Mafia Mask 76

Chapter 76 Buried Secrets Surface

Katelyn’s POV

I had been carrying these secrets for so long, they felt like stones weighing down my chest. Now, sitting in this heavily guarded room within the Thorne compound with Caleb looking at me with those earnest eyes, I knew the time had come to speak the truth about what I had witnessed over the years.

"Caleb, what I’m about to tell you will shock you," I began, my voice trembling slightly. "I discovered years ago that Monica and Roman have been having an affair. For a long time, they’ve been sneaking around behind everyone’s backs, betraying your family’s trust."

I watched Caleb’s face transform, his jaw going slack with disbelief. The color drained from his cheeks as my words sank in, and I could see the dangerous glint that appeared in his ice-blue eyes whenever violence was imminent.

"I stumbled upon them one afternoon in the back stairwell of the compound. They were locked in an embrace, completely oblivious to the world around them. It disgusted me, honestly. Both of them sworn to loyalty, both pretending to be faithful family soldiers in front of everyone else. But I’m just the woman who serves dinner and cleans the safe house. People like me become invisible, don’t we? We see everything, but nobody thinks we matter enough to notice what we witness."

"You matter to me, Katelyn," Caleb said, reaching across to squeeze my weathered hand. "You’ve always mattered to Xavier and Heidi too. You know that."

His touch brought warmth to my old heart. "I know, sweetheart. I practically raised you, changing your diapers when your parents brought you to family meetings as a baby." A smile crossed my face at the memory. "Your mother and father always treated me with kindness too. Don and Eleanor Thorne were exceptional people, Caleb. They showed me nothing but respect and consideration throughout all those years. They didn’t deserve what happened to them in that terrible car explosion."

I paused, knowing what I was about to say would shatter something inside him.

"I never could understand why you chose to shut down the investigation into their deaths. You were suffering terribly, that much was clear, but it always puzzled me why you wouldn't want answers about what really happened that night. Why you wouldn't want blood for blood, as family law demands."

The change in Caleb was immediate and dramatic. His entire body went rigid, as if someone had turned him to stone. His eyes widened with a mixture of confusion and growing horror. The silence stretched between us until Xavier jumped in.

"What do you mean Caleb ordered the investigation closed?" Xavier's voice cut through the tension like a blade.

"Oh, boys, I'm so sorry to bring up such painful memories," I said, suddenly regretting opening this can of worms. "This has been eating at me for years, but I never had the courage to ask you directly. You were in such agony back then."

"Tell me exactly what you saw and heard, Katelyn." Caleb's voice came out broken, barely above a whisper.

I took a deep breath, knowing there was no turning back now.

"It was some time after your parents died. I had brought coffee to Xavier's office and was cleaning up in the Don's study afterward, collecting cups and straightening up. That's when I heard a man's voice in the outer corridor, speaking to Monica. He identified himself as the detective handling your parents' case and said he needed to speak with you urgently about new evidence."

The memory came flooding back with crystal clarity.

"Monica put on that sickeningly sweet voice she uses when she's being manipulative. She told him you had delegated the matter to someone you trusted completely, and that she would contact them immediately. I assumed she meant Xavier, but instead she called Roman. She told him to come upstairs right away because the detective would be waiting in the private meeting room."

I watched Caleb's face crumble as the implications began to hit him.

"I waited until Monica escorted the man to the meeting room, then I slipped into the kitchen through the back entrance. I do that often, you know, staying out of the way until someone needs something. Monica had just closed the door connecting the kitchen to the meeting room when I entered. I thought she had simply gotten refreshments for the detective."

My hands shook slightly as I continued.

"Then Roman arrived. Through the door, I could hear him telling the detective that you wanted the investigation terminated because the grief was destroying you. He claimed you wanted to put the whole nightmare behind you and move on. The detective protested, saying that wasn't proper procedure for a case involving such prominent victims. But Roman kept pushing, insisting you were prepared to provide substantial compensation for this favor."

"You never mentioned any of this to me, Katelyn," Monica said, her face pale with shock.

"My dear, it hadn't crossed my mind again until this very moment," I replied, though that wasn't entirely true. The memory had haunted me for years.

"What else did you overhear?" Caleb asked, tears now streaming down his face.

"The detective eventually agreed and left. Soon after, I caught Roman and Monica together in the stairwell again, but this time they weren't being romantic. They were discussing how the detective had successfully buried the case, and how expensive the whole arrangement had been."

Caleb buried his face in his hands, his shoulders shaking with sobs. The sound broke my heart.

"Dear God," he whispered. "Could my parents' deaths have been orchestrated by our own family?"

"There's more, Caleb," I said gently. "In the weeks leading up to the explosion, your father had been arriving at the compound much earlier than usual. He would come in with stacks of documents, clearly under enormous stress. I often heard him muttering to himself about Roman being a sly fox who had made a fool of him. He was absolutely furious with Roman."

I could see the pieces clicking together in Caleb’s mind.

"The day before the accident, I stayed late waiting for my husband to pick me up. I always wait inside the compound for safety, and that evening, I heard raised voices coming from the Don’s private office. Your father was having a heated confrontation with Roman. He stripped him of his rank on the spot, calling him a traitor. He said he would have the official removal processed the following morning."

The room fell silent except for Caleb’s quiet weeping.

"They had a vicious argument. I heard your father mention something about having evidence stored in a secure location, proof of Roman’s betrayals."

Scott leaned forward, his expression grave. "Given everything Katelyn has told us, Caleb, there’s a very real possibility that your parents’ deaths weren’t accidental. I’ll coordinate with your security team to track down information about this detective. I have contacts in law enforcement who might prove useful in reopening this investigation."

"Do whatever it takes, Scott," Caleb said, his voice hollow. "I want every detail uncovered, no matter how deep we have to dig or how many bodies we have to bury."

He turned back to me with desperate eyes. "Is there anything else, Katelyn? Any detail, no matter how small, could be crucial now."