

Billionaire's Regret: Finding Her

Author: Willi Huma

He’s Been Looking for Her for Five Years! She Finally Appears

The cool night, silent and luxurious in the presidential suite.

Caitlin Lewis had a black blindfold over her eyes, her small hands tightly gripping the sheets, filled with tension and anxiety.

The mattress beside her suddenly sank under a heavy weight pressing down.

She could feel the man reaching out, and Caitlin quickly grabbed his wrist.

“Don’t look at my face!”

The man’s deep, magnetic voice spoke, “Don’t you want to know who you’re giving your first time to?”

Caitlin’s heart ached, warm tears spilling out as she shook her head. “I don’t care who you are. You’re my savior, thank you!”

She couldn’t let anyone know who she was!

If word got out that the eldest daughter of the Lewis family had fallen so low as to sell herself for \$200,000, how much ridicule would she face?

Giving her most precious self to a stranger, she felt helpless and sorrowful.

But she had no choice. Her mother was lying in a hospital bed, waiting for money to save her life.

If it weren’t for her father’s coldness and her boyfriend’s betrayal—stealing her shares and kicking her out—she wouldn’t have to resort to this.

A faint, seductive scent filled the air.

The girl was clean, and she smelled good!

The man made another request, “I can give you two million, but I want you to have a baby for me. Would you agree?”

With two million, her mother could be saved!

“I agree…”

“Good girl.”

The man curved his lips into a charming smile, leaning in closer.

Eight months later, one night.

Caitlin was jolted awake by the pungent smell of smoke. She opened her eyes to see flames outside the window, long tongues of fire licking through the frame, igniting the curtains.

Fire!

Realizing the danger, Caitlin, with her large belly, struggled to get up and escape the room.

The living room on the first floor was already ablaze, thick smoke billowing. Caitlin covered her mouth and nose, struggling to move forward.

The worst part was, all the doors and windows in the villa were sealed shut. She managed to find the landline phone, but the line had already been cut.

Outside, she could faintly hear familiar voices. “Once her mother dies, my mom will marry into the Lewis family, and Caitlin will probably never know that I’m also a Lewis daughter.”

Her cousin Jasmine was actually her father’s biological daughter?

“Everything that belongs to her is already in your hands. She has nothing now!”

That was Scott Gilbert’s voice?

He stole her shares and conspired with Jasmine?

“Pour more gasoline. Make sure the fire burns brighter. It’s best if she and that bastard in her belly are burned to ashes.”

“She has to die, only then will we be truly safe.”

It was them. They wanted to silence her!

The chaotic footsteps finally faded, leaving only the roaring fire and suffocating smoke.

The flames licked at her skin, and fear consumed her.

Thinking of her mother still lying in the hospital, she couldn’t die…

Caitlin smashed the window glass, shouting desperately for help. “Help… Fire… Help!”

She didn’t know how much time had passed. Lying on the ground, Caitlin could barely breathe.

In that moment of crisis, the villa door was kicked open, and an elderly figure rushed into the inferno. “Miss! Miss!”

“Dominic, I’m here…”

Hearing the old butler’s voice in her despair, Caitlin was moved to tears.

Dominic kicked aside burning furniture, braving the danger to find the nearly suffocating Caitlin. “Miss, hurry, come with me…”

With Dominic’s help, Caitlin cradled her belly as they headed toward the door. Just as they were about to make it out, a beam fell toward Caitlin.

Seeing this, Dominic pushed Caitlin out of the door, taking the blow himself and becoming trapped under the beam.

Caitlin crawled up from the ground, turning to see Dominic engulfed in flames.

Tears overflowed from her eyes as she cried out in agony. “Dominic! Dominic…”

“Run, Miss… Go as far as you can… Never come back…”

“Dominic…”

Caitlin’s eyes were bloodshot, the flames devouring everything, leaving nothing but a burning inferno.

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Half a month later, in the 59th-floor office of Vanderbilt Enterprises Group.

Sebastian Vanderbilt was dealing with work when his assistant, Xavi, rushed in to report, “Mr. Vanderbilt, our people found a premature newborn at the gate of the villa.”

“What?”

No one else knew the villa’s address, only that girl. Realizing what it meant, Sebastian stood up abruptly. “Where is the baby now?”

“The baby is very weak and sick. I’ve already sent him to the hospital for treatment.”

“To the hospital!”

In the hospital’s incubator, Sebastian saw a baby boy, tiny and delicate, so small and adorable. The moment he saw the baby’s face, his heart softened.

Though the baby was small, his features bore a slight resemblance to Sebastian’s. There was no doubt this was his son.

He had paid two million to have that woman, Camellia, bear him a child, and she had fulfilled her promise!

Thinking of this, Sebastian immediately instructed Xavi, “Go, I need to know where the baby’s mother is now. Bring her here.”

“Yes, sir!”

Xavi led a team to search, and three days later, he returned with a report. “Sir, we’ve searched all over New York, but we couldn’t find a woman named Camellia. We even checked every maternity ward, but there’s no record that matches.”

“Keep looking. I must find that woman!”

Sebastian’s brow furrowed deeply. Where had she gone after giving birth to his child?