

Second chance 771

Chapter 771:

The entire ballroom erupted into renewed, horrified gasps. The Wall Street elite recoiled. Though they had witnessed the initial assault earlier, they now realized they were watching the cold-blooded, calculated execution of a corporate titan.

Jeraldine Holloway's knees buckled. Her hands grabbed the edge of the table to keep from falling. The gruesome reality of her father-in-law's death crashed down on her chest, making it hard for her to breathe.

Hilliard calmly raised a hand. Gavin played the second half of the footage. The video zoomed in, capturing Charla deliberately checking a unique, unpublicized birthmark on Amerigo's left hand before striking the final blow, verifying the target for her co-conspirators.

Gregg staggered backward. His face drained of all color. That specific birthmark was a closely guarded family secret, known only to inner circle members. No AI could have fabricated that detail, and its presence directly implicated Gregg as the informant.

Patricia English watched her daughter's absolute destruction. She panicked. She pushed past a waiter, her maternal instincts overriding her logic.

Patricia pointed a shaking finger at Gregg. She screamed that Charla only did it because Amerigo was planning to cut Gregg out of the primary inheritance.

The room plunged into a secondary shockwave of silence. Patricia's desperate defense accidentally confirmed the video's authenticity to everyone present and exposed their collective motive.

The lead FBI agent immediately signaled his team. Two female agents moved swiftly across the floor. They placed Patricia English under arrest, reading her the Miranda rights in a loud, clear voice.

Patricia thrashed wildly. Her expensive diamond jewelry scattered across the marble floor. She sobbed that she didn't mean it and begged Richard to help her.

Richard English kept his head down. He refused to look at his wife. He was entirely consumed by his own impending doom and the cold steel around his wrists.

Jeraldine shook with unprecedented fury. She stepped out from behind the VIP table, her eyes locking onto Charla with murderous intent.

A Holloway security guard tried to gently intercept Jeraldine. She slapped his hand away with a vicious backhand. Her authority in that moment was absolute.

Jeraldine's voice trembled with rage. She publicly cursed Charla and declared that the English family name was now dead in New York.

Cailin observed the scene from the periphery. Her expression remained stoic. She felt a cold satisfaction seeing the architects of her misery destroy each other.

Silas Sinclair leaned against a marble pillar. He whistled softly at the sheer brutality of the Holloway family dynamics. He was clearly enjoying the show.

Hilliard took the microphone again. His voice cut through the tension. He announced that Amerigo's murder was only the beginning of Charla's body count.

Hilliard's declaration hung in the air. The heavy silence was broken only by Patricia English's muffled sobs as she was led away by the FBI agents.

Cailin Morton stepped out from the shadows of the Sinclair security detail. Her black velvet pantsuit contrasted sharply with the bright stage lights. Her posture was rigid, her face an unreadable mask.

Chapter 772:

Hilliard met Cailin's gaze. A flicker of profound guilt passed through his dark eyes. He silently handed her the primary microphone, stepping back to give her the floor.

Cailin gripped the microphone. The cold metal grounded her. Her voice was steady and chillingly calm as she addressed the Holloway family directly regarding the events of five years ago.

She signaled Gavin. The LED screens displayed the classified autopsy report of Mr. Abernathy, the loyal Holloway estate manager who had died under suspicious circumstances.

Jeraldine flinched. She remembered exactly how Charla had convinced them that Cailin had pushed the old man down the stairs during a manic episode.

Cailin detailed the precise forensic evidence, pointing out the specific angle of the blunt force trauma on the screen. It proved the strike had come from behind, not from a forward fall.

Gavin played a recovered security footage clip from the Holloway estate's hidden cameras. The file had been heavily encrypted until Kegan's team cracked it.

The grainy footage clearly showed Charla English striking Mr. Abernathy with a heavy bronze statue. The old man had just discovered her tampering with Cailin's medication bottles.

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. The Wall Street elite witnessed the brutal, cold-blooded murder of an innocent servant playing out on the giant screens.

Charla, still on the floor, covered her ears and squeezed her eyes shut, desperately trying to block out the visual proof of her most hidden sin.

Cailin's voice rose, laced with years of suppressed agony. She detailed how Charla had used this murder to frame her, turning the entire Holloway family against an innocent woman.

Gregg Holloway looked away, his jaw clenched tight, unable to meet Cailin's eyes as the weight of his past unjust judgments crushed his pride.

Jeraldine stared at the screen, her breathing growing shallow, as she realized she had driven Cailin away and embraced a murderer based entirely on a fabricated lie.

Cailin turned to Charla. Her gaze was piercing. She stated that Mr. Abernathy was the only one in that house who had treated her with kindness, and his blood was permanently on Charla's hands.

Charla snapped. Her fear turned into rabid malice. She screamed that the old man deserved it for snooping and protecting a piece of trash like Cailin.

This vile outburst destroyed any lingering ounce of pity from the audience. Even the most cynical Wall Street sharks looked at Charla with pure disgust.

Jeraldine was pushed past her breaking point by the sheer magnitude of the betrayal. She marched toward the VIP table where the thick, gold-embossed engagement ceremony agendas and the public alliance declaration drafts rested.

She grabbed a heavy crystal champagne flute from the table. The expensive vintage splashed over the rim onto her fingers as she stormed back toward Charla.

Without a word, Jeraldine threw the freezing champagne directly into Charla's face. The liquid stung the fresh cuts on her lip and ruined her meticulously applied makeup.

Charla shrieked. She wiped the stinging alcohol from her eyes, looking up at Jeraldine in absolute terror.

Chapter 773:

Jeraldine snatched the thick, leather-bound alliance declarations from the table and held them up high for the entire ballroom to see.

With a violent, tearing motion, Jeraldine ripped the symbolic alliance documents in half. The sound of tearing paper echoed like a gunshot through the room.

She threw the shredded documents directly onto Charla's face, declaring the English family completely excommunicated from the Holloway empire forever.

The FBI agents sensed the escalating physical tension and stepped in to form a barrier between the furious Holloway matriarch and the restrained criminal.

Cailin watched Jeraldine's dramatic display. Her expression remained entirely unimpressed. She knew this anger was born of wounded pride, not genuine remorse for what they had done to her.

Hilliard maneuvered his wheelchair a few inches closer to Cailin. His labored breathing was a testament to his fractured chest, but his physical proximity offered a silent wall of support, though he dared not reach out to touch her.

He took the microphone back. His voice dropped an octave. He announced that while Charla had handled the murders, Richard English had handled the mass casualties.

Richard trembled in his handcuffs. He violently shook his head, begging Hilliard not to bring up the Brooklyn project.

Hilliard ignored him. He signaled Gavin to initiate the final sequence. He was ready to bury the English patriarch under the rubble of his own greed.

Richard sweated profusely in his FBI handcuffs. He stammered that he had no knowledge of his daughter's violent actions, pleading that her crimes were her own now that she had already been hauled away by the feds. He desperately attempted to play the victim.

Hilliard let out a dark, humorless laugh. His voice echoed through the ballroom. He called Richard a pathetic coward for trying to hide behind his daughter's skirts even after she was gone.

Gavin Thorne pressed a key. The screens shifted from the Holloway estate to drone footage of a massive, collapsed construction site in Brooklyn.

The footage showed twisted steel and crushed concrete. It was a catastrophic structural failure of the English Group's former highly touted flagship high-rise, the very disaster that had triggered their recent bankruptcy.

Richard's eyes widened in sheer terror. His face drained of blood. He realized Hilliard had uncovered his most heavily guarded corporate secret — the true criminal conspiracy behind his financial ruin.

Hilliard detailed how Richard had used substandard, black-market steel to cut costs, explaining how this directly violated New York building safety codes.

Gavin brought up a series of internal emails bearing Richard's digital signature. The emails explicitly ordered project managers to ignore structural warning reports months before the company officially went under.

A heavy, oppressive silence fell over the elite crowd. The screens displayed seventeen black-and-white photos of the construction workers who had perished in the collapse.

Hilliard's voice was laced with genuine disgust as he explained how Richard had paid off corrupt officials to classify the deaths as an unforeseen natural accident, trying to save his failing company from the inevitable fallout.

Chapter 774:

Several high-profile investors in the room who had lost massive stakes in the English Group's bankruptcy immediately pulled out their encrypted phones.

A frantic whispering swept through the ballroom. Hedge fund managers barked orders to their legal teams to completely sever any remaining ties to Richard and cooperate with federal investigators to avoid being implicated in the cover-up.

Richard lunged forward, struggling against the FBI agents. He screamed at the investors that it was a lie and that he had been framed, begging them to remember his past influence and help him.

Gavin seamlessly projected the final nail in the coffin. A massive, undeniable trail of SEC tax fraud and offshore money laundering, used to pay the bribes and hide his remaining assets during the bankruptcy proceedings, filled the screens.

The lead FBI agent stepped up to Richard. His voice was hard. He officially added federal racketeering and manslaughter to Richard's list of charges.

Richard's knees gave out. His worn, previously expensive bespoke suit pulled awkwardly across his shoulders as he collapsed under the weight of his total, inescapable ruin.

He looked toward Gregg Holloway. He opened his mouth to beg his former ally for financial salvation or legal support.

Gregg turned his back deliberately. He refused to even acknowledge Richard's existence, treating the ruined man like a contagious disease.

Knowing his daughter was already in custody, the reality that both of them faced permanent disgrace and life in federal prison shattered the last remnants of Richard's delusions.

He began to hyperventilate, clawing at the carpet, his fingers scraping against the floorboards as he descended into a full-blown panic attack.

Hilliard looked down at the ruined father from the stage. He leaned heavily on the podium, suppressing a grimace of pain from his fractured sternum, but his posture projected absolute dominance. He had executed the perfect corporate and social slaughter.

He spoke into the microphone one last time, declaring that the English family was officially erased from New York's elite society.

Cailin watched Hilliard's ruthless efficiency. She acknowledged internally that when he wasn't blinded by his family, he was a terrifying apex predator.

The FBI agents, having gathered enough evidence from the screens and public confessions, began to physically haul Richard toward the exit.

Richard dragged his feet, weeping openly. It was a pathetic end for a man who had once dined with senators and mayors.

Two agents grabbed Richard firmly by the arms and hauled him up from the floor, his once-immaculate shoes scraping heavily against the ground.

Richard wildly shook his head, his eyes darting around the room, desperately searching for one last lifeline to cling to.

His gaze locked onto Hilliard. A twisted, desperate light ignited in his eyes. He formulated one final, venomous lie to protect himself and his daughter.

Richard dug his heels into the carpet, resisting the agents. He took a deep breath, preparing to drop a bomb that he hoped would force the Holloways to save them both.

Chapter 775:

As the FBI agents attempted to drag her toward the ballroom exit, Charla violently broke free from their initial grasp. She anchored her weight against the heavy VIP table, her eyes wide and manic.

Charla screamed at the top of her lungs, her voice echoing over the murmurs of the crowd. “You can’t arrest me! Hilliard forced me! He made me hire that man to fulfill his sick, twisted fantasies!”

The entire ballroom froze once again. The sheer audacity of the claim sent a shockwave through the elite guests.

Jeraldine Holloway gasped, her hand instinctively going to her chest. The sheer, grotesque nature of the accusation momentarily overrode her disgust for the murderer.

Gregg Holloway stepped forward, his face purple with absolute fury. Far from halting the arrest, he demanded the agents gag the murderous woman immediately. He was utterly enraged that the very person who had assassinated his father was now desperately trying to drag his son’s reputation through the gutter on her way down.

Charla smiled a twisted, triumphant smile, believing she had successfully leveraged the threat of a massive public scandal to secure her safety.

Cailin watched the spectacle, her expression perfectly blank. She knew exactly how Hilliard was going to dismantle this delusion.

Hilliard let out a slow, chilling laugh from the stage, his heavily bandaged and casted body remaining perfectly still. The dark, echoing sound cut through the tension like a physical blow.

He looked down at Charla with absolute pity, stating that her desperation had finally crossed into full-blown insanity.

Hilliard signaled Gavin. The screens immediately displayed the uncut HD footage from the hotel room — the rest of the footage that had exposed the gigolo earlier.

Hilliard's voice was cold as ice as he reminded the room of the gigolo's own recorded confession, declaring that the man had explicitly detailed Charla's independent, secretive payments and her desperate plan to pass the child off as a Holloway.

Charla's triumphant smile shattered. Her face twisted in horrified realization as the memory of the gigolo's confession played again on the massive screens.

Gregg's fury reached a boiling point. He watched in utter disgust, realizing Charla was making a pathetic final attempt to project her own filthy infidelity onto his son.

Gregg roared at the FBI agents, demanding they remove the filthy whore from his sight immediately.

The lead FBI agent nodded, his patience gone, and signaled his team to use physical force to complete the extraction.

Four agents converged on Charla. They effortlessly overpowered her remaining resistance and lifted her off the ground.

Charla thrashed like a wild animal. Her expensive hair extensions tore loose. Her screams turned into incoherent, guttural shrieks.

As she was dragged past Cailin, Charla's eyes locked onto her, burning with a psychotic, unquenchable hatred.

Charla spit venomous curses at Cailin, screaming that she would kill her, kill her children, and burn her world to ashes.

Cailin didn't even flinch. She merely tilted her head slightly, looking at Charla as if she were a rabid dog being taken to the pound.

Chapter 776:

Silas Sinclair stepped slightly in front of Cailin, his hand resting casually on his suit jacket — a silent warning that Sinclair security was ready to intervene.

The heavy double doors of the ballroom were thrown open. A swarm of flashing camera flashes from the press gathered in the lobby blinded the room.

The FBI agents marched Charla and Richard out into the blinding light of the paparazzi, initiating the ultimate high-society perp walk.

Reporters screamed questions. Camera shutters clicked frantically, capturing the ruined, weeping faces of the once-mighty English family.

The heavy doors slammed shut, cutting off the flashes and the screams and leaving the ballroom in a stunned, ringing silence.

Hilliard remained by the podium. His chest heaved slightly. The adrenaline of the prolonged execution finally began to settle in his veins.

He looked at Cailin, his eyes seeking a glimmer of approval. He desperately wanted a sign that his absolute destruction of her enemies had earned a fraction of her forgiveness.

Cailin met his gaze. Her expression was neutral. She offered no gratitude, only a silent acknowledgment that a debt had been paid.

Gregg Holloway stood in the wreckage of his family's reputation, his earlier profound shame rapidly metastasizing into a defensive, toxic pride. Unable to process the humiliation of being so utterly wrong for the past five years, his fragile ego desperately needed a scapegoat. He blamed Cailin for orchestrating this devastating public spectacle rather than handling the family's dirty laundry privately. Desperate to regain control of the narrative and reassert his dominance over the room, he abruptly turned his attention to Cailin.

Gregg straightened his tie, his face darkening with aristocratic arrogance, and prepared to launch a vicious verbal assault to put Cailin back in her place.

The heavy doors of the ballroom remained shut, sealing the elite guests inside with the escalating tension between the Holloway patriarch and Cailin.

Gregg Holloway stepped into the center of the room. His voice dripped with condescension as he addressed Cailin directly.

He loudly declared that just because the English family had turned out to be trash, it didn't elevate Cailin's status by a single inch.

Gregg sneered at Silas Sinclair, dismissing his earlier announcement as a pathetic PR stunt designed to humiliate the Holloways.

"You're still a nobody, Cailin," Gregg barked, his words echoing harshly. "A commoner who crawled into our world and brought nothing but chaos."

Jeraldine nodded in agreement. Her aristocratic pride demanded a scapegoat to deflect from her own disastrous judgment regarding Charla.

Cailin stood tall, her chin lifted, refusing to show even a flicker of intimidation in the face of Gregg's bullying.

Before Cailin could speak, Hilliard drove his wheelchair forward with a surprising, agonizing burst of speed, the electric motors whining under the strain. He ignored the searing pain in his healing burns and fractured sternum and positioned his chair directly between his father and Cailin.

Hilliard's eyes blazed with a dangerous, protective fury as he stared down the man who had raised him.

He told Gregg, his voice deadly quiet, that if he spoke another disrespectful word to Cailin, the Holloway empire would lose its CEO tonight.

Chapter 777:

The Wall Street executives in the room gasped, shocked that Hilliard would openly threaten to abandon the multi-billion-dollar dynasty over a woman.

Gregg's face turned purple with rage. He accused Hilliard of losing his mind and destroying the family legacy for a worthless outsider.

Hilliard didn't flinch. He publicly declared that Cailin's worth was infinite, stating he was willing to walk away from every cent of his inheritance for her.

A heavy, dramatic silence fell over the room. For a moment, Hilliard's grand romantic gesture seemed to freeze time.

He turned slightly to look at Cailin, his eyes filled with desperate hope, offering her the ultimate sacrifice as proof of his changed heart.

Cailin looked at his outstretched hand. She looked up at his hopeful face. Her expression remained as cold and impenetrable as glacial ice.

She took a deliberate step back, physically distancing herself from his protective stance, rejecting his shield completely.

"I don't need your charity, Hilliard," Cailin stated, her voice clear and carrying across the silent ballroom.

"And I certainly don't need you to give up your empire to validate my existence," she continued, her words slicing through his romantic gesture like a scalpel.

Hilliard's outstretched hand dropped to his side. The rejection hit him harder than any physical blow. His eyes reflected profound agony.

Gregg barked out a harsh, mocking laugh, pointing at Hilliard and sneering that even the nobody didn't want his pathetic sacrifice.

Cailin slowly turned her piercing gaze toward Gregg. The temperature in the room seemingly dropped ten degrees under her stare.

She took a step toward the Holloway patriarch, her aura suddenly shifting from defensive to overwhelmingly dominant.

"You call me a nobody, Gregg," Cailin said, her voice smooth but laced with lethal confidence, "because your entire worldview is limited by your own pathetic arrogance."

Silas Sinclair stepped up beside her, adjusting his cuffs, a dangerous, predatory smile spreading across his handsome face.

Silas casually remarked to Gregg that he really shouldn't have insulted the Sinclair family's honor. The consequences, he said, were about to arrive.

Silas subtly tapped his earpiece, murmuring a single phrase: "Let them in." Across the room, the lead FBI agent's phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen, his face paling instantly as he recognized the clearance code from the Department of Justice, and sharply waved his men to stand down and step back. Right on cue, the heavy, brass-studded doors of the Plaza ballroom didn't just open — they were violently shoved apart.

Two rows of heavily armed, elite private security contractors wearing the Sinclair crest marched into the room, moving with military precision.

The Holloway security detail instinctively reached for their weapons, then froze instantly as they realized they were vastly outnumbered and outgunned.

The crowd parted like the Red Sea, gasping in awe and terror as the true power of the Sinclair dynasty prepared to cross the threshold.

The rhythmic, heavy thud of a silver-tipped walking cane striking the marble floor echoed from the grand hallway. The sound grew steadily louder, cutting through the murmurs of the crowd.

Chapter 778:

Through the phalanx of Sinclair security stepped Sebastian Sinclair, the untouchable patriarch of the Old Money dynasty. He radiated an aura of absolute, terrifying authority.

He was flanked by his formidable sons, Sullivan and Spencer Sinclair, both dressed in immaculate bespoke suits, their expressions carved from granite.

The Wall Street executives in the room instinctively lowered their heads. These were men who routinely moved billions, yet they stepped back, showing genuine deference to true generational wealth.

Gregg Holloway's arrogant sneer vanished instantly. His posture stiffened. The true apex predator of the global financial food chain had just entered his domain.

Sebastian didn't even glance at Gregg. His piercing, hawkish eyes swept the room and immediately locked onto Cailin.

For a fraction of a second, the cold, ruthless patriarch's eyes softened. A profound, overwhelming emotion washed over his face as he looked at his granddaughter.

Sebastian walked slowly toward Cailin. The crowd parted silently before him. The tapping of his cane was the only sound in the cavernous ballroom.

Hilliard instinctively started to move his wheelchair forward to intercept, his protective nature flaring despite his fractured chest. Sullivan Sinclair simply stepped into its path, placing a firm hand on the armrest and halting the machine effortlessly. The message was clear: stay back.

Sebastian stopped two feet from Cailin. His imposing figure towered over her. Yet he looked down with a gentleness that shocked everyone who knew his reputation.

“You have your mother’s eyes,” Sebastian said, his deep, gravelly voice carrying a weight of decades of grief and sudden, fierce joy.

Cailin’s breath caught in her throat. The emotional impact of the old man’s words pierced through her carefully constructed icy armor. Her chest tightened.

Sebastian turned slowly to face Gregg Holloway. The gentleness vanished, replaced by a gaze so lethal it seemed to drop the temperature in the room.

“I heard someone in this room call my blood a nobody,” Sebastian stated, his voice low, yet reverberating like a death sentence.

Gregg swallowed hard. A bead of sweat traced down his temple as he attempted to maintain his dignity in the face of overwhelming power.

Gregg stammered a greeting, attempting to use his status as the Holloway chairman to address Sebastian as an equal.

Sebastian cut him off with a sharp strike of his cane against the floor. “You do not speak to me as an equal, Gregg. You speak when spoken to.”

Jeraldine gasped indignantly at the blatant disrespect. A single, chilling glare from Spencer Sinclair forced her to bite her tongue and look away.

Sebastian addressed the entire ballroom, his voice projecting with absolute, undeniable authority.

“For five years, this family treated my flesh and blood like dirt. You exiled her, insulted her, and allowed a criminal to take her place.”

He pointed his cane directly at Gregg’s chest. “I’m here to correct that mistake. Permanently.”

Gregg, cornered and desperate, tried to argue that Silas’s earlier claim was unsubstantiated. He demanded proof before acknowledging the lineage.

“You want proof?” Sebastian scoffed, a dark, dangerous smile playing on his lips. “You dare question the word of a Sinclair?”

Chapter 779:

He gestured to Sullivan, who unclasped a titanium briefcase he had been carrying and rested it on a nearby table.

The click of the briefcase locks echoed loudly, drawing the eyes of every reporter and executive in the room.

Sullivan pulled out a thick stack of heavily watermarked, officially sealed documents and held them up for the crowd to see.

Sebastian looked back at Cailin. His expression softened again. He silently asked for her permission to expose their truth to the world.

Cailin felt a sudden, overwhelming sense of belonging and protection she hadn't felt since her mother died. She gave a slow, definitive nod.

Sebastian turned back to the crowd, his posture rigid, preparing to drop the undeniable, scientific hammer on the Holloway family's doubts.

The flashing of cameras resumed from the doorway. The press realized they were about to witness the greatest shift in power in New York's history.

Sullivan Sinclair extracted six separate, thick manila folders from the titanium briefcase. Each folder bore the logo of a different world-renowned medical institution.

He handed the first folder directly to Gregg Holloway, shoving it into the man's chest with enough force to make Gregg stumble back a step.

Sebastian's voice rang out, cold and clinical, stating that these were independent DNA paternity reports from Mayo Clinic, Johns Hopkins, and four elite European labs.

Gregg's hands trembled as he opened the folder. His eyes scanned the heavily stamped conclusion page. It read: 99.999% probability of biological relation.

Jeraldine leaned over his shoulder. Her face turned a sickly shade of gray as she read the undeniable scientific proof.

Sullivan systematically handed the remaining copies to the most prominent journalists and Wall Street executives in the front row, ensuring the truth was completely public.

A frenzy of whispers and camera clicks erupted. The elite crowd absorbed the reality. Cailin Morton was royalty.

Gregg desperately clung to his shattered pride, stammering that DNA could be fabricated. He still refused to bow to the situation.

Sebastian let out a harsh, contemptuous laugh, shaking his head at Gregg's pathetic denial.

"You want more than science? You want history?" Sebastian challenged, his eyes flashing with dangerous intensity.

He turned to Cailin. His expression softened instantly. He gently asked her to show them her left shoulder.

Cailin hesitated for a microsecond. The trauma of her past made her guarded. But the absolute warmth in Sebastian's eyes gave her courage.

She reached up and slightly shifted the delicate neckline of her black velvet pantsuit, fully exposing the smooth skin of her left collarbone and shoulder.

There, resting perfectly on her skin, was a distinct, dark crescent-shaped birthmark — identical to the one Elia possessed.

Sebastian unbuttoned his own tailored cuff and rolled up his sleeve to reveal the exact same crescent birthmark on his forearm.

Silas and Sullivan simultaneously pulled back their collars, revealing the identical genetic marker shared by the Sinclair bloodline.

A collective gasp swept through the room. The visual, undeniable proof of the genetic anomaly struck harder than any paperwork.

Chapter 780:

Gregg stared at the birthmark. The last shred of his denial evaporated. He looked aged and utterly defeated.

Hilliard watched Cailin from a few feet away. His heart clenched painfully as he realized the magnitude of the background she had always possessed but never known.

Sebastian stepped closer to Cailin. His hands trembled slightly as he reached out and gently cupped her face.

Tears, rare and precious, shone in the old patriarch's eyes. He whispered that she looked exactly like her mother, Seraphina.

Cailin had fought alone for so long. She looked into her grandfather's eyes, seeing not just her mother's reflection but a true sanctuary — a fortress that could shield Elia, Aron, and Davy from the world. This wasn't just about her anymore; it was about their future. The impenetrable wall of ice around her heart didn't melt; she, for them, willingly opened a gate.

A single tear, for a mother lost and a future found, finally escaped her eye. It traced down her cheek as she leaned into her grandfather's touch. She finally accepted her true lineage.

The camera flashes from the press went into overdrive, capturing this historic, emotional reunion of the Sinclair dynasty.

Catherine Sinclair, Cailin's eldest aunt, stepped forward from the Sinclair ranks, tears in her own eyes, and wrapped Cailin in a fierce, warm embrace.

Cailin was quickly surrounded by her uncles and cousins. They formed a physical wall of Old Money power and familial loyalty, shielding her from the rest of the room.

Jeraldine watched the embrace. A bitter, agonizing realization hit her: she had thrown away a Sinclair heiress for a murderous fraud.

The sheer irony of the situation was palpable. The Holloways had obsessed over status, and they had discarded the highest-status woman in the room.

Sebastian stepped back from the family embrace, his emotional reunion complete, and turned his attention back to the enemies who had wronged his blood.

He gripped his cane, his knuckles turning white, his eyes locking onto Gregg and Hilliard. The aura of a protective patriarch shifted into that of an avenging warlord.

Sebastian Sinclair stepped away from the warm embrace of his family. The protective grandfather was instantly replaced by the ruthless corporate warlord.

He walked slowly toward Gregg Holloway. The silver tip of his cane clicked ominously against the marble floor as he drove Gregg backward step by step.

Gregg's back hit the edge of the VIP table. He was physically cornered by the sheer, suffocating presence of the Sinclair patriarch.

"You obsessed over bloodlines, Gregg," Sebastian said, his voice a lethal, vibrating baritone. "You measured human worth by bank accounts and surnames."

Sebastian gestured dismissively toward the empty space where Charla had been dragged away. "And your impeccable judgment led you to embrace a murderer and a fraud."

Jeraldine flinched as if physically struck. The shame of her actions burned her cheeks as the surrounding elite murmured in agreement.

“While you were busy polishing your fake trophies,” Sebastian continued, his eyes narrowing, “you threw away the crown jewel of the Sinclair empire.”