

# 14: You’d Be er Behave Yourself

Did they really think Caitlin was someone they could bully?

When Caitlin decided to come to The Vanderbilt Family to fulfill her promise as the “luck-bringing bride,” she had already done her homework. She knew all about the secrets and skeletons in the family’s closet, including Grace’s checkered past. Grace, after all, had used her beauty to win over Sebastian’s father, Raymond, but no one knew what dark history lay behind that façade.

Caitlin didn’t plan to air Grace’s dirty laundry—not yet. They still had to see each other daily, after all. But if Grace dared provoke her again, Caitlin couldn’t guarantee she wouldn’t retaliate.

Caitlin’s words struck a nerve with Grace, who hadn’t expected such boldness. The more Grace thought about it, the more alarmed she became. Caitlin was clearly no pushover.

Could Kelly have told Caitlin something before her passing?

Did Caitlin know about those things from her past?

If she did, how much?

If this woman truly knew too much, then Grace would have to find a way to silence her for good.

“Fine, you sharp-tongued little witch! Yasmin, let’s go!” Grace barked, storming out of the mansion. Yasmin threw Caitlin one last venomous glare before following her aunt out.

Lucy, who had watched the entire exchange, felt an odd sense of satisfaction. Finally, someone had managed to shut down those demons in disguise!

With the unwelcome guests gone, Caitlin scooped Howard into her arms and headed upstairs. “Howard, tonight you can sleep with Mommy. Would you like that?”

Howard nodded enthusiastically.

“Alright, but you’ll have to play on your own for a little while. Mommy needs to help your daddy take a bath first. Once I’m done, I’ll come back to you. Okay?”

The little boy nodded again. The thought of sharing a bed with Mommy tonight made his eyes light up—he had never experienced this before!

After settling Howard back in his room, Caitlin returned to the master bedroom. Hearing her footsteps, Sebastian asked, “Are they gone?”

“They’re gone,” Caitlin replied. “Even your precious Yasmin left. Should I call her back so you two can catch up?” She smirked as she teased him.

“You dare? Don’t act like you know everything!” Sebastian snapped, his tone annoyed. He didn’t even like Yasmin—her feelings for him were entirely one-sided.

“Fine, then.” Caitlin shrugged and turned to leave.

“Hey! Where are you going?” Sebastian called after her.

“Why do you care where I’m going?” she shot back, her voice laced with sarcasm.

Sebastian clenched his jaw in frustration. This woman was insufferable! Why did it feel like she was here just to torture him?

Before he could stew on it further, Caitlin returned, carrying a basin of warm water and a clean towel. Hearing the sound of water splashing, Sebastian asked suspiciously, “What are you doing?”

Without a word, Caitlin pressed the warm towel onto his face.

“Hey, you—!”

She began wiping his face, but her movements were anything but gentle. It felt less like a cleansing and more like she was scrubbing a stubborn stain off a table—with a hefty dose of pent-up frustration to boot.

“Can’t you call me by my name?” Caitlin retorted, slapping the towel back into the basin.

“Caitlin! Are you here to take care of me or torture me?” Sebastian grumbled in protest.

“What do you think? Your life is in my hands now, so you’d better behave yourself!” she warned, moving on to wipe his arms.

Sebastian was utterly exasperated. This woman had the audacity to steal his signature line! Still, he decided to let it go. “What were you talking about with them downstairs?” he asked, changing the subject.

“Your precious Yasmin wants to stay here to take care of you. Grace suggested I leave tomorrow.”

Sebastian’s chest tightened. He asked reflexively, “And what did you say?”

“I agreed!” Caitlin replied, deliberately testing his reaction. “You’re not exactly fond of me, so I thought it’d be best if I left tomorrow. Yasmin seems gentler and more attentive. She won’t ‘mistreat’ you like I would.”

Sebastian’s temper flared instantly, his handsome face darkening with anger.

“I don’t want her taking care of me! Caitlin, you’ve signed the agreement—if I’m not recovered, you’re not allowed to leave!”

Seeing his outburst, Caitlin smirked. “You really do have a masochistic streak, don’t you? Fine. I’ve signed the agreement, and I’ll see it through. As long as you’re not fully recovered, I won’t leave. And no one can force me out!”

Then, with a playful grin, she added, “But aren’t you afraid I might actually mistreat you?”

“Try it,” Sebastian growled menacingly. “See what happens.”

The air was thick with tension as Caitlin leaned in closer, her voice a teasing whisper. “How could I dare mistreat you, Mr. Vanderbilt?”

With that, she lightly patted his face again.

Sebastian’s expression darkened further, his chest heaving with indignation. This infuriating woman—did she have a death wish?

In one swift motion, he grabbed her wrist and yanked her toward him. Caitlin stumbled, nearly falling onto his chest. Their faces were so close that their lips almost touched. Her eyes widened in surprise as Sebastian warned her, “Touch my face again, and you’ll regret it!”

“Got it!” Caitlin replied, her tone light, though her heart raced from the sudden proximity. She freed herself from his grasp and continued cleaning him up.

Pulling back the blanket, she reached for the buttons of his shirt. Before she could unfasten them, Sebastian seized her hand, alarmed.

“What are you doing now?” he demanded.

“Taking off your shirt to clean your body,” she replied matter-of-factly.

“Don’t touch me!” he barked.

“How else am I supposed to clean you? Haven’t you noticed how bad you smell? If you don’t get cleaned up soon, you’ll end up with bedsores.”

Sebastian fell silent for a moment, then begrudgingly propped himself up and began unbuttoning his shirt.

“I’ll do it myself,” he muttered. He hated the thought of anyone touching him, even for something as mundane as this.

Caitlin turned away to wring out the towel, and when she turned back, she froze momentarily.

Sebastian’s upper body was now exposed, revealing his toned chest and perfectly defined abs. His physique was nothing short of remarkable, a testament to years of rigorous training.

She couldn’t help but stare, her mind involuntarily flashing back to the three nights they’d spent together five years ago. Her heart raced, and a faint blush crept up her cheeks.

“Seen enough? Or is this the first time you’ve ever seen a man’s body?” Sebastian’s voice dripped with sarcasm, snapping her out of her daze.

Caitlin quickly averted her eyes, taking a deep breath to steady herself. She knelt beside him and began wiping him down, focusing on the task at hand.

As her soft hands brushed against his skin, Sebastian tensed up. He wasn’t used to anyone touching him—Camellia was the only woman he had ever been physically intimate with.

The sensation was strange, almost uncomfortable. He clenched his jaw and endured it, silently willing her to finish quickly.

After thoroughly cleaning his front and back, Caitlin helped him into a fresh set of clothes. As she pulled the blanket over him, her hand brushed against his waistband.

Sebastian tensed immediately, grabbing her wrist again. “What are you doing now?”

“I still need to clean down there,” Caitlin replied nonchalantly.

“You...” His voice faltered, his face heating despite himself.