

79: Looking for Trouble, Caitlin Unleashes Full Power! KO

"I don't know! Go away, go away! Don't bother me anymore..."

Gavin turned around and went back inside, slamming the door behind him.

Caitlin and Quincy exchanged a glance. Quincy said, "Caitlin, what should we do now? How about we head back for today and come back tomorrow? Maybe we can convince him after a few visits."

"Fine."

Caitlin still felt that Gavin knew something, but just wasn't willing to say it.

She was growing more and more curious—everyone who had worked at the funeral home back then had disappeared. Wyatt had gone mad, and Gavin had become crippled. What had happened to them?

With those questions in mind, Caitlin and Quincy retraced their steps.

Just as they were about to leave the alley, a motorcycle suddenly sped by, and the person on the back grabbed Caitlin's shoulder bag.

"My bag!"

Caitlin screamed.

"Wait for me! I'll go after them!"

Seeing this, Quincy immediately sprinted off to chase the motorcycle.

Caitlin stayed where she was, but soon, a group of men appeared. Among them, a young man with grayish hair said, "Boss, this is like winning the

lottery! We've got 500,000 just for the taking!"

"Right, let's go find this woman in the photo!"

The man known as the boss was a big, burly guy. They had just received a job from someone who had given them a photo and instructed them to find the woman in it, handle her, and after the job was done, they would be paid **500,000 USD**.

They had been given **100,000 USD** as a down payment, and when they stepped out of the alley, they immediately saw a woman with a figure that could stop traffic.

Her body was so good that just one glance was enough to make anyone want to commit a crime.

"Boss, look! A hottie! She's a total knockout!"

The thugs were excited as they spotted Caitlin, eager to take advantage of the opportunity like cats seeing fish. 

As they got closer, the gray-haired man said, "Hey, wait a second... this woman looks kind of familiar."

One of the thugs glanced at the photo in their hands, compared it, and exclaimed, "Holy shit! That's the woman in the photo! This is like a gift from heaven!"

"Yeah, it's her! Talk about luck!"

The gang members were all excited, cracking their knuckles and making their way toward Caitlin.

Caitlin heard footsteps and turned to see a group of over ten men running

out of the alley.

They surrounded her, and one of the men, grinning lewdly, said, "Hey, beautiful, just you alone?"

They were eyeing Caitlin like a juicy piece of meat, seeing her not only as a beautiful woman but also as a **500,000 USD** cash prize.

"What do you want?"

Caitlin narrowed her eyes, her voice cold and wary.

She knew the old district wasn't the safest, but she hadn't expected to run into trouble in broad daylight.

"How about you come with us and sing a song for us?"

"Get lost!"

Caitlin snapped back, furious.

"Hey, I like your fiery attitude! We love spicy girls like you! You're exactly our type!"

The gray-haired man reached out to touch Caitlin's face.

Unfortunately, before his hand even made contact, there was a sharp "crack," and Caitlin twisted his wrist with a precise move, following it up with an over-the-shoulder throw.

It happened so fast that the thugs didn't have time to react.

"Ah..."

The gray-haired man cried out in pain.

The burly man saw that the woman had some skill and growled, "Damn it! Grab her, guys! After I'm done with her, you all can have your turn!"

The thugs had never seen such a gorgeous woman, and one by one, they rushed to surround her.

Caitlin cracked her knuckles. She hadn't warmed up in a while, and this was the perfect chance to practice on these guys.

She was about to show these punks the consequences of messing with her.

Next, the thugs rushed in to grab her, but Caitlin kicked out, landing a powerful blow that sent one man flying.

Two more charged at her, only to be knocked out with brutal efficiency.

All around, the sound of bones snapping echoed as most of the thugs ended up with dislocated arms, their bodies sprawled out on the ground, wailing in pain.

Quincy caught up and saw the mess on the ground. "What happened?"

"Nothing, just a few punks."

Hearing this, Quincy kicked the burly guy lying on the ground a few times to vent his frustration.

He then spotted a photo on the ground. He picked it up and saw that it was a photo of Caitlin. He brought it over to her and said, "Caitlin, this photo... it's of you!"

"What?"

Caitlin stared at the photo, puzzled. How did these people have a photo of her?

Her cold gaze turned to the burly guy on the ground. She stepped on his throat and, seeing that he was already terrified, he began to beg. "Please, don't kill me! Please!"

Caitlin's voice was chilling as she interrogated him. "Tell me! How did you get this photo?"

The burly man was clearly scared out of his wits after what Caitlin had done to him. He could no longer lie. "Please, I'll tell you... Someone gave us the money and the photo... They left a note, but I don't know who they are...!"

Caitlin's cold eyes scanned the other thugs, and they all nodded, confirming what the burly man said. "It's true. Someone dropped the money and the photo at our door..."

"What about the note?"

"We've already thrown it away..."

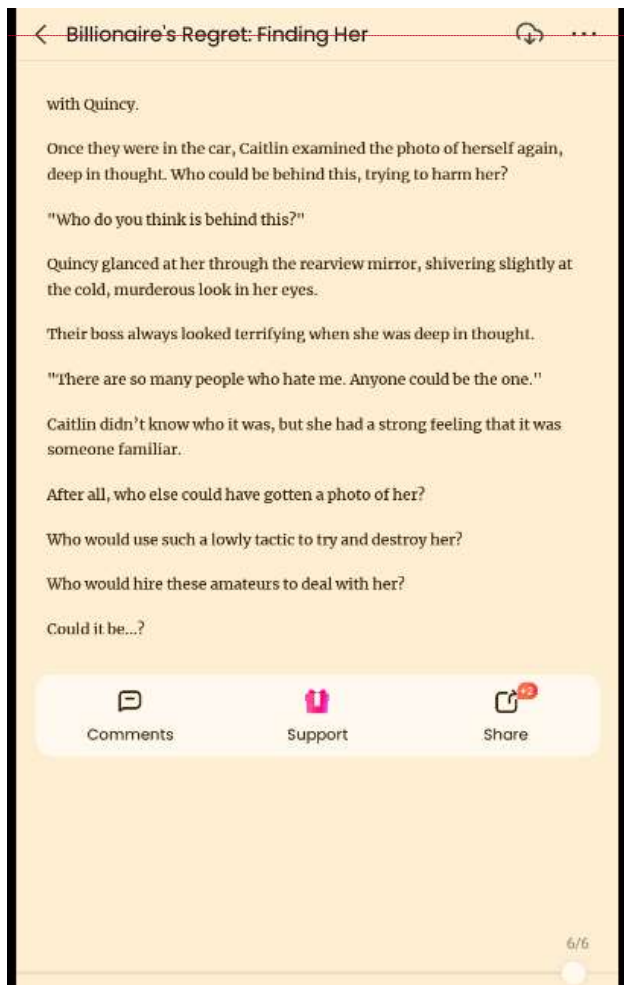
Caitlin couldn't get any more information. Clearly, the person who hired these thugs didn't want to leave any trace.

She withdrew her foot and issued a warning.

"Next time you see me, call me 'Aunt.' And don't cause me any more trouble. If I run into you again, I'll beat you up. Got it?"

"Got it... Got it... Aunt..."

The men kept spitting out blood as Caitlin stepped over them and left



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