

C 721

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Heather hurriedly threw on her clothes and stumbled out of the villa, only to freeze at the sight before her.

Leif VI sat in his wheelchair outside, his back straight and cold as stone. At his feet, the young man she had been with lay sprawled on the ground, bloodied and trembling. Magnus and several guards stood nearby, the atmosphere grim and suffocating. The metallic scent of blood filled the air.

A chill ran up Heather's spine, draining the color from her face.

"Your Majesty..." she stammered, her voice shaking.

Leif VI turned his head slightly, his expression ice-cold. His voice came out flat, deadly calm. "Cut off his hands."

"Ah—Your Majesty, please! Mercy, please!" the young man screamed in terror, but the king did not even glance his way.

Two guards stepped forward. The sound of a blade slicing through flesh was followed by a horrifying scream that echoed across the courtyard.

Heather's legs gave out beneath her. She collapsed, staring in shock as blood splattered across the white marble.

Leif VT's voice came again, low but filled with authority. "Take her back to the palace."

Shane pushed the king's wheelchair toward the car. Magnus cast one last cold look at his mother, then turned and left without a word.

"Magnus! Magnus, wait!" Heather cried, but he was gone. Get full chapters from [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

In desperation, she turned to the guards. "By order of the queen, contact Maxwell at once! Do you hear me? Call Maxwell now!"

No one moved. No one dared speak. Two guards seized her by the arms, shoved her into a car, and drove her away.

Inside the royal palace, Leif VI sat facing the grand hall, Magnus and Shane standing beside him.

The guards dragged Heather in, her wrists bound tightly with rope, and threw her to the floor.

Her hair was disheveled, her clothes wrinkled. "Your Majesty, why are you doing this? What have I done wrong?" she cried.

“You don’t know?” the king asked coldly.

Heather’s tears streamed down her cheeks. “Your Majesty, when we married, we made an agreement—you signed it yourself—that we would not interfere in each other’s private lives. Why are you breaking that now?”

“Because you’ve broken the law.”

Leif VI’s gaze was sharp and unfeeling. His tone was quiet, but every word carried an icy weight that made the

air vibrate.

“I didn’t... I didn’t...” Heather shook her head desperately.

“Shane,” the king said, “show her the evidence.”

At the signal, Shane stepped forward with a file. Inside were photos, documents, and proof of Heather’s repeated affairs.

Heather stared at them, speechless. Her body trembled as tears streaked her face. “Your Majesty, please... I was lonely... I’m a woman, after all. If you had loved me even a little, I would never have done this.”

“Love you?” Leif VI’s voice rose, trembling with fury. “Did I ever force you to marry me? You knew I had ended our engagement—that I did not love you. But you and your family wanted power, and to have it, you arranged the accident that destroyed my life! You crippled me!”

He slammed his hand on the armrest of his wheelchair. The sound echoed like thunder through the hall.

When he had learned the truth behind the car crash that had confined him to this chair, it had felt like knives piercing his heart. Heather had destroyed not only his body but his future.

Magnus was stunned. “Father, what did you say? You mean she’s the one who caused your accident? She’s the reason you’re paralyzed?”

Leif VI nodded gravely.

Magnus turned to his mother, his face pale with rage. “You... You did this to him? You ruined his life! You made him live in pain for decades. How could you be so cruel?”

Heather couldn’t defend herself anymore. She wept uncontrollably. “Your Majesty, I was wrong... I know I was wrong... I did it because I loved you...”

Leif VI sneered. “Don’t twist love into an excuse. What you loved was the crown, the title, the power. But that throne was never yours to begin with.”

He turned to Shane. “Hear my command. Because Queen Heather has disgraced herself and violated the law, I hereby strip her of her royal title. From this moment on, she is no longer the queen of this nation, nor my wife. Our marriage is null and void. Have her sign the divorce decree.”

Shane handed over the prepared royal divorce papers.

Heather’s

eyes

widened as she shook her head wildly. “No! I won’t sign it! I won’t!”

Her voice cracked as she turned to Magnus. “Magnus, please! You have to help me! I raised you, I did everything for you. Don’t let them do this to me!”

Leif VI’s tone turned razor-sharp. “He won’t help you. You killed his

parents.”

Heather froze.

Magnus's face drained of color. "What did you say? My parents? What are you talking about?"

"Your real parents came looking for you," Leif VI said bitterly. "But a certain woman—twisted and cruel—stopped them. She made sure they never reached you."

He looked straight at Heather. Her lips trembled, her breath shallow. "No... That's not true... He's lying!"

Shane produced another file and handed it to Magnus. "Your Highness, this is the case record from the time of your parents' deaths. They were ruled to have died in an accident. But His Majesty's investigation uncovered new evidence—proof that Heather ordered the attack that killed them. There's also an audio recording. You'll hear the truth yourself."

Magnus took the file with trembling hands. Inside were photographs of the wreck, written testimonies, and the cold evidence of murder. He pressed the button on the recorder.

Heather's voice came out, calm and cold. She was giving orders. "Make it clean. No survivors."

She had planned everything—to make sure Magnus grew up alone, dependent on her, molded *to* her will.

Magnus's eyes reddened with fury as he threw the folder at her feet. Then he lunged forward, grabbed her collar, and shouted, "How could you? How could you kill them? My real parents! Why?"

Heather sobbed, her voice breaking. “I didn’t want them to take you away from me... You’re my son... mine...”

“Shut up!” Magnus roared. “I’m not your son, and you’re no mother to me. You’re a murderer!”

He shoved her to the floor, trembling with rage. “Make her sign it,” he ordered coldly. “If she refuses, beat her until she does.”

The guards hesitated only a moment before obeying.

The first strike landed. Heather screamed in pain. “Ah—please! Stop! I’ll sign! I’ll sign!”

Blood ran down her wrists as she scrawled her name on the divorce document. The moment her pen lifted, her reign as queen ended.

Leif VI took the signed decree, his expression unreadable. She was no longer his wife, no longer part of the royal family—just a disgraced criminal awaiting trial.

But the king wasn’t finished.

“Heather,” he said coldly, “if you want to live, tell me where Kelly is. Otherwise, you already know what awaits you.”

At the mention of Kelly's name, Heather finally understood.

Leif VI had never been blind, never indifferent. All these years, he had simply been waiting—gathering evidence, pretending to be powerless.

Every move had led to this moment.

He had been biding his time for one reason only:

to destroy the Maxwells

and to find Kelly.

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Maxwell went to the royal palace to find his sister and learn what was going on, but as soon as he reached the palace gates, the guards stopped him.

“Lord Maxwell, Her Majesty is currently away and has not yet returned. Please come back another day.”

“She hasn’t come back?”

Maxwell frowned. The last time he saw Heather had been at the lakeside villa, when he’d arranged for a young man to keep her company. Could she really have stayed there all this time?

He tried calling her phone, but there was no answer. After waiting for a few moments, he turned on his heel, climbed into his car, and ordered his driver to head for the villa.

When he arrived, he found the servants and guards standing outside. “Is the queen inside?” he asked.

“Lord Maxwell, the queen left long ago,” one of them said.

“Left? Where did she go?”

Maxwell didn’t know that everyone here had already fallen under the king’s and Prince Magnus’s control. Their responses were rehearsed.

“*The* queen left with the gentleman who was here before,” the servant explained. “She said she wanted to take a little trip.”

Maxwell's expression darkened. Could Heather really have run off with that man?

He ordered his men to contact the man immediately, but the call wouldn't go through.

"That bastard is going to ruin everything," Maxwell snapped. "Find them both—her and the man. I want them located immediately!"

He left the villa seething with anger. Maybe arranging that man for Heather had been a mistake. If not for that, she wouldn't have gotten involved, and now he couldn't find either of them.

As soon as Maxwell's convoy disappeared down the road, Magnus stepped out of the villa. The servants and guards at the gate bowed hastily.

"Your Highness, we answered everything just as you instructed," one of them said nervously.

"Good," Magnus replied coolly. "You've done well. Consider this your chance to atone. Perform your duties properly, and I'll see that your punishment is reduced."

"Thank you, Your Highness! Thank you!" they chorused, bowing again.

Since the purge of palace personnel, the atmosphere in the royal court had become much lighter. Leif VI no longer had to live every day fearing hidden spies or eavesdroppers.

He had interrogated Heather twice himself but still hadn't extracted any information about Kelly's whereabouts. The royal search teams had combed every part of A Country, yet no trace of her had been found. The longer it took, the more anxious the king became. Sleep and appetite abandoned him.

The outside world remained unaware that the queen was secretly imprisoned. Caitlin knew it wouldn't be easy to see her. She turned to Magnus for help, and only through his intervention did she finally manage to

face Heather.

Caitlin followed Magnus down a dim passage to the underground holding cells. The moment Heather saw Magnus, she rushed to the bars and gripped them tightly.

"Magnus, you came... You finally came to see your mother... Magnus..."

"Be quiet. I don't have a mother like you," he snapped. "I'm only here because someone wants to see you."

"Who? Who is it? Is it Maxwell?"

Heather's eyes lit with desperate hope. She had been missing for days—surely her brother would come looking for her.

“It’s me.”

Caitlin stepped out from behind Magnus.

Heather blinked, studying her face in confusion. “You... you’re that maid... Agnes, wasn’t it?”

Her brows knitted, trying to recall where she’d seen her before. Newest update provided by Fmd-Novel.net

Caitlin glanced at Magnus. He nodded once. “Talk to her. I’ll be outside.”

When Magnus left, Heather whispered nervously, “Did Maxwell send you? Does he know I’m here? When is he coming to get me out?”

“I’m afraid that won’t be happening, Heather.”

Caitlin looked her over slowly. Heather sat behind the iron bars, filthy and exhausted, her hair tangled, her face sallow and streaked with dirt. The woman who once embodied royal elegance now looked like a broken, aging prisoner.

“You... who are you really?” Heather demanded, clutching the bars as if she could tear the truth from Caitlin’s

eyes.

“Who am I? With all your supposed cleverness, I’d think you’d have guessed by now.”

Caitlin’s lips curved into a cold smile that grew wider by the second. Heather instinctively took a step back, unsettled by that unnerving calm.

A dreadful thought flickered through her mind—a name she had long feared to hear. “You... you can’t be...

Cait...”

“Finally figured it out? That’s right. I’m Caitlin.”

Heather froze, speechless.

“You spent years scheming against me,” Caitlin said quietly. “But you never imagined I was right beside did you?”

Heather’s throat tightened, no words coming out.

“I came today to talk about my mother.”

you,

“I don’t know anything.” Heather interrupted sharply. “If you’re here to ask about her whereabouts, I can’t help you.”

Caitlin’s eyes narrowed. “You’re awfully quick to deny it. I didn’t even ask that yet. I just want to talk about the past.”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” Heather muttered, turning away from the bars.

“Oh, I think there is. Let’s go back twenty years,” Caitlin said calmly. “Back when my mother was studying abroad in F Country. She met a man there named Leonidas. They fell in love and swore to be together forever. But she returned home alone and married another man. She was never happy after that. Depression followed her until it finally took her life—or so I thought.”

Caitlin’s tone hardened. “Six years ago she fell ill. Four years ago, I came home and was told she was dead. I believed it—until I discovered her ashes had been switched. That was when I began to suspect she was still alive.

“I traced lead after lead until I found a man called Black Hawk. From him, I learned my mother was being held on Ebonreach Isle, under the control of someone called Doña Dolores.

“When I reached the island, I found only an imposter. But that woman told me the one truly holding my mother was Maxwell. At the time, I didn’t yet know who Doña Dolores really was. I know now. It was you, Heather.”

Heather laughed suddenly, a cold, broken sound. “Ha... ha...”

“What’s so funny?” Caitlin asked, anger sparking in her voice.

“Cecilia is dead,” Caitlin continued, “and you’ll join her soon enough. But before that, let me enlighten you. The ‘Shard of Life’ you’ve spent years chasing doesn’t exist—not as a miracle drug. It’s a name. Seradulf, the last king of Atlantis. That’s what the texts really meant. Surprised?”

Heather turned her head sharply, disbelief flickering across her face. “That’s impossible. Who would believe

such nonsense?”

“Believe it or not, the truth doesn’t change. And there’s one more truth you should know.” Caitlin leaned closer, her voice like ice. “I’ve figured out who Leonidas really was.”

Heather went rigid, staring at her in shock.

“It was Leif VI,” Caitlin said softly. “The King of A Country. You knew my mother bore his children. Twins. You knew, and you helped Maxwell hide the truth. You never wanted the king to find us. You wanted to erase

us.”

She straightened, her expression cold and certain. “But evil deeds always bring retribution. The king has already divorced you. You’ve lost your crown, your power, everything. All you have left is a worthless life- and even that’s hanging by a thread.”

Heather’s face crumbled. She bowed her head, her body trembling. She had clung to her title for over twenty years, and now it was gone. Everything she’d schemed for had turned to ash.

She had lost to her own greed. She had played with fire, and now she was the one being burned.

Caitlin leaned closer to the bars, her voice calm and cold. “I’ve already thought of a way to help you. If you tell me the truth about where my mother is, I’ll plead for your life before the king. So, Heather... tell me. Where is my mother?”

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No matter how Caitlin questioned her, Heather's voice stayed cold and unyielding. "I told you, I don't know. I'll take it to my grave."

As long as she and her brother Maxwell kept silent, no one would ever find Kelly.

"If I were you," Caitlin said quietly, "I'd start talking now. It might save you a few layers of skin."

Somehow, a leather whip had appeared in her hand. A chilling glint flickered in her eyes.

The cell door creaked open. Heather stumbled back in panic. "What are you doing? You can't torture me! I'm the queen!"

"You're nothing now." Caitlin's voice cut through the air like ice. "I heard it was you who caused the accident that crippled the king. You tore him apart from my mother and destroyed their lives for your own greed. It's time you paid for it."

The whip cracked.

Heather screamed as it lashed across her body, the sound echoing through the narrow cell.

"Already crying out?" Caitlin asked coldly, her face void of emotion. The whip fell again and again, sharp and

merciless.

Heather writhed on the ground, shrieking in agony.

“Go on, kill me!” she spat out between gasps, her laughter breaking into madness. “Let’s see if you can find your precious mother! Hahaha!”

“Damn you!” Caitlin hissed, striking harder, her fury blazing.

No one knew how long it went on. By the time Heather’s body was covered in blood and her voice had turned to hoarse groans, Caitlin finally stopped.

She looked down at the woman, her voice low and trembling. “I’ll ask one last time. Where is my mother?”

“She’s dead...” Heather whispered, a cruel smirk tugging at her lips.

Caitlin froze. Pain shot through her chest, sharp as a knife.

“What did you say?”

Heather saw the despair in Caitlin's eyes and began to laugh again, her voice breaking with hysteria. "I said your mother is dead! Kelly is dead—she died miserably, miserably—haha!"

"Shut up!"

Caitlin lost control, bringing the whip down again and again until Heather went limp, unconscious on the bloodstained floor.

Chapte

Magnus stepped forward, crouched, and checked Heather's breathing. Confirming she was still alive, he said quietly. "That's enough, Caitlin. Let's go."

Caitlin didn't resist as he helped her out. The heavy cell door clanged shut behind them, sealing the silence.

In the royal garden, the night breeze was cool against the still air. Magnus guided her to a pavilion and sat beside her. "Are you all right?" he asked softly.

Caitlin didn't answer, staring blankly at the reflection of the moon on the pond.

“Don’t believe what she said,” Magnus continued. “She only wants to break you. People like her will say anything to make you suffer.”

“I know.” Caitlin gave a faint, bitter smile. “But it still hurts to hear it.”

“She’s trying to crush your spirit.”

Caitlin took a slow breath, her voice steadier. “Since she won’t talk, the only lead left is Maxwell.”

Just as she said his name, a guard hurried over. “Your Highness, Maxwell has arrived. He requests to see you immediately.”

Magnus exchanged a glance with Caitlin, his expression sharpening. “Go rest. I’ll handle him.”

“Be careful,” she said quietly.

Outside the palace gates, Maxwell stood by his car, impatiently checking his watch.

“Did you send word to the prince? What’s taking so long?”

“Yes, Lord Maxwell. He’s on his way now.”

Moments later, Magnus appeared, composed and calm.

“What brings you here? Did you find my mother? My father needs her at the memorial tomorrow.”

Maxwell hesitated, then forced a light smile. “I reached her, but she said she’s enjoying herself and won’t be back anytime soon. As for the memorial, you’ll have to manage without her.”

Magnus nodded slightly. “If she’s happy, that’s fine. She deserves a break.”

“Get in the car,” Maxwell said. “We need to talk privately.”

Magnus climbed into the vehicle, and the driver discreetly stepped away.

“What’s so secret?” Magnus asked.

Maxwell leaned closer. “Your father’s getting old, Magnus. His health is failing. It’s time you took charge of the kingdom.”

Magnus remained silent.

“I can gather enough support from the ministers to make it official,” Maxwell continued smoothly. “He works himself to exhaustion every day. A good son would relieve him of that burden.”

Magnus lowered his gaze, feigning hesitation.

Maxwell pressed on. “But you should be careful. I’ve heard rumors. They say the king might have an illegitimate son. If that’s true and he brings the boy back to the palace—do you really think the throne will still be yours?”

Magnus looked up sharply. “What are you talking about?”

“Don’t be naïve.” Maxwell’s tone hardened. “Everyone in the palace knows. You may have been raised as his son, but you’re not his blood. If his real child returns, he’ll favor him over you. You’ll be cast aside.”

Magnus stayed silent, his face unreadable, though a faint glint flickered in his eyes.

Maxwell patted his shoulder. “Listen to me. I can guarantee your succession. Ignore me, and you might lose everything.”

He leaned closer, lowering his voice. “At next month’s parliamentary session, I’ll propose that you take over. All you have to do is agree. Don’t fail me.”

Magnus nodded obediently. “Understood. I’ll follow your lead.”

Maxwell smiled, satisfied, and stepped out of the car. His motorcade drove away into the night.

As the tail lights vanished, Magnus turned toward the palace, his gaze cold and sharp. He weighed the small recorder in his palm, the faintest hint of a smirk curving his lips, and walked back inside.

No one could have guessed the depth of his loyalty to Leif VI—loyalty that no temptation or promise of power could ever shake. The rightful source is [NovelFind.net](https://www.novelFind.net)

Later that night, Magnus entered the king's study and played the recording.

When it ended, Leif VI gave a thin smile. "If he wants to force my abdication at the next session, then let that day become his judgment day."

Magnus nodded, their eyes meeting in silent understanding.

Leif VI leaned back. "Tomorrow's centennial memorial—I'll attend personally. Make the arrangements."

"Yes, Father." Magnus paused, then said quietly, "I might have a way for you and Caitlin to finally meet."

"Oh? And what way is that?"

Magnus bent close, whispering his plan. Leif VI listened, then chuckled, nodding in approval.

“Good. We’ll do it your way. If it means seeing my daughter at last, a little pain is a small price to pay.”

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The next morning, Caitlin served breakfast to the king and the prince. Before leaving for the memorial ceremony, Leif VI suddenly said, “Agnes, you and Margaret will change into formal uniforms and come with

me.”

He deliberately brought both maids to avoid drawing unwanted attention.

Caitlin exchanged a surprised look with Margaret. Magnus noticed her hesitation and reminded her, “His Majesty has given permission. Go get ready.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

They returned to their quarters and changed into uniforms similar to those worn by female guards. Margaret could hardly contain her excitement, whispering nonstop on the way.

“I still can’t believe it! We actually get to accompany His Majesty to such a ceremony.”

“Remember, this is a solemn state event,” Caitlin warned. “You’d better keep quiet.”

“I know, I know. I’ll behave.”

At the memorial plaza, rows of royal guards stood in perfect formation, faces solemn. The ceremony began with Maxwell stepping up to deliver a speech, after which the royal family was invited to lay flowers.

Caitlin stood beside Leif VI’s wheelchair, waiting silently.

When Maxwell stepped down from the podium, his sharp eyes swept toward Caitlin and Margaret. His steps were slow and deliberate. Caitlin lowered her head, forcing herself to remain calm.

As he passed behind her, a faint, familiar scent brushed his senses. Maxwell’s eyes narrowed. That scent—he could never forget it. It was Caitlin’s.

He paused, turned slightly, and stepped closer. Caitlin felt the air tighten, her scalp tingling. She didn’t dare to move. Just as the tension reached its peak-

A gunshot cracked through the air.

Screams erupted. Officials ducked instinctively as chaos swept through the plaza.

Caitlin's eyes shot toward the king. Blood splattered across Leif VI's left shoulder before Magnus pulled him back in his wheelchair.

"Protect His Majesty! My father's been shot!" Magnus shouted.

Guards rushed forward to shield them. Maxwell, feigning alarm, yelled, "Protect the king and the prince!" and ran toward the commotion.

Caitlin darted to the wheelchair, catching the fainting monarch. His uniform was soaked in blood. She tore off part of her sleeve and pressed it against the wound.

"Your Majesty, hold on!" she cried, trembling as blood seeped between her fingers.

The wail of sirens cut through the uproar.

Inside the ambulance, Caitlin sat beside the stretcher, watching Leif VI's pale face and shallow breaths. The ache in her chest deepened until she could hardly breathe. It was as if something in her blood recognized

him.

At the Royal Hospital, doctors rushed the king into the emergency room. The heavy doors closed, leaving Caitlin outside with only the sound of her own heartbeat. She clasped her hands together and silently prayed he would wake up.

Soon after, ministers arrived hoping to visit, but Maxwell stopped them. “His Majesty is in critical care. No

visitors.”

He frowned, ordering his men to continue searching for the shooter.

Not long after, Maxwell himself arrived. Caitlin spotted him from afar and quietly stepped back into the crowd, using the moment to contact Zeke.

Maxwell approached Magnus. “How is His Majesty?”

Magnus sighed. “Still in surgery. We’re all worried.”

Then he said pointedly, “Today’s event was under your supervision. How could such a thing happen?”

Maxwell stiffened and muttered, “Come with me.”

They walked down the hallway until Maxwell stopped, lowering his voice. “Your father’s injury might be an opportunity. If anything happens to him, you won’t have to wait until next month’s council session to inherit the throne. Be ready.” IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find~novel~net](#)

Magnus pretended to think, then nodded. “We’ll see how things go after the operation.”

He added, “Since he’s hurt, you should notify my mother to return.”

“I’ll handle it.” Maxwell turned away, irritation flickering across his face. Heather was still nowhere to be found.

On the way back, Magnus ordered his guards to escort Caitlin to the palace. Halfway there, she asked the driver to stop, saying she needed to buy something. She slipped into a small shop where Zeke and Alicia were already waiting.

Caitlin handed them two small envelopes. “One has my hair, the other has fabric with the king’s blood. Please run a DNA test. If it matches, I’ll finally know the truth.”

Zeke nodded gravely. “We’ll take care of it.”

After leaving them, Caitlin returned to the palace briefly, then headed back to the hospital.

When she arrived, Magnus was still fielding calls from anxious ministers. She stepped forward.

“Your Highness, I’ll stay with His Majesty. You should rest.”

Magnus nodded and left.

The room fell quiet.

Caitlin sat by the bedside, studying Leif VI’s face. The longer she looked, the more she saw the faint traces of her mother—and herself—in his features.

Near midnight, a faint groan broke the silence.

Caitlin looked up to see the king stirring, sweat glistening on his forehead. She rushed to his side, realizing he was burning up. His lips moved faintly, murmuring incoherent words.

“Your Majesty, the doctor is coming,” she whispered, pressing the call button.

Leif VI was lost in a feverish dream. In that delirium, he saw Kelly—her face, her smile—fading into the distance. He reached out instinctively, desperate not to lose her again.

His hand flailed weakly in the air until Caitlin caught it.

“Kelly...”

The single name froze her in place. She heard it clearly.

“Kelly... don’t go...” he murmured again.

Caitlin’s eyes stung with tears. Her chest ached as the truth settled in her heart. Who else could he be, if not her father? The man who never stopped longing for Kelly.

After two exhausting hours, his fever finally subsided. Caitlin stayed by his side, afraid to sleep, afraid it might

return.

When dawn came, sunlight spilled through the curtains. Leif VI’s breathing had steadied. At last, he opened his eyes.

“Your Majesty, you’re awake.” Caitlin let out a breath of relief. “You had a high fever last night and were talking in your sleep.”

He frowned slightly. “Talking? What did I say?”

Caitlin hesitated, her heart pounding. She already knew the answer, yet she asked softly, “You don’t remember? You kept calling out a name... Kelly. Who is she?”

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Leif VI knew his daughter was perceptive, and her question was a subtle test. He followed her lead and said, “She was the only woman I ever truly loved. Her name was Kelly.”

Caitlin’s heart trembled as if struck by a heavy bell. She forced down the rush of emotion and asked softly, “So Your Majesty once loved another woman... what happened to her?”

“I heard she passed away four years ago.” His voice grew faint, shadowed by sorrow.

Caitlin corrected him silently. No. She didn’t die. She’s still alive—right here in your kingdom, maybe even in this very city.

“How tragic,” she sighed. “Why did you two part ways?”

“Because of an unexpected car accident.”

Leif VI slowly recounted his story with Kelly, letting the memories unfold.

By the end, Caitlin's chest tightened. Her father had never betrayed her mother; it was fate that tore them

apart.

That accident had left him crippled and confined to A Country to recover. When he later heard she had married and borne children, he stepped back, choosing silence over intrusion.

"If it hadn't happened," Leif VI murmured, "perhaps Kelly and I would have settled in the United States. I would have watched our children grow up, maybe even met our grandchildren by now."

Caitlin's tears slipped free. Leif VI noticed them and felt a pang of tenderness. "Agnes, why are you crying?"

"It's nothing, Your Majesty. Maybe the woman you miss... never stopped missing you either."

He smiled faintly. "If only that were true."

They fell into quiet, eyes meeting in unspoken understanding. Between them hung a fragile layer of truth- thin as glass, waiting to be broken.

Yet Leif VI hesitated. He feared that once it shattered, his daughter would only see a broken man confined to a wheelchair, unworthy of being her father.

He finally asked, voice low, “If you were the daughter of Kelly and me, and you learned that your father was crippled, that he never once fulfilled his duty to you... would you forgive him?”

Caitlin understood at once. Her reply was firm and clear. “She wouldn’t blame him. Your daughter would never blame you.”

He looked at her, eyes brightening with emotion. “How can you be so sure?”

Caitlin pressed her lips together, then took a steadying breath. “Because... my mother is the woman you’ve never forgotten—Kelly. And I am her daughter.”

Leif VI froze, then joy overwhelmed him. “My daughter... I knew you were Caitlin, but I didn’t know if you’d ever acknowledge me.”

Tears welled in his eyes as he reached for her hand. Caitlin clasped it tightly, her own eyes shining.

“So you already knew? You and Magnus planned this together, didn’t you? Letting me into the palace?”

He nodded, guilt flickering across his face. “I just wanted to see my daughter again. Magnus came up with the plan so we could reunite sooner.”

Caitlin let out a trembling laugh. “Then that attack—it was staged, wasn’t it?”

Leif VI gave a wry smile. “The attack was fake, but the wound was real.” He winced as pain tugged at his shoulder.

“Father...” Caitlin quickly steadied him.

He exhaled. “It’s your brother I worry for. I’ve never met him. I owe him so much... and your mother too. She’s still in their hands. I’m trying to find a way to rescue her.” READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT FindNovel.net

“I know, Father. Don’t blame yourself. I already have a plan to get her out.”

“Oh? What plan?”

Before she could answer, a knock sounded at the door. Shane stepped in, followed by Magnus and Maxwell.

Caitlin quickly wiped her tears and stepped aside.

“Father, when did you wake up?” Magnus asked.

“Just now,” Leif VI replied calmly.

“I’m relieved. Everyone was worried.”

Maxwell came forward, giving Caitlin a brief glance before focusing on the king. “How are you feeling, Your Majesty?”

“I’ll live,” Leif VI said coldly. “Do we know who tried to assassinate me? Has the culprit been caught?”

“My men tracked him down overnight,” Maxwell answered smoothly. “He’s in custody and being interrogated.”

Magnus knew the so-called culprit was a scapegoat, but he stayed silent.

Leif VI nodded. “Well done, Maxwell.”

“It’s my duty, Your Majesty.”

Maxwell spoke with forced calm, though his gaze drifted again toward Caitlin.

Magnus caught it and immediately ordered, “Everyone else, leave us. I need to speak with Maxwell and my

father alone.”

Caitlin took the chance to leave before Maxwell’s suspicion deepened.

Once the room was cleared, Maxwell said, “Your Majesty, you should focus on recovery. Magnus and I will handle the affairs of state.”

“Very well,” Leif VI said evenly.

He paused, then asked casually, “Has your sister returned to the palace? With me here in the hospital, someone must oversee royal affairs.”

Maxwell stiffened, then forced a smile. “She’s on vacation but has already heard about your condition. She’ll return soon.”

“No rush,” Leif VI said. “Let her enjoy herself for now.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Maxwell breathed quietly in relief. At least the king wasn't demanding her presence yet. If he found out Heather had left with that man, there would be no explaining it.

After a few more words, Leif VI dismissed them with a polite excuse.

"Rest well, Your Majesty," Maxwell said, bowing before leaving the room.

Outside, in the quiet emergency stairwell, Caitlin waited until she was sure Maxwell had gone before returning.

Her phone buzzed with a message from Magnus. She put it away, pushed the door open—and froze.

Maxwell was standing right outside.

Her breath caught, and she stumbled back a few steps.

He hadn't left.

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

The chief of Sanctis police, Zachary, was brought to the parlor. Maxwell asked, "Zachary, what brings you in person?"

"Minister, last night a villa near the bay caught fire. The blaze is contained, but firefighters discovered two charred bodies inside. Given the sensitivity of the victims' identities, I came to consult you directly."

"What identities?" Maxwell's stomach sank.

He went with Zachary to the scene. The private villa was a blackened ruin. Within the cordon, officers moved through their routine. Two charred bodies lay on stretchers at the entrance, covered with white sheets.

People bowed as Maxwell approached. He gestured, and the sheets were lifted. A stench of burnt flesh hit hard. The bodies were locked together in an embrace, naked and fused by flame.

Maxwell's scalp prickled. He thought of his sister and the young man he had sent to her. The manner of death was vile, obscene. He pinched his nose through a glove and forced himself to inspect several items of evidence. They confirmed the presence of Heather's belongings. There was no doubt who one of the dead

was.

For a moment he could not find his voice.

Staring at the tangled corpses, he lowered his brows and issued orders. "This case will not be made public. Destroy all evidence from the scene. Dispose of the bodies. No autopsy. My sister is the queen of A Country. She could not have died in a fire with another man. You know how to handle this."

With the matter suppressed and hurried along, he turned to the next problem: how to get Caitlin.

He set out again for the royal hospital under the pretext of paying respects.

Outside the ward, Shane barred the attendants. "Minister Maxwell may enter. The rest must remain here."

"You all wait," Maxwell told his men, then nodded to Shane. "Announce me."

"Please." Shane opened the door. [Read full story at find-novel-net](#)

Maxwell entered. His gaze swept over Leif VI on the bed, then to Caitlin in a maid's uniform. He stepped to the bedside. "Your Majesty, are you feeling any better today?"

"My wound is of no great concern," Leif VI replied.

"I am glad to hear it. Your health is the good fortune of our nation." Maxwell's tone was smooth. Then it shifted. "However, Your Majesty, though we have apprehended the shooter, there are accomplices."

“Oh? There are accomplices?”

“Yes, and we must root them out without delay.”

“Then go and see to it,” Leif VI said.

“With respect, Your Majesty, the accomplices are adept at disguise and are hiding where no one would expect. For example, the culprit may have slipped into the palace posing as one of your maids.”

A thin smile curved Maxwell’s lips. He suddenly pointed at Caitlin. “This one, Agnes. She is with them.”

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Caitlin showed not the slightest panic and asked evenly, You suspect I am an accomplice to the attackers? What evidence do you have?

I have proof.

Maxwell’s tone went cold. Come in.

Two subordinates rushed into the ward. Caitlin had thought he would produce so-called evidence; instead, the two men seized her by the arms.

Stop! What do you think you are doing?

Leif VI's fury flared. He braced himself with one arm to sit up.

Your Majesty! Caitlin cried, anxious.

Shane stepped forward at once, shouting, His Majesty told you to stop. Did you not hear?

The two men glanced at each other, fearful yet unwilling to let go. The air in the ward tightened in an instant.

Leif VI's expression darkened. Maxwell, release her.

Shane grabbed Maxwell by the collar. Do you know what you are doing? You dare lay hands on someone in the king's ward?

The royal guards raised their weapons in unison, dark muzzles leveled at Maxwell.

Arrogant as he usually was, Maxwell did not dare push further against the king's wrath. He forced himself to sound steady. Shane, as the royal secretary, you should know better than anyone that His Majesty's safety is paramount. Since I have solid grounds to suspect her, I should be allowed to present them here and now.

Leif VI motioned to Caitlin. She moved to his side.

He looked at Maxwell and said firmly, Since you insist, I will tell you the truth. She is not what you think. She is my daughter.

Everyone in the room froze.

Other than Shane, all the guards and attendants stared at Caitlin in shock.

Even Maxwell went blank for a few seconds. He had thought the king did not know her true identity; that one sentence completely unraveled his plan.

Your Majesty... what did you say? She is your daughter?

Yes. She is my illegitimate daughter. I had not made it public, but I am now preparing to bring her back into the family.

I see.

Maxwell feigned sudden understanding, his tone coated in hollow courtesy. I never imagined she was Your Majesty's daughter.

Leif VI's face was stern. Now that you all know, I will make it official. I will recognize my daughter Caitlin as a member of the royal house, grant her the Leif surname, and bestow upon her the title of princess.

For a moment Maxwell could not speak. He had not only failed to take Caitlin, he had helped make her legitimate.

Your Majesty, he tried to salvage, she is, after all, merely an illegitimate child. Should this not be decided when my sister returns?

No. I alone will decide this.

Leif VI turned to Shane. Secretary, draft the decree. I, Leif VI, King of A Country, formally recognize my daughter Caitlin Leif as a member of the royal family. After I am discharged, I will announce it before Parliament and hold her coronation in the palace.

Your Majesty, please reconsider, Maxwell pressed, unwilling to yield. To grant a princess's title so readily may not convince the public.

I have found the daughter I lost for years. The nation will celebrate. My decree stands. Who dares defy it?

Leif VI's voice rang like iron, thunderous with anger.

He swept up the porcelain cup on the bedside table and smashed it to the floor.

The sharp crack echoed through the ward. No one dared breathe.

Shane, note this down, Leif VI added coldly. If anyone objects, let him spend the rest of his life in prison.

Yes, Your Majesty. Shane wrote it into his notebook at once.

Leif VI looked back at Maxwell. You may leave. Without my summons, you need not come to the hospital again. The source of this content is FundNovel.net

Maxwell seethed inside but could only bow. As you command, Your Majesty.

Before leaving, he shot Caitlin a vicious, icy look. When the door closed, Leif VI sagged back against the pillows, drained.

Father.

I am fine. He reached up to wipe his daughter's tears, his voice gentle and tired. Now it is done. I have recognized you. Let us see who dares lay a finger on you.

Caitlin's eyes shone as she nodded. She did not care about titles; she only wanted her father well, her mother rescued, and their family together again.

Meanwhile Maxwell sat in his car, staring up at the hospital windows, eyes cold and calculating. Today he had not exposed Caitlin; he had helped them instead, turning a maid into a princess. Touching her would be far

harder now.

He gave a thin smile. Then change tactics. Without Kelly, there would be no Caitlin. To get the Shard of Life, he would use Kelly as leverage. With the artifact in hand, his affliction would be cured. And then Caitlin would never escape him.

Go, he ordered.

A few days later, Leif VI was discharged.

Shane arranged everything. Caitlin straightened her father's uniform with a smile. All set, Father. Time to go

home.

Yes. I cannot stand another whiff of this hospital stench.

He was eager to return. He had heard his son Harrison had arrived in Sanctis.

Magnus pushed the wheelchair and teased, Father, not long ago you said the hospital felt like paradise. Why so eager to leave now?

Paradise is not home, Leif VI said with a fond scold. I am taking my daughter home.

The royal convoy rolled out. People along the route paused to pay respects. The hospital director and physician team walked out to see them off.

Leif VI sat in the back, smiling as he spoke with Caitlin and Magnus about the nation's future.

The A Country of tomorrow will depend on you, he said warmly.

With his children beside him, his heart felt more at peace than it had in years.

You are the soul of the nation, Father, Caitlin said softly. When you recover, we will travel on state visits together and let Mother see the world.

Leif VI smiled with a sigh. If only I could stand again.

You will, Caitlin said, unwavering. That day will come.

The convoy entered the palace. Palace stewards and guards stood in neat lines to welcome the king home.

Shane, is everything ready?

Rest assured, Your Majesty. All is prepared.

Soon Caitlin received a call from Magnus. I have Harrison. We are almost there.

Leif VI's eyes lit. Good. Take me to the front hall. I want to greet them myself.

Caitlin pushed him to the front hall. Sunlight fell across the high steps. Leif VI fixed his gaze on the distant

square.

Caitlin, they are here.

I see them, Father.

The cars pulled in. Magnus and Harrison stepped out.

Harrison looked up at the majestic palace, awe and reverence rising in him. He assumed the king had come to welcome Magnus. He never imagined the one Leif VI was waiting for was him.

Leif VI watched that familiar figure approach, his heart trembling. Harrison's features and build were almost a mirror of his own youth. Blood called to blood. His hands shook, and his eyes grew hot.

Caitlin, I brought him back, Magnus said with a smile as they reached the steps.

Brother. Caitlin greeted him with a smile.

Caitlin, he answered in kind. He wanted to hug her, but before the king he held back and bowed. Your Majesty.

Good, good, good.

Leif VI nodded through tears, unable to say more than that one word.

He took in his son's face. The resemblance was uncanny, as if struck from the same mold. His son. His and Kelly's child.

Harrison was a little dazed.

Caitlin and Magnus knew it was because the king was overwhelmed with emotion.

Magnus took the wheelchair handles. Let us talk inside.

"All right."

Caitlin and her brother Harrison followed together.

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Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

News that Magnus had brought Harrison into the palace quickly reached Maxwell.

His informants had photographed Magnus at the airport, and one glance confirmed that the man he welcomed was Caitlin's brother, Harrison.

The king had only just announced his daughter, and now the son had appeared. They moved far too quickly.

Maxwell's anger boiled. His carefully groomed puppet was openly defying him. Without hesitation, he called Magnus and ordered him to come to the Government Complex.

Inside the royal guest hall, Magnus parked the wheelchair as his phone rang. Glancing at the screen, he said calmly, "Caitlin, you two talk. I have something to handle."

"Go ahead," Caitlin replied with a grateful smile. Magnus had shown her nothing but kindness and fairness. Few people would have helped their reunion so willingly.

After bidding farewell to the king and Caitlin, Magnus stepped outside and closed the door softly. Watching them from the hall, he felt a pang of envy—he had no parents left to embrace. Then his expression hardened. Maxwell's summons could not be avoided.

At the Ministry of Justice, he paused briefly before Maxwell's office, then knocked.

"Come in," came the curt voice.

Magnus entered and closed the door. Maxwell sat alone on the sofa.

“You wanted to see me?” Magnus asked.

Maxwell’s expression was grim. He tossed several photographs onto the table. “Look at them.”

His tone sharpened. “Have you forgotten who you are? You may carry the king’s name, but you’re an adoptee. You owe your position to me and my sister. Without us, you’d still be nothing.”

“I know,” Magnus said evenly. “I’m grateful for all you’ve done.”

Inwardly, though, the words burned. It was because of Maxwell and Heather that his birth parents had been murdered, leaving him an orphan.

“Is that what you call gratitude?” Maxwell snapped. “You lied about knowing Caitlin, then helped her reunite with the king. Playing both sides now?”

Magnus met his glare. “I hid it because I knew you’d be angry. Are you blaming me for helping a father and daughter meet again?”

“I let that pass,” Maxwell barked. “But today you brought her brother into the palace. Is that how a crown prince behaves?”

Magnus sighed. "They've suffered enough. Since they found their father, why shouldn't they see him? I only

did what was right. People should be kind—evil deeds always bring retribution."

The words were calm, but Maxwell heard the accusation beneath them.

"You fool," he roared, jabbing a finger at Magnus's chest. "Once those siblings are in the palace, do you really think the throne will still be yours?"

"I don't care who inherits it," Magnus said quietly.

That calm only infuriated Maxwell further. He seized Magnus by the collar. "You have no idea how much we invested in you. Don't forget who made you what you are. You're nothing but a royal lapdog."

The insult cut deep. All his life, Magnus had been under their control—until now. His father had taught him integrity; Maxwell only deceit. He tore free from Maxwell's grasp, eyes flashing cold.

"Maybe I was your pawn once, but no longer. I know who I am. My father taught me compassion. You taught me greed. We're nothing alike."

"Fine," he added, straightening his jacket. "If I've disappointed you, stop expecting anything from me. I never wanted to be king."

He turned toward the door.

“Stop!” Maxwell shouted. Fury overcame him; he drew his pistol and aimed at Magnus’s back.

Magnus stopped but didn’t flinch. “If you pull that trigger, think of what happens next. To you, I may be a dog. But to A Country, I’m a prince.”

He walked out, slamming the door behind him. The sound echoed like a verdict. Their alliance was over.

Maxwell’s gun stayed raised, unmoving. He couldn’t fire—Magnus was right. Killing him would destroy everything.

With nowhere for his rage to go, Maxwell swept his arm across the desk, shattering everything in reach. The office descended into chaos as he stood trembling, teeth clenched in fury.

Downstairs, Magnus slid into his car. His expression was colder, his resolve clearer. It was time to live as himself, free and unafraid.

He would join Caitlin and their father—and avenge his real parents.

In the palace, Leif VI restrained his emotions. He didn't reveal the truth right away, choosing instead to talk casually with Harrison. The conversation flowed naturally. To Harrison, the king seemed unexpectedly kind and human, not at all distant.

Caitlin handed him an old photograph. "Look closely at Father when he was young. What do you see?"

Harrison studied it, frowning slightly. "It's strange... he looks almost like me. If you said this was my photo, I might believe it."

"Doesn't that make you wonder why?" Caitlin asked softly.

I see.

Maxwell feigned sudden understanding, his tone coated in hollow courtesy. I never imagined she was Your Majesty's daughter.

Leif VI's face was stern. Now that you all know, I will make it official. I will recognize my daughter Caitlin as a member of the royal house, grant her the Leif surname, and bestow upon her the title of princess.

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