

78: A Little Understanding of Protecting the Wife

As Sebastian and Caitlin were both lost in thought, Freya walked in again.

"Ah, everyone's here?"

Freya glanced at the room full of people, scanning them curiously.

"What's going on? Why does everyone look so down? Did you all not sleep last night? I saw the news, and I heard The Vanderbilt Family had a fire last night. Is that true?"

"Of course it's true!" Grace replied, seemingly unfazed.

"I heard it was the old lady's house that got burned. Did anyone die?" Freya asked, probing for information.

Sebastian's patience ran thin. Coldly, he said, "I think you're hoping for a fatality, aren't you?"

"What's with you, Second Nephew? You're so rude! I just wanted to see if the old lady was still alive. If she died, wouldn't that mean I'd get a share of the inheritance?" Freya replied shamelessly, without a hint of remorse.

This irked Sebastian to no end. "Get this crazy woman out of here!"

"Hey! You're throwing me out? I'm your aunt! If I don't get what's mine, why should I leave?" Freya shouted as she was dragged out.

Sebastian wasn't in the mood for further discussion. White Dragon and Xuyi stepped forward and swiftly removed her from the room.

"Hey, let go of me! You fools! Do you have any idea how expensive this coat is? Do you think you can just rip it?!" Freya continued yelling as she

was dragged out of the room.

Caitlin sighed deeply. She didn't understand how The Vanderbilt Family could have someone like Freya among them. For now, there was no concrete evidence, so she decided to have White Dragon and his team conduct a secret investigation. She was confident the truth would come to light soon, and all the hidden monsters would reveal themselves.

Once the servants were dismissed, Grace called out to Bruce, "Howard, come over and let Grandma take a look. You weren't too scared last night, were you?"

Bruce remained still, still nestled in his mother's arms. As far as he was concerned, the fire didn't matter—he had been asleep and unaware of anything happening around him.

"Howard is a little shaken. I'll take him down to rest for a while," Caitlin quickly intervened, holding her son and giving an excuse. She didn't want Bruce to be part of this family drama any longer.

Sebastian didn't press the matter either, and the family moved on with their own concerns. They headed back to the Vanderbilt estate, and Caitlin immediately went to the kitchen to prepare lunch.

After lunch, Caitlin received a call from Quincy, saying that they had found the whereabouts of the mortician, Gavin.

"I need to go out for a while. Should I take Howard with me, or would you prefer to look after him?" Caitlin asked as she prepared to leave.

"Of course, he should stay with me. Where are you going?" Sebastian replied, though he seemed less concerned about her plans now.

Caitlin didn't reveal much. After giving Bruce a quick reminder, she left,

unaware that Sebastian had already dispatched Xavi to follow her.

Xavi, however, was soon having trouble tailing her. When Caitlin noticed the car following her, she suspected it was Xavi, and she wasn't amused. "That man really has nothing better to do," she thought. "Does he think he can control me by tracking my movements?"

Quincy, being highly skilled in driving, quickly lost Xavi by taking evasive maneuvers. Within ten minutes, they had left Xavi behind in a traffic jam.

After about forty minutes, Quincy brought Caitlin to an old neighborhood.

They parked the car and entered a dilapidated alley. Observing the rundown surroundings, Caitlin asked, "How could Gavin be living in such a place?"

Quincy explained, "I did some digging. Gavin has a gambling addiction. He's lost everything—his wife left him, and now he's living in poverty."

Caitlin frowned. Gambling had ruined so many lives, and Gavin's was no different.

They walked around a few corners before reaching a small, run-down house. Quincy knocked on the door and called out, "Is anyone home?"

Soon, a middle-aged man with a limp appeared. Caitlin recognized him immediately from the photo she had seen at the funeral home, but the man now looked completely different. His clothes were torn, his beard untamed, and he had the air of someone who had fallen from grace.

"Who are you?" Gavin croaked, his voice hoarse.

"We're here to ask you about a matter," Quincy replied. "Two years ago, you worked as an embalmer at the third mortuary, correct?"

"Yes, what's this about?" Gavin asked, suddenly on guard.

"We'd like to ask you about a case from five years ago, August 6th. Did you embalm a deceased person named Kelly?" Quincy asked.

At the mention of that date, Gavin stiffened, his expression hardening. "Who are you to ask about that?" he shot back.

Caitlin, watching his reaction, knew for sure that Gavin remembered something—he wasn't as forgetful as he was pretending.

"I'm Kelly's daughter," Caitlin said, her voice steady.

Gavin's eyes widened, and for a brief moment, his shock was evident, though his unkempt hair made it hard to read his face. His demeanor turned agitated as he began to usher them out.

"I don't remember anything. That was five years ago, who can remember that? You'd better leave!" he said, growing increasingly anxious.

Quincy tried to calm him, "Please, think carefully. We're investigating Kelly's death, and it's important. We need your help."

Gavin limped away a few steps, muttering to himself. "I don't know. It's been so long... You need to leave. I don't know anything!" He shouted, closing the door behind him.

Caitlin was sure he knew something but didn't want to reveal it. She wasn't giving up that easily.

Standing outside, she knocked on the door again. "Gavin, please, I need your help. My mother's ashes were nothing but lime, and now they're missing. I need to know what happened. If you know anything, please tell me."

For the first time, she could see a flicker of uncertainty in Gavin's eyes.
Would he help? Or would he remain silent about the past?

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