sat alone in the ancestral home. He stared at the faded family portrait—the once-full house now empty, his children gone, his grandchildren scattered or disgraced.

The candle on the altar sputtered, its flame barely hanging on.

He, too, felt that way. Close to the end. And terrified of death—of what awaited him after.

And finally, in that lonely hour, Timothy broke.

He wept.

And

Comment

truth he

AD

Send gift

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

“Fonest!”

Timothy’s voice rang out hoarsely as he summoned the butler into the room.

Forrest stepped inside, his usual calm and deferential expression firmly in place. “Yes, sir? What can I do for you?”

“I need you to call Caitlin. There’s something I must tell her.”

Forrest suddenly lifted his head. His eyes no longer looked kind. The warmth vanished from his voice, replaced with a sharp, icy edge.

“Have you forgotten the promise you made to our master back then? If you break that oath and reveal the truth, don’t blame me for what happens next.”

Timothy's face twisted in confusion, his eyes narrowing. "What... you-wait, you're..."

Before he could finish the sentence, Forrest stepped forward, swiftly pulling a dagger from his sleeve and plunging it into Timothy's abdomen.

"Ugh..."

Timothy fell to the floor, eyes wide, blood spilling from his mouth. He could hardly believe what had just happened—Forrest, the man who had served The Yuncey Family for decades, was a plant, an assassin.

Without hesitation, Forrest turned to the altar, grabbed the heavy brass candleholder, and flung it at the wall. Flames instantly caught the

curtains and spread like wildfire.

He took one last look at Timothy's lifeless, bloodied body, then darted out of the room.

Within minutes, the fire had begun to consume the room. A servant passing by saw the smoke and shouted, "Fire! The main house is on fire!

Somebody, help!"

Servants rushed to grab water buckets, forming a line to douse the flames.

James, who lived not far from the main residence, heard the commotion. Grabbing an extinguisher, he sprinted toward the fire. On the way,

he crossed paths with Forrest.

“Forrest! Is the main house on fire?”

“Yes,” Forrest replied, keeping his eyes low. “I’m heading out to find help.”

“Alright, hurry!”

James ran toward the blaze, never suspecting a thing.

Back in her room, Caitlin was at her laptop, finalizing some documents. Sebastian lay sideways on the bed, head propped up on one hand, smoldering eyes locked on her.

“Sweetheart,” he drawled, unbuttoning his shirt just enough to show off a teasing line of toned chest, “aren’t you done yet? I’m cold... come

warm me up.”

“I’m done.”

It was hard to focus with temptation literally lounging on her bed. She shut her laptop and crossed the room with a teasing glint in her eyes, cracking her knuckles. “Cold, huh? Want me to warm you up with a good pounding?”

2

“I don’t want a beating. I want you.”

With one fluid motion, Sebastian pulled her into his arms, lips inches away.

Just as their mouths were about to meet, someone knocked on the door.

Sebastian’s jaw tensed. Who the hell had the nerve to interrupt now?

“Caitlin!” Zinnia’s voice called from outside. “Something’s wrong! I think there’s a fire!”

Caitlin and Sebastian jolted up. Opening the door, they saw Zinnia pale and breathless.

“Where?” Caitlin asked.

“The main house!”

They could already hear the shouting and see the flicker of flames from afar. The three of them rushed toward the main estate.

When they arrived, chaos had broken out. Servants were scrambling, James was already there with the extinguisher, and Sebastian jumped in to help.

Thankfully, they had caught the fire early enough to control it. Once the flames were subdued, James and another servant went inside, covering their faces from the lingering smoke.

Moments later, James shouted, “Caitlin! Get in here!”

She and Sebastian ran inside. James’s flashlight beam cut through the smoke and revealed Timothy lying motionless on the soaked floor.

Blood pooled beneath him.

“There’s a knife in him,” James said grimly. “This wasn’t the fire—it was murder.”

“Oh my God...”

Caitlin’s heart dropped. Timothy was barely clinging to life.

“He still has a pulse!”

James pressed his fingers to the old man’s wrist.

“Call an ambulance! Call the police!” Caitlin shouted.

Sebastian was already dialing.

Caitlin knelt beside Timothy. “Timothy! Can you hear me?”

His eyes fluttered open. He stared at her, lips barely moving.

“Who did this to you?” she asked, leaning closer.

“F...Forr...rest...”

Caitlin froze. “Forrest? It was Forrest?”

17.24 Tue, 12 **Aug** OVE

Timothy’s lips moved again, but the words didn’t come out clearly. His head lolled *to* the side, breath escaping him in a final, silent sigh.

“Timothy? Timothy!”

Caitlin tried to rouse him, but he was gone.

Whatever he had meant to say after Forrest’s name, she didn’t hear it. And now he had taken that secret to the grave.

CIST

She rose, face pale and tight. "Timothy was murdered. The fire—was a cover-up. He said Forrest's name before he died. Where is Forrest? Has

anyone seen him?"

The servants looked at one another in confusion and growing fear.

"No one's seen him since the fire started," one finally said.

"I ran into him earlier," James added. "He said he was going to get help. I didn't suspect anything then—but now I'm sure. He ran."

He turned and bolted.

Caitlin stayed behind as police and medics arrived, though there was no longer anyone to save. Shaw led the investigation, confirming the

knife had fingerprints. The crime scene was sealed, and the body removed for forensic analysis.

With Timothy's final words and Forrest's disappearance, the police officially named Forrest as the primary suspect. A manhunt was launched.

Later that night, Caitlin sat with Sebastian, both of them trying to piece together what had happened.

“Forrest always seemed so harmless,” Sebastian said, frowning. “What would push him to do this?”

“I don’t know,” Caitlin murmured. “Could he have snapped when he saw The Yuncey Family collapsing?”

“There was no theft. The scene looked clean—no signs of robbery.”

“It doesn’t make sense...” Caitlin leaned back, brows furrowed, “Timothy was about to tell me something. He called me right before this

happened.”

Sebastian turned to her. “What did he say to you before he died?”

Caitlin met his eyes, voice low.

“He said Forrest. But... there were more words. Something after that. I couldn’t make it out. It’s like he wanted to reveal something important. Something that cost him his life.”

They both fell silent, the firelight of the ruined room still flickering in their memories.

The

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 420

“Besides saying Forrest’s name, there was one more word, but I didn’t catch it clearly.”

Sebastian analyzed carefully, offering possible interpretations.

“Maybe he was saying, ‘Forrest did it,’ or ‘Forrest escaped.’ Could be he was trying to tell you Forrest killed him and fled.”

“Yeah, that’s possible.”

Caitlin nodded, agreeing with Sebastian’s logic.

As for the final syllable-“tang“-neither of them could think of a clearer explanation.

The next morning, Timothy's autopsy report came back, confirming death by sharp-force trauma. It was officially ruled a homicide.

Fingerprints on the knife matched Forrest's, leaving no doubt that he was the killer.

But from the night before until now, there was no trace of Forrest.

A warrant was issued, and checkpoints at ports, airports, and major roads were on high alert for his capture.

James returned after scouring the area all night. He hadn't found Forrest.

He regretted not catching the subtle signs when he'd run into Forrest right after the murder. If he'd paid more attention, maybe he could've stopped him.

But there are no "what ifs" in hindsight.

The last person to see Forrest was one of the Yuncey estate gatekeepers. As the head butler, Forrest had simply said he needed to go out, and the guard had opened the gate without question.

After that, Forrest vanished as if off the face of the earth.

The police continued their investigation. Everyone in the Yuncey Family was devastated by Timothy's murder.

He had always been the patriarch in their eyes. His death left a void, a loss of the last thread holding the family together.

The idea that their longtime house steward had murdered him left everyone in shock and disbelief. They all hoped the police would catch the

killer soon.

Caitlin postponed her original plan to return to the U.S. out of respect and responsibility for Timothy's funeral arrangements.

She summoned all remaining Yuncey household staff and made an announcement.

"After Timothy's funeral, I'll be reclaiming the Yuncey estate. The property will undergo preservation and redevelopment. Eventually, it may be converted into a cultural site or tourist attraction."

Her goal was to incorporate the estate into the broader revival of *Fragrance & Dye Studio*, transforming it into a fragrance and dye museum.

“Those of you who want to stay can apply to become official employees once the project launches. Those who wish to leave can do so with severance—four times your monthly salary, based on your years of service.”

Some staff members chose to stay, eager for the opportunity. Others decided to move on.

Tue, 17 Aug

With her arrangements finalized, Caitlin contacted Yosef’s team to begin the legal procedures for rezoning the estate.

All antiques and heirlooms were to be carefully cataloged and preserved.

Once everything was in motion, Caitlin and Sebastian prepared to return to the U.S.

She wanted to bring Billy along, but the old man insisted on staying to watch over the estate. Caitlin respected his wishes and made sure someone would take good care of him.

Yosef would stay behind to oversee both the Yuncey Group and Fragrance & Dye Studio operations, leaving Caitlin with peace of mind.

At the airport, the group waited in a VIP lounge. Sebastian went to the restroom.

His bodyguards waited outside, and shortly after, a plain-looking man entered the same restroom. His ordinary appearance didn't raise any suspicion.

Sebastian, after finishing up, was washing his hands when he spotted the man in the mirror—head down, hair obscuring his face.

The man wasn't there to use the restroom. He lunged at Sebastian with a flash of steel.

Sensing danger, Sebastian dodged just in time. The attacker wielded a blade, aiming straight for Sebastian's vitals.

The fight exploded in the narrow space. The attacker moved with ruthless precision—clearly a trained killer.

Sebastian fought back hard, countering each strike with cold, calculated moves.

Bang!

Sebastian kicked the man into a stall. While he reeled, Sebastian's fist smashed into his jaw, drawing blood.

But the assassin wasn't finished. He swung back, landing a hard punch to Sebastian's gut.

The scuffle inside caught the attention of the guards outside.

Tyler burst in first and immediately rushed the attacker. Xavi and the others pulled Sebastian to safety and escorted him out of the restroom.

Back in the lounge, Caitlin jumped up the moment she saw Sebastian's bloodied hand.

"What happened?"

"I'm fine," Sebastian said calmly, hiding the pain.

Seeing her worry warmed something in him.

Xavi quickly explained, "Someone attacked Mr. Vanderbilt in the restroom. Tyler is dealing with the suspect now."

“I’m going to help!”

James stood up and bolted toward the restroom.

“I’ll go too!”

Xavi followed, but Sebastian called him back.

“You’ll just get in the way.”

սնակ

“...Oof.”

That hit Xavi hard.

Right in front of Zinnia, too. Could Mr. Vanderbilt not roast him so openly?

He snuck a glance at Zinnia. Luckily, she didn't seem to think any less of him. That alone gave him some *comfort*.

Caitlin urged Sebastian to sit. She examined his wound carefully.

Zinnia brought out the travel medical kit. Xavi helped hand supplies to Caitlin.

Looking at the gash on his hand, Caitlin's heart ached—but she kept calm and bandaged it expertly.

“It's probably the same group that ambushed you last time. If they've tracked us here, maybe we should cancel the flight?”

“No need,” Sebastian said. “It's even more important we leave now.”

He understood all too well—V Country was no longer safe. The longer he stayed, the more exposed he was to international assassins.

Back in the restroom, Tyler had exchanged dozens of blows with the attacker.

Eventually, the killer made a break for it—only to run straight into James.

Wham!

James nailed him with a side kick, then followed up with a brutal combo that left the assassin dazed.

They dragged him back to the VIP lounge.

“Mr. Vanderbilt, we’ve got him.”

Tyler kicked the man behind his knees, forcing him to kneel.

Sebastian looked at his bandaged hand, then down at the subdued assassin. His eyes narrowed, voice colder than steel.

“Talk. Who sent you?”