

### 91: His Death Was Suspicious

"I don't know. Let me contact him and ask," Xavi said as he dialed Ulysses' number, but he was unable to get through. "I can't reach Ulysses. What's going on?"

Sebastian's face suddenly grew serious as a thought crossed his mind. He turned to Xavi and ordered, "Xavi, Tyler, go quickly! Something might have happened!"

"Understood, Mr. Vanderbilt!" Xavi quickly grabbed Tyler, and they rushed out.

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Quincy had learned about Caitlin's recent encounter and couldn't help but feel relieved that she had escaped unharmed. From now on, he might need to stay close to her for her safety.

The car arrived at the old neighborhood in the city. Caitlin and Quincy had just entered the alley when they unexpectedly ran into the same group of thugs from before.

As soon as the thug leader saw Caitlin, he froze, and the rest of his gang quickly stepped back, clearly frightened. They were incredibly unlucky. Of all the times they could have been out, they had to run into Caitlin now! The memory of their last encounter, where they had been badly beaten, was still fresh in their minds.

Realizing they had no way out, the thug leader reluctantly approached Caitlin with a forced smile. "Ah, Miss Caitlin! We didn't know you were coming, we have nothing prepared. Are you heading out for some business? Please, go ahead, we won't keep you any longer. Take care!"



He quickly backed away, signaling his gang to retreat with him.

Quincy leaned forward and said, "At least they know when to back off."

"Let's go," Caitlin replied, and they continued walking forward, soon arriving at Gavin's house.

Quincy opened the dilapidated door and called out, "Uncle Gavin, are you home?"

When no one answered, Quincy pushed open the door to the living room and walked inside to look for Gavin.

But suddenly, a shrill scream pierced the air, "Ah! Caitlin!"

Caitlin furrowed her brows and quickly walked over to find Quincy frozen in place, as if he had been nailed to the ground. A strong, metallic smell filled the air.

It was the smell of blood...

Caitlin could sense the distinct odor and followed it into the back room, where she found the gruesome sight of Gavin's lifeless body lying in a pool of blood.

"He's dead!" Caitlin exclaimed in disbelief.

"Yes, he's dead," Quincy said grimly, realizing how suspicious the situation was. He quickly understood that Gavin's death was far from ordinary.

Caitlin surveyed the surroundings and then knelt by Gavin's body, checking for signs of life. His body was cold, and his breathing was shallow. She confirmed, "He died about an hour ago. We're too late." 1



If she hadn't been dragged off to the industrial district earlier, maybe she would have been able to save him.

"Who killed him?" Quincy asked, scanning the scene. There were no signs of a struggle, meaning Gavin likely never saw his attacker.

"There's a hole in the glass, and a bullet wound in his forehead," Caitlin observed. "The bullet went straight through his skull. The killer must have been outside, shooting from a distance. Only a highly skilled marksman could pull off a shot like this."

"Do you think this has something to do with the person who killed Una?" Quincy asked, clearly perplexed.

Caitlin pondered for a moment and then said, "It's possible, but we can't be sure."

Quincy nodded. "What should we do now?"

"Call the police," Caitlin ordered.

Quincy immediately contacted the authorities, while Caitlin began searching through the room for any clues. However, Gavin's house was in complete disarray, and there was nothing of value to be found.

But then, Caitlin noticed something odd. Gavin was still holding something in his hand. As she pulled it free, she saw that it was a half-bloodstained old photograph.

On the half that remained, she could clearly see Gavin's arm around a man—she immediately recognized the face. It was Wyatt.

Caitlin's mind raced. Wyatt was in a mental institution now, so he was unlikely to be involved in Gavin's death. This photo must have been a



clue about their past relationship.

As she thought about it, she realized that the torn photo had to have been deliberately hidden. But why? What was so important that Gavin had kept it with him?

Turning the photo over, Caitlin saw two faint words written on the back: "Oma" and "Pri."

The name "Omar Price" instantly flashed in her mind. He was one of the cremators from the Third Funeral Home—the same place that had been connected to the death of her mother.

Quincy had already looked into the files of the people involved, and Caitlin remembered the name Omar.

Realizing the significance of this, Caitlin stood up and quickly left the house.

When Quincy saw her coming out of the house, he asked, "Boss, did you find anything?"

"I found half a photo. Take a look."

Quincy recognized the faces immediately. "This is Gavin... and Wyatt."

"What about the other half?"

"It's missing. I think the other half of the photo belongs to Omar," Caitlin explained, her mind working quickly. "If someone wanted Gavin dead, it was likely to stop me from digging deeper. With Wyatt already insane and Gavin dead, who's next?"

Quincy immediately understood. "You think it could be Omar?"



"Yes. If I'm right, Gavin tore that photo to hide something. Maybe he was trying to protect Omar."

Caitlin took a deep breath, then gave the order. "Contact the Shadow Moon Pavilion, we need to find Omar as soon as possible."

Shadow Moon Pavilion was Caitlin's organization. If it weren't for them, she and several children would have perished long ago.

They waited for about half an hour before a few police officers arrived. "We received a report of a homicide here."

"Yes, I called the police," Quincy said, greeting the officers and leading them into the house. "When we arrived, we found Mr. Gavin dead in here."

The officers began investigating the crime scene, and one of them asked Quincy, "You haven't touched anything in the house, right?"

"No, we've stayed here to preserve the scene."

"Good. And what's your relationship with the deceased?"

"We don't have a direct relationship. We came to ask him some questions."

The police officers continued their investigation while Quincy explained the situation. Soon, the coroner arrived to examine the body.

Once the investigation was underway, Quincy asked, "Officer, should we leave for now?"

"You can go, but we may need you again for further questioning later."

98 His Death Was Suspicious

"We'll cooperate fully," Quincy assured.

With that, Caitlin and Quincy left the dilapidated neighborhood. The journey back was quiet. The weight of Gavin's death seemed to hang over Caitlin, and she couldn't shake the feeling that the investigation into her mother's ashes had been deliberately obstructed by someone powerful.

Who could it be, and what did Gavin's death have to do with her mother's mysterious death?

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