

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 662

King, who was keeping watch outside the hotel, spotted the search teams and immediately reported back to Caitlin. Zinnia and Tyler got the message as well.

Luckily, everyone had altered their appearances with disguises. As long as they stuck *to* their fake identities, they should be safe.

The Seventh Door's men arrived in force, and the hotel staff cooperated without resistance. Guest records were checked one by one.

But that wasn't all—they split into groups, heading up to the floors and banging on doors, checking each

room.

“Open up! Open the door!”

Their voices were loud, their knocks aggressive. The source of this content is findnovel.net

Guests were startled awake. Anyone who resisted or cursed was quickly silenced with fists. The Seventh Door's enforcers made sure no one dared talk back.

Soon they reached Caitlin's room. Wearing a bathrobe, she opened the door. Her features had been altered, but her figure was impossible to hide.

The man's gaze lingered shamelessly, his hand twitching as if to reach for her.

"Just you in here, beautiful?"

"No, I have a husband."

Caitlin smoothly brushed his hand away and adjusted her robe.

The man looked reluctant to leave, but at that moment Sebastian appeared behind her, also in a bathrobe. He slipped an arm around his wife's waist. "Darling, what's going on out here?"

"Nothing. They're just checking rooms. They'll leave soon."

Hearing that she really did have a husband, the man backed off. He demanded to see their IDs. After checking the documents, he finally moved on.

As Caitlin shut the door, Sebastian leaned against it, his body clearly strained.

“You okay?”

“I’m fine...”

“Come on, lie back down.”

She helped him to the bed. His skin was hot under her touch. “You’ve got a fever.”

17:10 **Sat, Sep 27**

“It’s nothing. I’ll be fine by morning.” Sebastian’s head felt heavy, but he still tried to reassure her.

The fever was likely caused by the infection spreading from his wound.

47

55 vouchere

The earlier medicine had worn off, and the antibiotics weren't enough. They needed more, but the hospital was out of the question.

Caitlin called Tyler, asking him to find a 24-hour pharmacy for antibiotics and fever reducers.

In the meantime, she soaked a towel in cold water and laid it across his forehead, wiping his body down to lower his temperature.

Later in the night, Tyler returned with the medicine. Caitlin gave Sebastian the pills and water.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt, will he be all right?" Tyler asked, concern in his voice.

"He'll be fine. Go get some rest—and stay alert."

Once Tyler left, Caitlin kept watch by Sebastian's side.

By morning, Sebastian opened his eyes. The fever had broken, his head clearer than the night before.

Looking down, he saw Caitlin asleep at the bedside, a towel still in her hand.

His heart ached. He tried to pull her onto the bed, but the movement tugged at his injured arm, making him suck in a sharp breath.

The sound stirred her awake. She blinked, then sat up quickly. “Sebastian, you’re awake! How do you

feel?”

She pressed her hand to his forehead. “The fever’s gone. You’re okay now.”

“Thanks to you. You stayed up all night.”

“It doesn’t matter. As long as you’re better.”

Her eyes misted with relief.

“Come here, Caitlin.”

He opened his uninjured arm, and she slid into his embrace, holding him tight.

When they finally let go, he said softly, “Lie down with me. Just for a while. Keep me company.”

“Okay.”

Nestled against his side, Caitlin finally drifted into a peaceful sleep.

She was woken later by the sound of a phone ringing. Sebastian reached for it on the nightstand.

“Who is it?” she asked, her head still on his chest.

17:10 **Sat, Sep 27**

“Magnus.”

“Quick, let me take it!”

:

15 voucheure

She hadn't spoken to Magnus since they'd exchanged contact information. Now, with him in D Country and calling her first, it couldn't have come at a better time.

She sat up and answered. "Hello?"

"Hello, Caitlin? This is Magnus."

"Hello, Your Highness."

"Sorry to bother you. I remember you mentioning business in D Country. I've just arrived for my visit. Are you still here?"

"Yes, we are. In fact... we've run into some trouble. I was hoping you could help."

After she explained their situation, Magnus didn't hesitate. "No problem. Stay put. I'll send a car to pick you up."

"Thank you so much."

When she hung up, she told Sebastian, "This is perfect. Magnus can cover for us. We'll be safe, at least for now."

Sebastian's brow furrowed. "Why is he calling you the moment he lands? Doesn't he have his hands full?"

Caitlin gave him a look. "Really? Is this the time for jealousy? As long as we're safe, who cares why he called?"

She got up to pack their things. With Magnus's protection, the Jonathan family and the Seventh Door wouldn't dare move against them openly.

He truly was a timely savior.

By ten in the morning, the car Magnus had arranged arrived at the hotel. His assistant made contact, and Caitlin and the others checked out smoothly.

The convoy brought them to the villa prepared for Magnus, secured inside and out with guards.

"Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, your rooms are ready. Please rest here for now. His Highness will return after his meeting with the head of state," the assistant said.

"Thank you," Caitlin replied warmly.

Settled into their rooms, they finally shed their disguises and changed back to themselves.

Not long after, Caitlin received a call from the US-Simon.

“Caitlin, everything still going smoothly over there?”

17:10 **Sat, Sep 27**

“Yes, everything’s fine.” She hid the truth. “What about you? You leave tomorrow, right?”

“Yeah. Early morning flight.”

“Be careful. Stay safe.”

When he hung up, Simon told his sister, “Caitlin wants you to message her when you arrive.”

“I know,” Wendy murmured.

“Get some rest. We leave carly.”

As Simon left, Wendy sat alone by the window, staring at the heavy sky.

Rain was coming.

Her thoughts turned to Benjamin, and his words that night—he'd said he would wait for her at their usual place.

Would he really be there?

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

447

47

65 vouchers

Rainbow Park, beneath the old banyan tree.

Benjamin had already decorated the place. Once Wendy arrived, all he had to do was flip the switch, and the banyan tree would light up into a sea of sparkling lights. He had flowers ready too. Now all he could do was wait, his heart restless and anxious.

Would his girl come?

He was gambling with himself, betting that Wendy still had even a sliver of love for him. If she did, she would come—if only to say goodbye.

Minutes dragged by. Benjamin paced under the tree, checking his watch over and over again. From seven to nine o'clock, two hours passed, but Wendy still hadn't shown up.

He tried to reassure himself. Midnight was still a long way off. Maybe she was just on her way.

The bodyguards stationed nearby exchanged worried glances. They all knew their young master might be waiting in vain tonight. Maybe this Wendy girl wasn't coming. But none of them dared to speak up. When their young master was this fixated, nothing could sway him.

Ten o'clock passed, then eleven. The sky grew darker, heavy with rain clouds. Any moment, the downpour would break.

His assistant finally stepped forward, voice careful. "Sir, maybe Miss Wendy isn't coming. Shouldn't we go to her house instead?"

"She'll come! We promised each other! She'll come! Get out of my sight!"

Benjamin snapped, shoving his assistant away. His agitation and desperation grew sharper with every passing minute.

When the first drops of rain began to fall, Benjamin pulled out his phone and called Simon. “Simon, it’s me... Benjamin. Is Wendy still at home? Please... just tell her I’m waiting at Rainbow Park. I just want to see her one last time. Please.”

When he hung up, his chest ached. He had been waiting since six o’clock. And all this time, Wendy had stayed home, refusing to come.

Did he truly mean so little to her? Had she never loved him at all?

Simon relayed the message to his sister. “Wendy, Benjamin said he’s at Rainbow Park, waiting. He says he won’t leave unless you come. If you decide to go, let me know. I’ll drive you.”

“I know,” she whispered.

Wendy lay in bed, tears sliding silently down her cheeks. She hadn’t slept at all. She hadn’t said yes, but she hadn’t said no either. Simon could only leave it at that.

Outside the drizzle turned into steady rain. The wind carried the damp cold from all directions. Benjamin’s

hair and clothes were soaked within minutes. November’s chill cut into his skin, but he clenched his jaw and endured.

Four hours. Still, Wendy didn't come.

The truth pressed heavier on him with each second: she didn't care. She never loved him.

And yet he refused to give up. He'd promised he wouldn't leave until she came. He had to wait.

But the heavens showed no mercy. The rain grew heavier, washing away all the lights and flowers he'd prepared. Water streamed down his face, blurring his vision. Under the dim yellow glow of the park lamps, he was just a lonely figure swallowed by the storm.

That fragile hope was the only thing keeping him upright. When he finally saw someone approaching with an umbrella, his heart leapt. Relief surged through him—

Only to shatter when he realized it wasn't her.

The disappointment was crushing.

"Sir, the rain's too heavy. Let's go back," one of his men urged.

"I'm not leaving! Get lost!"

“At least take the umbrella-”

“I don’t need it! Take it away! Do you hear me?!”

His voice cracked with grief. Maybe he was crying. Maybe it was just the rain. No one could tell anymore.

He lashed out, kicking a guard, hurling his bouquet against the tree. Again and again, until the flowers were nothing but shredded petals on the ground.

He stumbled a few steps and collapsed, lying in the cold mud.

The rain pounded down, soaking him through. He didn’t feel the chill. He didn’t feel anything at all. His heart was already drowning, sinking deeper into despair. He was nothing but a shadow, abandoned, forgotten.

When his bodyguards finally reached him, he was unconscious. Panic-stricken, they carried him off to the hospital.

Back at LL Villa, rain lashed against the windows.

Wendy tossed and turned, unable to sleep. Was Benjamin really still waiting for her like a fool?

If she didn't go, would he truly stay there all night?

Would he get sick from the rain?

The thought of his face was too much to bear. She jumped out of bed and rushed for the door.

17:10 **Sat, Sep 27**

47

155 vouchers

It was already past midnight. Her mother, her brother, even the servants were fast asleep. She didn't want to wake Simon. Instead, she grabbed his car keys and drove herself toward Rainbow Park.

But when she arrived, umbrella in hand, the park was empty.

Under the banyan tree, there was no Benjamin—only scattered petals and ruined decorations.

Her chest ached so sharply she could barely breathe.

Squatting down, clutching herself, she cried bitterly.

It was over.

She and Benjamin could never be.

Not ever again.

I'm sorry, Benjamin. Forget me.

Goodbye.

The next morning, Wendy went to the airport with her mother Rebecca and her brother Simon.

On the other side of the city, Benjamin awoke in a hospital bed.

He had collapsed from the rain and the cold. Fever had consumed him through the night. Though the doctors brought it down, he was still weak and hooked to IV fluids.

“Son, you’re awake! You nearly scared me to death!” Mrs. Jones sobbed, torn between anger and heartbreak. That girl had nearly destroyed her precious boy. At least Wendy was leaving the country now. Good riddance.

“Get out! This is all your fault!” Benjamin’s voice cracked with fury. “Why did you say those things to Wendy? Why did you destroy us?!”

“Everything I did was for your own good!” she wept.

“You’re not my mother! You ruined the only happiness I ever had! Don’t let me see you again!” He turned to his men, his

eyes The rightful source is FundNovel.net

wild. “What time is it? Tell me the time!”

“It’s 8:40, sir.”

Ignoring every plea, Benjamin ripped the IV from his arm, stumbling to his feet.

Barely steady, he staggered to the door.

When he saw his assistant waiting, he barked, “Take me to the airport! Now!”

17:10 Sat, Sep 27

€470

55 Vouchers,

Chapter 664

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

The assistant had no choice but to obey, rushing Benjamin to the airport. By the time they arrived, it **was** already 9:30.

Wendy and Simon’s flight had taken off twenty minutes earlier.

He was too late. He had missed his last chance to see her.

Rage and regret tore through him. Grabbing his assistant by the collar, he roared, “Why didn’t you wake me up? Why the hell didn’t you wake me?! I’m late... I’m too late...” Discover more novels at FindNovel.net

The assistant knew nothing he said could ease his young master’s pain. He simply endured the outburst in silence.

Benjamin’s strength gave out. He released his grip and collapsed to the floor, clutching his head in agony.

In that moment, he was not the untouchable Benjamin, not the carefree heir of a powerful family, but just a broken man—pathetic, crushed by the loss of the woman he loved.

With nowhere else to release his grief, he called Caitlin.

It was evening in D Country when Caitlin answered and heard Benjamin’s sobbing voice.

“Benjamin! Benjamin, are you alright?”

“She’s gone... she’s gone... she’s gone...”

He repeated it over and over, like a child who had lost his most precious treasure. Even through the phone, Caitlin could feel his torment.

“Stay strong, Benjamin. It’s just a year or two. She’ll come back. If you’re meant to be, you’ll see each other again.”

“She doesn’t love me... not at all...”

What broke him wasn’t that Wendy had left, but that he had given everything and still received nothing in

return.

“Benjamin...” Caitlin tried to say more, but the line went dead. When she dialed again, no one answered.

Worried, she called Madison and asked her to keep a close eye on her brother.

Sighing, Caitlin put down the phone.

Sebastian asked, “What happened to Ben?”

“Wendy left. He’s shattered, like he’s lost his soul.”

Caitlin sat beside him, exhaling softly. “Love is the hardest thing to control. You can’t force someone to stay.”

17:10 **Sat, Sep 27**

“I’ll talk to him when we return, see if I can help.”

Sebastian nodded. “That’s all you can do.”

A knock at the door interrupted them. Caitlin opened it to find Zinnia standing there.

“Caitlin, Prince Magnus has returned. He’s in the living room.”

“Oh? Alright, let’s go.”

She called Sebastian, and together with the others, they went downstairs.



“Mr. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Vanderbilt, forgive me for keeping you waiting.” Magnus said warmly. He had spent the day on official visits and dinner with D Country’s leaders before finally returning.

Caitlin smiled. “It’s fine. Prince Magnus, you’ve done us a huge favor. We can’t thank you enough.”

“Yes, thank you,” Sebastian added.

“No need for gratitude. You saved me. Of course I’ll help you.”

Magnus’s gaze lingered on Caitlin, his eyes carrying a light he didn’t reveal to anyone else. He hadn’t told her the truth—that his trip to D Country was, in fact, for her. His father had asked him to uncover the truth, but until he knew for certain, Magnus would keep it to himself.

“Have you eaten yet?” he asked.

“Yes, we have. Honestly, it feels like fate. You arriving in D Country now... thanks to you, we’re safe.”

Caitlin and Magnus fell into easy conversation. The more she interacted with him, the more she realized he was a man of honor and loyalty—someone who never forgot a kindness.

“Can you tell me more about the trouble you’re in? Last I heard, you were coming here to find relatives,” Magnus asked.

“Yes. My grandfather’s brother lives here. He’s part of the Jonathan family—quite prominent in D Country. But because we hadn’t been in contact for so many years, when we showed up suddenly, they didn’t believe us. They refused *to see* us. We even had a conflict with their people yesterday, and my husband was injured.”

“Oh? Mr. Vanderbilt was hurt? Should we take you to a hospital?”

Sebastian shook his head. “No need. I’m fine now. The wound’s been treated.”

Magnus nodded, then asked, “The Jonathan family—is that the perfume dynasty?”

“Yes, that’s the one.”

“Today, the head of state took me to visit some leading industries here. The Jonathan family’s perfume company was among them. I even met Fletcher, a government senator. He seemed to be one of them. Tomorrow, there will be a state banquet. The Jonathan family will attend. If you’d like to speak with them directly, I can help make the introduction.”

470

C 75 vouchers

Hearing that, Caitlin felt as though the clouds had parted. “That would be incredible, Prince Magnus. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Tomorrow, you can disguise yourselves as my guards and attendants. That way, you can accompany me to the banquet at the capital.”

“Perfect.”

With Magnus’s help, Caitlin finally saw a new path forward. Tomorrow, she would seize her chance to reach the heart of the Jonathan family.

Jonathan Estate.

Hector sat at the head of the room, Nicoletta at his side. His first wife had long been bedridden, **leaving** Nicoletta to manage the family’s affairs.

Below them sat Hector’s eldest son Fletcher, his second son Tang Gongsheng, and their wives and children. Nicoletta’s own children, Liliana and Israel, were present as well, along with several of Hector’s grandchildren, including Carson. Nearly the entire family had gathered.

“I’ve called you all here because there is something important to discuss,” Hector announced.

He looked to Nicoletta, who continued, “Today, Fletcher and government leaders accompanied Prince Magnus of A Country to tour TGV. It was a great honor for our family. Tomorrow, we’ve

been invited to the state banquet at the capital. Places are limited, so we need to decide who will attend.”

“Fletcher, Israel, and their wives must go,” Fallon, Hector’s third daughter, suggested.

“Yes. Liliana and I will also attend. That leaves two more spots. Who else?” Nicoletta asked.

“Let the younger sisters go. Who knows, maybe the prince will take a liking to one of them,” Carson said.

But Nicoletta would never risk another woman stealing Liliana’s spotlight. “I’ll decide. Carson and Fallon will go,”

Fallon was already married with children—no competition to Liliana.

The list settled, the family dispersed to prepare. Nicoletta, however, ordered a car. She had business at The Seventh Door.

When she arrived, she met with her brother, Ignatius.

“Well?” she asked sharply. “Have you caught them yet?”

17:10 Sat, Sep 27

Chapter 665

479

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 665

479

adesh vouchers

“No. From yesterday until now, the men have searched every corner, but there’s no trace of them. Strange, isn’t it? Where could they be hiding?”

Ignatius was already restless. With Sebastian and Caitlin in the shadows and his own people exposed, he had no idea when or where they might strike again.

“I’ve heard Caitlin is cunning. They’ve probably disguised themselves, but one thing is certain—they won’t leave Regalis so easily. As long as we lock down the train stations, docks, and airports, we might catch them in the trap.”

“That’s a good plan. I’ll send the order right away.”

Ignatius had always admired his sister’s sharp mind. Nicoletta not only managed the Jonathan family with precision, but her decisiveness and ruthlessness in handling both internal and external affairs made her invaluable. With her ideas, there was always a way forward.

“And what about Dustin?” Nicoletta asked.

“The bullet’s been removed. His life’s no longer in danger.”

Nicoletta nodded. Before leaving, she warned, “Be careful these days. Don’t let Caitlin and her people catch you off guard.”

“I know.”

Nicoletta left The Seventh Door and stepped into a sleek black sedan waiting outside.

The driver, a man wearing a low-brimmed hat, said nothing as she ordered, “Take me to the usual place.”

The car pulled away and headed toward a secluded villa.

Once they arrived, Nicoletta went straight through the gates with the driver following close behind.

The lights inside flickered on. Nicoletta turned, placed her hands around the man's neck, and removed his

hat.

The face beneath belonged to Fletcher, Hector's eldest son. Without a word, the two of them kissed hungrily.

When they finally pulled apart, Nicoletta teased, "No one saw you slip out, did they?"

"No." Fletcher pulled her close again, impatient. "I don't know how much longer we can keep sneaking around like this. I'm running out of patience."

"You need to stay calm. Your father can't live forever. You're already a national senator. Once he's gone, the Jonathan family will be yours by right. Then everything will belong to us."

“I know, but I can’t stand that woman at home any longer. I want a divorce. I don’t want to spend another day with her.”

“Be patient. That time will come.”

They kissed again, bound by a secret that no one else knew. Nicoletta had been with Fletcher long before she married Hector. The truth was darker still—her two children were Fletcher’s, not Hector’s.

Afterward, Nicoletta got down to business. “Tomorrow is our chance to put our daughter in the spotlight. She must capture the prince’s attention. Once we get him to visit the Jonathan family estate, I invite the First Lady too. If we can arrange even the slightest spark between him and Liliana, we’ll have set the stage. Whether our daughter becomes the Princess of A Country depends on tomorrow.”

“I’ll make sure of it,” Fletcher promised.

When their tryst ended, they left separately, staggering their returns to the Jonathan estate.

The next morning, Caitlin, Tyler, and Zinnia completed their disguises. They took on the roles of Magnus’s personal guards and secretary, blending seamlessly into his entourage.

Sebastian, still recovering from his wound, stayed behind at the villa. The rest joined Magnus in the state’s official limousine.

The car swept past the towering gates of the capital and entered the residence of D Country's head of state.

As they stepped out, guards lined both sides in perfect formation, saluting Prince Magnus.

The head of state and the First Lady personally welcomed him, shaking hands before leading everyone into the grand hall. Caitlin and the others followed.

Inside the national conference chamber, the two sides sat down to discuss formal relations.

The meeting lasted about ninety minutes. Representing his father and his nation, Magnus proposed a vision of friendship and cooperation, outlining several specific areas of partnership.

The head of state agreed, expressing his own desire for closer ties. Together, they signed a peace and cooperation accord.

Afterward, the head of state invited Magnus to tour the national museum. Once they returned, it was time for the state banquet.

The banquet was a glittering affair. Nobles, ministers, and senators arrived with their families, alongside heads of major industries and dynasties. It was a night to honor Magnus, and he was undeniably the star.

The head of state personally accompanied him, introducing him to one figure after another.

From their position nearby, Caitlin, Zinnia, and Tyler observed quietly. Official source is findnovel.net

“Are the Jonathan family here yet?” Zinnia whispered.

“Yes,” Caitlin replied softly. “Over there—the one with glasses is Senator Fletcher with his wife. Beside them is Matthew, the second son, and his wife. Those two younger men are Fletcher’s eldest, Carson, and Liliana’s

17:10 **Sat**, Sep 27

brother Israel.”

:

Her sharp memory matched each face with the information she had studied earlier.

47

Vouchers

“Strange,” Zinnia murmured. “Isn’t Nicoletta supposed to be the real power behind the family? She’s close to the First Lady. And what about Liliana? Why aren’t they here?”

“They’ll come,” Caitlin said, her eyes narrowing. “And when they do, it’ll be with a flourish. Nicoletta isn’t the type to slip in unnoticed. If she comes, it will be as the finale.”

Sure enough, ten minutes later, a stir swept through the hall.

“The First Lady has arrived!” someone announced.

All eyes turned to the entrance, where the First Lady entered flanked by two women.

One was Nicoletta, elegant in a tailored cheongsam, graceful yet careful not to outshine the First Lady.

The other was Liliana, radiant in a pure white evening gown layered with gauzy silk. Her slender figure and striking beauty drew immediate admiration. She truly lived up to her title as the nation’s premier socialite.

With the First Lady at the center and the two Jonathan women at her sides, their closeness was undeniable.

As they approached Magnus, Liliana's heart thudded in her chest. The prince was even more handsome than she had imagined—far more striking than in the news photos. He was exactly her type.

A voice screamed in her heart. She must become his bride. She had to have this man.

Comment

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

165 vouchers

This was an important occasion. Most of the women present at the banquet were wives of nobles and ministers, and very few were allowed to bring their children. But the Jonathan family was different. With their close ties to the First Lady, they could bring along their daughter.

Liliana's entrance dimmed every other woman in the room. Young, beautiful, dressed to perfection, she was impossible to ignore.

When she finally stood before the prince, the First Lady made the introductions, giving particular emphasis to Liliana.

Magnus glanced at her politely. "Hello, Miss Jonathan."

“Your Highness Magnus.”

Liliana curtsied gracefully, lifting her gown just slightly, then let her gaze flick up at him before dropping it again with a shy blush.

The two of them standing face to face looked like the perfect match. Nicoletta noticed, her heart swelling with satisfaction. The prince’s first impression of her daughter seemed favorable. It was a good beginning.

From the edge of the crowd, Caitlin watched calmly. In this glittering swirl of power, she could already see the Jonathan family’s ambition. Nicoletta had clearly maneuvered through the First Lady to present her daughter to Magnus. They already had senators in their ranks, yet they still aimed to push Liliana into a royal marriage. Their ambition was undeniable. Nicoletta’s hand was as ruthless as it was clever.

Zinnia whispered, “You were right. They saved their grand entrance for last.”

“They’re here for one purpose only—Magnus,” Caitlin murmured back.

Zinnia studied Liliana for a moment, then muttered, “She’s dressed like a fairytale princess. Honestly, it’s over the top. Sure, she’s pretty, but there’s something unnatural about her look. Has she had work done? That nose is way *too* perfect.”

“Cosmetic surgery?”

Caitlin followed her lead, scrutinizing Liliana's features more closely. The Jonathan family loved to parade her as a natural beauty, but up close, Caitlin wasn't so sure. In the wrong lighting, she could almost see a faint reddish glow at the tip of Liliana's nose—like filler beneath the skin.

She studied Liliana's figure too, recalling past encounters. Something about the girl struck a chord of familiarity that Caitlin couldn't shake. Odd. Why did she feel that way?

The banquet unfolded. The First Lady arranged for Liliana to accompany Magnus, encouraging the younger generation to mingle. Magnus didn't refuse—after all, Liliana represented the Jonathan family.

Liliana was thrilled. She talked freely, choosing topics Magnus could easily engage with, and felt exhilarated when the prince kept up effortlessly.

f-la cha mnicht of D Country's hospitality. Midway

pal, **Sep 27**

21 54 νόρρησης.

This was an important occasion. Most of the women present at the banquet were wives of nobles and ministers, and very few were allowed to bring their children. But the Jonathan family was different. With their close ties to the First Lady, they could bring along their daughter.

Liliana's entrance dimmed every other woman in the room. Young, beautiful, dressed to perfection, she was impossible to ignore.

When she finally stood before the prince, the First Lady made the introductions, giving particular emphasis to Liliana. Fresh chapters posted on [find\[N\]ovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Magnus glanced at her politely. "Hello, Miss Jonathan."

"Your Highness Magnus."

Liliana curtsied gracefully, lifting her gown just slightly, then let her gaze flick up at him before dropping it again with a shy blush.

The two of them standing face to face looked like the perfect match. Nicoletta noticed, her heart swelling with satisfaction. The prince's first impression of her daughter seemed favorable. It was a good beginning.

From the edge of the crowd, Caitlin watched calmly. In this glittering swirl of power, she could already see the Jonathan family's ambition. Nicoletta had clearly maneuvered through the First Lady to present her daughter to Magnus. They already had senators in their ranks, yet they still aimed to push Liliana into a royal marriage. Their ambition was undeniable. Nicoletta's hand was as ruthless as it was clever.

Zinnia whispered, "You were right. They saved their grand entrance for last."

“They’re here for one purpose only–Magnus,” Caitlin murmured back.

Zinnia studied Liliana for a moment, then muttered, “She’s dressed like a fairytale princess. Honestly, it’s over the top. Sure, she’s pretty, but there’s something unnatural about her look. Has she had work done? That nose

way too perfect.”

is

“Cosmetic surgery?”

Caitlin followed her lead, scrutinizing Liliana’s features more closely. The Jonathan family loved to parade her as a natural beauty, but up close, Caitlin wasn’t so sure. In the wrong lighting, she could almost see a faint reddish glow at the tip of Liliana’s nose–like filler beneath the skin.

She studied Liliana’s figure too, recalling past encounters. Something about the girl struck a chord of familiarity that Caitlin couldn’t shake. Odd. Why did she feel that way?

The banquet unfolded. The First Lady arranged for Liliana to accompany Magnus, encouraging the younger generation to mingle. Magnus didn’t refuse–after all, Liliana represented the Jonathan family.

Liliana was thrilled. She talked freely, choosing topics Magnus could easily engage with, and felt exhilarated when the prince kept up effortlessly.

The atmosphere remained warm and light. Magnus felt the weight of D Country's hospitality.
Midway

Sat, Sep 27

through, he excused himself, citing the restroom, and Caitlin and Tyler followed discreetly.

65 vouchers.

Outside the hall, Magnus leaned toward Caitlin. "When I was speaking with the head of state, Senator Fletcher invited me to visit the Jonathan family estate. The First Lady extended the same invitation. I agreed. This afternoon, you can come with me."

"Understood. Thank you."

Caitlin's gratitude was genuine. Without her, Magnus likely would have had little interest in such a visit.

After exchanging a few more words, they returned to the banquet hall.

The state banquet ended around one o'clock. As the crowd dispersed, Fletcher approached Magnus with a welcoming gesture. "Your Highness, if you would please follow us."

Magnus nodded and allowed himself to be guided out, Caitlin and the others close at his side.

He was shown into a stretched limousine. Caitlin and her companions boarded as attendants, while Liliana slid in beside Magnus.

"Your Highness, if you don't mind, I'd love to serve as your guide," she said sweetly. "On the way, I could tell you about some of Regalis's landmarks."

"Of course. Thank you."

Magnus smiled politely, and Liliana returned it with glowing delight.

As the convoy rolled through the city, Liliana began pointing out the sights. From her seat just behind them, Caitlin watched her carefully, listening to the lilt of her voice, studying the lines of her profile.

An absurd thought crept into her mind—one so far-fetched she almost dismissed it. But the more she looked, the harder it was to shake. She kept it to herself. Evidence would come first. Quietly, she messaged Vaughn, instructing him to dig deep into Liliana's background.

Soon the cars turned beneath the arching gates of the Jonathan family estate.

“Your Highness, there it is,” Liana said proudly, pointing ahead.

Magnus admired the grandeur. “Your family’s home is remarkable.”

“Yes,” she replied eagerly. “This gate has stood for centuries. The estate itself was once part of the royal palace grounds. When D Country abandoned the monarchy, the declining royals sold the property. That’s when our family acquired it, making it our permanent residence.”

“Impressive. The Jonathan family is clearly a cornerstone of this country.”

His compliment made Liana beam, as if he’d praised her personally.

The motorcade stopped. Guards from the capital leapt from their vehicles to secure the grounds, while the First Lady and Nicoletta descended first. Magnus followed, with Liana at his side. Caitlin and the other attendants stepped out afterward.

17:11 **Sat, Sep 27**

147

55 Vouchers

As Caitlin lifted her eyes to the sprawling gardens, lush with flowers, she felt a tightness in her chest. Finally, she was here—inside the Jonathan family’s gates.

“Your Highness, this way please.”

They led Magnus toward the great hall, and Caitlin stayed close.

At the entrance stood Hector himself, leaning on a cane, ready to receive them.

“Your Highness, welcome to the Jonathan family.”

Fletcher performed the introduction. “Your Highness, this is my father, Hector.”

“Mr. Jonathan, a pleasure. I’ve heard much about you.”

Ø.

Magnus offered his hand. Hector studied the young prince, then smiled. “You carry yourself with dignity and strength. To have you here today is the greatest honor for our family. Please, come inside.”

With that, Magnus entered.

And Caitlin followed, her heart steady but her mind racing. At last, she stood face to face with Hector—the man whispered to have once been her grandfather’s brother.

This was her chance. She had to find the truth.

AD

Comment

Send gift

No Ads

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter **667**

- 55 vouchers

Magnus was treated as the honored guest, with Caitlin and her companions standing quietly behind him. The members of the Jonathan family took their seats one by one, eager to entertain him.

“Since His Highness Magnus has come to our home, it is only proper that the Jonathan family offer the very best hospitality,” Nicoletta said smoothly.

“I look forward to it,” Magnus replied politely.

The First Lady, seated nearby, added with a smile, “What a coincidence. I’ve heard Liliana has a special gift for blending teas. Why don’t we let her prepare some for us right now?”

The moment had been carefully staged. Time for her daughter to show off her talents.

Nicoletta quickly ordered the servants, “What are you standing there for? Bring out the full tea set at once.”

Soon, a tea table was set up in the grand hall. Liliana presented a limited-edition Darjeeling from Fortnum & Mason, paired with handmade scones and macarons. With elegant gestures, she began to brew.

All eyes turned to her. Magnus watched as the porcelain cups were filled. Caitlin studied the scene carefully, noting every detail.

When the tea was ready, Liliana carried the cups herself, serving Magnus, the First Lady, her parents, and her elder brother.

“What a fragrance,” the First Lady exclaimed after a sip. “Truly excellent tea.” She turned to Magnus expectantly. “Your Highness, won’t you try?”

Everyone’s gaze followed him. Liliana’s lingered the longest, her heart pounding as she watched him lift the

cup.

Magnus inhaled the aroma, then drank. The flavor was indeed delicate, smooth, and lingering.

“Remarkable. This is a rare blend,” he praised.

Nicoletta’s smile widened, her pride barely concealed.

“Of course, we don’t just have fine tea,” she added. “Our gardens are beautiful too. Perhaps Liliana could accompany His Highness for a walk?”

Magnus sensed her intentions, replying with a light smile, “I wouldn’t want to trouble Miss Jonathan.”

“It’s no trouble at all, Your Highness,” Liana said warmly.

Magnus rose, and the others followed suit.

“Shall we all go together?” he asked courteously.

But the First Lady intervened. “Better if Miss Jonathan shows you around. Nicoletta and I have matters to

9:57 Sun, Sep 28

discuss.”

:

933

\$5 vouchers

Hector added, "Yes, let Liliana accompany you. My legs don't carry me far these days, so I'll return to rest."

Magnus inclined his head. "Very well."

Liliana beamed as she led the way. Some family members tried to follow, but Nicoletta cut them off with a look, silently commanding them not to intrude.

At the doorway, Caitlin and Zinnia also moved to follow. But Magnus paused, glancing back at them. "Stay

here. Wait for me."

Their eyes met briefly. Caitlin understood at once. He was creating an opening for her.

"Yes, Your Highness," they answered together, watching him leave.

To Nicoletta and the others, it looked as though Magnus wished to be alone with Liliana. That meant, surely, the prince was already taken with her. Liliana herself believed it too, thrilled by the thought of his interest.

Not long after, Nicoletta left with the First Lady under the pretense of showing her the newest perfumes. Hector and the rest dispersed as well.

Caitlin and Zinnia exchanged a glance, then excused themselves on the pretense of needing the restroom. Caitlin slipped into the shadows, keeping a distant eye on Hector. She watched the butler escort him back to his quarters. After waiting until the butler emerged again, Caitlin approached silently.

Seeing no one around, she slipped inside.

The residence was richly decorated, lined with antiques and famous calligraphy. Caitlin moved swiftly through the sitting room and study until she reached the bedroom.

Inside, Hector was trimming a bonsai with small shears. Hearing her steps, he assumed it was his butler.

“Hand me the watering can,” he said without looking up.

Caitlin picked it up and held it out. He reached, only to find it resisted his pull. Turning, he froze. The one holding it was not his butler.

Startled, he stumbled back a few steps. “Aren’t you the prince’s secretary? What are you doing here?”

“Hector... you haven’t forgotten your half-brother Walter, have you?”

The name hit him like a thunderclap. His eyes widened in horror. He fell back into the wingback chair, trembling. She wasn't a secretary. She was Caitlin.

She had come for him.

"G-guards-"

But before he could shout again, Caitlin was on him, wrenching the shears from his hands and pressing the blade against his throat. Her voice dropped to a deadly whisper. "One sound, and you won't live to regret it."

9:57 Sun, Sep 28

The words stuck in Hector's throat. His face turned ashen as he stared up at her. Chapters first released on findnovel.net

"You've already guessed who I am, haven't you? Yes—I'm Caitlin. The very same Caitlin you refused to see, the one you denied at your gates. Surprised?"

He nodded stiffly, his fear plain.

"Hector, it hasn't been easy getting here. I traveled halfway across the world to visit family, only for you to slam the door in my face. That wasn't very hospitable of you."

She pressed the shears harder, her foot braced against the chair. Hector shrank back, trembling. “Wh-what do you want?”

“What do I want?” Her smile was cold. “Nothing much. Just to talk. About the Jonathan family.”

“It wasn’t me,” Hector blurted in panic, the words tumbling out as if to absolve himself before she even accused him.

Caitlin arched a brow. “Oh? Feeling guilty already? I haven’t said a word about what. And yet you’re so quick to deny it. Tell me, Hector-what is it you think I came here to ask?”

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

\$5 youther

“I... I don’t know... truly, I don’t... I’m just an old man,” Hector stammered, fear making his voice tremble. He was far too old to resist her, so he tried to play the pitiful victim.

“If you don’t know, then let’s sit down and talk it through properly.”

Caitlin withdrew the shears and her foot, settling herself in the chair beside him. With a sharp crack, she slapped the shears down on the table.

“Tell me, what was your relationship with Walter? Did you have any contact over the past decades?” she asked.

“N-no...” Hector wiped the cold sweat from his brow, clearly shaken now that she had released him.

“Is that so? Then do you know Dustin? The Silent Order’s Number Zero?”

“I don’t know him,” Hector muttered, shaking his head.

“That’s impossible. The Seventh Door is your domain, isn’t it? I found Dustin there. If he’s working for them, then he’s your dog. Don’t tell me you’ve never heard of him.”

“I haven’t involved myself in the business of the Seventh Door for years. I have no idea what it looks like now.” Hector used retirement as his excuse.

Caitlin wasn’t fooled. She pressed on. “But you do know Forrest, don’t you? He’s your man.”

“Never heard of him...”

“Then let me explain it to you. The Jonathan family built its empire through the underworld. You’ve got money–laundering channels across countries. Forrest—whose real name is Carlos—runs the underground bank in Departure City, V Country. That bank just happens to be one of the Seventh Door’s channels. So both Carlos and Dustin are part of your network. Am I wrong?”

Her eyes bore into him, sharp as a blade.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about! None of this makes sense to me,” Hector insisted.

As he spoke, his gaze flicked toward a bronze ornament on the table. Thinking she hadn’t noticed, he reached for it.

Caitlin’s hand was faster. She snatched it up and found it concealed a panic alarm.

“Trying to call someone to clean up your corpse?” She smashed the ornament down hard on the table, glaring at him with rising fury. “I’ll ask you one last question. The massacre of Walter’s family—were you the one behind it?”

Hector’s eyes widened in terror. Panic flooded his features, but he still denied it. “How could I? Walter may have been my half–brother, but we hadn’t spoken in decades. Why would I harm him? With the Jonathan family’s fortune, what reason would I have to plot against others?”

“So no matter what I ask, you’ll deny it.”

“I didn’t do it. Why should I confess? Do you even have proof?” Hector tried to turn it back on her.

“Proof? My mother herself is the witness. She told me that you stole the second half of Yun’s Aromatic Codex from her. Isn’t it time you handed it back?”

“Your mother? Isn’t she dead?”

The slip was fatal.

“Oh? Just moments ago, you swore you hadn’t been in touch with the Jonathan family for decades. So how is it you know my mother is dead? Where exactly did you hear that news?”

“...” Hector froze, realizing he’d trapped himself. After a pause, he muttered, “Caitlin, believe me or not, I never had any Yun’s Aromatic Codex. I’ve never even heard of it, never laid eyes on it. Maybe your mother was mistaken.”

“You’ve truly never seen the Codex?”

“Never.”

Caitlin let her surprise show. “Such a famous book, and you claim ignorance? Perhaps the second half had no cover, so you didn’t recognize it. No matter. I brought the first half with me. Hector, would you like to see it?”

“Oh?”

His eyes betrayed him. He wanted to see it. Desperately.

Caitlin drew out a bundle wrapped in oiled cloth from her inner pocket. Carefully, she unwrapped it to reveal an ancient book. The title gleamed on the cover: Yun’s Aromatic Codex.

“Look closely, Hector. Do you recognize it?”

He leaned in, scrutinizing it. Nicoletta’s words echoed in his mind: with both volumes together, one could uncover the map to Atlantis and claim the Shard of Life. With it came freedom from sickness and the promise of long life.

For an old man staring down death, its allure was irresistible.

“I’ll show you.”

Caitlin opened the book to a middle page. Yellow powder spilled across the parchment, wriggling with something alive.

Just as Hector frowned, thinking the pages were worm-eaten, Caitlin thrust the book against his face.

When she pulled it away, his face was smeared with yellow powder. A thin worm had already burrowed into

his nose.

“Achoo! Cough, cough-” Hector clutched at his face, choking, panic rising. “What is this? What have you

1

9:57 Sun, Sep 28

done to me? I can't-can't breathe-”

He collapsed back into the chair, writhing in agony.

:

2

693

Caitlin calmly tucked the false Codex back into her pocket. Looking down at him, she said coldly, “That **was** just one of my pets. A parasite. It’s inside you now. When it stirs, it’ll ravage your body until you’re begging for death.”

Hector slid from the chair onto the floor, rolling in pain.

“Help me... save me...” he gasped, clawing at her pant leg.

“Even a doctor couldn’t help you now. Only I can.” Caitlin shook free of his grip, stepping back to tower over him.

“Now, I’ll ask again. Do you know Carlos—also known as Forrest? Are they the same man?”

“Yes... yes, the same...” he admitted through gritted teeth.

So it was true. Forrest was Carlos.

“Where is he now?”

“The Seventh Door...”

“Good. Then answer me this. The massacre of Walter’s family—was it carried out under your orders?”

AD

Send gift

No Ads

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 669

55 vouchers

Hector gave no answer. He rolled on the floor, his wrinkled features twisted in agony.

“You won’t speak? Then I’ll take your silence as admission! Was it really you?”

Caitlin kicked him, fury boiling inside her. If she didn’t have unfinished business, she would have ended him right there.

“No... don’t hit me... please, let me go... I was wrong... I’m sorry...”

“Let you go? Do you know how many lives my grandfather’s family lost? The blood-soaked horror—you never saw it, did you? If I slaughtered the Jonathan family and said ‘sorry’ would that be enough?”

Hector was nearly broken by the parasite gnawing through his body. He writhed on the floor, as if something inside him were tearing at his bones.

Caitlin crouched down, yanking his collar, her voice like ice. “Besides Carlos, who else was involved?”

“The Yuncey family... Timothy...”

So it was a joint act between the Yuncey family and the Jonathans. At least Timothy was already taken care of.

Her brows knit tightly. “So you worked with the Yunceys to commit that atrocity, then divided my grandfather’s estate between you. Is that it?”

The old man only convulsed harder, clawing at her trousers. “Save me... I beg you...”

“I can spare your miserable life—but only if you agree to one thing.”

Shaking, Hector lifted his eyes to her. “Name it...”

“You will formally welcome me as kin and open the gates of the Jonathan family to me. And you will hand over the second half of the Codex. If you refuse, then you’ll die here tonight, and I won’t save you. Do you agree?”

Hector was cornered. Trembling, he nodded. “I... I agree... save me...”

Caitlin pulled a pill from her pocket and shoved it between his lips. After he swallowed, the bone-deep agony began to ease.

He collapsed back, gasping, groaning through clenched teeth as relief washed over him.

“That antidote will last only until tomorrow morning. By then I’ll be at your gates. If you try to play tricks and break your promise, don’t blame me when the pain returns to tear you apart.”

With that, Caitlin turned and left his quarters.

Just outside the door, she ran into the butler, Devin. He froze, surprised to see her. His hand lifted as though to ask why she was there.

18:23 Mon, Sep 29

73

Caitlin cut him off smoothly. “Excuse me, I went to find a restroom and got lost on my way back. Could **you** tell me how to get to the main hall?”

Devin blinked, then nodded in understanding. So the prince’s attendant had simply lost her way.

“Miss, just follow this corridor straight ahead, then turn left. You’ll be there.”

“Thank you.”

She left without hesitation. Devin didn’t think twice and stepped into Hector’s quarters.

“Good heavens, sir, what happened?” He rushed to help the old man, who was lying on the floor. He got him to the bed.

Hector only sighed heavily, saying nothing.

“Shall I fetch Madam?” Devin asked.

“No... don’t.”

Taking it as nothing more than a fall, Devin let it go once he saw Hector breathing steadily.

Meanwhile, Caitlin walked on, deliberately avoiding the left turn. She remembered another path that led to the gardens and headed that way.

The Jonathan family’s garden was vast and beautiful. Amid the blossoms, Liliana strolled beside Magnus. Together, they looked every bit the perfect pair.

Liliana carried the conversation, while Magnus responded politely, making her believe they shared an easy rapport.

Half an hour passed, and Magnus began to feel strange. The weather was mild, yet heat crawled under his skin. He tugged at his collar, trying to ease the discomfort.

Liliana noticed and hid a smile. He was taking the bait.

Earlier, when preparing the tea, she had secretly smeared something on the rim of his porcelain cup. Now, its effects were showing—his forehead already beaded with sweat.

“Magnus, are you all right? You look hot. Let me wipe your brow.”

She drew out a handkerchief, her perfume drifting as she lifted her arm.

But Magnus waved her off. “No, thank you, Miss Jonathan. I’ll manage.”

He dabbed his forehead with his own handkerchief and tilted his gaze to the sky. The sun was hidden by clouds; the day wasn’t hot at all. So why was his body burning?

In truth, his thoughts drifted to Caitlin. Was she all right? Had she managed what she came here to do?

“The gardens are lovely, as expected,” Magnus said at last. “I’ve seen enough. Shall we return?”

18:23 Mon, Sep 29

“There’s another view ahead, would you not like to see it?”

“Thank you, but another time perhaps. Today will do.”

Hearing him say he would return someday made Liliana’s heart leap.

“Very well, I’ll walk you back.”

They turned. Suddenly Liliana slipped, letting out a delicate cry.

“Ah-”

She clutched his coat. Magnus instinctively caught her by the waist.

“Are you hurt?”

Her arm lingered on his shoulder as she turned, her beautiful face painted with alarm. “You saved me—I almost fell.”

Just then, Caitlin arrived at the garden and saw everything.

From an outside eye, Liliana's stumble was deliberate, staged only to fall into Magnus's arms. The way her arm clung to him, the way her gaze smoldered—it was obvious she was trying to close the distance.

“I'm fine now.”

Magnus looked down at the beauty in his arms, a daze clouding his mind.

“Your Highness...” Liliana's lips parted softly, her voice tinged with seduction.

Seeing him falter, she leaned closer, emboldened, aiming her lips toward his. Read complete version only at [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

AD

Comment

Send gift

No Ads

Billionsaire's Regret: Finding Her

Just as Liliana was about to succeed, a voice rang out. “Your Highness!”

Liliana froze. Magnus snapped back to his senses and immediately released her.

“So here you are, Your Highness!” Caitlin approached.

56 vouchere

Hearing that voice, Liliana’s heart jolted. She looked at the unfamiliar woman walking toward them, utterly bewildered.

Why did Magnus’s assistant sound exactly like Caitlin?

Maybe it was just a coincidence—the resemblance ended at the voice. Outwardly, the woman looked entirely different.

But her timing couldn’t have been worse. Liliana’s moment had been ruined.

Her brows knitted, frustration rising. She had been so close.

Caitlin stepped up to them, her tone brisk and official. “Your Highness, it’s about time. We should head back.”

Magnus still felt an uncomfortable heat coursing through him, but he forced himself to remain composed. He gave Liliana a courteous nod. “Thank you very much for your company, Miss Jonathan. I’ve enjoyed today, and I appreciate it.”

With that, he turned and followed Caitlin out of the garden.

“Your Highness, wait-” Liliana hurried after him, unwilling to let go. She blocked his path and asked, “Forgive me for being forward, but may I ask what impression you have of me?”

“Miss Jonathan, you are beautiful, gracious, and certainly very charming.”

“Thank you, Your Highness. Then, if you’re still in D Country tomorrow, may I invite you to lunch?”

“If time allows, it would be my honor.”

He didn’t close the door entirely, which to Liliana meant he had accepted. A radiant smile bloomed on her lips. If not today, then tomorrow.

“Let’s go, Your Highness.”

Caitlin called him away, her eyes locking briefly with Liliana's. Liliana studied her in return.

Back in the main hall, Nicoletta and the First Lady were waiting. Seeing Magnus return, they both rose to greet him.

"Your Highness, did you enjoy the gardens?" Nicoletta asked with a smile, her gaze shifting toward Liliana, eager for a hint of progress.

18:23 Mon, Sep 29

"Yes. The Jonathan gardens are beautiful, and with Miss Jonathan's company, I've had a very pleasant day. Thank you for your hospitality. I'll be taking my leave now."

Liliana quickly added, "Mother, I've already arranged with His Highness to have lunch together tomorrow."

"Oh? That's wonderful!" Nicoletta beamed. "Let's see His Highness off, then."

Magnus said nothing further. He simply gathered his attendants and departed.

The limousine rolled out through the Jonathan gates. Inside, Magnus slumped back against the seat, jaw clenched, eyes shut tight, his face taut with strain.

“Your Highness, are you all right?” Caitlin asked, alarmed.

“I feel... unwell. I don't know what's happening...”

He opened his eyes, meeting hers. His furrowed brow and clenched fists betrayed his struggle.

“Let me check.”

She reached toward his forehead, but he recoiled. “Don't touch me. Stay away from me.”

Then he turned to his two male guards. “Tie my wrists. Quickly!”

He feared he might lose control and disgrace himself.

75

Watching him struggle, Zinnia frowned. “What's wrong with him? Is he having an allergic reaction to pollen?”

“No. Not pollen.” Caitlin's sharp eyes had already guessed the truth. She quickly instructed the driver, “Head straight back to His Highness's residence.”

Once there, Magnus was helped inside. Sebastian had been waiting and hurried over, alarmed by Magnus's condition. "What's happened to him?"

"He's in some trouble," Caitlin explained briefly, relaying what she'd seen. Sebastian was shocked. A simple visit to the Jonathans had turned into this? Latest content published on find-novel-net

"How do we fix *it*?" he asked.

"That's the real issue," Caitlin replied. "He can't just take any woman, and going to a hospital could cause rumors with his status. The safest course is hydration, exercise, and a controlled detox. Vaughn has already gone to buy IV fluids and glucose."

They got to work. Magnus drank water, exercised to sweat it out, then Caitlin administered the IV once Vaughn returned.

Afterward, his condition improved. Sebastian asked again, "How did this even happen?"

"I didn't notice," Magnus admitted with a shake of his head.

Caitlin gave her assessment. "It likely happened in one of two ways—either the tea he drank at the Jonathan

55 vouchers

estate, or something applied through Liliana's perfume. But I caught a whiff of her scent in the garden. It seemed harmless. That means the tea is the most likely culprit."

Sebastian frowned. "They dared tamper with His Highness's tea? In broad daylight?"

"Exactly. Desperate measures. If he had lost control with Liliana in that garden, the Jonathans would have seized the scandal as leverage, forcing a royal connection. It was a trap, plain and simple."

Her reasoning was airtight.

Magnus exhaled slowly. "When they introduced me to Liliana, I had the same suspicion. If not for Mrs. Vanderbilt stepping in, I would have walked right into it. Thank you."

"It should be me thanking you," Caitlin said softly. "If it weren't for my business with them, you wouldn't be caught in their schemes."

"It's nothing," Magnus replied. "But did you manage to meet Hector?"

“I did. We spoke. Tomorrow morning, I’ll be formally entering the Jonathan estate.”

“That’s good. At least today wasn’t wasted.”

“Rest now, Your Highness.”

Caitlin and the others withdrew.

Back in their own room, Sebastian asked in a low voice, “So what exactly did you say to Hector? With the Seventh Door hunting us across the city, walking through their gates tomorrow sounds like walking into a trap.”

AD

Comment

Send gift

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 671

55 vouchers

“I’ve already got Hector under my thumb. If he doesn’t cooperate, he’ll be the one to suffer.”

Caitlin recounted every detail of her confrontation with Hector—his trembling hands, the sweat dripping down his wrinkled face, the way he almost choked on his own fear. Sebastian listened in silence, his eyes widening with each revelation. When she finished, he leaned back, stunned. “So the massacre of your grandfather Walter’s family... it really was the Jonathan Family working hand-in-hand with the Yuncey Family?”

“Exactly.” Caitlin’s tone was cold, but her eyes burned with anger. “The whole thing is clear now. Hector’s backers are the Silent Order. Dustin is the Jonathan Family’s attack dog. Carlos *too*. Together they conspired with the Yunceys, drenched my grandfather’s home in blood, and carved up the estate like vultures.”

She clenched her fists so tight her knuckles whitened.

“All of it for Yun’s Aromatic Codex. Timothy never managed to get it—Hector took it. Then, fearing Timothy might turn on him, he had Carlos—posing as Forrest—stationed in Departure City. On the surface he ran the underground bank, but his real job was to keep Timothy on a leash.”

Her voice dropped, hard as steel. “And Dustin. He didn’t stumble upon my younger brother by accident. He took him from the Willow City monastery deliberately, raised him, groomed him, turned him into a weapon—all to get his hands on the Codex’s upper half.”

“So it all ties back to Yun’s Aromatic Codex,” Sebastian muttered, shaking his head.

“Yes. What I’ve pieced together is just one closed loop. Beyond it, there’s a larger ring we can’t see yet. The full truth only reveals itself when both halves are in our possession.”

Her gaze sharpened, almost feverish. “Tomorrow I’m walking into the Jonathan estate. I’ll take the lower half. Then we’ll see if the so-called map really exists.”

“I’m coming with you.”

Caitlin shook her head firmly. “You’re injured. You’ll stay here and command the reinforcements once they arrive. I’ll take Zinnia and Tyler. That’s enough.”

Sebastian looked like he wanted to argue, but finally he nodded. “All right. But be careful.”

Later that evening, the sound of a door creaking open broke the tense quiet. Vaughn and King returned, the smell of rain clinging to their coats. Vaughn placed a folder thick with papers onto the desk.

“Madam, I dug up some files on Liliana. You’ll want to see this.”

Caitlin spread the papers across the table. The crisp black-and-white photos and typewritten records were meticulous: academic transcripts, medical records, event invitations.

“She’s well educated, graduated from a top foreign university,” Caitlin murmured, scanning. “While abroad, she was invited to royal banquets, high-profile charity events... built a wide social circle.”

Her eyes slid to the medical history. “Appendectomy last year. A month ago she was treated for

16:08 Tue, Sep 30

gastrointestinal problems. Thorough, but not exactly scandal-worthy.”

“Keep flipping.” Vaughn urged, leaning forward. “There’s more.”

47

55 vouchers

Sure enough, buried deeper were tabloid clippings, stamped with faded publication dates.

“They reported she underwent cosmetic surgery during school,” Caitlin read aloud, her lips curling. “Every time she appeared in photos, her face looked... altered. Here-old school photos. Compare them to her now.”

The contrast was shocking. In one photo she looked like an ordinary, pretty girl. In the newer ones, she was almost unrecognizable—flawless, sculpted, glamorous.

“With enough money, you can bury anything,” Caitlin muttered. “The Jonathans bought silence. Now they parade her as some natural-born beauty.” She tapped one glossy page. “Her features were reshaped drastically. This level of work... only Korean surgeons could pull it off. Tyler, can we hack into Korean clinic records?”

Sebastian answered before Tyler could. “Hospitals guard that information. But the Obsidian Order’s cyber unit can crack anything if it’s there. Tyler, contact HQ. Focus on Liliana’s procedures in both D Country and

Korea.”

“Yes, sir.”

Caitlin turned to King. “What about the Seventh Door?”

King smirked faintly and slid over a thick stack of glossy photographs. “I caught Ignatius entering the Seventh Door with Nicoletta. Together.”

Caitlin flipped through them. Her eyes froze. “It’s him!”

“Who?” Zinnia leaned over.

“Forrest. That face, that build—I remember it.”

Sebastian frowned. He didn’t recall Forrest’s features. “That’s Forrest? Then he’s Carlos as well?”

“Yes! Finally, it clicks. Forrest and Carlos—both aliases of Ignatius. And Nicoletta is his sister. Of course. That’s why he serves the Jonathans so loyally. It’s blood.”

Her analysis was crisp, her tone almost savage with satisfaction. At last, Forrest’s and Carlos’s identities were nailed down.

And the contract dissolving her grandfather’s estate had been signed by Carlos. Proof, ironclad, that Ignatius acted under Jonathan orders.

Caitlin kept flipping. Suddenly her eyes narrowed. “Wait... this is Nicoletta with... who?”

The man wore a wide-brimmed hat pulled low, obscuring his face. The two of them entered a secluded villa.

“Could he be her boy toy?” Caitlin muttered, a sharp grin tugging her lips. “Now this is the kind of gossip I like.”

16:09 Tue, Sep 30

Chapter 671 The rightful source is FindNovel.net

Z47)

65 vouchers-

King leaned in. “Bought the shots from a paparazzo. He charged twenty grand. Said he couldn’t dare publish them—too dangerous. Selling them was safer.”

“Good work.” Caitlin smirked. “Sebastian will cover the expense.”

But King wasn’t done. His grin widened. “Madam, turn the page. The last ones are even juicier.”

“Oh? Something even juicier?” Caitlin flipped quickly.

The photos showed Nicoletta and the mystery man leaving the villa separately, hours later. The paparazzo had tailed him to Thompson Global Ventures’ underground garage. And when he finally stepped from the car, the camera caught his face.

Fletcher. Hector’s eldest son.

Caitlin's breath hitched. "My God... if this is real, it's explosive. But with just these photos, they could claim it was business. Not enough proof of an affair."

She flipped again, heart beating faster.

"Check the last two," King urged, his voice low with anticipation.

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

47

55 vouchers

Caitlin flipped to the last two photos. These weren't taken at the same time or place as the earlier ones—they looked older.

And there it was. Nicoletta and Fletcher, locked in a kiss, their embrace captured in perfect clarity.

That was the brilliance of paparazzi—they could dig out the most private moments no one wanted exposed.

“Yes. Perfect. These two are worth far more than twenty grand,” Caitlin said, a surge of energy rushing through her. At last, she had found Nicoletta’s weak spot. With this in hand, that woman would think twice before making a move against her.

“You all did well. I’ll see to it you get a bonus. Tomorrow everything depends on how smoothly this goes.” Caitlin’s voice carried a sharp edge of confidence, firing up her team.

By the next morning, Magnus had recovered completely. When he saw Caitlin again, gratitude lit his eyes.

“Thanks to you, Mrs. Vanderbilt, I’m fine today.”

“No need for such formality,” Caitlin said lightly. “You can call me by my name.”

Magnus hesitated, then smiled. “If you don’t mind, then perhaps you can call me Magnus as well. I’d like us to be more than formal acquaintances.”

Caitlin blinked at the suggestion, exchanging a quick glance with Sebastian. She smiled, amused. “I hardly deserve such familiarity. Surely it’s not proper for me to be so close to a prince.”

Magnus shook his head. “You saved my life. That makes us closer than most. In my eyes, you’re like family

now.”

Caitlin tilted her head. “Family, is it? Funny—you’re actually two years younger than me. So if anything, I’d have to be the older one.”

Magnus laughed, rubbing the back of his neck, a little embarrassed. “Fair enough. Then from now on, I’ll call you Caitlin, and you can think of me as a younger brother. Deal?”

“Deal, Magnus,” Caitlin said warmly, giving his shoulder a light pat, the way an older sister might.

Sebastian offered no objection. If Magnus wanted to place himself in the role of younger brother, all the better—it meant one less rival to worry about.

After breakfast, Caitlin prepared to leave for the Jonathan estate with her team. Sebastian saw them off at the door.

Once they were gone, Magnus gave a discreet order to his personal aide. The man slipped into Caitlin’s guest room, quietly collecting a few strands of her hair from the bathroom.

At around nine, Caitlin’s vehicle stopped at the grand gates of the Jonathan estate.

16:09 Tue, Sep 30

55 vouchers

Zinnia banged on the gate and addressed the guard. “Go tell your master that his distant relative Caitlin is here!”

The guard’s lip curled in disdain. “Again? Caitlin? Why do you people keep showing up?”

It was obvious Hector hadn’t given orders to expect her. The guard started to close the gate, but Zinnia planted a boot against it and sent him sprawling back inside.

“You little lapdog,” she spat. “You’d better deliver the message. If you waste our time, you’ll pay for it.”

The guard, shaken by her ferocity and her mention of the old master, dared not defy them. “Wait here. I’ll announce it at once.”

Inside the Jonathan residence, Nicoletta was fussing with her daughter’s outfit. Fletcher, Carson, and the others hadn’t left yet.

Liliana was dressed with particular care today. She was meeting the prince for lunch, and her pale cream Chanel-style suit hugged her figure perfectly, showing off her fair skin and delicate beauty.

“My daughter is stunning,” Nicoletta praised with a smile. “You’d look good in anything.”

Liliana returned the smile. “Don’t worry, Mother. I’ll seize the chance today.”

“Good. If you head out early, you’ll have more time with him.”

“I know.”

Just then, a call came in from the gatehouse. Devin picked it up, then turned to Nicoletta. “Madam, the guards report Caitlin is at the gate.”

Nicoletta froze, her pulse spiking. “What? Caitlin? She dares to come here openly?”

Liliana’s brows knitted. “She’s bold enough to show up at our door?”

Nicoletta’s eyes darkened. She looked at Fletcher. Their silent exchange spoke volumes.

Carson, clueless about the family’s feud with Caitlin, asked curiously, “What’s going on? Why would Caitlin come here? Does she have ties to us?”

He remembered Liliana once mentioning Odessa. Out of curiosity, he'd researched Caitlin online. A successful entrepreneur, married with children—she seemed worlds apart from their circle.

Fletcher explained stiffly, “Her grandfather and yours were half-brothers.”

Carson’s jaw dropped. “Really?” He had never imagined he and Odessa were distantly related.

Devin spoke again. “Madam, the guards are waiting for orders. Do you want them to let her in?”

“Of course not.” Nicoletta’s voice was sharp as steel. “Bring more men. Seize Caitlin at once.”

“Yes, ma’am.” The guards were ready to obey-

16:09 Tue, Sep 30

4447

55 vouchers

But just then Hector appeared, leaning on his cane, servants supporting him. His voice rang out, hoarse but commanding. “Stop. No one lays a hand on Caitlin.”

“Sir!” The guards immediately bowed.

Nicoletta hurried forward, grabbing Hector’s arm. “What are you saying? Caitlin is at our gate, loud and arrogant. I was just about to have her taken down.”

“No. Prepare the carriage. I’ll greet her myself.”

Nicoletta’s face twisted in shock. “What? You want to greet her personally? Why?”

No one knew Hector had met Caitlin the day before. Now, under Nicoletta’s questioning, he sighed. “Let her in. If she’s turned away, it will cost me my life.”

Nicoletta’s frown deepened. “You don’t need to fear her. What could she possibly do? Or do you think the Seventh Door’s power is for show?” This content belongs to find•novel.net

No one in the room understood Hector’s sudden change of heart. Invite Caitlin in? Personally greet her? It seemed madness.

“Father,” Liliana protested. “She’s here to undermine our family. Letting her in is inviting the wolf into our home.”

“She’s right,” Fletcher added firmly. “Caitlin is not to be trusted.”

Only Carson remained bewildered. “Why not let her in? Isn’t she family? What’s the big deal?”

“You don’t understand a thing. Stay out of this,” Fletcher snapped, silencing his son.

“Enough,” Hector barked. He slammed the end of his cane against the floor, his face pale, sweat beading at his temples. “My life is already in her hands. Prepare the carriage—now.”

The antidote he had taken yesterday was wearing off, and the crawling agony was already stirring again inside him. He struck the cane harder, his voice breaking with urgency. “Do you hear me? Prepare it at once!”

AD

Comment

Send gift

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Hector was the real head of the family. No one dared go against him when he spoke. Nicoletta kept her **face** dark and stayed silent. Fletcher hurried to order the bodyguards. “The old master told you to get the **cars** ready! What are you standing around for? Move it!”

Everyone sprang into action. Soon two golf carts were prepared, and they helped the old man onto one. Fletcher and his son Carson got in with him.

Watching the vehicles leave, Liliana clutched Nicoletta's hand anxiously. "Mom, what do we do now? Are we really letting Caitlin walk into the Jonathan family estate?"

"Let her come. I want to see what kind of tricks she thinks she can play."

Nicoletta wasn't afraid of Caitlin. This was Jonathan family territory, their home turf. If Caitlin dared to show up here, she was basically walking into a trap.

At the gates of the Jonathan estate, Caitlin and her group waited inside their car. The gate guards told them that word had been passed inside and they should wait.

But after quite a while, no one came out. Zinnia started feeling uneasy. "Caitlin, could it be like last time, when they just slammed the door in your face?"

"Impossible."

The curse Caitlin had cast could only be undone by her. Unless Hector wanted to die, he had no choice.

Just as they were speculating, the Jonathan family gates slowly swung open.

“Madam, the gates are opening!” Tyler reminded her.

Caitlin and Zinnia both looked up. Two golf carts rolled to the front. In the first sat the old man Hector, with two familiar figures behind him, Fletcher and Carson.

“He’s here. Perfect. Let’s get out.”

Caitlin led Zinnia and Tyler out of the car.

Hector came out with his family and bodyguards. The guards at the gate bowed respectfully when they saw him.

Looking outside, Hector spotted three people stepping out of a car. The sharp-eyed woman in front was Caitlin, without any disguise.

She wore a black dress, gloves, and a veiled hat, mysterious and alluring.

“That’s Caitlin?” Fletcher hadn’t expected her to look so striking. Compared to all the socialites he’d met, she was far more stunning. In fact, her beauty could even outshine their own Liliana.

“Yes, Dad, that’s Caitlin, also known as Odessa,” Carson explained excitedly.

15:36 Wed, Oct 1

45

55 vouchers

They walked forward, and Hector put on a welcoming smile. “Caitlin! Sorry to keep you waiting!”

“Hector, I’m glad we finally meet in person.” Caitlin approached with a smile.

You can pretend, and so can I. Everyone understood the game.

“Yes, yes, a rare meeting indeed! Let me introduce you. This is my eldest son, Fletcher.”

“Hello,” Caitlin greeted politely.

“Hello, Caitlin, hello.”

Fletcher shook her hand, his eyes inevitably sliding over her graceful figure. Inwardly he thought, what a stunner this Caitlin was.

Caitlin could see right through him. This Fletcher was nothing but a lecher.

“This here is...” The old man started to introduce his grandson.

Caitlin smoothly withdrew her hand. “No need, I already know William.”

“Yes, yes, Grandpa, we already know each other.” Updates are released by Find-Novel.net

Carson looked at Caitlin with bright excitement. “Caitlin, who would have thought we’re actually related!”

Caitlin nodded. Hector spoke warmly. “Welcome, welcome. We’re glad to have you as our guest. Come on, get in.”

Since the old man himself invited her, Devin respectfully ushered Caitlin and her people onto the cart. Only then did the guards realize the woman they had once barred from entry was actually the old master’s distant

relative.

They wiped at their foreheads nervously, praying she wouldn't hold their earlier behavior against them.

The carts drove back to the main hall. Hector was helped down by Devin. Fletcher and Carson both moved quickly to invite Caitlin out of the cart.

And just like that, Caitlin openly followed the old master into the Jonathan family's grand hall.

Inside, many members of the family had already gathered. Fletcher's wife Blythe, their daughter Harper, Matthew and his wife with their twin daughters, Hector's third daughter Fallon, fourth daughter Liliana, and youngest son Israel.

The whole family sat neatly in the hall, eyes turning to the entrance where Caitlin stepped in.

Nicoletta stood to help the old man into the main seat, then sat beside him. She turned her gaze on Caitlin.

"So this is your distant relative Caitlin?" Nicoletta studied her with feigned surprise. "Such a familiar face. I feel like I've seen you somewhere before."

"Mom, don't you remember? On my birthday, at the Regalis Hotel entrance, that Odessa." Liliana reminded

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 674

The moment Caitlin asked about the Jonathan family's assets, Nicoletta cursed her inwardly, but her face stayed calm. "Caitlin, what a strange thing to say, We didn't take a single needle or thread from your grandfather's estate. All of it went to your mother, didn't it? Shouldn't you be asking her instead?"

"Really? But I've already investigated. The man who handled my grandfather's estate was someone named Carlos. That name should sound familiar to you, right?"

Caitlin had come prepared. She pulled out copies of the documents she'd collected before and slapped them down in front of Nicoletta.

Nicoletta drew a deep breath and picked up the papers. Fletcher also grabbed a few to examine.

The others crowded around to read. After a glance, they all shook their heads. Fletcher said, "Never seen this man. Who is he supposed to be?"

Nicoletta set the files down slowly and smiled. "Caitlin, we've never heard of this Carlos. You must be mistaken."

“Whether I’m mistaken or not, Hector should be the one to answer.”

Caitlin turned her eyes on Hector. “Hector, yesterday you admitted yourself that Forrest and Carlos are the same man. Am I right?”

“What?” Nicoletta looked at the old man in confusion. “When did you supposedly admit that? Caitlin, are you just making things up?”

Liliana chimed in, “Exactly. My dad was home all day yesterday. How could you have spoken to him?”

“There are plenty of ways to make contact.” Caitlin didn’t elaborate.

“You mean you secretly called my father?” Liliana pressed.

Nicoletta turned to Devin. “Did the master take her call yesterday?”

“No, madam. He didn’t receive any calls yesterday.”

“Then that’s strange.”

Nicoletta let out a mocking laugh at Caitlin. “What, do you claim to speak across miles by telepathy now?”

At that moment Hector said, “Caitlin came to the house yesterday.”

“What?”

Nicoletta gasped. Everyone stared in disbelief. No one in the household had seen Caitlin the day before. How could Hector say she’d been there?

Liliana’s eyes widened. “I get it! Yesterday you disguised yourself as the prince’s female aide. That was you!”

15:37 Wed, Oct 1

45

55. Vouchers

Caitlin gave a small smile, silently admitting it.

Liliana fumed. No wonder that aide's voice had sounded just like Caitlin's. So it really was her. She had ruined Liliana's chance with the prince!

The room went quiet. Nicoletta's face turned dark as she stared at Caitlin. "You're certainly resourceful. But let's be honest. Hector is old, he doesn't leave the house, he barely knows anything. If you pressed him, maybe he nodded and said yes, but that doesn't make it true. As far as we're concerned, we don't know Carlos."

any

The air grew heavy. On the side, even Zinnia and Tyler could feel it. The room had turned into a battlefield without gunpowder.

And the toughest opponent here wasn't Hector. It was the woman holding the reins, Nicoletta.

Yesterday Caitlin had asked Hector if Carlos and Forrest were the same man. At the time, she hadn't realized that Ignatius was Carlos, nor had she expected the answer she'd gotten. Hector's admission had been clear, but now when she brought it up, the others could easily deny *it*. But if she mentioned Ignatius, let's see how they wriggled out of that.

"You may not know Carlos, but you know Ignatius, don't you?"

Caitlin shot the name out, her sharp gaze fixed on Nicoletta.

Nicoletta's heart gave a heavy thud. She said nothing. Carson, trying to be helpful, opened his mouth. "Oh, *you* mean..."

"Shut up!" Fletcher snapped at his son, cutting him off.

Carson swallowed the words. He knew who Ignatius was, but this was no time to speak.

But someone naïve always slipped. Nicoletta's youngest son Israel was only a student, inexperienced in family matters. Seeing the beautiful Caitlin ask about Ignatius, he blurted, "Isn't Ignatius my uncle?"

"Israel!"

Liliana's eyes went wide, but it was too late.

Nicoletta felt as though a knife had stabbed her in the chest. And the one holding it was her own son.

It was her fault too. She hadn't warned him in advance, never expecting Caitlin to show up today, or that Hector would actually let her inside.

Now there was no way out. Nicoletta gave a cold snort. "That's right. Ignatius is my elder brother. So what?"

Caitlin revealed the truth, word by word. “Ignatius is Carlos. Carlos is just an alias. He also used the name Forrest. He’s been living in Departure City in V Country, managing your family’s business there. Am I wrong?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Ignatius is my brother, yes, but I’ve never heard of any Carlos. Has anyone here ever heard of him?” Nicoletta deflected, looking around the room.

15:37 Wed, Oct 1

“No”

“Never heard the name.”

“I don’t know him either.”

The answers came back in unison. None of them admitted *to* knowing Carlos.

So you won’t admit it?

Caitlin said firmly, "Fine. You claim you don't know Carlos, only Ignatius. Then call him here. I want to face him myself."

"Too bad. My brother left on a business trip yesterday. He won't be back for a couple of days," Nicoletta replied smoothly.

"Then I'll stay here in Hector's house until he returns."

⌘ This text is hosted at findnovel.net

Caitlin's attitude was relaxed, as though she had all the time in the world. Nicoletta wasn't afraid. She figured the evidence Caitlin had wasn't enough to truly corner her brother. So she ordered, "Devin, arrange a room. Take good care of our distant relative."

"Yes, madam."

Devin came to lead Caitlin away. She rose and left with Zinnia and Tyler at her side.

Once Caitlin's group was gone, the Jonathan family members broke into chatter.

“What did she really come here for? The first thing she asked about was the assets. Is she here to collect debts?”

“What’s this about her grandparents’ estate? What does that have to do with us?”

“A relative popping out of nowhere. It all sounds fishy.”

Nicoletta didn’t want to hear the chatter. She waved her hand. “Those of you with jobs or errands, get going. Stop loitering around here.”

A number of people stood and left the hall. Liliana said to her mother, “Mom, I’m going to see the prince

now.”

“Good, go quickly.”

Liliana left with her entourage. Nicoletta then called Israel over, whispered some instructions, and sent him

out too.

At last, only Nicoletta, Hector, and Fletcher remained in the hall. Nicoletta turned to the old man. “Master, why didn’t you tell me she came yesterday? What else did she say to you?”

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 675

56

65 vouchers

“Yes, Dad, something this big and you didn’t even tell the family? You just let her walk right in. Did you see how she came at us the moment she stepped through the door, demanding the assets? What kind of behavior is that?”

Fletcher slapped the back of his hand into his palm, his brows knit tightly, furious at Caitlin’s intrusion.

“I...”

Hector’s face was already ashen. Just as he opened his mouth, a savage pain tore through his body, like something gnawing inside him. His body convulsed violently.

“Dad! Dad, what’s wrong? Dad!”

Fletcher panicked at the sight.

“Master! Master!” Nicoletta rushed forward to help, but Hector slipped from the chair and collapsed, writhing on the floor.

“Master! Somebody!” Nicoletta shouted toward the door. Fletcher held his father’s upper body, trembling. “Dad! Dad...”

Through clenched teeth, Hector gasped, “Find Caitlin... antidote... antidote...”

His hand trembled in the air, his lips repeating over and over that Caitlin had the cure.

Nicoletta finally understood. She turned to Fletcher. “Are you telling me Caitlin poisoned your father? Otherwise how could he suddenly be at her mercy?”

From the way things looked, that had to be it.

“I’ll go get her right now!”

Fletcher handed his father over to Nicoletta and bolted out.

At the door, he ran into Devin and a few others. “Where did you put Caitlin?” he demanded.

“In... in the storage wing.”

Nicoletta had ordered Caitlin to stay there. It was where the servants lived, a deliberate insult to put her in such a place.

In the storage wing, Tyler had been given a separate guest room. Caitlin shared a room with Zinnia. After Devin left, the two looked around at the furnishings.

Zinnia wrinkled her nose at the bare **space**. “So much for good hospitality. This is how the Jonathan family treats a guest? The place **is** practically shabby.”

“This is Nicoletta trying to put me in my place, nothing more.”

19:13 Thu, Oct 2

Caitlin sat down, thinking through her next step. “If I’m right, they’ll be knocking in less than ten minutes.”

Sure enough, footsteps came sooner than that. The door was ajar, and Fletcher burst in. "Caitlin! Thank god I found you. My father collapsed, he's seizing, and he keeps saying you have the antidote. What's going on? Come with me, now!"

"Of course."

Caitlin rose and followed him.

Back in the main hall, she saw Nicoletta crouched on the floor, supporting the convulsing Hector. The moment Caitlin walked in, Nicoletta snapped, "Caitlin, what have you done to him? Did you poison the master? He says you have the antidote. Hand it over, now!"

Caitlin pulled out a paper packet. Fletcher snatched it from her and opened it. Inside lay a pitch-black pill that gave off a pungent, bitter odor.

"What is this? Are you sure it's an antidote?"

"Yes. Give it to Hector, and his symptoms will ease immediately." Caitlin's tone was calm.

Fletcher stared at the pill. He didn't dare give it to his father. What if it was poison meant to kill him?

"Give it... to me... now..." Hector groaned, his trembling hand reaching for the pill.

Seeing his father insist, Fletcher thought quickly. If the old man died after swallowing it, they could always blame Caitlin. That would solve many of their problems at once.

With that thought, he pressed the pill into Hector's hand.

Hector swallowed it. Moments later, the parasite in his body seemed to go numb, the tearing pain receded, and life returned to him. He sat up like a man reborn.

"The master's really fine!" Newest update provided by findnovel.net

Nicoletta's eyes filled with dread. She had no idea what kind of poison Caitlin had used to hold Hector hostage, but the thought chilled her to the bone. What if that girl used the same method against her?

Terrifying. Truly terrifying.

Hector was helped back into his chair. "Water," he croaked.

Nicoletta hurried to bring him a cup. After a drink, he exhaled deeply, his body settling back to normal.

Seeing he was stable again, Nicoletta glared at Caitlin. "What did you feed him before?"

“Nothing that would kill him. I just made sure that while I stay in the Jonathan family home, no one **dares to** harm me. If anything happens to me, there’ll be no one to save Hector.”

She wouldn’t tell them the exact details, but she wanted them to fear her. Fear her enough to think **twice**.

19:13 **Thu, Oct 2**

Nicoletta ground her teeth in rage but had no choice.

:

Hector, now clinging to Caitlin as his lifeline, spoke up. “Caitlin, you can stay in this house as long as you like For however long you need.”

“Thank you, Hector. But I did take a look at the storage wing just now. I won’t mention anything else, but *in* terms of conditions, it doesn’t match the reputation of your prestigious family. The windows are broken, ready to fall out. Is that really fit for a guest?”

Hearing she’d been placed in the storage wing, Hector’s brows drew together. “What’s this? Who put her there?”

Nicoletta couldn't admit it had been her idea. She immediately turned on Devin. "Devin, really? How could you put Caitlin in the storage wing? Were there no other rooms?"

Devin knew it was time to take the blame. He quickly bowed his head. "I'm sorry, Master, Madam. I thought since there were several of them, they'd want more space and quiet, so I arranged the storage wing. It was my mistake. I'll move them right away."

He turned to Caitlin with courtesy. Caitlin rose and followed him out.

After she was gone, Nicoletta pressed Hector. "What exactly did she poison you with?"

"I don't know. Yesterday she showed me Yun's Aromatic Codex. Before I even saw what it was, I felt a powder enter my nose. And whenever *it* flares up, the pain is unbearable. She has the antidote, that's all I know."

Hector recounted what had happened. Nicoletta barely cared about his health. Instead she gasped, "She brought Yun's Aromatic Codex with her?"

Hector nodded. Nicoletta and Fletcher exchanged a look. Both understood instantly.

The Codex they had searched for endlessly, now sitting right in Caitlin's hands.

She'd delivered it straight to their doorstep.

And they would not let her walk away unscathed.

AD

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Chapter 676

35

Right now the most urgent matter was to rid Hector of the poison in his body. Nicoletta couldn't allow Caitlin to hold that over them, or the family would be at a dangerous disadvantage.

“Bring the private doctor in, have him examine Hector, find out what this really is.”

“Alright, I'll contact him immediately.”

Meanwhile, after the scare just now, Devin dared not slack anymore. He moved Caitlin to Moonstone Court, the residence meant for honored guests. The suites there were far more comfortable than the storage wing.

Caitlin, Zinnia, and Tyler were each given separate rooms. Having successfully entered the Jonathan family's inner circle, Caitlin no longer rushed. She could bide her time, waiting for the right opening.

The family doctor soon arrived at the estate. Nicoletta directed him to examine the old man.

After a thorough check, Nicoletta asked, "Travis, how is he?"

"Madam, I just examined the master and found nothing unusual. Could you describe the symptoms more specifically?" Travis put away his stethoscope.

"Nothing unusual? He was convulsing all over, suffering unbearable pain. He must have been poisoned. How can you not see it?" Nicoletta demanded, her tone sharp.

"I'm sorry, but from the presentation, there's no clear diagnosis. I'll draw a blood sample and analyze it back at my lab. Once the results are ready, I'll inform you."

"...Fine."

The doctor took a blood sample and left.

Once the old man fell asleep, Nicoletta paced the room. “What is going on? He’s in agony when it flares, yet the doctor can’t detect anything. What kind of trick is Caitlin using?”

As she mulled over the mystery, Fletcher’s mind was far from focused—still clouded by Caitlin’s alluring figure.

“I’m talking *to* you. Why aren’t you answering?” Nicoletta snapped, tapping him with her handkerchief,

Catching the faint fragrance, Fletcher misread her intention. Thinking she was teasing him, he seized her from behind when no one else was around.

Nicoletta froze in alarm and struggled. “Stop! Not here!”

Her eyes warned him—this was Hector’s suite, how could he lose control now?

But Fletcher was already overcome by lust, unwilling to think of anything else. Nicoletta **resisted** halfheartedly, but soon the two were tangled in the study attached to **Hector’s** chambers.

19:13 Thu, Oct 2

59 vesicher

At that exact moment, a maid named Uzma came in with freshly folded clothes. She stopped dead at the sight, dropping the garments to the floor before fleeing in terror.

Nicoletta and Fletcher jumped apart, panic-stricken. If word spread, they'd be ruined. Nicoletta hissed, "Don't you dare let that little tramp talk!"

"I know!"

Fletcher straightened his clothes and rushed out after Uzma.

The commotion woke Hector in the adjoining room. "Nicoletta? What's going on out there?"

Nicoletta smoothed her hair, went in quickly, and said, "It's just me calling Liliana."

"How's Liliana doing? Has she met the prince yet?"

"Almost. It should be soon."

Her eyes flickered guiltily, but thankfully the old man hadn't heard anything unusual.

Meanwhile, Liliana had already arrived at the prince's residence in the family's car. She sent her attendants to announce her visit.

But the attendants returned quickly. "Miss Liliana, His Highness isn't in."

"He's not? Where did he go?"

"His people said he's attending a summit with the head of state today. He left already."

"A summit?"

Liliana frowned. Was this just an excuse? Her aide added, "His Highness gave specific instructions that you shouldn't wait. He won't be free at noon or in the evening."

Liliana's face darkened. Of course—it had to be Caitlin poisoning the prince's ear. Otherwise why would he suddenly cancel? He'd been interested, he'd even agreed to a date. And now this? It had to be Caitlin's doing.

Seething, Liliana stomped her foot. "Take me back!"

Back at the Jonathan estate gardens, Caitlin wandered leisurely, studying the grounds and their scale. She reached the pond in the rear garden, where a trellis heavy with vines framed the water. The view was lovely. Caitlin headed toward it, but as she rounded the corner, she noticed movement behind the trees.

She froze and motioned for Zinnia and Tyler to stop as well.

Zinnia followed Caitlin's gaze curiously. She too saw the rustling branches, and faintly, a woman's **soft cry**.

"Should we go around another way?" Zinnia whispered. The sounds suggested a **secret rendezvous**. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Find1Novel.net

"No. Let's enjoy the show."

220

Caitlin crouched, hiding herself, phone in hand, recording instinctively. She wanted more leserage-evidence of the Jonathan family's dirty secrets.

If it was just two servants sneaking around, catching them red-handed **might** be a perfect way to squeeze o hidden truths.

Tyler flushed and quietly excused himself, unwilling to spy. Zinnia stayed by Caitlin's side.

The muffled cries stopped suddenly, the branches no longer moved. Zinnia guessed they **must** have finished. Caitlin kept the camera steady, waiting for whoever it was to emerge.

But then, shock—there was a loud splash.

They saw a woman in brown shoved into the pond.

Zinnia gasped, nearly standing up, but Caitlin pulled her down.

Through the lens, they watched. A large hand had pushed the woman in. She didn't even struggle—she must have already been dead. Within moments, the body sank beneath the surface.

And then Caitlin's camera caught the figure walking away. Both she and Zinnia were stunned by who it was.

“What do we do? Should we check?” Zinnia whispered, forcing herself calm.

“No. If we *go*, we'll look like the killers. Leave it.”

Caitlin dragged her *away* quickly. If the victim had been alive, they would have saved her. But she was already dead, and stepping in now would only paint them as suspects.

The body would be discovered sooner or later. Best *to* stay out of it.

Just as they reached Moonstone Court's entrance, a sharp voice called out behind them.

"Caitlin! Stop right there!"

AD

Comment

Send gift

No Ads