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Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

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Fallon stepped forward first, holding up a report. “This is the toxicology analysis of my mother’s daily medicine. It shows traces of a drug called omeprazole. Prolonged use of it leads to muscle weakness and paralysis.”

Nicoletta gave a cold laugh. “And what does that have to do with me? You’re the one who got her prescription filled, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I did,” Fallon said steadily. “I went to the pharmacy with Dr. Travis’s prescription. But later, someone added omeprazole to the mix. The dosage was small enough to go unnoticed. My mother was slowly poisoned, developing megaloblastic anemia, which eventually caused her paralysis. I have the pathology report right here.”

She handed another document to Hector. His brows furrowed tightly as he read.

He turned toward Nicoletta. “Was this your doing?”

Nicoletta grabbed his arm in panic. “Of course not! Hector, you’ve known me for years—you know my character. Everything I’ve done has been for you and for this family. Why would I harm Delilah? When she got sick, I pitied her! I’d never do something so cruel.”

Hector still trusted her more than anyone. After a long silence, he asked quietly, “Fallon, could there be some mistake in all this?”

“Father, please don’t be fooled,” Fallon said firmly. “There’s no mistake. I have a witness who can prove it.”

At her signal, the servants brought May into the hall.

When Nicoletta saw the maid, her expression hardened, but she quickly composed herself, standing straight, every inch the dignified matriarch.

May entered, head lowered, trembling, too afraid to meet anyone’s gaze.

Fallon pointed to her. “May, tell the truth. Why did you add omeprazole to my mother’s medicine? Who told you to do it?”

“May’s just a servant girl who makes decoctions,” Nicoletta cut in smoothly. “She doesn’t know what she’s saying.”

But May’s shaking grew worse.

“Speak,” Fallon urged. “Tell everyone what you know. No one here will harm you.”

After a long moment, May stammered, “It was Madam Nicoletta. She told me to add omeprazole powder to Mrs. Delilah’s supplements. Just a little each time so no one would notice...”

The room erupted.

“What?” Matthew stood up, his face red with fury. “Nicoletta, why would you do that to my mother?”

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“I didn’t!” Nicoletta shouted back. “Don’t believe the lies of a servant. You all know how devoted I’ve been—to this family, to your mother. Can’t you see that?”

She turned on May, her tone sharp and commanding. “Who bribed you to say this? Who told you to slander me?”

“I wasn’t bribed!” May cried. “I have proof. This is the bottle she gave me.”

She pulled a small vial from her pocket. Fallon took it and passed it to Hector. He turned it over in his hand, his face unreadable.

“Ridiculous!” Nicoletta snapped. “I’ve never seen that before in my life.”

“Fine,” Fallon said coldly. “If you won’t believe her, maybe the next witness will change your mind.”

Everyone turned toward the doors. A moment later, Dr. Warren—the family’s long-time physician—was escorted in by two men Sebastian had sent.

The moment Nicoletta saw him, her stomach clenched.

Warren greeted Hector and the others, then, at Fallon’s prompt, began to speak. “I’m sorry. I let greed get the better of me. I falsified Delilah’s medical records.”

Hector’s voice trembled. “You mean she wasn’t sick? You deliberately diagnosed her with bone disease?”

Warren nodded, his face ashen. “It was Nicoletta who told me to do it. She threatened me—I had no choice.”

“Lies!” Nicoletta barked. “Pure slander! When did I ever give such an order?”

“I have the original medical report,” Warren said, handing it to Hector. “It proves Delilah was healthy. And I also have an audio recording.”

He played the file. Nicoletta's voice filled the room, cold and unmistakable.

"Travis, during Delilah's examination, make sure she never walks again."

"That's not right, Madam. The Jonathan Family has treated me well. I can't do this."

"You'd better reconsider. Help me, and you'll be rewarded. Refuse, and you won't live to see another sunrise." Original content can be found at Find1Novel.net

The recording ended.

The silence afterward was suffocating.

Then—"Bang!" Hector slammed the report onto the table, his fury erupting. "How could you?"

"Hector..." Nicoletta's voice broke. She fell to her knees with a thud. "I was wrong! I'm sorry! Please forgive me -for the sake of everything I've done for this family."

"Forgive you?" Fallon snapped. "You crippled my mother for decades!"

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“After everything we believed in you...” Matthew spat. “You’re a venomous woman!”

The others murmured in outrage.

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Liliana rushed forward to defend her mother. “No! It’s not true! There has to be a mistake. My mother would never do such a thing! It’s Caitlin—she’s manipulating you! You’re all working together against us!”

Caitlin arched a brow. “Your mother’s sins have nothing to do with me.”

“Hector,” Nicoletta sobbed, clutching at his leg, “for the sake of our children—Liliana and Israel—give me one more chance. I’ll make it right.”

Caitlin’s eyes flicked toward her. “Liliana and Israel,” she said softly. “Are they really yours and Hector’s?”

The room froze.

Hector's frown deepened. "What do you mean?"

"Caitlin, you shut your mouth!" Nicoletta screamed. "This has nothing to do with you!"

But Hector had already turned toward Caitlin. "Say it. What do you know?"

Caitlin rose, her gaze sweeping over the stunned faces in the room. "According to what I found, Lilitana was obsessed with cosmetic surgery. A few months ago, she went to K Country for a procedure—and died on the operating table."

Gasps rippled through the hall.

Lilitana's face went white, then red with rage. "You liar! You think this is funny? I'm standing right here, alive and well, and you curse me dead? What's your game?"

Caitlin's eyes locked on hers, sharp as glass. She stepped closer, each word colder than the last. "You really don't get it, do you? Why don't you tell them the truth yourself... or should I do it for you?"

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Liliana's eyes bulged with rage, but not a sound came out of her throat. Caitlin gave a short, cold laugh. "Then I'll say it for you. Liliana has always been Hector's precious jewel-bright, capable, the pride of the Jonathan Family. Everyone here knows how much he doted on her. And Nicoletta... she relied on that affection for her daughter and son to keep her position in this house. So tell me, how could a mother like her bear to let her beloved daughter die so suddenly?"

By now, Nicoletta's face had turned ashen. Her hands trembled violently, lips moving soundlessly as she muttered again and again, "Don't listen to her lies... don't listen to her..."

Matthew looked at Liliana and frowned. “Caitlin, you said Liliana died, but she’s standing right here in front

of us.”

“Let me finish,” Caitlin said evenly. “When the real Liliana died on the operating table, Nicoletta panicked. But then she realized something—she couldn’t afford to lose her daughter. Without her, she’d lose Hector’s love and her grip on the Jonathan Family. So she made sure her daughter lived again, even if it meant creating an imposter.”

“Caitlin, shut up!” Liliana cried. “I am Liliana! Stop spouting this madness!”

“Madness?” Caitlin’s gaze sliced through the room like a blade. “When her daughter died, Nicoletta didn’t report it to the family. Instead, she called her brother Ignatius to handle it.

“Fate must have been cruelly ironic that day, because in that same hospital in K Country, there was another young woman undergoing cosmetic surgery. Ignatius learned about her, and together he and Nicoletta devised a plan—to make that woman replace Liliana.”

Caitlin’s tone grew colder. “The surgery was a success. A few months later, the ‘new’ Liliana returned home. She looked a little different, but the resemblance was uncanny. No one questioned it. But when I arrived here for the perfumery competition and saw you for the first time outside the hotel, I knew something wasn’t right.

“The real Liliana was kind *to me*. You, however, were openly hostile, hateful even. And that hatred told me exactly who you are. You’re not Liliana. You’re Jasmine—the woman who once despised me to her very core.”

Caitlin's revelation hit like a thunderclap.

Liliana—or rather, Jasmine—stumbled back a step, gasping, her breath catching in her throat.

The room fell into a dead, suffocating silence. Every eye turned toward her pale, terrified face. She could feel the blood draining from her body, her lungs tightening until she could hardly breathe.

What should she do? What could she do?

She had worked so hard to erase her past, to live as Liliana—the adored princess of the Jonathan Family, destined to marry into royalty.

And now Caitlin had torn it all apart.

“No! I don't know any Jasmine! I am Liliana! I am!” she cried hysterically. “You all know me! Don't listen to

her lies!”

Caitlin's reply was razor sharp. “A simple DNA test between you and Hector will tell the truth.” IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT find~novel~net

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That struck the final blow. Jasmine's composure crumbled; tears spilled down her cheeks as she turned desperately toward Nicoletta for help. But Nicoletta could barely protect herself now.

The hall buzzed with shock and disbelief. Hector's face went rigid as stone. The realization that his beloved daughter might be gone—that the woman before him was a stranger—was too much to bear,

He lunged forward and gripped Nicoletta's chin hard. "Tell me the truth! Is what Caitlin said real? Is my daughter dead? Is this woman an imposter?"

"No, Hector—no!" Nicoletta sobbed. "She's your daughter! She is! Don't listen to that woman trying to divide

us!"

Hector's eyes filled with fury and betrayal. For years he had trusted her, given her power, let her run his family and his estate. And she had repaid him with deceit upon deceit—poisoning his wife, replacing his child.

Caitlin stepped forward, her voice calm but cutting. "Hector, I have proof. These are records from a hospital in K Country confirming Liliana's death, with photos. The body was cremated, and her ashes are still stored there. See for yourself."

She handed over a thick folder compiled by the Obsidian Order's intelligence division.

The documents passed from hand to trembling hand until they reached Hector. He put on his glasses, read, and then roared with anguish.

With a furious kick, he sent Nicoletta sprawling to the floor.

"Master-please..." Nicoletta sobbed, but even her tears couldn't save her now.

"Oh my God," someone whispered. "She's not Liliana at all!"

"We've all been fooled!"

"They plotted this together the whole time!"

The murmurs swelled, filling the room with disbelief, Jasmine felt the walls closing in around her. The moment her secret was out, she was no longer anyone-just an imposter in a borrowed life.

"My Liliana... my sweet girl..." Hector's voice cracked. "She's gone... my Liliana..."

As he grieved, Caitlin spoke again, her tone icy. “Don’t grieve too much, Hector. The Lilia you cherished wasn’t your real daughter to begin with.”

“What?” Hector froze mid-breath.

Even Fallon was stunned. “Caitlin, what are you saying? What do you mean?”

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She had known about Nicoletta’s lies and her mother’s poisoning—but this? This was something else entirely.

“No! Don’t say it! Don’t you dare!” Nicoletta shrieked, scrambling to her feet, her voice hoarse with panic. “You already have the codex! What more do you want? You swore to keep your word—why break it now?”

Caitlin tilted her head slightly. “And what exactly did I promise you?”

Nicoletta’s mouth opened, but no words came.

Caitlin’s expression hardened. She had come for justice—for her grandfather’s bloodline, for the family Nicoletta and Ignatius had destroyed.

If not for Nicoletta’s manipulations and Ignatius’s greed, the Jonathan massacre would never have happened.

Hector’s fury exploded again. He slammed his palm on the table. “Speak, Caitlin! Tell me everything you

know!”

His pride burned with humiliation. A lifetime of control, undone by one woman’s deceit.

Caitlin nodded slowly. “All right. But you’d better brace yourself.”

“Enough!” Nicoletta screamed, lunging forward. “I’ll kill you before you say another word!”

She tried to grab Caitlin, but Caitlin sidestepped smoothly. Zinnia was quicker—she caught Nicoletta’s wrist, twisting hard until the woman gasped in pain.

“Let go of me! Let me go!” Nicoletta cried, thrashing wildly.

Zinnia held firm.

Caitlin’s voice cut through the chaos, sharp and merciless. “If you had the courage to do all this, why are you afraid of the truth? Go on, Nicoletta—dare you claim those two children you call your own are really Hector’s?”

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Nicoletta just kept crying, unable to speak another word. Then her son, Israel, suddenly stepped forward. “Even if my sister died and someone impersonated her, I’m still a Jonathan! I’m my father’s son, that’s for

sure!”

Caitlin’s voice was calm but cold. “You might be a member of the Jonathan Family, but whether you’re Hector’s son... that’s another matter entirely.”

Hector’s face hardened, his expression dark and thunderous. The wrinkles on his aged face seemed to deepen with every passing second. “Go on,” he said grimly. “I want to know the truth. Whose children are they?”

He had never once doubted Liliana and Israel. Twenty years ago, he had been in his early fifties, still strong and healthy. Both children even bore some resemblance to him—or so he had believed.

Caitlin turned to Nicoletta. “Before you became Hector’s secretary, you were involved with Fletcher. Fletcher was already married with children, so he couldn’t marry you. Instead, he arranged for you to work by Hector’s side. You used your charm to seduce Hector and gained his trust.

“When you told him you were pregnant, he thought the child was his and was overjoyed. He defied the family’s opposition and brought you into the Jonathan household. But what he didn’t know was that the two children you bore were actually Fletcher’s.”

As Caitlin’s words landed, the color drained from Hector’s face until he looked almost sickly green.

Israel was the first to shout, “No! That’s impossible! I’m my father’s son!”

But the most horrified faces belonged to Fletcher’s wife and children.

Blythe’s voice shook with outrage. “Lies! All lies! My husband would never do such a thing! Stop trying to stir up trouble!”

Carson’s expression was just as stricken. “Caitlin, you must be mistaken. My father is an honorable man—he’d never do something like that!”

Even Matthew and Fallon were speechless. Fallon stared, stunned. “Fletcher... it can’t be true.”

“I know it’s hard to believe,” Caitlin said evenly. “They hid it well. But no secret lasts forever. They were having an affair right here in the mansion. Uzma happened to catch them together. To cover his shame, Fletcher silenced her—permanently.”

A wave of gasps rippled through the hall.

“So Uzma died because of this?”

“It really was Fletcher who killed her?”

“My God... how could this happen?”

The family’s world collapsed. The puzzle pieces—the murder, the affair, the fake daughter—all snapped together into a horrifying picture.

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Caitlin continued, her tone sharp as a knife. “Hector, you trusted her blindly, but you never knew what she was really planning. Every bit of effort she made for this family was for herself. Every favor she did for Fletcher was for her lover.

“When you were asleep, when you were unaware, she and Fletcher were plotting your downfall. They planned to take control of the Jonathan estate once you were gone. And there’s more—you have no idea how many of your assets Nicoletta has secretly transferred out of your name.”

“You... you...” Hector’s chest heaved. He pointed at Nicoletta, trembling so violently he could hardly speak. He looked moments away from collapsing.

He had built his life’s legacy only to see it turn into filth before his eyes.

“No, Hector, no! Don’t believe her! None of this is true!” Nicoletta sobbed, desperate, her voice cracking.

But Caitlin didn’t even look at her. She reached into her bag and pulled out a small envelope. “Still want to deny it? These are photographs—proof of their affair outside the Jonathan estate. Try explaining this.”

The pictures circulated through the crowd, one by one.

When Blythe saw them, her world shattered. The husband she had defended, the life she had believed in—it was *all* a lie.

Her eyes blazed with fury. “You disgusting, shameless witch!”

She lunged at Nicoletta, grabbing a fistful of her hair and striking her across the face.

Blythe’s daughter joined in, clawing and hitting.

Zinnia, who had been restraining Nicoletta, stepped back, letting the chaos unfold. No one moved to stop it.

Because this—this was the Jonathan Family’s ultimate disgrace.

Nicoletta screamed as her hair was torn from her scalp, blood streaking her face. “Ah—stop—please stop-!”

“Liliana! Liliana, help me!” she cried to her fake daughter.

But Jasmine, no longer protected by her stolen name, only stared in horror. She backed away, step by step, until she reached the doorway, intent on fleeing.

“Don’t let the imposter run!” Fallon shouted.

Matthew and Carson darted forward, seizing Jasmine by the arms before she could escape.

“Why?” Jasmine cried, sobbing hysterically as she struggled. “Why are you doing this to me, Caitlin? You’re

cruel! You’re evil!”

Caitlin’s eyes were cold. “I warned you before—don’t covet what isn’t yours. Without that mask, you’re nothing.”

Matthew signaled the servants. “Take her away.”

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They dragged the imposter out as Blythe and her daughter finally stepped back, exhausted. Nicoletta was a wreck—her face swollen, her nose and mouth bleeding, her clothes torn.

At that moment, the doors opened again.

Someone was being wheeled inside.

Fallon turned, her voice softening. “Mom’s here.”

“Delilah’s here!”

“Mother!”

“Grandmother!”

The family rushed to greet her. Hector, hearing her name, lifted his head weakly.

Fallon pushed Delilah into the hall, stopping right in front of Nicoletta.

Delilah stared down at the beaten woman, her eyes sharp with decades of pent-up fury. She spat at her. “You deserve every bit of this, you venomous snake! If not for you, I wouldn’t have spent half my life in a wheelchair!”

“Delilah—please—I know I was wrong!” Nicoletta whimpered, clutching at her hand. “Please forgive me! Save

me!”

Delilah jerked her hand away with disgust. “Save you? I’d rather live long enough to watch you rot in prison.”

Fallon wheeled her mother to Hector’s side. The old man looked up, his expression softening with guilt and

sorrow.

“Delilah...” he said hoarsely.

Tears welled in her eyes. “Hector...”

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, gripping her trembling hand. “I’m so sorry for everything I put you through.”

She shook her head, her own tears falling. After all these years, it was clear—only Delilah had ever truly loved

him.

With her return, the balance of the Jonathan Family shifted. Nicoletta's reign was over. Delilah, the rightful wife, was once again the true mistress of the house.

"Take that vile woman away!" Delilah ordered, her voice steady. "Let her face the punishment she deserves. Turn her over to the police. Let her spend the rest of her life behind bars."

Hector said nothing, but his silence was permission enough.

The servants came forward, bound Nicoletta's wrists, and dragged her away.

When order finally returned to the hall, Delilah turned to Caitlin. "Caitlin, thank you. If you hadn't come, I The source of this content is Find-Novel.net

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Cailin dreit her brandighi hiir twill" Aly-you've done it family a great service. The rid of mumm

Hector nodded in silence. She'd rightly said, you've earned our gratitude. Tell me what do you want in

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Since Hector had asked if she had any requests, Caitlin saw no reason to hold back

"I have ten," she said calmly.

"Go ahead," Hector replied.

First, I want every asset that once belonged to my grandfather's family returned. Anything handled through Carlos or Ignatius must be restored in full."

Hector thought for a few seconds, then nodded. "All right. I agree

"Second," Caitlin continued, her tone steady but sharp, "you're coming back to the US with me—to kneel and apologize in front of my grandparents' graves"

The room went utterly silent. Even Hector froze, the words weighing heavily in the air.

Delilah was the first to speak. “Hector, why? Caitlin’s grandfather was your brother, wasn’t he? You share the

same blood!”

A sigh escaped Hector, heavy with remorse. The old man’s eyes filled with tears. “Caitlin... I’m sorry. You deserve the truth. I never agreed with what was done. I may be an illegitimate son, unacknowledged by my father, and yes, I left the US with my mother full of resentment. But revenge was never what I wanted.”

He paused, voice trembling. “It was Nicoletta who told me about the codex. She promised she could get it and help me find the elixir of life. I believed her. I signed a power of attorney, giving Ignatius full control over the

matter.

“I had no idea that he and Nicoletta would join forces with the Yuncey Family and massacre Walter’s entire household in their hunt for the codex. They only found the second half–no one knew where the first half was. Afterward, Ignatius–under the alias Carlos–used my authorization to seize control of all their assets.

“When they returned, I finally learned the truth. From that day on, I’ve never known peace. I dream of my brother, drenched in blood, asking me why I betrayed him. I didn’t kill him, but it was my blind faith that led

to his death.

“I knew there was no undoing what had been done. I feared one day someone would uncover it, so I told Ignatius to hide within the Yuncey Family under a false name. I thought that if anyone ever came asking, he could contain it before it reached me. But in the end... you still found us.”

Caitlin listened without interrupting, her expression unreadable. Now she finally understood everything—the full chain of guilt. Hector had not been the mastermind. The real culprits were Nicoletta and her brother, Ignatius. They had used Hector’s trust and his signature to carry out their crimes, leaving him to bear the stain of their actions.

“I see” Caitlin said at last. “Even if you didn’t wield the knife yourself, it was your name that empowered them. My grandparents’ blood was spilled because of your silence. You raised the wolves that devoured them. You will still come with me to the US and atone before their graves. Only then can this debt be settled.”

Caitlin’s sense of justice was absolute. Those who killed would pay with their lives; those who enabled it would

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bow in repentance.

Hector nodded, tears streaking down his worn face. “You’re right. I’ll go with you.”

The Jonathan Family had been shaken to its core. Fletcher was under arrest, Nicoletta had been taken away, and Hector handed control of the estate to his second son.

“Father, I’ll take care of everything.” Matthew said firmly.

He began preparing the legal transfer of properties, working alongside Caitlin to arrange restitution through

TIG.

While the Jonathan Family’s internal chaos settled, another storm raged outside.

Sebastian had mobilized the Obsidian Order to dismantle the Seventh Door entirely. The Order’s operatives clashed fiercely with the remnants of the Silent Order. After a long and bloody struggle, the Obsidian Order prevailed. Losses were minimal—their goal was not destruction, but capture.

Their target: Ignatius.

The man Nicoletta had introduced as Ignatius within the Jonathan estate had been a decoy. Once Caitlin exposed the deception, Nicoletta secretly sent a signal to warn her real brother to flee.

Inside the Seventh Door’s headquarters, Ignatius received the alert. Realizing his network was collapsing, he immediately prepared to escape. He was a master of survival—capable of assuming new identities and vanishing without a trace.

But this time, his luck failed him.

A subordinate burst in, breathless. “Sir, the tunnels are sealed! Guards at every exit—we can’t get through!”

Ignatius’s jaw clenched. He disguised himself as a tourist, blending into the frightened crowd as the Obsidian Order **swept** the building.

When Sebastian and his men stormed the Seventh Door, Sable and Xian–Dustin’s key lieutenants–were captured, and the entire Silent Order fell.

Civilians huddled together in terror as soldiers searched every corridor.

“Boss, we can’t find him anywhere!” one agent reported.

“**Same** here!” another shouted.

“We’ve checked every room–nothing!”

“The tunnels and main gate are under lockdown. Where could that rat be hiding?”

Sebastian's brows knitted. His dark eyes scanned the restless crowd. "Fine. When we start releasing people, check every identity. No one leaves without verification."

"Yes, sir!"

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He knew how cunning Ignatius was. That man could vanish in plain sight—but eventually, they'd find him.

Tyler lifted a megaphone and addressed the crowd. "Everyone, stay calm! We'll begin releasing people shortly. Please line up in an orderly fashion. No one will be harmed."

A ripple of relief passed through the tourists. They began to queue, waiting for their turn.

Tyler added, "We're looking for the leader of the Seventh Door, Ignatius. Anyone who provides information leading to his capture will receive a reward of five million dollars."

He tossed a black briefcase onto a nearby gambling table. It popped open, revealing stacks of crisp, unmarked cash.

The sight drew a murmur of greed through the room. A few people exchanged glances, tempted.

Ignatius crouched among them, head down, peering between legs at the armed men surrounding the exits. The Obsidian Order had completely taken control, using even bounty money to smoke him out.

His attempt to contact Nicoletta had failed—she was already in custody, cut off from the outside world.

Everything was falling apart.

He had no allies left. No way out.

All he could do was wait for the crowd to start moving, hoping to slip out unnoticed.

If he could just get past the doors, he could disappear again—flee the country, rebuild elsewhere. He had stashed away enough offshore wealth to start over a dozen times.

Finally, the line began to move. One by one, identities were checked, and tourists were cleared to leave.

Ignatius's disguise was flawless. His forged documents could fool any scanner. He passed inspection easily.

He exhaled quietly, his heart pounding. Just a few more steps.

He followed the flow toward the exit—freedom within reach.

And then, a voice rang out from behind him.

“I’ll do it!” someone shouted, “I know who Ignatius is! If I turn him in, do I get the reward?”

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The moment Ignatius heard the voice shouting behind him, his scalp went numb. Panic surged through him, and he instinctively quickened his pace toward the exit.

“That’s right! Turn him in, and the reward is all yours!” Tyler shouted to the man who had spoken up.

The man pointed straight toward the door of the Seventh Door. “It’s him! That old man in the black coat- he’s Ignatius!”

Everyone turned in unison. Ignatius realized, in that instant, that his own subordinate had betrayed him. He broke into a sprint, shoving through the crowd, desperate to escape.

“Stop him!” Tyler roared, charging after him as the others followed.

Tourists screamed and stumbled, falling over one another. Ignatius didn’t hesitate to trample anyone in his way, clawing for survival as chaos erupted.

Tyler and Vaughn forced their way through the bodies, chasing him toward the front entrance.

“Stop, or we’ll shoot!” Tyler bellowed.

Ignatius didn’t slow.

A gunshot cracked through the air. “Bang!”

The bullet missed, but the sound froze him for half a heartbeat. He dove into a car, fumbling for the keys, desperate to flee. But before he could start the engine, the Obsidian Order surrounded him—guns drawn, a dozen barrels aimed at his head.

Sebastian stepped out from the building, his coat still smelling faintly of gunpowder. He walked straight to the car. “Get him out of there.”

The operatives yanked Ignatius from the vehicle and shoved him to his knees before Sebastian. Tyler reached out, grabbed his head—and ripped away a gray wig. Beneath it, he tore off a thin silicone mask.

The old, familiar face beneath was unmistakable.

The same face Sebastian had seen once before at the Yuncey estate.

Ignatius.

“At **last**,” Sebastian said coldly. “We’ve got you, you old fox.”

He motioned to his men. “Take him away.”

As Ignatius was dragged off in chains, Sebastian ordered cars to be prepared. "We're not done yet," he said. "There's still one old man left to deal with—Dustin."

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Back at the Jonathan Family estate, Caitlin asked to see Jasmine one last time before she left.

They met in a quiet room Jasmine sat on the floor, wrists bound, her once-immaculate hair now disheveled. When she saw Caitlin enter, she broke down completely, sobbing.

"It's all your fault!" she cried. "You did this to me! You ruined me!"

Her voice was raw, filled with hatred.

"How can you blame me?" Caitlin replied, calm as ever. "If you hadn't gone against me, I'd never have suspected you. You could have kept living as the Jonathan heiress. Whether as Hector's daughter or Fletcher's, you'd still have had Jonathan blood in your veins, and no one would have questioned you. But you couldn't help yourself—you picked a fight. You made your own ruin."

“You came to laugh at me, didn’t you?” Jasmine spat through her tears. “Are you happy now? Are you satisfied? I’ve lost everything—everything!” Get full chapters from

Caitlin looked at her for a long moment, then said quietly, “You still have your looks. If you can truly repent and let go of your greed, you can start again. You could still build a new life, somewhere else.”

Jasmine gave a bitter laugh. “Start again? Do you think it’s that easy?”

She had become Liliana. Her face was no longer her own. Even if she wanted to start over, who would she be now? With her true identity exposed, she was nothing.

“The choice is yours,” Caitlin said. “But let me tell you something. The things you chased after—power, wealth, status—they were never truly yours. You gave up love and family for illusions. And now, you’ve lost both. Do you even know what’s become of your real family since you left the US?”

Jasmine blinked, confused. “What do you mean?”

“Your brother’s in prison,” Caitlin said evenly. “And your mother... she’s dead.”

“What?” Jasmine’s voice cracked. “No.... that’s not true!”

“It’s true,” Caitlin replied. “She died trying to save her son. She kidnapped my daughter, fell from the fifth floor, and didn’t survive.”

Jasmine collapsed to her knees, clutching her head, crying uncontrollably. “Mother... no...

She had thought **that** if all else failed, she could return home, find her family, start over. But now—there was nothing left.

“I heard from Hector, Caitlin went on. “They’re charging you with fraud. You won’t be staying here at the Jonathan estate. Whatever happens next is up to you.”

Having said her piece, Caitlin turned toward the door.

“Caitlin!” Jasmine cried out desperately, her voice breaking. “I’m sorry! Please... forgive me! Please, don’t let them send me to prison! I don’t want to go to jail! I’ll do anything—please, take me back with you! Let me go home! I just want to see my mother one last time...”

Caitlin stopped in the doorway, her back still to her.

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“A simple ‘sorry doesn’t erase the pain you caused,” she said quietly. “And I don’t forgive people who tried to destroy me. As for going home—when you’ve served your sentence and learned to live as a decent human being, maybe then you can.”

She took a deep breath, then walked out, never looking back.

From that moment on, the feud between them was finished.

Whatever became of Jasmine—life or death—no longer concerned her.

Later that afternoon, Caitlin prepared to leave the Jonathan estate. The family gathered to see her off. She and Hector had already agreed on her return once the restitution was complete. She would travel with Matthew to Thompson Global Ventures to finalize the recovery of the stolen assets.

On the drive there, Caitlin received a message from Magnus—a simple one letting her know he had arrived safely back in Sanctis, A Country.

When Magnus returned home, his first stop was his mother’s residence. He spoke briefly with her about his trip to D Country before going to see his father.

Leif VI had been waiting anxiously for days. When his son entered, his eyes lit up. “Well? How did it go?”

“Everything went smoothly, Father,” Magnus said.

He dismissed the attendants and guards, then sat beside his father. "I met Caitlin."

Leif VI hesitated. "Does she know...?"

"Not yet," Magnus answered. "I didn't tell her."

Leif VI nodded slowly. Magnus continued, recounting all that had happened in D Country. When he finished, Leif's expression turned grave. "That girl is surrounded by danger."

"Don't worry," Magnus reassured him. "I left people behind to watch over her. She'll be safe. Caitlin is stronger and wiser than you think."

He reached into his coat and took out a small transparent bag. Inside was a strand of dark hair. "This," he said, "is the most important thing I brought back. It's hers. If you give me some of your hair or nails, I can have a test done"

Leif VI's hands trembled slightly, but he nodded. "All right."

Magnus carefully clipped a few of his father's nails, sealed them in the same bag, then clasped his hand.

"Father," he said with quiet conviction, "wait for my good news."

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

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Magnus was on his way out of the royal palace, carrying two sealed envelopes, when a familiar voice called out from behind him.

“Magms! You’re back!”

He turned slightly. “Yes.” His tone was polite but distant.

The speaker was Pamela, a poised young woman dressed in an elegant cream suit. She was the niece of Queen Heather—Magnus’s mother—and, more importantly, the woman Heather intended for him to marry.

But Magnus had no interest in Pamela. He had no interest in any arranged marriage.

“Tonight there’s a performance at the National Opera House,” Pamela said brightly. “I have two VIP tickets. I was hoping you might come with me?”

“Sorry.” Magnus replied without hesitation. “I just got back, and I have state matters to attend to. Invite someone else.”

Without another word, he walked past her, heading toward the palace gates.

Pamela’s smile froze, and as he disappeared down the corridor, she stamped her heel in frustration.

Why did he always reject her?

Pamela was one of Queen Heather’s favorites. She had unrestricted access to the palace and used every opportunity to approach Magnus. But no matter what she did, he remained as cold as ever, giving her nothing to work with.

With no better option, she went straight to her aunt.

When she told Heather what had happened, the queen only smiled. “That’s not such a big deal. He just returned home and has a lot on his plate. Try again another day.”

“Aunt Heather,” Pamela said quietly, “I think Magnus doesn’t like me at all. He’s so distant. But he went abroad for that woman who saved his life. I’m afraid...”

She trailed off, biting her lip.

Heather’s expression darkened. She knew the woman Pamela referred to—Esme. The name had reached her ears more than once,

“What are you afraid of?” Heather **said**. “Magnus’s marriage will be decided by me. He’ll marry whoever I say he will. He’s always been obedient. You’re both still young. Be patient—and clever. You must learn to create your own chances. I did the same when I became queen.”

Pamela blinked. “You did?”

Heather’s gaze grew distant, her tone soft but calculating. “When I was your age, your uncle—Prince Leif—

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had no interest in me. He’d fallen for a woman from the US, a beautiful one. He wanted to give up his claim to the throne and elope with her.”

Pamela's eyes widened slightly, but Heather continued without emotion.

"If that had happened, there would be no Queen Heather today. So my brother Maxwell and I took action. We separated them before they could leave the country. In the end, Leif married me, and I became queen. Remember, Pamela—happiness must be taken by wit and timing. If you sit and wait for it, it will never come"

Pamela's expression hardened with new resolve. "I understand. I won't give up."

"Good girl." Heather said, patting her hand.

Pamela left the queen's chambers with her head held high, already planning her next move. She would create opportunities to be near Magnus, no matter what it took.

Magnus, unaware of the conversation, had already left the palace. Accompanied by his guards, he arranged to have the collected samples sent to the national genetics institute. The results would take a day or two, and until then, he would wait in silence.

Still, he kept one eye on the situation unfolding in D Country. His intelligence officers briefed him regularly, reporting that Caitlin's team had executed a successful operation against the Seventh Door. The situation was intense, but Caitlin's side held the upper hand.

In Regalis, D Country, the hunt continued.

After capturing Ignatius, Sebastian's next target was Dustin.

When Sable and Xian were taken into custody, one of their loyal men managed to get a warning through. Dustin, still recovering from a gunshot wound, immediately understood the danger.

"Zero, the helicopter will be here in five minutes!" his subordinate shouted.

"Good. We're leaving now."

Ignoring the pain in his back, Dustin hastily pulled out his IV line and grabbed a jacket.

But moments later, more vehicles arrived at the hospital gates. His men peered out the windows and saw armed teams swarming the entrance.

"Zero, they're here!"

"Move!" Dustin barked.

He didn't even have time to put on his shoes. With several bodyguards, he rushed out of the ward.

At the same time, Sebastian's strike team stormed the hospital. Tyler, Vaughn, and King led the assault, entering through multiple access points.

As Dustin and his men turned down a corridor, they ran straight into Vaughn's team.

"There he is! Don't let him escape!" Vaughn shouted.

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Dustin spun on his heel, retreating toward another stairwell. His men opened fire to cover him.

Gunshots echoed through the sterile hallways. Terrified patients and visitors scattered, screaming.

Vaughn and his unit ducked into doorways, returning fire carefully to avoid hitting civilians.

Dustin reached the emergency stairwell, limping but determined, and pushed upward toward the roof. Above, a helicopter from the Silent Order was descending, its rotors slicing the air.

"Zero, hurry! The helicopter's ready!" Latest content published on [FindNovel.net](https://findnovel.net)

“Cover me!”

Two of his men supported him, practically carrying him up the last flight.

Vaughn shot two guards in quick succession and followed with Tyler close behind. They met King’s team on the stairs, all of them charging upward together.

On the rooftop, the wind was deafening. The helicopter had already landed, and the last of Dustin’s men were holding off the attackers.

“Zero! Get in!”

Gritting his teeth, Dustin hauled himself toward the door. His back burned with pain as his men lifted him into the cabin.

When Vaughn and Tyler burst through the door, the helicopter was already lifting off the pad.

“Fire!”

Bullets tore through the air, striking several of Dustin's men as they clung to the rope ladder. Two fell screaming into the night. But the aircraft itself remained airborne, veering sharply away from the hospital.

"Don't let that bastard get away!" Tyler shouted.

Ignoring the danger, he sprinted across the rooftop.

"Tyler, no!" Vaughn yelled, but it was too late.

As the helicopter tilted forward, Tyler leapt, catching the landing strut with both hands. The helicopter rose, carrying him high above the rooftop, his body dangling in the wind.

Vaughn grabbed his radio. "He's on the helicopter! Repeat, Tyler's on the helicopter!"

Sebastian's voice came through a moment later. "Do not pursue further. Ensure everyone's safety first."

"But Tyler's already gone after him..." Vaughn's voice faltered.

19:34 Mon, Oct 13

Sebastian fell silent for a beat. “Keep eyes on the aircraft. Track it from the ground.”

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Vaughn nodded grimly. He and the others rushed back downstairs, piled into their vehicles, and sped onto the streets below, following the sound of the helicopter as it cut through the night sky.

Above the city of Departure, the chopper soared higher. Inside, Dustin leaned back, gasping for breath. His wound had reopened, blood soaking his shirt, but he was alive.

He let out a harsh laugh. “I made it... I actually made it...”

As long as he lived, he thought, he could rebuild everything.

But his relief didn’t last. A movement from the side window caught his eye.

Tyler.

The younger man had climbed up the frame, his hand gripping the door.

Dustin's eyes widened. "What-how-?"

Panicked, he swung his leg, kicking at Tyler's hand. Tyler slipped, almost falling, but caught hold of the metal strut again.

For a moment, Dustin thought it was over. Then, impossibly, Tyler pulled himself back up.

When Dustin saw his head appear over the edge again, he lunged for his weapon, aiming it squarely at him.

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Bang!

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The gun fired—but the bullet missed. Dustin's injured back pulled at his arm, throwing off his aim.

Before he could fire again, Tyler moved with lightning speed, flipping his body up and into the cabin. In one smooth motion, he kicked the pistol from Dustin's hand.

A second later, the barrel of Tyler's gun was pointed straight at Dustin's forehead.

Tyler was drenched in sweat, his muscles trembling from exhaustion, but his eyes burned with fierce determination.

Dustin froze, breathing heavily, realizing that this time he was truly cornered.

“Don’t kill me,” he said quickly, voice trembling. “Listen to me! I can give you money—anything you want. Just let me go. I’ll pay you—millions, tens of millions!” Chapters first released on FundNovel.net

Tyler gave a cold, sharp laugh. “You think everyone can be bought?”

Maybe others could. But not him—not anyone from their organization. They didn’t fight for money; they fought for something greater.

While the two men faced off, the pilot—still gripping the controls—turned around, intending to help his superior. He reached for his weapon, but Tyler was faster. He snatched up the gun Dustin had dropped earlier and aimed it directly at the pilot’s head.

“Unless you want to die here too,” Tyler said, voice like steel, “you’ll keep flying.”

The pilot’s courage evaporated. His pistol slipped from his hands, clattering onto the floor.

“Now,” Tyler ordered, “tell your pilot to turn around. Find a place to land. Do it, or I’ll take over this helicopter myself.”

Dustin’s face drained of color. There was no way out.

“Do what he says!” he barked hoarsely. “Turn around—find somewhere to land!”

The pilot obeyed immediately, searching the terrain below for an open space. Soon, a large square came into view, and he guided the helicopter into a descent.

On the ground below, Sebastian’s convoy followed in pursuit. Vaughn lifted his binoculars, eyes narrowing. “They’re turning back!”

Sebastian looked up at the distant shape. “Tyler must have taken control. Look at the altitude—it’s dropping!”

The tension broke into cautious relief.

Sebastian gave the order. “Follow its descent. Move out!”

19:35 Mon, **Oct 13**

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The engines roared to life, and the convoy raced toward the square where the helicopter was preparing to

land.

As it descended, the downdraft whipped up a storm of dust and debris. Civilians in the square screamed and scattered, though some still lingered, watching curiously.

“Clear the area! Everyone move back!” Vaughn shouted as they arrived.

The crowd quickly realized what was happening—a special operations team was moving in. Panic spread, and bystanders hurried toward the perimeter.

The helicopter touched down roughly on the ground. The moment the skids hit concrete, the terrified pilot threw off his headset and bolted for the exit.

Tyler raised his gun and fired. The bullet missed—but in that instant, Dustin made his move. As Tyler’s attention flicked toward the pilot, Dustin lashed out with a desperate kick, knocking the weapon from Tyler’s grip.

Then he bolted from the cabin, blood soaking through the back of his shirt.

“Stop!” Tyler shouted, diving after him.

Before the rotors had even stopped spinning, Vaughn, King, and their men stormed the landing site.

“Hands up! Don’t move!”

Dozens of rifles aimed at Dustin from every direction.

Breathing hard, he froze mid-step.

Tyler reached him from behind, grabbing his arm and twisting it back. “Where do you think you’re going now?”

Sebastian arrived moments later, the crowd parting as he stepped forward. His expression was cold, his voice steady.

“Dustin,” he said. “You’ve reached the end of the line. No more running. This time, you’re not getting away.”

He motioned to his men. “Tie him up.”

The operatives moved in, binding Dustin’s wrists with heavy rope. The pilot who had tried to flee was also apprehended and dragged back to the convoy.

“Tyler,” Vaughn said, running up to him. “You okay?”

“I’m fine,” Tyler said, panting. “Close one.”

The men exchanged fist bumps—relief, exhaustion, triumph.

Sebastian approached, resting a firm hand on Tyler’s shoulder. “Good work,” he said. “But next time, remember—your safety comes first.”

“Yes, sir,” Tyler replied.

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For him, capturing Dustin had been about fulfilling a mission—about duty, For Sebastian, it was about something deeper: bringing everyone home alive.

“Let’s move out.” Sebastian ordered. “We’re done here.”

The team regrouped, leaving behind a pilot to fly the seized helicopter back to headquarters.

The operation had been a complete success. Two of the Silent Order's highest-ranking leaders—Ignatius and Dustin—were now in custody.

Next came the cleanup: dismantling the Silent Order's branches and eradicating its remaining members.

Sebastian's forces had won decisively. As soon as the situation was secure, he relayed the news to Caitlin.

At that moment, Caitlin was at Thompson Global Ventures with Matthew, reviewing documentation and financial statements. When she received the message, she finally allowed herself to breathe again.

They had succeeded.

Under Matthew's direction, Caitlin was cross-checking all records tied to the assets her grandfather's family had once owned. It was tedious, intricate work. The files they'd recovered from the Yuncey Family were only part of the picture—there were still missing pieces that could only be found through Nicoletta and Ignatius.

Back at the Jonathan estate, Caitlin requested permission to interrogate Nicoletta personally. Hector agreed and had two servants escort her to the storage building where Nicoletta was being held.

Nicoletta hadn't given up. She sat in the dim light, scheming, her voice low and tempting.

“You two,” she said to the guards, “if you get a message to the First Lady for me, you’ll be rewarded. I can give you gold-bars of it. Jewels. Cash. Anything you want. You don’t want to be servants forever, do you?”

She still believed her connection to the First Lady could save her, if only someone could deliver a message.

The guards hesitated, tempted. One was about to slip away when a firm, familiar voice cut through the air.

“No one is to help her,” Caitlin said sharply.

The guards froze.

Nicoletta’s heart dropped as she heard the footsteps approach. Her stomach twisted with dread.

Caitlin was back.

As Dustin and his men turned down a corridor, they ran straight into Vaughn’s team.

“There he is! Don’t let him escape!” Vaughn shouted.

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Dustin spun on his heel, retreating toward another stairwell. His men opened fire to cover him.

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Sebastian’s voice came through a moment later. “Do not pursue further. Ensure everyone’s safety first.”

“But Tyler’s already gone after him...” Vaughn’s voice faltered.

10:35 Mon Oct 13

Sebastian fell silent for a beat. “Keep eyes on the aircraft. Track it from the ground.”

Vaughn nodded grimly. He and the others rushed back downstairs, piled into their vehicles, and sped onto the streets below, following the sound of the helicopter as it cut through the night sky.

Above the city of Departure, the chopper soared higher. Inside. Dustin leaned back, gasping for breath. His wound had reopened, blood soaking his shirt, but he was alive.

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When Zinnia opened the door, Nicoletta lunged forward, trying to rush past. Zinnia reacted instantly, shoving her back with force.

Nicoletta stumbled, crashing to the floor in the middle of the dimly lit room. When she looked up, Caitlin was already stepping inside.

Zinnia and the others stood guard at the entrance. There was nowhere to run, no one left to call for help.

Caitlin sat down in a nearby chair, her gaze sharp and cold as she studied the disheveled woman on the floor. The once-elegant matriarch of the Jonathan Family was gone—what sat before her now was a wreck, hair tangled, eyes wild.

“You still think someone’s going to save you?” Caitlin’s tone was icy. “The First Lady, maybe?”

She gave a short, humorless laugh. “When you were rich and powerful, sure, she was your friend. But now? You’re nothing more than a prisoner. Do you really think she’d even remember your name?”

Nicoletta glared up at her, shock flickering across her face. “What are you doing here? You’re supposed to be dead!”

So all her plans had failed—her assassins, her traps. None of it had worked.

Caitlin crossed her legs, calm as ever. “Your people? The ones you stationed outside the Jonathan estate to ambush me? They’ve all been taken care of. Everything you thought of, I already anticipated.”

“But you left!” Nicoletta spat. “The servants said you were gone!”

“I did leave,” Caitlin said smoothly, “but there’s still unfinished business. Like the list of assets stolen from my grandfather’s estate. You were the one behind the scheme—you should know exactly where they are.”

Nicoletta’s eyes flashed. She was cunning enough to understand that Caitlin wouldn’t kill her not yet. She straightened slightly, forcing herself to sound composed.

“You want that list?” she said. “Then release me.”

“Release you?” Caitlin leaned forward slightly. “You planned and executed a massacre. Dozens of people from my grandfather’s family died because of you. I won’t just release you—I’ll make sure you stand trial for every single life

you destroyed. You're going back to the US to face justice.”

The finality in Caitlin's voice made the air feel heavy.

Nicoletta's bravado wavered, her eyes darting from side to side. She fell silent, lips pressed together.

No matter what Caitlin asked, she refused to answer.

Caitlin waited a moment, then spoke again, her tone softer but far more dangerous. “You're not talking, fine. But think of your son, Nicoletta. Do you really want him to pay the price for your sins?”

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That hit its mark. Nicoletta's head jerked up, eyes flashing with alarm. “What are you talking about? What are you planning to do?”

Caitlin smiled faintly. “Just so you know, your brother Ignatius has been captured. So has Dustin. And all their operations—their networks, their influence—it's gone. You have nothing left to bargain with.”

Nicoletta's face went pale. Her breath hitched, panic creeping into her eyes. "What... what did you say?"

She couldn't believe it. Her brother, her allies, all of them—finished.

"The Seventh Door. The Silent Order. All of it," Caitlin said evenly. "Destroyed." This update is available on find{n}ovel.net

The words struck like thunder. For the first time, true fear showed in Nicoletta's expression.

"And your son, Israel," Caitlin continued. "Don't think I won't deal with him too."

Nicoletta's composure cracked. "No! Leave him out of this! He's innocent! He's Hector's blood, the Jonathan heir—you can't hurt him! Hector won't allow it!"

It was the first time she'd sounded like a mother in a very long time.

Caitlin's eyes stayed on her. "After everything you've done, do you really think your son can still hold his head high as a Jonathan? Tell me, should he call Hector his father—or his grandfather? You should decide what's more important to you, Nicoletta. Your son's life, or the Jonathan assets. You can only choose one."

She stood, turning toward the door. "Think carefully."

Nicoletta's heart pounded. Her mind raced through panic and despair. She was cornered—completely cornered.

Just as Caitlin reached the doorway, Nicoletta broke. "Wait!" she cried out. "Caitlin—please—don't hurt my son! I'll give you what you want!"

Caitlin paused, glancing back over her shoulder. That was what she'd been waiting for.

"Where is it?" she asked.

Nicoletta swallowed hard, defeated. "In my private villa—there's a hidden room behind the study. That's where I *keep* the documents."

"How do we get in?"

"You'll have to take me with you," Nicoletta said, voice trembling. "The system needs facial recognition and fingerprints. Without me, no one can open it."

Caitlin thought for a moment, then nodded. "Fine. Bring her."

Zinnia and the others hauled Nicoletta to her feet, binding her hands loosely enough to allow movement, then escorted her out to the vehicles.

The convoy headed across the city to a secluded estate—a lavish villa surrounded by high walls and manicured gardens. It was the same place where Nicoletta had once met with Fletcher in secret.

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Inside, Caitlin ordered her to unlock the doors. Nicoletta entered a code on the keypad, and the heavy gates opened.

They went straight to the first floor study, a vast room filled with books and dark wood furniture. Caitlin looked around, her voice cool but sharp. “Where’s the entrance to the secret room? Open it.”

Nicoletta lifted her bound wrists. “Untie me first. I can’t do it like this.”

Caitlin signaled to Zinnia. “Let her go. But keep your eyes on her.”

Freed, Nicoletta walked slowly behind the desk. Her fingers searched beneath its edge until they found a small switch. A section of the wall shifted with a low mechanical click, revealing a metal panel with a biometric

scanner.

Nicoletta leaned toward it, letting the system scan her face. Then she entered a numeric code and pressed her thumb to the fingerprint pad.

After a few seconds, the reinforced steel door unlocked with a hiss.

Behind it was a narrow, dark passageway leading deeper underground.

Caitlin gestured sharply. “You first.”

Nicoletta hesitated for only a moment before stepping forward into the shadows, her steps echoing softly.

Caitlin and Zinnia followed close behind, their flashlights cutting through the darkness, while the others waited outside *to* guard the entrance.

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The narrow corridor was dim until Caitlin flipped a switch on the wall. Lights flickered on, revealing sleek metallic walls patterned with faint geometric lines. A staircase led downward into a space that gleamed faintly under the warm glow of recessed lamps.

At the bottom of the stairs, they entered a lavishly decorated chamber—more like a private sanctuary than a simple secret room.

The air was scented faintly with perfume and old wine. Polished antiques lined the shelves: a vintage gramophone, rows of rare red wines, candle holders shaped like swans. On the walls hung framed photographs of Nicoletta and Fletcher—smiling, embracing, even one in which they wore wedding attire.

At the center of the room stood a vast circular bed draped in pink silk canopies. Matching robes and a woman's lace gown hung on the rack beside it. Everything in the room came in pairs, from the glasses to the pillows.

Caitlin let out a quiet, cutting laugh. "So this is your little love nest with Fletcher?"

Nicoletta's face twisted in humiliation. Her most private world lay exposed, and the shame of it burned like fire.

"I don't care who you slept with," Caitlin said coolly. "I only care about what I came for. Now find it."

"Move faster," Zinnia added sharply from behind.

Nicoletta said nothing. She walked to the corner, knelt before a large safe, and began turning the dials with trembling fingers. The heavy door clicked open. She reached inside and pulled out a thick ledger and several sealed folders.

"These are what you wanted," she said. "You promised not to hurt my son."

"That depends on whether these are real," Caitlin replied.

She wasn't interested in punishing Israel—his mother's crimes were her own to bear.

Zinnia took the items from Nicoletta and handed them to Caitlin. Caitlin flipped open the ledger and began scanning the pages.

It was exactly what she needed—The Jonathan Family’s asset records, every transaction, every diversion of funds carefully documented. The ledger detailed how Nicoletta and her allies divided the spoils, how they transferred, hid, and laundered property that once belonged to Caitlin’s grandfather’s family.

Her chest tightened as she realized what she was holding—the proof of everything, every crime, every betrayal. Follow current novels on [Find*Novel.net](#)

But while Caitlin and Zinnia focused on verifying the documents, Nicoletta’s eyes darted toward the wall. Her fingers brushed a small indentation—an emergency switch she herself had ordered built years ago.

The faint scrape of stone shifting broke the silence.

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Caitlin’s head snapped up. She saw Nicoletta pivot toward a narrow passage opening behind her.

“She’s escaping!” Caitlin shouted.

Zinnia moved instantly, lunging toward the older woman. But Nicoletta had already drawn a concealed pistol she’d slipped from the safe earlier. She fired wildly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets tore through the air. Caitlin and Zinnia dove behind the velvet sofa, glass and plaster exploding around them.

The secret door slammed shut. When the echo of gunfire faded, Nicoletta was gone.

Caitlin and Zinnia rushed to the wall, searching for a latch, but the panel wouldn't budge.

"That damned woman," Zinnia hissed. "She tricked us!"

"It's my fault," Caitlin said through gritted teeth. "I should've known she'd have another way out."

They hadn't realized this room had multiple exits. Nicoletta's foresight was maddening.

"Come on—we'll go back the way we came."

They turned and hurried to the stairway, only to find the metal door above sealed shut.

Caitlin tugged the handle. It didn't move. Zinnia threw her shoulder against it, to no effect.

"She locked the main entrance!"

Both women pushed, hammered, clawed at the door, but it didn't even rattle.

"She must've triggered something that sealed both doors," Caitlin muttered.

"What do we do now?" Zinnia asked, her voice trembling slightly.

"Find the mechanism," Caitlin ordered. "There must be a control somewhere near the hidden door."

They ran their hands along the smooth wall, searching for hidden seams.

Outside, Nicoletta was already making her way through a dark, narrow corridor lined with old pipes and power conduits. She stopped to catch her breath, smirking as she stared back at the sealed door behind her.

"Oh, Caitlin," she murmured mockingly. "Haven't you heard the saying—old foxes don't die easily? You're still too young to play my game."

She flipped a lever beside her. With a loud mechanical clank, the outer locks engaged. Now, even if Caitlin and Zinnia found the mechanism inside, the doors wouldn't open.

"Let's see **if** you can still enjoy your precious ledger when you're gasping for air," she whispered with a gleam in her eye.

Then she reached for another valve and twisted it sharply.

Inside the chamber, Caitlin and Zinnia heard a faint hiss above them.

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Unaware of what Nicoletta had done, they continued searching. Finally, Caitlin pried open a small metal cover in the wall, revealing a hook-like lever inside.

"I think this is it!" she said.

"Try it!" Zinnia urged.

Caitlin pulled the hook hard. Nothing happened.

“Let me,” Zinnia said, taking over. She yanked it again, harder this time, but the door didn’t move an inch.

“It’s not working,” she panted. “No reaction at all.”

Caitlin’s jaw tightened. “It should be the right one. That means she locked it from outside.”

“So what now?”

“Call for help. Try your phone.”

They both pulled out their phones—but the screens showed no signal bars.

“I lost service when we came down,” Zinnia said.

“Same here,” Caitlin replied grimly.

The weight of their situation sank in.

Caitlin forced herself to breathe steadily. “We need another plan. Try pounding on the door. Maybe the others can hear us.”

Zinnia grabbed a heavy candlestick and ran to the stairwell, slamming it against the door again and again.

The sound thudded dully, swallowed by the thick metal.

Meanwhile, Caitlin searched the walls for another lever, another hidden latch—but there was nothing.

Zinnia returned, panting. “It’s useless, Caitlin. No one can hear us.”

Caitlin looked up, her pulse quickening. The air was growing heavy, thick, harder to breathe.

Her

gaze shifted to the ventilation ducts above. The faint hum that had been present before—the steady flow of oxygen—was gone.

Her eyes widened. “No... she’s shut off the oxygen supply.”

Zinnia tugged at her collar, her voice tight. “That’s why it’s getting so hot in here. She’s trying to suffocate us!”

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Cathir keched her fix Rucing cahm into her voice. “Then we find another way out–fast. Or this room

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