

15: Tonight is Our Wedding Night

Sebastian was mortified, trying desperately to stop her. "Don't touch me!"

"Don't be so dramatic! What's there to be shy about? Haven't I already seen and touched everything?" Caitlin swatted his hand away and yanked off his belt.

The next second, she froze, utterly stunned.

Her reaction—or lack thereof—made the situation all the more excruciating. Sebastian felt like his entire existence was collapsing in on itself. He roared, "I said no!"

Snapping out of her daze, Caitlin suppressed the chaos in her mind. If she refused to feel embarrassed, the only person left to be mortified would be him.

"No what? You think I want to do something to you?" Caitlin's lips curled into a mischievous smile as she teased him. "But hey, tonight is our wedding night. Since you're clearly functioning perfectly fine in that department, maybe we should—"

"Dream on! Don't even think about it!" Sebastian exploded, his voice frantic and panicked. "If you dare pull anything, I swear I'll make you regret the day you were born!"

He grabbed a pillow and hurled it at her, frantically fumbling to cover himself with the blanket and his discarded belt.

Caitlin simply shook her head with a laugh. "Relax, I was joking. Honestly, you're not even my type. My standards are much higher than that."

"For the record, there's no shortage of men who are head over heels for me. I like handsome, fresh-faced guys, not some old-timer like you!"

Old-timer?

Did she just call him "old meat" and say she wasn't interested in him?

Sebastian was so angry he nearly spat blood. "Get out of here, you crazy woman!"

Instead of leaving, Caitlin pinned him down on the bed and used a tie to bind his wrists. No matter how much he struggled, she proceeded to clean him up thoroughly.

The entire process was a nightmare for Sebastian. His mind was in utter disarray, his legs immobile, and now his hands were tied. For the first time, he seriously feared this woman. What if her claim of disinterest was a lie? What if she planned to take advantage of him?

No one besides Camellia had ever touched him like this, and he had no intention of letting anyone else get close!

Caitlin eventually finished cleaning him and even managed to change his clothes, carefully working around his injured legs encased in plaster.

Once she was done, she pulled the blanket over him and untied his wrists. Sebastian immediately tried to grab her. "Damn woman!"

"You're welcome for the cleanup, by the way," Caitlin quipped, dodging him effortlessly as she picked up the basin. "Don't you feel better now?"

Sebastian seethed in frustration as she walked out, leaving him lying there fuming.

Though, begrudgingly, he had to admit he did feel more comfortable. His body was clean, the stickiness was gone, and the unpleasant odors had vanished.

Caitlin soon returned with another basin and a set of toiletries. "Mr. Vanderbilt, it's time to brush your teeth!"

"I'll do it myself!" Sebastian growled, sitting up with difficulty and brushing his teeth.

Afterward, Caitlin announced, "Your beard needs trimming too."

"I'll handle it!" he insisted.

But Caitlin wasn't having it this time. "You can't even see. What if you cut yourself? Let me do it."

Sebastian sat upright with a grim expression, not resisting as Caitlin applied shaving cream to his jawline and carefully shaved his beard.

Her touch was gentle but precise, and in no time, she finished the job. Wiping his face clean, Caitlin inspected her work and nodded approvingly. "Not bad. Now you actually look human."

Sebastian sucked in a sharp breath. Did she have to be so blunt? What, did he not look human before?

After leaving the room for a quick shower, Caitlin returned with two maids carrying an extra bed.

"Put it right here," Caitlin instructed, adjusting the bedding herself.

Hearing her bustling about, Sebastian frowned. "What are you doing now?"

"I had a bed brought in for me. I'm sleeping here tonight," she replied nonchalantly.

"Who gave you permission to sleep in the master bedroom? Go to another room!" Sebastian snapped.

"What's the big deal? I'm here to bring you good fortune, aren't I? Sleeping here is part of the package."

"Over my dead body! We're only married on paper, so stay in your lane. You have ten seconds to leave my room!" Sebastian demanded.

Caitlin shot him a glance, didn't argue, and left the room.

Hearing her footsteps recede and eventually fade, Sebastian exhaled deeply. Finally, some peace.

But that peace didn't last long. Barely a minute later, Caitlin's footsteps echoed back into the room.

He heard her close the door and approach him.

"Who told you to come back?" he growled.

"I went to get Howard. He and I are sleeping here tonight. If you need anything, I'll be right here to help," Caitlin explained calmly.


Sebastian's heightened senses caught every detail as Caitlin moved around the room, setting Howard down on the smaller bed.

"Alright, Howard, lie down. Mommy's going to read you a story, okay?"

Taking out two picture books, Caitlin leaned against Howard's bed and began reading aloud.

Sebastian, skeptical, asked, "Howard's really here? You're not making that up, are you?"

"Of course he's here. Howard, go prove it to your daddy," Caitlin said with a grin.

Howard obediently ran over to Sebastian and, with a decisive "smack," slapped his father on the forehead. 

Fine. He believed her now.

Only his son would dare pull stunts like that.

Caitlin began reading. Her voice was soft and melodic, like a babbling brook, soothing and pleasant. To Howard, it was the most beautiful sound in the world—his mommy's voice.

To Sebastian, however, it was pure torment, feather-light and maddeningly seductive, stirring something unsettling deep inside him.

When Caitlin finished both books, Howard had already fallen asleep. She gazed at her son's peaceful face and couldn't resist planting a kiss on his cheek.

Her phone buzzed. It was a message from Bruce, asking when she'd be back. Caitlin replied with a voice note: "Sweetheart, I'll be back in a couple of days. I miss you too. Sleep tight! Mwah~"

Hearing her cooing voice, Sebastian sneered inwardly. Was she flirting with some boy toy? Disgraceful.

Turning off the lights, Caitlin settled into her bed and quickly fell asleep.

Sebastian, however, lay wide awake. Sharing a room with others was

completely foreign to him, and now there was a woman and a child in his space.

The sound of Caitlin's soft, even breathing grated on his nerves.

As the night wore on, he finally began to doze off—only to be startled awake by a strange noise.

His heart clenched as he realized what it might be.



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