

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 482

“I want to watch the sunrise!”

©

Caitlin suddenly lit up with excitement. Thinking back, ever since they reunited, their days had been filled with chaos and responsibility. They never really got a chance to date like a normal couple.

She was in a good mood tonight. For once, she wanted to do something romantic—something ordinary couples did.

If his wife wanted to see the sunrise, Sebastian would absolutely make it happen. He immediately instructed the driver to change direction.

It was said that Bear Mountain offered the most breathtaking sunrise views. On clear days, people would gather there early just to watch the sun rise over

the horizon.

When the motorcade arrived at the base of Bear Mountain, Tyler and his team scouted the hillside ahead and found quite a few couples already

To give Mr. Vanderbilt and his lady some privacy, Tyler didn't hesitate to throw money at the problem. Posing as a film crew in need of the space, they offered \2,000 to each couple willing to leave.

Faced with that kind of luck, the couples happily took the cash and vacated the area.

With the spot cleared, Sebastian led Caitlin up the mountain.

Tyler's team had already set up a tent for them. Afterward, everyone pulled back to a safe distance, hidden in the trees, maintaining a perimeter to guard them quietly.

"You even brought a tent?"

Caitlin sat down in front of it and looked up at the starry sky. "It's beautiful tonight."

"Not as beautiful as you," Sebastian said, sitting beside her. He looked at her face glowing in the starlight—her eyes seemed to hold all the stars in the sky. She was absolutely mesmerizing.

Thinking back to her dancing earlier, Sebastian couldn't help but say, "Baby, from now on, no more dancing in front of other men. They don't deserve to see that side of you. I'm seriously at a disadvantage here."

"And now you understand how it feels when your partner gets drunk in public, right?" Caitlin shot back.

"I get it. I'll stay sober from now on—and you're not allowed to get drunk either."

"Okay. Deal," she nodded.

As they admired the breathtaking night, Caitlin stood up, arms outstretched, taking in the fresh mountain air. She turned to him and smiled, "Sebastian, it's such a beautiful night. Dance with me?"

"Of course."

Sebastian pulled out a waltz from his phone and hit play.

The soft music floated through the mountain air. He wrapped his arms around her waist; she rested her hands on his shoulders. Slowly, they began to

dance.

By the time the waltz ended, they were already locked in a passionate kiss.

For a while, it felt like they were the only two people in the world. The stars above, the silence of the mountain, the love between them—it all blended into something perfect.

When the dance ended, Sebastian led her into the tent, pulling her into his arms.

09:22 Mon, 18 Aug

“Still a few hours till sunrise... we shouldn’t waste this time, should we?”

“Exactly. Tonight, you’re mine.”

“Not just tonight. I’m yours forever.”

Their eyes met again. And then came another kiss.

That night marked the beginning of something unforgettable.

While the couple enjoyed their romantic bubble, their bodyguards hidden in the woods weren't quite so lucky.

The mountain mosquitoes were ruthless, leaving painful welts all over their arms and faces. They were smacking and scratching nonstop.

While their bosses were basking in love, they were being devoured alive.

True romance for one couple. Buffet night for the mosquitoes.

Meanwhile, after the party, Wendy was about to head home—until Benjamin stopped her.

“We need to talk.”

He pinned her against the wall, exuding that maddening alpha energy he always used to try and reel her in.

“There's nothing to talk about. I need to go.”

She tried to leave, but Benjamin held her in place.

“Do you remember the first time we met—how you threw yourself at me?”

“What are you getting at?” Wendy immediately tensed. Nothing good ever came from that tone.

“Didn’t you say I was your type? That you wanted to sleep with me?” Before she could answer, he gave her a smug look. “Fine. I accept.”

“You’re insane.”

Wendy was speechless. Things were different *now*—he wasn’t even her type anymore. He was way too much to handle.

Tired of the nonsense, she shoved him aside and turned to leave, only for Benjamin to block her again.

When that didn’t work, he changed tactics.

“You think you can just walk away without paying what you owe me?”

“Owe you what?”

She thought about it, then remembered the clothes he lent her last time. She scowled, “I already washed them. I’ll return them.”

“I don’t want clothes someone else has worn. How about you repay me with something else?”

“Like what?”

“Your lips.”

Benjamin’s eyes zeroed in on her mouth, unable **to** look **away**. Ever since he **tasted** her the first time, **he’d been hooked**.

Before she could **react**, **he** kissed her again—harder than before—leaving **no room** to **escape**.

2/4

Wendy struggled to breathe, furious, and finally shoved him off. She slapped him hard across the face.

“Pervert!”

And she stormed off, fuming.

Unfortunately for Benjamin, Nolan caught the whole thing.

“You think this is funny?” Benjamin growled.

“I think it’s hilarious. The heir of Jones Enterprises—reduced to a handsy creep. That slap looked like it hurt.”

“It did hurt. And it felt great. Slaps mean love, insults mean passion. You wouldn’t understand, single boy.”

Benjamin ran a hand through his hair, then took off after Wendy.

After all, they’d already shared more than a few intimate moments. In his mind, their relationship was no longer simple.

In fact, he was pretty sure he was officially off the market now. Compared to Nolan, he was doing great—he had Wendy. Nolan had nothing.

Bear Mountain.

Who knew how long the two had tangled in the tent. By the time dawn approached, they were still wrapped in each other's arms.

They hadn't really slept. But they didn't need to.

As golden light crept across the eastern sky, Sebastian pulled Caitlin out of the tent. Together, they stood on the slope, looking eastward.

Gradually, the sun peeked over the horizon.

The golden rays pierced through the clouds in stunning beams of light—it was a breathtaking view.

“It's incredible,” Caitlin whispered. “This sunrise is... just so beautiful.”

To stand here with the person she loved, watching the sun rise together—it was the kind of memory that would last a lifetime.

“In my eyes,” Sebastian murmured behind her, “nothing in this world is more beautiful than you.”

His words struck her heart just right, as they always did.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind. She leaned against him, cheeks warm from the cold and from love.

They watched the full sunrise before finally making their way down the mountain.

At the base, the team was already packed and ready.

But their exposed arms and faces were covered in itchy, swollen welts—mosquito bites from the night before.

Sebastian gave them a glance and said, “Good work, everyone. Double bonus this month.”

“Thank you, Mr. Vanderbilt!”

Their misery was instantly forgiven. A few mosquito bites were nothing if it meant a fat paycheck.

Back in the city, Sebastian dropped Caitlin off at home to rest, then headed to the company, energized **for** the day ahead.

After the morning meeting, Tyler returned with news.

3/4

zz” **Mon, 18 Aug**

“Mr. Vanderbilt, Viper’s finally awake.”

Sebastian raised an eyebrow. “Has he said anything about why he framed Yates?”

“He has—and you’re not going to believe it.”

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

“What?”

Sebastian was visibly stunned after hearing Tyler’s report. Viper had confessed—he had been acting under someone’s orders. And that someone was

Abel.

Thinking back to Abel, the so-called friend of Yates who first interacted with Caitlin at the restaurant... Could that have been intentional from the beginning?

From the moment Abel appeared, things started going wrong—like the chaos at Yates' movie premiere. Was it all orchestrated by him?

Could it be that his real goal had always been to drag Yates down?

Outwardly, Abel had played the role of a caring, loyal friend. When Yates was in trouble, he had appeared helpful and supportive. But now, look the realization was chilling.

After pacing for a moment, Sebastian turned sharply. "Abel was at Yates' dinner last night too, wasn't he?"

Tyler nodded. "Yeah, I believe so."

Only now did Sebastian recall Abel being present at the party, mingling like everyone else. But during that unforgettable moment when Yates knelt to propose to Caitlin—Abel had witnessed everything. Would he use that scene as leverage?

A cold light flickered in Sebastian's eyes. "Don't alert him. Keep him under close surveillance. Get solid evidence first."

“Yes, sir.”

“And monitor the internet. Make sure no gossip about Yates and Caitlin leaks out.”

Sebastian could already imagine the backlash if those clips went public. All the effort Caitlin had put into restoring Yates’ image would go down the

drain.

People’s judgment alone could bury them both.

“Understood.”

After Tyler left, Sebastian thought for a moment, then picked up his phone and dialed Yates.

The call connected quickly. “Hey?”

“What are you up to?” Sebastian asked.

“I’m heading to the racetrack. Thought I’d take the car for a spin.”

“With who?”

“Abel. We made plans earlier. Haven’t raced in forever—figured I’d get some laps in. You wanna come?”

Sebastian’s heart tightened at the mention of racing. He hadn’t forgotten the time someone sabotaged his car during a race, landing him in a coma with multiple fractures. He’d nearly died.

And now, with Abel’s true intentions exposed, there was no way he’d give that man a shot at hurting his brother.

“I’m coming. Don’t start without me. I haven’t raced in a **while** either.”

“Awesome, we’ll wait for you.”

1/3

After hanging up, Sebastian’s expression turned serious. He left the office without another word.

At a private apartment.

Abel was buttoning up his crisp white shirt. After the party last night, he'd spent the night with Zora. Now he was getting ready to leave.

Zora rolled over in bed and looked at him lazily. "Heading out already?"

"I've got something important to take care of. I'm meeting Yates for a race."

There was a cold glint behind Abel's calm expression, his smirk betraying something far more sinister.

Zora perked up at the mention of Yates. She recalled the videos Abel had shown her. "I've been struggling to find a real weakness in Caitlin. The you, I've finally got something.

"Yates kneeling to confess his love, hugging her, even kissing her—those clips are gold. If they go public, the two of them will be completely destroyed.

"Don't release anything yet," Abel warned. "Wait until I'm done with him. Then you can leak whatever you want."

He had a plan. Take out Yates first, then vanish. By the time the gossip exploded online, no one would be able to trace it back to him.

“I get it. Strike when it matters most. I’ll hold the blackmail material until the right moment.”

Zora wasn’t stupid. She’d learned that Caitlin, Sebastian, and Yates were all being considered for this year’s Humanitarian of the Year award—and would likely appear at the upcoming ceremony.

Releasing the scandal then would be like dropping a bomb in front of the whole world.

Just thinking about it made her giddy with anticipation.

At New York’s largest racing track.

When Yates arrived, Abel was already there, dressed in

green and white racing suit, standing by his car and adjusting the settings.

“Sorry I’m late. Something came up,” Yates said as he approached, extending his hand for a shake and a quick bro hug.

“No worries. I didn’t wait long,” Abel replied with his usual mild smile.

“I’m gonna go suit up,” Yates said, patting his shoulder.

“Sure.”

Abel gave a friendly wave,

but the moment Yates turned away, his smile vanished—replaced by a chilling smirk.

Soon, Yates returned, looking sharp in his red and white racing suit, practically glowing with energy.

“All set, Abel!”

Racing had always been one of Yates’ favorite hobbies. He and Sebastian used to frequent **the** track all the time—until Sebastian’s horrific crash.

Ever since that accident, they hadn’t come back.

“Let’s get started,” Abel said.

“We’ll have to wait a bit,” Yates replied, **checking** his watch. **“Sebastian’s on his way. We’ll race together**

2/3

09:22 Mon, 18 Aug

Abel frowned. “Mr. Vanderbilt’s joining us?”

“Yeah!”

“Didn’t he crash once? And he’s still racing?”

“Yep. But he’s fully recovered now. I’m actually excited to see him back on the track. You have no idea how cool he looks behind the wheel.”

Yates grinned like a true fanboy.

“Oh... well, I look forward to seeing that,” Abel replied, masking his irritation.

Moments later, Yates rolled out his custom race car and parked it on the track. The pit crew began final checks.

Just as they were wrapping up, a deep rumble echoed from the direction of the club's entrance, drawing everyone's attention.

Yates looked up and lit up. "That's Sebastian!"

A silver-and-black race car barreled into the lot like a beast unleashed, kicking up a storm of dust behind it.

The roar of the engine grew louder as it ripped across the asphalt, then executed a perfect drift and came to a flawless stop on the track.

The driver's door opened.

Out stepped Sebastian in a sleek black-and-white racing suit. His expression was grim, his aura so intense it seemed to crush the air around him.

He looked like a king returning to his domain.

Dominant. Unshakable. Unstoppable.

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 484

“Still as handsome as ever!”

Yates couldn't help but pull Sebastian into an enthusiastic hug.

“Mr. Vanderbilt!”

Abel stepped forward to greet him, hand extended for a handshake—only to be completely ignored by Sebastian, who didn't even spare him a glance.

“So, what kind of race are you planning?”

Sebastian's eyes swept coldly over the two men.

“We’re just here to have fun, no pressure. A friendly race,” Yates replied, throwing an arm over Abel’s shoulder.

“Yeah, just a casual game,” Abel added with a smile.

Sebastian didn’t say much in response, nodding slightly. “Alright. Keep it casual. I need to take a call.”

He stepped away to answer the ringing phone.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the racing complex, Connor Jackson of The Jackson Family arrived with his girlfriend, Yasmin.

The moment they stepped in, Yasmin’s gaze locked on a figure by the cars—Sebastian, standing tall in his racing suit. She froze.

“Yasmin? What is it?”

Connor followed her line of sight and spotted Sebastian too. His tone turned a bit excited. “That’s Sebastian? He’s here today? Is there a race

happening?”

“I don’t know.”

Yasmin’s expression was unreadable, though the sight of Sebastian clearly stirred something in her.

“You go find us a seat—I’m going to ask if I can join! If there’s a race, I’m not missing this chance.”

Connor had always wanted to prove himself against Sebastian. Last time he had heard Sebastian would be racing, but he’d never shown up. Today might

be his shot.

At the track, the men were still chatting before *the* start of the race when Connor jogged up.

“Mr. Vanderbilt! Are you guys racing today?”

Everyone turned toward the voice. Seeing who it was, Sebastian glanced at him indifferently.
“Private race. What, you want in?”

“Yeah, if it’s cool—can I join? I’d love to race with you guys!”

Connor could act arrogant in other circles, but in front of Sebastian, he was all deference.

Sebastian didn't respond immediately, but Yates chimed in. "Why not? Let him join. The more, the merrier!"

"Fine," Sebastian said.

Connor beamed, practically bouncing in excitement. He was already itching to prove himself on the track.

Abel frowned at the unexpected new player. Another person complicated things—but maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. If something went wrong, **it** would be harder to trace it back to him,

Chapter 484.

Just then, more people arrived outside.

Zora had invited Jillian to come watch the race, and Jillian had brought Reese along. As fate would have it, they ran into Yasmin at the venue. Since **they** all knew each other, they sat together in the stands.

“Miss Harris! I heard you’re taking over XEG–impressive!” Yasmin complimented her.

Zora smiled, brushing it off. “Just keeping things afloat. What about you? Here alone?”

“No, I came with my boyfriend.”

She gestured toward the track, where the men were gathered.

When Jillian spotted Sebastian among them, she immediately shrank back, hiding behind Zora.

If Sebastian saw her, she’d be doomed.

Zora glanced toward the group as well. Seeing Abel standing with the others, she couldn’t help comparing him to Sebastian.

Abel wasn’t bad-looking–until you stood him next to Sebastian. Then the difference was glaring. Connor didn’t even count; his short height was a fatal flaw. Yates was okay, but lacked Sebastian’s commanding aura.

When it came to masculinity, charm, and sheer presence, Sebastian was unrivaled.

What a shame... he was the one man she could never have.

Reese spotted Sebastian in his black-and-white racing suit and gasped. “Who is that guy? He’s insanely hot!”

Jillian rolled her eyes. “You don’t recognize Sebastian? Don’t even think about it. You’ve got no shot. Caitlin would end you.”

Jillian had learned firsthand not to cross Caitlin and wasn’t about to try again.

“What? That’s Sebastian?”

Reese’s excitement turned sour. She hadn’t forgotten how scary he could be—especially when protecting Caitlin.

“The guy’s completely blind if he picked Caitlin,” Reese grumbled.

Yasmin added fuel to the fire. “He really was blind—literally. That’s how Caitlin wormed her way in.”

“What a waste,” Reese sniffed in disgust, still bitter about her past encounter with Caitlin at the VERA boutique.

The mention of Caitlin had all the women fired up. United in envy, they dove straight into gossip.

“She’s definitely had work done. No way she used to look like this. I don’t buy the ‘glow up’ story,” Reese muttered.

“I don’t think she’s had surgery. Her skin is flawless, though. Honestly, she’s kind of enviable,” Jillian admitted, though her tone was reserved.

“Come on, Jillian, you’re just as pretty! You don’t lose to her in looks at all,” Reese said, then added with a sneer, “Girls like Caitlin only care about getting men. She probably has dozens of them wrapped around her finger.”

“Oh, for sure. She even went after my brother once! Almost ruined his marriage,” Yasmin revealed dramatically.

Reese gasped. “Seriously? That’s textbook homewrecker behavior. I bet she’s got a whole stable of sugar daddies.”

“Or maybe she’s more into toyboys. A woman like her? She definitely can’t handle being alone,” Zora said, smugly.

As the gossip escalated, Jillian began to check out mentally. She wasn’t sure she believed any of it anymore. After **what happened with the design fiasco**, her brother had warned her about trusting Zora too much.

213

09:22 Mon, 18 Aug

Now, she just listened quietly, not adding fuel to the fire. Deep down, she knew most of this was petty jealousy.

The trash talk kept going until a cold voice dropped from above.

“Well, would you look at that? I arrive and immediately hear a bunch of gossiping hens flapping their tongues.”

Caitlin’s voice cut through the air like a blade, making every woman in the group freeze.

“Ah! Caitlin!”

They looked like they’d seen a ghost. The color drained from their faces.

Had she heard everything?

When did she get there?

“Who are you calling a gossiping hen?”

Reese was the first to snap, unwilling to back down.

The others looked away, shame and panic on their faces. And to make matters worse, Caitlin *looked* stunning.

She wore a tailored black-and-white outfit—sharp, sleek, and effortlessly powerful. It wasn’t a racing suit, but it coordinated perfectly with Sebastian’s, looking like they were wearing couple’s outfits.

It was infuriating.

She had definitely come here just to show off.

After learning Sebastian would be racing today, Caitlin had come to support him. She hadn’t expected to walk into a full-blown gossip session about herself.

“Of all of you, Miss Nguyen seems to have the biggest mouth. You must’ve died from strangulation in your last life to be reborn with a tongue that long.”

“You-Caitlin!”

Reese was so furious she could barely speak. Did she really just say that?!

AD

Comment

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 485

Reese couldn’t hold her tongue anymore and was about to snap back when Zora grabbed her arm.

“We didn’t say anything untrue. Don’t act like you’re innocent. You know exactly what you’ve done behind the scenes.”

In Zora's mind, she had already convicted Caitlin as a woman with no morals, convinced that every man around her had something going on with her- including Yates, who she was sure was nothing more than a lovesick puppy.

"I've always been clear and clean with what I do. I don't need reminders from people like you," Caitlin said with a cold smile "But for you all? Let me give you a reminder-slandering others without evidence is a crime. And if it's serious enough, it could land you in jail."

After issuing her warning, Caitlin turned to leave. But just a few steps away, she looked back and added,

"Oh, and if you really can't resist gossiping, why don't you just debut as a group? I've even got a name for you: Trash Talk 4ever. What do you th

"Unbelievable! How can she say that?"

The women flushed with anger, cheeks burning in embarrassment and fury.

Zora wanted to argue, but Caitlin had already walked off, hands casually in her pockets, heading to the opposite section of the stands. She deliberately sat just a row across the aisle from them-close enough to hear everything they might say.

This move effectively silenced the group. None of them dared speak another word. They were seething, but too afraid to lash out face-to-face.

Out on the track, Sebastian spotted Caitlin and waved to her. She waved back, calm and composed.

The warm-up laps were starting. Yates and Abel were preparing to enter their cars when Sebastian suddenly suggested,

“Yates, since you and Abel are so close, why don’t you two switch cars? Let your good friend experience that elite configuration of yours.”

“Great idea!”

Yates was usually protective of his custom ride, but when it came to Abel, he was more than happy to share.

“Abel, come on—try my car! I’ve spent millions modifying it. Top-tier everything. This baby’s performance is unmatched!”

Abel’s expression tensed instantly. His forehead beaded with sweat.

“No, no, I’m good with this one—”

But Yates wasn’t taking no for an answer. He grabbed Abel and practically shoved him into the driver’s seat.

“You’ve got to try it! You’ll love it!”

Yates slammed the door shut and jogged to take Abel’s original car

Sebastian watched the exchange without a hint of expression.

“Alright,” he said to the group, “one warm-up lap first. Then we race.”

“Got it!”

Connor was already buzzing with excitement. “Mr. Vanderbilt, maybe this time I’ll beat you!”

“That depends on your skill,” Sebastian replied as he strapped on his helmet and climbed into his car, engine rumbling **to life**,

The four race cars lined **up at** the starting point. Engines revved. Abel sat behind the wheel **of** Yates’s **car**, hands **trembling**.

Yates, noticing the hesitation, shouted across the car windows, “Don’t overthink it, Abel! Just drive! Let’s go!”

With that, Yates took off, and Connor followed.

Abel was trapped. If he bailed now, it would be too suspicious. But the longer he waited, the worse it looked.

From the left, Sebastian’s voice cut in, calm and cutting. “What’s wrong? Is there a problem with the car?”

“N-No... it’s fine...”

Abel had no choice but to start the engine and take off, nearly in sync with Sebastian.

The first lap was just a warm-up. Yates reached the start line first, followed by Connor, then Sebastian. Abel was last, his driving stiff and his face pale by the time he returned. His back was drenched in cold sweat.

But the break was short-lived. The signal lights flicked on.

The real race was starting.

Word had gotten out that Sebastian was racing today, and now crowds had gathered, hoping *to* witness it firsthand.

Engines roared as the four cars shot forward. Abel reluctantly crossed the starting line behind the others.

“Awesome!”

“Hell yeah!”

Fans in the crowd shouted, some recognizing Sebastian’s car with wide-eyed admiration.

In the stands, Caitlin sat silently, eyes fixed on Sebastian’s car as it zipped around the track.

Nearby, the other women watched too.

“Look, the one in front—that’s my boyfriend’s car!” Yasmin said proudly.

“Yeah, Connor’s doing well! Who’s driving the last one? Is that Yates?” another asked.

“No, that’s his friend,” someone answered. “Yates let him drive his top-tier custom ride. But the guy’s not great—he was the slowest during warm-up.”

Zora frowned as she watched the last-place car. That was Abel. Why was he driving so poorly?

Even though no one knew about her connection to Abel, it was still embarrassing to see him falling behind like that.

The race continued. The cars entered the twisting curves of the track. Live footage from overhead cameras displayed the action on the stadium’s big

screen.

Yates maneuvered skillfully around a bend, overtaking Connor. Connor, competitive as ever, pushed harder to catch up.

Sebastian maintained a steady pace in third, neither/aggressive nor lagging, keeping a careful distance from both the front and rear.

The rules were simple—ten laps. Fastest overall time wins.

At lap five, Abel had started to relax. The car was performing perfectly—smooth, powerful, responsive.

Gaining confidence, he began to speed up. He wasn't just going to survive this race. He wanted *to* win.

Suddenly, the roar of his engine grew louder as he overtook Sebastian's **car**.

The audience erupted.

2/3

“Is Sebastian not fully recovered? Why isn't he accelerating?”

“He's falling behind!”

Zora smirked. “Once the king of the track, now dead last. What a joke.”

“That's Sebastian in last? So much for being a racing god,” Reese snarked.

The jabs were aimed at Caitlin, but she didn't react. She didn't

Care if Sebastian

or

long as he came back safe.

As the race entered its final stage, the cars all began pushing toward max speed.

Just when everyone thought they'd all cruise past the finish line without a hitch—something unexpected happened.

3/3

AD

Comment

Send gift

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 486

In third place, Abel's car finally started to show signs of trouble under extreme speed.

First, the steering became unresponsive. Then he found he couldn't slow down.

He tried to brake and control the wheel, but the car only accelerated harder.

The very thing he feared was happening—and fast. With no way to stop and veering off course, Abel made a split-second decision.

If he was going down, he was taking someone with him.

He yanked the steering wheel and aimed the car directly at Yates.

From the stands, the audience began to panic as they realized something was off.

“What’s going on with that car?”

“Oh my God, it’s heading straight for the one in front! What is he doing?”

“Is he trying to get himself killed?”

Caitlin shot up from her seat, sensing something wasn’t right. Zora tensed. Yasmin nearly screamed.

“That car—why is it heading for my boyfriend?!”

Gasps echoed from every direction as Abel’s car barreled toward Connor’s.

.

Boom!

Yates narrowly swerved and avoided the crash, but the two cars behind him weren’t so lucky. Abel’s car slammed into Connor’s, and both went spinning

off the track into the safety barrier.

A deafening crash.

The two cars collided hard, metal crumpling under the force.

Yates, realizing the wreck behind him, slammed his brakes and brought his car to a stop.

Sebastian had already witnessed the whole thing unfold. He killed the engine, jumped out, and ran to the wreckage.

Yates followed quickly.

“There’s been a crash!” he shouted.

His heart dropped when he saw his prized car destroyed, but he didn’t care about that now.

He ran straight to the crumpled vehicle, yelling, “Abel! Abel!”

Sebastian was already on his phone, calling for the track’s emergency team.

From the stands, Caitlin rushed down the steps toward the track. Yasmin, seeing Connor's car wrecked, ran after her in panic.

Zora broke into a cold sweat. She had just seen Abel's car crash in real time. The scene was terrifying.

"Let's **go**—let's check it out!"

Spectators started pouring down from the stands. Even Reese and the other women couldn't resist getting **a closer look**.

Zora followed the crowd to the scene of the crash.

Up close, the damage was even more shocking.

The racetrack's rescue crew and medics were already arriving on the scene.

Connor was pulled from his car

Abel wasn't so lucky.

Thankfully, he was unharmed—just shaken. His car’s entire rear end had been obliterated, but he was okay

His car’s front was a mangled wreck. Abel had been severely injured

in

Medics carefully extracted him from the vehicle and placed him on a stretcher.

His head was bleeding badly. His face was covered in blood. He was

Zora clamped a hand over her mouth, too afraid to step forward. She didn’t

So she stood back and watched helplessly as Abel was carried away.

Yates, meanwhile, was consumed with guilt.

to reveal their relationship—not now.

“My car... maybe he wasn’t used to the specs... If I hadn’t switched with him, this wouldn’t have happened!”

He looked at his beloved car, now totaled, and could barely hold back his remorse.

Sebastian said nothing at first. Then, patting him on the shoulder, he spoke quietly.

“Enough. Let’s talk later.”

The crash would be handled according to procedure, and the crowd began to disperse. Zora and her group also turned to leave.

Sebastian asked if Yates wanted to ride back together, but Yates shook his head.

“I need to go to the hospital. I should be there.”

“No,” Sebastian said, stepping in. “Have his assistant handle it.”

“But he’s seriously hurt. I’m his friend—I should be there.”

Sebastian let out a cold sigh.

“Yates, you think he’s your friend. But did he ever treat

You the same?”

“What are you talking about? I’ve known Abel for years. I got into the industry because I went to an audition with him. I’ve always seen him **as** a brother- and he came to find me as soon as he got back.”

Yates had always been loyal. His problem was he was too loyal–too trusting. He couldn’t see through people.

Caitlin spoke up. “Yates, you’re too naive. You misjudged him–again.”

“What are you saying?”

“You really believe Abel saw you as a friend?” Caitlin continued. “Then ask yourself this: why did today’s crash happen? **Your car is top of the line. Even an average driver wouldn’t crash it like that.**

“So why did Abel lose control?”

Yates’s expression turned serious as her words sank in.

2/3

Caitlin pressed further. “And doesn’t this accident remind you of something? Like Sebastian’s crash not long ago?”

Yates’s eyes widened as the pieces began to click. “Are you saying... someone tampered with my car?”

“Exactly,” Caitlin said. “Once the forensics come back, we’ll know for sure. But we’re already pretty certain this wasn’t a freak accident. And Riel is right

in the middle of it.”

Yates still couldn’t believe it.

“You think... Abel sabotaged my car?”

“Who else could it be?”

“No way. If he did it, why would he drive it himself? That’s suicide!”

“He had his reasons. He gambled—and Sebastian forced his hand.”

Caitlin looked at Sebastian.

“The only reason he even came here today, the reason he suggested you switch cars, was to bait Abel. Either he’d mess up—or the trap would spring on him.”

Yates looked crushed.

“But why would Abel do that to me? We’ve known each other for years. There’s no reason...”

He couldn’t connect the betrayal with the man he’d called his best friend.

“Because you’re too blind to see people for who they really are,” Caitlin said bluntly. “You’ve always been like this—good-hearted but **totally** gullible.”

Yates didn’t argue. His mind was a whirlwind.

To help him face reality, Caitlin added,

“Think carefully, Yates. Ever since Abel came back into your life—what exactly has been happening to you?”

AD

Comment

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 487

Yates racked his brain. Abel had shown up again at his movie premiere—they hadn't seen each other in years, yet it felt like **they** picked up **right** when they left off.

But that same night, Yates was arrested for possession and nearly ended up in prison.

Could Abel have been behind that, too?

Caitlin explained patiently, “You were arrested that night

So tell me who could've planted that stuff or you?"

"It was my assistant, Jake. He was manipulated by Viper—he tried to drag me down with him," Yates said. That was all he knew.

"No, that's not all." Caitlin's gaze turned sharp. "I've said it before—why did Viper choose you? Why target you, of all people? I suspected something was off then. And now Sebastian has finally uncovered the truth."

She looked toward Sebastian.

Sebastian had been silent this whole time. He finally drew a deep breath. "Viper's awake. He admitted everything—it was a setup. Someone paid him to frame you."

"Who?" Yates asked, though deep down he already feared the answer.

"Abel."

The name hit Yates like a truck. He stumbled back two steps, eyes wide with shock.

Sebastian handed him a phone and showed him a video of Viper's confession. Yates watched in silence, then clutched his chest, his eyes reddening.

“Abel... why? Why would he do this to me?”

That was the one question he couldn't wrap his head around. The more he thought about it, the more it hurt.

He'd treated Abel like a brother—genuinely, sincerely. And Abel had stabbed him in the back.

“We may never get a full answer unless he tells you himself,” Caitlin said. “But I'm guessing something happened between you two in the past that you overlooked.

“When someone goes that far to hurt someone else, there's usually deep resentment behind it. Nothing happens without a reason—not love, not hate.

“Sebastian and I just want you to wake up and see the truth. He's never been your friend. Real brothers don't betray each other like that.”

Her words stung, but Yates nodded with misty eyes. “I understand now.”

With Caitlin and Sebastian's support, Yates gave up on

going to the hospital.

If Abel survived, Yates would confront him personally and demand an explanation.

Abel was rushed to the hospital. Zora showed up under the guise of concern, but what she really wanted was to know: was he dead or alive?

Just last night, they'd shared a bed. Now, he was hovering between life and death.

The whole situation felt surreal.

She couldn't shake the thought—had Sebastian found out about Abel's plan? Could the crash have been **intentional**?

Still, she didn't want to expose her connection to Abel. Otherwise, she could've called the police and pushed for an investigation.

But no—better to stay out of it.

At the ER desk, she learned Abel was still in critical care. With nothing else to do, she headed upstairs to check on her brother's rooms want can prett into her mother, exiting the hallway.

Zora peeked in. "Where's Zeke?"

“He left,” Ximena said, visibly flustered.

“Left? Where did he go?” Zora asked sharply.

“S Country. You should go home—I’m on my way to speak with Caitlin.”

“Why her again? Mom, are you serious?”

treat her better than your own daughter now. Who do you even think your child is?”

Zora yanked at her mother’s sleeve, seething with resentment.

“Caitlin is sharp. I need her help. You, as my daughter, should be more understanding—not make trouble. Go manage the company property.”

Ximena didn’t wait for a response. She quickly walked off.

Zora glared at her mother’s retreating figure, fuming. Now even her own family was siding with Caitlin.

Caitlin, just you wait.

You're going to learn exactly who you're messing with.

On the way back into the city, Caitlin got a call from Ximena, informing her that Zeke had returned to S Country.

"What? He went back?" Caitlin asked, startled.

"Yes. I went to the hospital to see him, but the nurse said he'd been discharged. I called him, and all he said was he's flying home. Caitlin, what should we do? I'm worried he's still not fully recovered!"

Caitlin guessed the reason immediately—Zeke was likely heading home to dig into the truth about his identity.

"Don't worry. He knows what he's doing. I'll try to reach him."

After ending the call, Caitlin dialed Zeke's number, but it didn't connect. He was probably still on the plane.

She sent him two texts anyway—he'd see them once he landed/

Sebastian took Caitlin out for lunch before heading back to work. Just as he was about to drop her off at home, she got a call from Hayden.

“The Fixer’s here. He says he has something important to talk to me about.”

“What could he possibly want?” Sebastian scoffed. “Probably just looking for an excuse to see you.”

Caitlin smiled. “And if he is?”

Sebastian stood with her as they left the restaurant. “Then I’m coming with you.”

He didn’t care how noble Hayden claimed to be. The man wasn’t blood anymore, and Sebastian wasn’t about to let a one-time with his wife.

They arrived at Hayden’s hotel suite.

Quality bachelor get one-on-

Hayden greeted them both, and when he saw Sebastian tagging along, he grinned, “You too? Can’t I get even a second alone **with Caitlin?**”

Chapter 487

“**She’s my** wife. What are you trying to be alone for?”

Sebastian pulled Caitlin into the room with his arm around her.

Hayden chuckled. “Damn. Caitlin, he’s got you on a tight leash. Don’t you ever get a moment of freedom?”

“She’s got plenty. What I give her isn’t a leash—it’s love and security.

You wouldn’t understand. You’re just a lonely dog.”

“Ouch,” Hayden winced. “You’re impossible to joke with.”

The two men traded a few barbs, and Caitlin laughed before turning serious.

“So? What’s this important thing you came here to talk about?”

“The old Yuncey estate is already under renovation,” Hayden said. “The Fragrance & Dye Studio will be finished soon, too. While sorting through my father’s belongings, I found something I think you should see.”

“What is it?” Caitlin asked, intrigued.

Hayden reached into his bag and pulled out a sealed manila envelope.

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 488

Caitlin took the manila envelope from Hayden and pulled out several aged documents, the paper slightly yellowed from time

“What are these?” she asked, curiosity piqued as she flipped them over and read the contents.

It was a private agreement outlining how the assets of the Jonathan Family were to be divided.

“The contents... this actually involves my grandfather, Walter...”

The deeper Caitlin read, the more stunned she became. “The signature at the bottom... it’s...”

“Carlos,” Sebastian read aloud, his eyes narrowing.

He and Caitlin exchanged a look of disbelief.

“I found this while going through my father’s belongings,” Hayden said. “When I saw Caitlin’s grandfather’s name, I thought it might be connected to the Jonathan Family’s past.”

“It’s more than just connected,” Caitlin said, brow furrowed. “This agreement is deeply tied to what happened to my grandfather’s family. Timothy and Carlos must’ve had a hand in it. It was Carlos who handled the sale of Thompson Residence.

“The destruction of the Jonathan Family wasn’t random—Carlos is clearly involved.”

Hayden nodded. “Unfortunately, my father never revealed the truth before he died. That part of the story died with him. Tracking it down now will be difficult.”

“There’s only one way forward,” Sebastian said. “We need to find Carlos. He’s the key to everything.”

“Exactly. Carlos is the link,” Caitlin agreed.

Her mind raced as she recalled her time living in the old Yuncey estate, and more importantly, Timothy's last words. A sudden realization struck.

"I think I know what Timothy was trying to say when he was dying."

"What?" Sebastian asked.

"Remember the night of the fire at the Yuncey estate? Timothy had been stabbed, and before he died, he said Forrest's name... and then he tried to say another word. Something like 'Jar' or 'John,' remember?"

"Right," Sebastian nodded. "We never figured out what he meant."

"I think... he was trying to say 'Jonathan.' As in the Jonathan Family. He wanted to tell me the truth about what happened to them."

"That makes sense," Sebastian said. "People don't waste words on their deathbed. He must've known the truth was about to die with him and wanted to pass it on to you."

Caitlin's thoughts moved faster now. "Then let's go back. Why did Forrest kill Timothy? What was his motive?"

“The Silverstone police still haven’t found Forrest,” Hayden added. “So the motive has never been confirmed.”

“Fine. Let’s assume for a second...” Caitlin began, pacing the room, “that the fire wasn’t an accident. Forrest killed Timothy, then started the fire to cover it up—to destroy the evidence and the body.”

The two men nodded in agreement.

Caitlin turned sharply “Forrest was the butler. He’d been in the Yuncey estate for years. If he wanted to kill Timothy, he could’ve done it at any time. **Why** wait until I showed up?

“The only explanation is that my presence disrupted the balance. I was touching on something sensitive enmething that threatened que je

“Maybe Timothy had a change of heart and wanted to come clean. Maybe he was going to tell me everything at night. But forme depped form, ask, him before he could speak

“Very possible.” Sebastian agreed.

“It’s just a theory,” Caitlin said, “but it’s clear Forrest didn’t do this for money which means he was covering up something much bigger

Her eyes sharpened. “That something... could very well be this agreement.”

If Caitlin was right, Timothy's murder and the fire weren't isolated incidents they were part of a cover-up linked to the Jonathan Family's destructier

"Do you have paper and a pen?" she asked Hayden.

"Yeah." He handed her a blank sheet and a pen.

Caitlin started sketching out a chart-linking names, events, and theories. Sebastian and Hayden watched silently as her pen moved rapidly seroos the

page.

After a few minutes, she put the pen down.

"I've got it."

"Got what?" Hayden asked.

"Forrest... he might actually be Carlos."

Both men stared at her in disbelief.

“That can’t be,” Sebastian said. “If Forrest was Carlos, and he made all that money from the Jonathan Family’s downfall, why stay in the Yuncey estate as a servant for years?”

“Exactly,” Hayden agreed. “That part doesn’t make sense.”

“Okay, maybe not Carlos himself,” Caitlin conceded. “But what if Forrest was his subordinate? What if Carlos planted him in the Yuncey estate to keep an eye on Timothy?”

“As long as Timothy kept quiet, Forrest could stay hidden. But if Timothy ever showed signs of spilling the truth, Forrest could eliminate him before anything got out.”

Sebastian nodded. “That makes more sense.”

“We’ve never been able to trace Forrest,” Caitlin said. “What if that’s because Forrest isn’t even his real name?”

“He could’ve used a fake identity the entire time. That’s why no one can track him. He probably fled the country using another name the moment things

got hot.”

She paused, her tone darkening. “If Carlos represents a larger force, then everything I did at the Yuncey estate... they’ve known all along. Forrest was likely reporting back to him.

“And maybe—just maybe—Carlos is the one pulling all the strings behind the scenes. If he is... then my

mother might be in his hands right now.”

That possibility made both men fall silent.

They couldn’t help but be impressed by Caitlin’s deductions. Even if she didn’t have all the facts, she was piecing together the puzzle faster than anyone.

Sebastian finally broke the silence. “Carlos is the key. If we follow this thread and start investigating everything tied to him—his transactions, **his** contacts -we’ll find something.

2011 Tue 19 Aug

“If **he sold** Thompson Residence under his own name, he might’ve handled other **Jonathan** Family properties the same way we should, a estate transfers from back then.”

Caitlin's eyes lit up. "Yes! Exactly. If we follow the money trail, I'm sure we'll find some kind of clue. We're close—I can feel it?"

か

or f

A

Billionsaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 489

The more they talked it through, the clearer everything became. Caitlin turned to Hayden with gratitude in her eyes.

"Seriously, thank you. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have found such an important lead."

"That's all?" Hayden teased. "No invitation to visit your home? Mr. Vanderbilt, am I welcome?"

Sebastian gave a relaxed smile. “Of course you’re welcome. Let’s go.”

With the family connection settled and no threat of Hayden trying to steal Caitlin away, Sebastian made a polite gesture toward the door.

Hayden picked up his car keys, grinning. “Alright then, time to visit the legendary Vanderbilt estate.”

Caitlin and Sebastian chuckled and followed him out.

Their cars pulled into the grand Vanderbilt estate. After parking, Sebastian and Caitlin stepped out, followed by Hayden, whose assistant opened the trunk and began unloading several neatly packaged gift boxes.

“You didn’t have to bring gifts,” Caitlin laughed. “Really, that’s too much.”

“It’s my first visit,” Hayden replied smoothly. “Can’t show up empty-handed.”

He was a man who paid attention to detail—never missing a step when it came to etiquette.

“You’re too thoughtful,” Caitlin said. “Come on, we can walk in from here.”

As they walked through the lush gardens of the Vanderbilt property, Hayden looked around and nodded in approval.

“Not bad at all. You two are living the good life.”

From a distance, the sounds of children playing floated over. Hayden glanced that way.

“Sounds like there are a few kids over there. Are some of them yours?”

Sebastian nodded. Hayden laughed.

“I heard Caitlin gave you quadruplets. What, did you save the world in your past life or something?”

“Maybe,” Sebastian said with a grin, pulling Caitlin close. “What can I say? I’m just lucky. Not everyone gets to be this blessed.”

“You’re right about that,” Hayden said, amused.

As they got closer to the lawn, Hayden could instantly tell which kids were theirs. Four children—three boys and a girl—were grouped together, identical in height and appearance.

The little girl noticed them first. She turned, then came running toward them.

“Daddy! Mommy!”

“Patricia!” Caitlin scooped her daughter up into her arms.

Patricia clung to her, then peeked curiously at the unfamiliar man beside them.

“This must be Patricia,” Hayden said. “She’s gorgeous—like a real-life Barbie doll.”

Patricia blinked her big eyes, resting her chin on her mom’s shoulder, still a little wary.

1/3

“This is Hayden.” Calitin said gently. “He’s family. Say hesta!”

Since the kidnapping incident, Patricia had been shy around strangers. The stayed aunt, Ruding her fare

Hayden motioned to his assistant, who brought over a gift bow

“Hi, Patricia. I brought you a little something”

Patricia didn't reach for it, so Caitlin took it for her.

“She's been a bit shy lately, but thank you. She'll love it.”

Hayden had already heard about the kidnapping. “No worries. So how do you tell the boy's apart? They look eerily t

Just then, the three boys came running over. Hayden blinked—same height, same face, even the same outfit.

“How do you even tell them apart?” he asked, incredulous..

“Even I get them mixed up sometimes,” Sebastian admitted. “But their mom? Never.”

Caitlin introduced them, pointing as she spoke.

“This one's Howard, that one's Bruce, and he's Arthur. Boys, this is Hayden.”

“Hi, Hayden!” they chimed in unison.

“Nice! Three handsome little gentlemen!” Hayden smiled.

His assistant handed out more gifts—carefully selected, limited-edition mechanical toys that needed to be assembled. Each child, including Quenton and i Kyle, even Kyle from the Xenos family, got one.

The kids were thrilled. Arthur quickly warmed up to Hayden and tugged his sleeve.

“This is awesome! Can you show me how to build it?”

“Sure thing,” Hayden said, crouching down.

Soon enough, the famous “Fixer” of Departure City had become the star of the playground, surrounded by giggling kids as he helped assemble the toyd

He was surprisingly good with children—charming, patient, and funny. Within minutes, he had completely won them over.

Caitlin watched from a distance, unable to hold back a smile.

So this was the truth of men, wasn't it? No matter their age, there was always a kid inside.

The afternoon passed with laughter and play. Afterward, Hayden was formally introduced to the rest of the Vanderbilt family. Everyone received him

warmly.

Dinner that evening was grand and lively. The table overflowed with delicious dishes, and the mood was cheerful. Hayden, who had never grown up in a warm household, found himself deeply moved.

He couldn't help but envy Sebastian—not for his wealth, but for this sense of family, of home.

For the first time in a long while, Hayden wondered what it might feel like to have that kind of life. Maybe... it v building one of his own.

for him **to start** thinking about

When dinner ended, Hayden said his goodbyes. Before he left, Sebastian invited him to stay in New York a couple more days.

“Tomorrow is Caitlin’s birthday,” he said. “We’d love for you to come.”

Hayden agreed without hesitation.

“Of course. I’ll even bring a gift. I’ll have to think carefully. What should

That night, after tucking the kids into bed, Caitlin returned to the master suite:

Fresh out of the shower, she had just stepped out when Sebastian pinned her gently against the door, his warm breath brushing her neck. Her knees went weak.

As he leaned in for a kiss, Caitlin’s phone rang.

“Hold on,” she murmured. “Someone’s calling-”

“Nope,” Sebastian said firmly, capturing her wrists and pressing her back to the wall, his voice low and possessive

“I just want to be with you. No interruptions.”

She was breathless, pinned by his warmth. But the phone kept ringing persistently.

“It could be important,” she said softly, cupping his face in her hands.

Billionsaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 490

The man didn't respond. Caitlin kissed his lips softly, trying to ease him.

“Be good. Just give me a second.”

She reached for her phone. The screen lit up with a familiar name—Zeke. She answered immediately.

“Hello?”

“Caitlin, I'm back,” came Zeke's quiet

Zice on the other end. “Sorry I didn't tell you in advance.”

“It’s okay! Where are you now? Did you go back to Graystone

“Not yet. I’m at the headquarters.”

He paused for a moment, then added, “I’ve seen the results... it’s true.”

Zeke was sitting alone in the SY Capital Partners headquarters office, staring at a freshly printed DNA report. Before returning home, he’d arranged for someone to secretly obtain a sample of Zorro’s hair from Graystone Castle and run a paternity test.

Now the truth was undeniable—there was no blood relation between him and Zorro.

The confirmation hit him hard. He sat in silence for a long time before finally calling Caitlin.

“So what are you going to do now?” she asked, her tone gentle but concerned. She needed to know his next move—this would **determine how** she could proceed with her own plans against Zorro.

“I need time. I want to think.”

Zeke wasn’t ready to act. He needed to process the betrayal, the truth, and the storm it brought with it.

“Okay,” Caitlin said. “But promise me something: don’t go back to Graystone to confront him. Not alone. Don’t do anything reckless. Do you hear me?”

“I know...”

His voice was tight, barely holding together. Caitlin could feel the weight of his pain and confusion.

“We can take our time with this. If you’re willing to team up with me, I’ll help you get justice—for your real father.”

“Just give me a little time, okay?”

“Okay.”

Caitlin frowned slightly, worried that Zeke might do something impulsive. If he faced Zorro now, unprepared, the consequences could be deadly. Trying to steer him away from danger, she said gently, “Why don’t you come back here? Tomorrow’s my birthday—I’d really like you to be here.”

There was a moment of silence on the line before Zeke replied,

“I’ll try.”

The call ended. Caitlin turned to Sebastian and shared what had happened.

“I’m really worried he’ll go after Zorro. If Zorro turns *on* him, he won’t stand a chance.”

“Don’t stress too much,” Sebastian said, taking her phone and powering it off. “He probably knows better than to walk into the **lion’s** den.”

He pulled her into his arms, his dark eyes locking onto hers.

“You should be more worried about me. Your man still isn’t legally your husband. We’ve been losing in sin here. It’s about finding you feed

Though Sebastian had already proposed, and Caitlin had accepted, they hadn’t made it official yet. Until they registered their marriage, they were still technically just dating.

Sebastian always said he didn’t mind, but deep down, he wanted to be her legal husband—official, exclusive, forsyth

Caitlin laughed at his mock-serious tone.

“If it means that much to you, I’ll give you the title. We’ll pick a good day and get remarried.”

“Really? Seriously?!”

It was the moment he’d been waiting for. Sebastian’s face lit up, his joy uncontainable. He swept her into his arms and spun her around in circles.

After a few dizzying spins, they both collapsed onto the bed.

His eyes burned with emotion as he looked at her.

“I love you.”

He wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her close as he kissed her deeply. And just like that, the night melted into sweet, overwhelming passion.

S Country.

Capital city, Link City—SY Capital Partners Headquarters.

After ending the call with Caitlin, Zeke sat in silence, staring out the window, lost in thought. Eventually, he stood and ordered his team to prepare the car. He was going back to Graystone Castle.

Now that the truth was out, Zeke had nothing left to hold back. He and Zorro were no longer father and son—**not** in any way that mattered.

He had made up his mind to avenge his real father. But first, he needed to gather evidence. And that meant returning to the castle.

It didn't take long for word of his return to reach Zorro.

"Boss, the young master is back!" one of his men reported.

Zorro turned away from the golden falcon he'd been tending to and smirked coldly.

"Didn't I say he'd come back? *Of* course he would."

A moment later, the castle gates swung open, and several cars pulled in.

From his place atop the estate, *Zorro* watched Zeke step out.

"Bring him to the study," he ordered.

“Yes, sir.”

In the study, Zorro looked up as Zeke walked in./

“So, *you* came back? I thought *you* were done with this family—wasn’t that what you swore?”

Zeke looked haggard—pale, disheveled, bruised from old and freshw

alike. He didn’t need to fake weakness; **it** showed **on** him naturally.

“Father...I was wrong.”

20:11 Tue, **19 Aug**

He knelt on one knee the moment he entered, bowing his head.

“I let my emotions cloud my judgment, I shouldn’t have said those things to you.”

Zorro narrowed his eyes, suspicious.

“And what brought about this sudden epiphany? You left here so full of pride and defiance.”

Zeke knew he had to sell the act, and sell it hard.

He put on a pained expression, even letting his eyes glisten with tears.

“It was Caitlin. I made a mistake because of her. Going to New York, trying to win her over... all it got me was heartbreak and nearly getting myself kiked.

He unbuttoned his shirt and showed the fresh bandages on his arm—new wounds atop the old ones on his chest.

Zorro frowned, his gaze narrowing.

“Who did this to you?”

“I think it was Sebastian,” Zeke said darkly. “Who else would have a reason to hurt *me*? No one else would dare.”

“I was foolish,” he continued. “While I was recovering in the hospital, I realized something—no one in this world has ever treated me better than you. Let a woman make me forget that. I forgot who I am and where I come from.”

Zorro listened, pleased by the remorse in his voice. For years, he’d seen Zeke as too soft, too easily swayed by emotion. But now, finally, his son seemed to understand.

“Good,” Zorro said, stepping forward and helping him up. “You’ve seen the truth. You’ve changed. That’s all I ever wanted. From this day on, you are once again my only son.”

He gave *Zeke* a reassuring hug, then turned to his men.

“Prepare a welcome feast for Zeke. He’s been through enough. And send Alicia to dress his wounds.”

“Yes, sir!”

Zeke had successfully regained Zorro’s trust. It was the first step in His plan.

And next... came step two.

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 491

New York.

Today was Caitlin's birthday, but she still showed up at the office like any normal day.

With the World Design Expo approaching, she was focused on preparing the VERA brand for competition.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was busy behind the scenes, planning her birthday celebration.

Nolan had promised to help organize the party, and true to his word, he showed up early to go over the details with Sebastian.

"The Royal European Symphony Orchestra has arrived in New York. They're staying at a hotel for now—quietly. Everything will be a surprise tonight"

"Perfect," Sebastian said, handing Nolan a draft of his setup plans. "Take a look. Tell me if I'm missing anything"

Nolan scanned the plans and couldn't help but praise him.

2

"You really went all out. I can't find a single flaw. But I do think there's one more thing we could add."

"What's that?"

"How about we get Yates to do a dance number? The guy's her number one fan. Let him shine a little—it'll add to the fun."

"I love it."

Sebastian jotted the idea down and picked up his phone.

"Let me check if he's free tonight."

The call connected quickly.

“Hey, what’s up?” Yates answered.

“Where are you right now?”

“I’m at the hospital. Abel’s awake.”

Yates had rushed over after hearing the news. There were things he needed to ask—face to face.

“Alright, deal with that first. Call me when you’re done. I have something to discuss.”

“Got it.”

Yates hung up just as he reached the hospital room. He opened the door and saw Abel lying in the bed.

Abel turned his head at the sound of footsteps. His face lit up.

“Yates, you’re here!”

Yates stepped inside, his expression unreadable. In the past, he might've looked anxious, maybe even emotional.

But now? His heart had already gone cold.

"I came to see you," he said, scanning the man wrapped in bandages, head swathed in gauze, arm in a full cast. "You must be in a lot of pain right **now**."

"I'll manage... Thanks for coming..."

Chapter 491

Abel tried to shift positions but grimaced at the pain.

The crash hadn't left him a vegetable, but his body was a mess.

Yates pulled up a chair beside the bed, his voice calm and steady.

"The Racing Association's tech team finished their investigation. The results are out. Turns out, the crash happened because someone tampered with my

car.”

“Tampered?” Abel’s eyes widened.

“Yeah. It was a small adjustment, almost unnoticeable. But at high speeds, it triggers a chain reaction—causing the car to lose control.

“That’s... insane...”

“Is it? Because I think you already knew.” Yates stared directly at him. “Didn’t you?”

“I didn’t...” Abel replied, his voice trembling slightly.

Yates let out a dry laugh.

“Abel, I thought no matter how many years passed, we’d still be friends real friends. But tell me... have you ever treated me like one?”

“Of course we’re friends! Why would you even ask that?” Abel looked genuinely confused.

“If we were, you wouldn’t have sabotaged my car behind my back. You wouldn’t have set me up like that.”

Yates’ voice dropped, hard as ice.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t find out?”

“Yates, wait. You think I did it? Me? Why would I-?”

“If it wasn’t you, who else?” Yates stood now, towering over the bed. “You going to deny it until the end?”

“Look at me! If I knew the car was faulty, why the hell would I drive it? I’d never risk my life like that!”

Abel tried to sit up in protest, but fell back down, groaning.

“Hmph. If Sebastian hadn’t suggested swapping cars, I would’ve been the one driving. I would’ve been the one who crashed.”

Yates closed his eyes for a second, disappointment weighing down his chest.

He opened them again, looking at Abel with a sharp gaze.

“Why, Abel? Why would you do this to me? When have I ever wronged you?”

“I didn’t... You must’ve heard some lies about me-“

“Still denying it?” Yates cut him off.

”

He pulled out his phone and played the video of Viper’s confession.

When the video ended, Yates slowly put the phone away.

“Anything else to say? It wasn’t just the crash. You set me up at my premiere. You planted drugs, tried **to** ruin me. Why? What **did I ever do to you? We** hadn’t even seen each other in years!”

Abel was silent.

20.11 TUE 19 Aug

Yates' voice cracked slightly.

"I've always been straightforward. Everyone says I'm too naïve, and they're probably right. I'm the kind of **guy who'll** go all in for my friends. questions asked.

"Maybe I'm clumsy, maybe I don't even know when I've hurt someone. But do you remember how I even got into showbiz? I was there for good along for your audition. And they picked me instead.

"I've never forgotten that. I've always felt grateful. Without you dragging me there that day, I wouldn't be where I am now.

"So no matter how long it's been, I've always seen you as my brother. My best friend.

"I don't know when you started resenting me. But was that really why you came back? to get revenge?"

Abel said nothing.

And that silence said everything.

Yates blinked hard, trying to push down the lump in his throat.

“It’s over. We’re done.”

He turned to leave.

“I’ll be reporting everything to the police. Let the law handle you.”

Abel’s eyes widened in panic.

If Yates went to the authorities, it was over. Everything would be over.

“Yates! Wait! Please, let me explain-!”

Abel tried to sit up, lost his balance, and crashed to the floor.

He screamed in pain as his broken arm took the brunt of the fall.

But Yates didn’t look back.

What Abel had done would not go unpunished.

TIG HQ.

Caitlin had spent the entire day buried in her work. Her new designs were finished and already in the prototyping phase.

Her phone rang.

It was Zeke.

“Caitlin,” he said, voice calm. “I’ve made up my mind. Let’s do it. Let’s work together.”

A wave of relief swept over her.

“Good. I’ve been waiting for you

to

that.” say

“I won’t be able to make your birthday today,” he continued. “But I’m planning something in the next few days. *If* it works out... **consider it my gift to you.**”

“What are you planning?” Caitlin asked. “Do you want to hear my strategy first?”

Chapter 492

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 492

“Alright, let’s hear it.”

Now that they’d agreed to work together, Zeke was ready to hear Caitlin’s plan.

She detailed her strategy thoroughly. Zeke listened intently, taking in every step.

After walking through the entire outline, Caitlin concluded,

“That’s my side of it. I think we can run our operations in parallel.”

“Got it. I’ll keep you updated.”

Zeke liked her approach. It even overlapped with some of his own ideas.

Still, everything depended on whether he could successfully carry out his part of the plan.

Before ending the call, Caitlin added a reminder.

“Zeke, be careful. We can’t afford to spook him too soon.”

“I know. And Caitlin... happy”

“ay.”

After hanging up, Zeke stood alone on the high balcony of the castle, staring into the thick clouds churning in the distance.

The rumble of thunder signaled an approaching storm, but instead of dread, he felt clearer than ever.

For the first time, he knew exactly what he needed to do.

When the workday ended, Caitlin received a call from Sebastian.

He told her to head directly to The Manhattan Regal Hotel after leaving the office.

That's where he had arranged her birthday celebration. Known for its grand LED display and extravagant décor, The Manhattan Regal was one of New York's most iconic venues—perfect for the surprise he had in store.

Caitlin exited the TIG building and got into the waiting car. James was in the driver's seat.

He turned to smile at her.

“First stop: your glam appointment. Then we head to the party.”

“Really? You're going all out, huh?” she teased.

“Of course. Orders straight from Sebastian. I’m just following through.”

“He sure is demanding.”

“It just means he really cares, if he didn’t, he wouldn’t be putting in this much effort.”

The more Sebastian showed his love, the more reassured James felt. Nothing made him happier than seeing his sister loved so deeply.

“Alright, alright. Let’s get going then.”

James revved the engine and drove her to one of New York’s top private styling salons. The place was famous for its elusive lead **stylist**, Émile Laurent—a name whispered like a legend in fashion circles.

Aug

Émile was known for his talent, yes, but also for being selective. He didn’t work for money alone. It was Yates who had posted constant appointment.

Caitlin entered the salon with James and was soon introduced to the fabled Émile.

To her surprise, he wasn't cold or aloof at all. Instead, he beamed when he saw her.

"Caitlin, finally! I've been waiting for this moment. You look even more stunning in person than in photos."

Because Yates was a frequent client—and also a friend—Émile had heard plenty about Caitlin. He'd grown curious, then bascinated, and eventually a tenta

starstruck.

Women like her, who blended beauty with intelligence and mystery, didn't come around often,

"Thank you," Caitlin replied, amused. "You really know how to flatter someone."

"Just call me Émile. And I mean every word. I'm not exaggerating. Like Yates, I'm a huge fan."

"Oh? I'm not even a celebrity."

"But you're brighter than one. If celebrities are planets, you're the sun. They orbit you."

Caitlin laughed.

“Now I know you’re friends with Yates—you both have the same gift for words.”

Émile chuckled and led her upstairs to begin her transformation.

Just outside the salon, a sleek luxury car pulled up. A group of stylish women stepped out.

“Reese, I heard your uncle’s throwing your birthday bash at The Manhattan Regal tonight. Is that true?”

“Of course it is,” Reese replied smugly.

“Wow! Your uncle really spoils you. That place is going to be all over the media tomorrow. So dreamy!”

“I want you all there. Get ready to be amazed! And since we’re here, I’ll cover all your styling fees.”

“Thanks, Reese! You’re the best!”

The group of women entered the salon together, laughter and excitement following them in.

The receptionist immediately recognized Reese and welcomed her warmly.

“Welcome, Miss Nguyen.”

“Is Émile here?” Reese asked sweetly. “I want him to make me look amazing tonight—it’s my birthday.”

The receptionist hesitated.

“I’m sorry, Miss Nguyen. Mr. Laurent is currently with another client. But we can have one of our other top stylists help your friends right away.”

“That’s fine for them, but I’m waiting for Émile. I want him and no one else.”

“That might take a while,” the receptionist said apologetically. “He’s with a very important client right now, someone we **really** can’t **interrupt**.”

“So you’re saying I’m not important enough? What, am I not spending enough here?”

Reese crossed her arms, clearly unhappy.

20-12 Tue, 19 Aug C

“No, no, not at all!” The receptionist panicked slightly. “Let me go upstairs and ask for you.

“You better hurry. I don’t have all day.”

He rushed upstairs and approached Emile, whispering in his ear.

Émile barely looked up.

“They can wait or pick another stylist. I’m not leaving this one unfinished. Take it or leave it.”

He had no intention of rushing through Caitlin’s styling—no matter who else was asking.

The receptionist returned and relayed the message to Reese.

This time, she was genuinely furious.

In all of New York, she was used to being prioritized, treated like royalty. Never once had she been told to wait—especially not for someone else.

“I want to see who’s so damn important upstairs.”

Reese stormed up the stairs and headed straight for Émile’s private styling room. She flung the door open-

And froze.

Reflected in the giant mirror was the woman being styled.

Her jaw dropped.

“Caitlin? You again?”

田

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 493

Reese's voice exploded behind her, sharp and shrill, Caitlin, already suspecting the noise downstairs had been trouble, now saw the form standing at the doorway through the mirror.

So Reese had come to get styled by Émile too?

Reese stormed in, eyes locked on Caitlin's reflection with naked rage,

"Émile, so the reason you wouldn't do my styling is because of her?"

Émile calmly paused his work and looked over.

"Miss Nguyen, I apologize, but if you'd like a styling session, I can help you once I've finished with Caitlin. If you're in a rush, we have other excellent stylists available."

"Not acceptable!" Reese snapped. "I just want to know—what's her status? Is she even a VIP here?"

"Actually, Caitlin isn't—"

Before Émile could finish, Reese cut him off with a sneer.

“Exactly! I’m a super VIP here. I have priority. That’s the rule. So drop what you’re doing and take care of me first.”

Émile’s face stiffened, but his tone stayed firm.

1

“Sorry, Miss Nguyen. I can absolutely assist you—after Caitlin. She booked first and arrived first.”

“I don’t care! I want priority, and I want it now!”

Her voice rose another octave. Caitlin slowly stood, turning toward her.

“Miss Nguyen, there’s such a thing as basic courtesy. You came later, so you wait your turn. You can’t throw your VIP status around like a club and expect people to bend over backward for you.”

“Oh? So now you’re lecturing me? You think you can tell me what to do? Even my parents don’t try that—who the hell do you think you are?”

Reese had always gotten her way. She was the spoiled princess of the Nguyen family, worshipped and obeyed by everyone around her.

Being confronted—especially in public—was something she had never tolerated.

“And that’s exactly the problem,” Caitlin said coldly. “Your parents may not rein you in, but that doesn’t mean the world has to suffer for it. The rules of society don’t bend *to* your tantrums. Keep acting like this and you’re just dragging your family down with you.”

“If your parents ever saw the way you abuse their name, they might just die of shame.”

Reese’s face twisted with fury. She grabbed a bottle of toner from the table and raised it to hurl it at Caitlin—only for her wrist to be caught mid-swing.

It was James.

“What the hell are you doing?” he growled, glaring down at her with raw menace. “You try to hurt her, and I swear I’ll **make you regret it.**”

Reese tried to wrench her arm free, but his grip/only tightened.

“Let go of me! I said let go!” she shrieked.

But James didn’t. He twisted slightly, just enough to make her wince.

20:12 Tue, 19 Aug J~

Chapter 493

“Ow-ow! You’re breaking my arm!”

“Let her go,” Caitlin said calmly.

James reluctantly obeyed, loosening his grip, though his eyes remained dark and unrelenting

Reese staggered back, holding her wrist and glancing from Caitlin to James.

“Fine!! see how it is!” she hissed. “No wonder you’ve got some boy toy hanging off your arm everywhere you go.”

She smirked, eyes gleaming with malice.

Caitlin didn’t bother explaining. But James?

He snapped.

“Say that again. I dare you.” He stepped toward her slowly, each word colder than the last. “Insult my sister one more time, and I will end you

His threat wasn’t empty. His aura turned predatory, dangerous.

Reese backed away instinctively, her bravado deflating.

Émile jumped in front of James, hands raised.

“Mr. Ling, please. Calm down. Miss Nguyen is still our client. Let me handle this. Please—for my sake.”

James didn’t speak, but Caitlin nodded.

“Harrison, give Émile some face.”

That was enough. James stepped back, letting the tension bleed off, though the warning in his eyes never faded.

Émile turned to Reese.

“Come on, Miss Nguyen. Let’s talk outside.”

After ten minutes, Émile returned, composed.

“Apologies, Caitlin. Let’s get back to it.”

As if nothing had happened, he resumed styling. Caitlin didn’t mention it again.

In another *room*, Reese was *seated* with a different stylist. Émile had calmed her down with a generous offer—three free sessions with him personally. That finally soothed *her* pride.

But she hadn’t forgotten the humiliation. Grinding her teeth, she took out her phone.

She wasn’t letting Caitlin walk away unscathed. Not tonight.

An hour later, Caitlin’s styling was complete. Émile pulled out a delicate gift box and opened it to reveal an exquisite gown.

“Caitlin, would you mind trying this on?”

She took the dress, eyes lighting up.

“This is one of my favorite designers... It’s a limited–edition haute couture piece. How did you get this?”

Émile smiled.

Chapter 493

“It wasn’t me. Mr. Vanderbilt had it prepared for you in advance.”

Caitlin looked surprised.

“Oh... of course.”

James grinned.

“Come on, try it on!”

“Alright.”

Inside the dressing room, Caitlin changed into the gown—a brilliant white dress that shimmered like a trail of stardust. The fabric **sparkled** under the lights, flowing like liquid moonlight.

When she stepped out, Émile’s eyes widened in admiration.

“Stunning. Absolutely stunning.”

James gave a dramatic thumbs-up.

“Wow. You look incredible.”

Caitlin twirled slightly, admiring the silhouette.

“I love it. It’s beautiful. Perfect, really.”

With everything ready, James extended a hand.

“Come on, time to head out.”

“Okay.”

Caitlin took his hand, letting her brother lead her out. She gave Émile a parting smile.

“Thank you for everything.”

“It was my honor.”

Émile watched them go with satisfaction. He’d even scored an

autograph from his idol—something to brag about to Yates later.

headlights flared on at once, flooding the road with blinding light.

They got into the car, and James started the engine.

But halfway to the venue, things took a dark turn.

Suddenly, their path was blocked by a *convoy* of blacked-out vehicles. All

James slammed on the brakes,

“Shit,” he muttered, reversing—only to see more vehicles closing in from behind.

They were surrounded.

One by one, car doors opened, and figures poured out. Dozens of them. Maybe a hundred.

Each one armed with bats and metal rods, marching toward their vehicle in total silence.

20:12 Tue, 19 Aug

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 494

“There’s trouble. Stay in the car. I’ll handle this.”

James had already unbuckled his seatbelt and was ready to get out, his first instinct always being Caitlin's safety.

Caitlin could feel the tension tightening around them. "Harrison, be careful. At least find out who they are before acting"

"I will."

He wasn't going to start a fight blindly. Given the number of people surrounding them, charging in recklessly wouldn't end well.

A crowd of thugs was moving in fast, armed with clubs and pipes. The man at the front was a hulking figure with an eye patch. He took one look at their license plate and bellowed, "That's the car! Get them, boys! Trash everything!"

James stepped out of the car and stood tall, his frame shielding the vehicle. He stared down the incoming gang, "Who the hell are you? What do you

want?"

"Look at this pretty boy," the fat one sneered, running his one good eye over James. "Kid, you know where you're standing? This is Talon Quarters territory. You pissed us off, and now you're gonna pay."

Inside the car, Caitlin's expression darkened. Talon Quarters? She'd heard of them. Ruthless, territorial, and with fingers in every shady deal in the **city**. But she had *no* business with them—so why were they after her?

“When exactly did we piss off Talon Quarters?” James said, trying to buy time. “And seriously, this many guys just to jump one man and one car? You're not embarrassed?”

“You and *your* slut disrespected the Nguyen princess!” the *one*-eyed man shouted, waving a machete. “Now we're here to teach you a lesson.”

Caitlin's eyes narrowed. The Nguyen princess? That had to mean *Reese*. Suddenly, it all clicked. Reese's background wasn't just government and society connections—her cousin Virgil was a prosecutor, but more importantly, the infamous Thomas Quick, leader of Talon Quarters, shared her surname.

Damn. Why hadn't she made that connection sooner?

Reese must've called in a favor. But even if Thomas and Reese were blood relatives, she couldn't afford to be passive now.

She rolled down the window and called out, “Harrison, tell them we know Mr. Quick personally.”

James glanced back at her, then turned to the crowd. “We're friends with Mr. Quick. You might want to think twice.”

The one-eyed thug laughed. "Yeah right. Our boss doesn't know you."

That wasn't going to cut it.

Caitlin was already pulling out her phone, dialing Thomas directly.

Thomas was en route to the Manhattan Regal Hotel when he answered. "Hello?"

"Mr. Quick. It's been a while," Caitlin said coolly,

His voice instantly changed. "Cait? Wow, yeah—it has been a while. Where are you?"

"I'm currently on your turf. Somewhere around Xiuhu Road. But we've run into a little... problem. Your guys are surrounding my car. I think **they're** about

to trash it."

"What? Are you serious? Those little bastards—"

The chaos on her end was loud and unmistakable.

20:12 Tue, 19 Aug

“Gotta go, Mr. Quick...” Caitlin said, hanging up just as the situation exploded.

James had engaged.

He fought back fiercely, knocking down thug after thug, trying to keep them away from the car. Still, more kept coming. Metal **and** glass clashed headlights shattered, windows cracked, and the car was getting wrecked.

But Caitlin sat calmly inside. She knew Thomas would show up. And when he did, this entire gang would be paying for it.

Sure enough, Thomas' car screamed onto the scene moments later. The moment he saw the chaos in his own territory, he nearly lost it.

“Idiots!”

He jumped out, fire in his eyes, and barked, “Tell them to stop! Now!”

His assistant grabbed a megaphone and shouted, “Stop! Everyone stand down! Mr. Quick is here! Back off!”

It worked.

The violence tapered. Crowds cleared a path. And just like that, the riot died.

“Mr. Quick! Mr. Quick!”

Chants echoed as Thomas stormed through the crowd, every inch of him radiating fury. When he reached the middle, he saw what was left of the car—a shattered wreck surrounded by bloodied men. And in front of it, James still stood, unmoving, bruised but unyielding.

The one-eyed thug rushed over, thinking he was about to be praised. “Mr. Quick! You’re just in time! This guy—he’s tough, but we can take him down-*

“Take who down?” Thomas barked. “You started this?”

“Uh... yeah...”

“And why exactly did you attack a civilian car?”

“They messed with the princess. We were just backing her up-”

“Idiot!”

Thomas’s slap hit so hard the thug’s face snapped sideways, a few teeth flying out with the blood.

“But Mr. Quick,” the man stammered, “you said to protect the princess...”

“And you think that means assaulting people blindly?”

“We thought it was just some pretty boy and his side piece-”

“You moron. You just laid hands on *Cait*-my brother!”

Thomas’s fury exploded as he kicked the thug to the ground.

The surrounding thugs froze in disbelief. *Cait?* The one they’d just ambushed?

Thomas approached the car, took a breath, and bowed his head. “I’m so sorry. This was a huge misunderstanding. I sincerelygize.”

He turned toward the window. “Cait, are you alright?”

“Thanks *for* showing up when you did, Mr. Quick,” Caitlin said calmly.

James opened the door, and Caitlin stepped out.

\$7330

When Thomas saw her, his entire body stiffened. She looked like a goddess—flawless in her white gown, not a hair out of place. Even with broken glass and chaos around her, she was poised and dazzling, like she’d stepped out of a dream.

The crowd fell into stunned silence.

Every pair of eyes was locked on Caitlin.

Thomas stood there, mouth half open, unable to look away. He’d seen blood, war, betrayal but nothing prepared him for this.

“Thank you again, Mr. Quick,” Caitlin said politely, stepping forward and offering a slight nod.

Thomas blinked, still staring at her.

Then, like a man hit by lightning, he blurted out-

“Cait... you... you’re not a man?”

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 495

“That’s right. I dressed as a man that time when I went to Golden Lion Casino. I apologize for the confusion I caused, Mr. **Quick**, Caitlin **said** with grace and poise.

The men around them looked stunned. Everyone knew Mr. Quick’s trusted buddy Cait–someone they always addressed as Chief Cait. But now, Chief Cait was... a stunning woman?

“It’s alright...” Thomas struggled to find the right words. His eyes lingered on her striking features, and he couldn’t help but ask, “May I ask your full name?”

“I’m Caitlin.”

Thomas was floored. “You’re Caitlin?”

Almost no one in New York didn’t know the name Caitlin. Even if they hadn’t seen her in person, they knew of her—especially her connection **to** Sebastian, the global CEO of KM International Group. So she was his ex-wife?

Caitlin nodded and extended her hand. “Yes, Mr. Quick. I suppose we should be properly introduced *now*.”

Thomas shook her hand, doing his best to contain the wild fluttering in his chest. “Absolutely. From now **on**, no matter what happens, you’ll always **have** my full support. Sound fair?”

He knew full well that Caitlin and Sebastian were meant to be. All he could do was wish them well.

“It would be an honor,” Caitlin replied warmly.

“Excellent. That’s settled!” Thomas said, his tone upbeat. Then he turned serious again. “Today was my men’s mistake. Please accept my sincerest apologies. I’ll make sure this is handled properly.”

“Thank you. The only problem is... I’m short on time, and my car is totaled.”

Caitlin glanced at the wreck behind her.

“My deepest apologies. I’ll replace your car personally and cover all the damages!”

Thomas was profusely apologetic, then offered, “Where are you headed? Let me take you there.”

“I’m going to The Manhattan Regal.”

“Perfect. I’m heading there myself. Shall we go together?”

“Sounds good.”

Thomas gestured for her to go ahead, and Caitlin called for James to join them as they walked away from the chaotic scene.

Before leaving, Thomas barked orders to his assistant, “I want a full report. Find out exactly what happened. Everyone who instigated this—take names.”

“Understood!”

The men of Talon Quarters stood frozen as their boss left the scene with Caitlin. It finally sank in—they had screwed up. Big time. Offending someone important to Mr. Quick? The consequences would be brutal.

The Manhattan Regal was one of New York’s most iconic venues. With two massive LED screens wrapping **around the building**, the location **was a go-to** for the elite who wanted to make an unforgettable public statement. Anything displayed here was broadcast city-wide **and even beat prime-time ads** in reach. Booking this space? Astronomically expensive—and hard to get, even with money.

Tue, 19 Aug

A luxury **car** pulled up outside the hotel. Reese and her coworkers had just finished their salon prep and arrived right on **time**.

“Wow! The Manhattan Regal really lives up to the hype!”

“It’s stunning. Absolutely breathtaking!”

They were still gawking at the hotel when the giant LED screens suddenly changed.

“Look! The screens are changing!”

A handsome face appeared on every display—Yates, the megastar and heartthrob of the nation. As his image lit up the city skyline, people across **the** street screamed in excitement.

“Oh my God, it’s Yates!”

“He’s so handsome! This has to be live!”

The broadcast was indeed being streamed online. Fans across the country were already flooding the chat with comments.

The screen zoomed in on Yates, who flashed his signature smile and spoke. “I heard today’s your birthday. I’m live right now to wish you a very happy

one!”

Reese’s friends went wild.

“Reese! He’s talking about you, right? He’s wishing YOU a happy birthday!”

“This is insane! Only Reese would have the kind of connections to pull this off.”

Reese beamed. “It has to be my uncle. I didn’t even know he’d planned this!”

“You are seriously living the dream, girl! I wish I had a rich uncle like that!”

Reese’s coworkers practically swooned as the screen played Yates’ message.

Yates continued, “May every year be just as joyful and beautiful. I hope you stay radiant and happy forever. Now, here’s a special performance for my fairy. I hope you like it.”

He pointed to the camera, then picked up a microphone and started to sing.

His smooth, magnetic voice filled the speakers, melting hearts city-wide. The live stream exploded with comments:

[OMG he’s singing! His voice is incredible!]

\[Who’s the lucky girl he’s singing to? I’m jealous!]

\[It’s gotta be for me—it’s my birthday too! Yates, I love you!]

Reese and her friends squealed from the sidewalk.

“He’s perfect! I didn’t know he could sing this well too!”

“Reese, do you think he’ll come to your party tonight?”

Reese tossed her hair and grinned. “If you want to meet him, just say the word. I’ll ask my uncle to bring him.”

“Please! I want his autograph!”

“Me too!”

Chapter 495

Meanwhile, **inside** a different **car speeding** toward **the** venue, **Caitlin** was watching the livestream, **James had pointed out** to her land road smiling **to** herself.

Yates. That guy. Broadcasting a birthday message for her in front of the entire city? Didn’t he care if his fans got jealous?

Beside her, Thomas caught a glimpse of her phone. “Wait... Caitlin, is today your birthday?”

She nodded.

“Damn, I had no idea. I didn’t bring anything—I owe you a gift!”

“That’s not necessary,” she replied.

Yates finished his song and launched into a dance routine, pushing the crowd’s excitement even higher.

When the performance ended, Reese and her entourage entered the building, heading for the banquet hall they’d reserved—The Vienna **Hall**, the largest and most luxurious in the entire venue. But just as they reached the door, they were stopped by security.

“Miss, do you have an invitation? Without one, I’m afraid you can’t enter.”

Reese’s expression turned thunderous. “What the hell are you talking about? It’s my birthday! Why wouldn’t I be allowed in?”

AD

Comment

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 496

“**Sorry, miss**, but this ballroom isn’t open to the public tonight. Are you sure you’re in the right place?” the security **guard explained** politely

“What are you talking about? I’m in the wrong place?” Reese was completely baffled.

Her friends suggested, “Reese, maybe we should ask the front desk. Just to double-check.”

Left with no better option, Reese and her group approached the lobby manager, who explained that her birthday event was actually set to take place in Florence Hall—not Vienna Hall as she’d expected.

Florence Hall was noticeably smaller and less prestigious than Vienna Hall, and the moment Reese heard this, she exploded. “What the hell **o going on? 1** clearly said I wanted Vienna Hall for my birthday! Why did you switch it to Florence?”

“We actually spoke to Mr. Quick and got his approval for explained.

is change. If you have questions, I'd recommend contacting him directly, **the manager**

As it turned out, when Thomas originally helped book Reese's birthday venue, Vienna Hall was already reserved. With his schedule so packed, **he had no** time to tell her the change, and now they were dealing with the fallout.

"Reese, why don't we just check out Florence Hall first? Maybe your uncle already set it up nicely for you?"

"You go. I'll wait here until my uncle gets here. I want to hear from him why this happened."

She tried calling him, but no one picked up.

Meanwhile, her coworkers went to check out Florence Hall and came back excited. "Reese, you've got to come see it. It's gorgeous!"

As they buzzed around her, the hotel entrance suddenly opened, and a group of elegantly dressed people entered carrying musical instruments.

"Wait a minute—is that... the Royal European Orchestra?"

"I think so! I've seen them perform on TV before! What are they doing here tonight?"

Then someone gasped. “Could they be here to perform for Reese’s birthday? They’re heading this way!”

“If that’s true, we are so lucky! I heard the famous Piano Prince is one of their members!”

The crowd watched the musicians in awe, even Reese was thrilled—until the hotel manager rushed over to intercept the orchestra and led them **toward** Vienna Hall instead.

“What? So they’re not here for us?”

“Oh my god, false alarm. They’re headed to Vienna Hall.”

“Now I’m seriously curious—who booked Vienna Hall tonight? That’s a big move!”

Reese wasn’t the only one burning with curiosity. Just then, more guests arrived. Among them were Nolan and his sister Jillian.

Seeing them walk in, Reese assumed Jillian had invited her brother to attend her birthday party. **She** waved. “**Jillian! Over** here!”

Jillian ran over. “Reese! Happy birthday! But I won’t be staying for your party tonight.”

“What? Why not?”

“I’m going with my brother to see the orchestra’s performance. I’ve been waiting for this forever!”

Reese’s face darkened. “Wait—you’re going to Vienna Hall? I’ve been wondering who booked it. Who’s **it for?**”

20.12

Aug

“Oh, Sebastian booked it for his girlfriend’s birthday,” Jillian answered matter-of-factly.

“What?! You mean Caitlin? It’s her birthday too?”

“Yup!”

Just then, Nolan called for Jillian, and she waved goodbye. “See you later, Reese! Bye!”

Watching them head to Vienna Hall, Reese nearly exploded. Caitlin's birthday was on the same day as hers?

And worse was yet to come.

More high-profile guests began arriving—people with serious clout. And they were all heading into Vienna Hall. Even Yates, who had appeared on the massive screen earlier, showed up in person with a few celebrity friends. Members of the VX boy band came too, heading straight for Vienna Hall.

“Jesus. How much money does it take to invite all of them?”

At last, it clicked. The broadcasted birthday wish from Yates? That hadn't been for her—it was for Caitlin.

The realization stung. Big time.

“Reese, maybe we should just head to your party,” one of her friends suggested, trying to defuse the tension.

Reese was about to follow them—until a sleek, luxury limo pulled up at the entrance.

“That's my uncle's car! He's here!” she cried, pointing excitedly.

The group stopped in their tracks, eager to finally see the legendary Thomas in person.

When he stepped out, tall and refined, the women around Reese gasped.

“Reese, your uncle is so handsome!”

“He’s insanely good-looking! So charismatic!”

Reese was watching too, her heart lightening—until she saw her uncle walk around to the other side of the car and personally open the door for a

woman.

“Wait—is he on a date? Did he bring a plus one?”

Her coworkers sounded crushed, but Reese froze completely the second she recognized the woman stepping out.

“That’s... Caitlin? What the hell is she doing with my uncle?”

Reese blinked, thinking she had to be hallucinating. But no—Thomas had his hand on Caitlin’s back, gently escorting her into the hotel.

That wasn’t possible!

She’d already arranged for Talon Quarters to intercept Caitlin’s car and teach her a lesson. So how was she here, safe and unharmed?

Reese stared at them, her expression crumbling.

“Uncle!” she called out sharply.

Thomas turned at the sound of her voice. His brows furrowed slightly. He turned to Caitlin and said, “Go ahead wish you a happy birthday properly.”

“Okay, I’ll see you inside.”

1. me. I’ll come find you in a bit to

20:12 Tue, 19 Aug - 04.

Caitlin gave Reese and her group a cool glance before walking off with James toward Vienna Frall

Ax Thomas walked over, Reese stormed up to him, face flushed with anger. “Why are you with her?”