

### 21: Eyes Filled with Awe

Caitlin's mind was racing as she mentally replayed the faces of everyone in The Vanderbilt Family.

"Who could it be? Could it be...?"

At this moment, Caitlin felt everyone seemed suspicious.

For instance, the hypocritical stepmother Grace or even William. Could it be one of them?

Sebastian's existence posed a direct threat to their interests. If he were out of the picture, their chances of gaining more power and wealth would drastically increase.

If this was the case, it was terrifying.

"What are you thinking about?" Sebastian's voice pulled her out of her thoughts.

"I was wondering... could the person who orchestrated your car accident be the same one who instructed Peter to release the snake?" Caitlin speculated.

"It's possible. Whoever it is, a fox always reveals its tail eventually!"

Sebastian had suspected there was a connection between these incidents.

First, the car accident was intended to take his life. When that failed, someone released a deadly snake into his room—another clear attempt to kill him.

These weren't isolated incidents. It was a series of calculated moves,

likely orchestrated by the same person.

Whoever the culprit was, Sebastian vowed to unmask them.

That night, before going to bed, Caitlin mentioned to Sebastian, “Sebastian, I’ll be heading out tomorrow for some errands. Let Xavi come by to look after you while I’m away.”

Sebastian didn’t respond, and Caitlin didn’t repeat herself. Instead, she simply turned and left with Howard to get some rest.

The following morning, Caitlin ensured Howard had breakfast before Yasmin came to pick him up for school.

Before leaving, Caitlin placed a small pendant around Howard’s neck and prepared to go herself.

But Howard suddenly clung to her leg, refusing to let her leave.

The little boy was terrified. He worried that if his mommy left, she might not come back—just like before.

Caitlin could see her son’s reluctance and fear. Kneeling, she gently reassured him, “Howard, Mommy’s not leaving for good. I just need to run some errands. Be a good boy, go to school, and this afternoon, I’ll come pick you up, okay?”

Howard pouted, clearly still upset. Caitlin extended her pinky finger with a warm smile. “How about this? Let’s make a pinky promise?”

Howard hesitated for a moment but eventually extended his tiny finger to hook hers.

“Pinky promise. No breaking it.” Caitlin smiled, giving him a quick hug.

before walking away.

The moment his mommy left, Howard's little face crumpled. His lips trembled as though he wanted to cry, but he stubbornly held back his fears.

He was so scared she wouldn't come back.

"Howard, let's go to school." Yasmin approached, trying to coax him.

Howard ignored her completely. He grabbed his backpack on his own, climbed into the car, and refused to let her touch him.

Watching his defiance, Yasmin's expression twisted in frustration. Little brat. Why don't you just drop dead already?

Quincy arrived to pick Caitlin up. Sitting in the backseat, she opened her laptop to review business updates while asking him, "Have you finished analyzing the medicine?"

"I've emailed the report to you."

Opening her inbox, Caitlin reviewed the details.

According to the label, the medication contained tubocurarine, a neuromuscular blocking agent used to treat muscle atrophy and paralysis. It was typically prescribed for patients with severe muscular issues.

However, Sebastian wasn't paralyzed. His lower limbs were severely fractured but still retained feeling, meaning this medication wasn't appropriate for him.

Griffin, as The Vanderbilt Family's long-trusted private doctor, would've

known Sebastian's condition well. So why had he prescribed this drug?

Caitlin couldn't shake the feeling that Griffin might have ulterior motives.

"Take this medication for further analysis. I need to know exactly what's in it," Caitlin instructed Quincy.

If Griffin had questionable intentions, Caitlin needed to uncover them.

With Sebastian severely injured and vulnerable, he was an easy target for anyone plotting against him. Caitlin's top priority was to protect him from further harm.

On the way to the Royal International Hotel, Caitlin called her other two sons.

"Arthur, Bruce, how are things on your end?"

"Everything's set, Mom. When will you get here?" Arthur's voice came through confidently.

The brothers were currently at the hotel. Bruce was seated at a computer, typing away with practiced ease, while Arthur lounged on the sofa, casually munching on an apple.

"I'm almost there. Let's meet up after I'm done."

Ending the call, Quincy pulled the car to a stop outside the hotel. Caitlin stepped out, her icy, commanding aura radiating as she strode toward the entrance.

Today was Megan's birthday celebration, hosted at the Royal International Hotel's grand ballroom. The Lewis Family had invited

numerous guests, including business elites, fashion icons, and members of the mainstream media.

Inside the lavishly decorated hall, glasses clinked as Jonathan, the head of the Lewis Family, charmed guests with his wit and charisma.

Megan, once a mistress and now a legitimate wife, wore an opulent gown that screamed wealth and status. She was surrounded by socialites, exchanging pleasantries and laughter.

As the festive atmosphere buzzed, Caitlin entered the hall.

Her arrival sparked a ripple of whispers and gasps.

"Who's that?"

"Oh my god, she's stunning!"

Heads turned to see Caitlin, dressed in an elegant white gown that sparkled like crushed diamonds under the light. Her delicate, flawless face was accentuated by exquisite makeup, and her ebony hair cascaded like a waterfall down her back.

The lighting enhanced her snow-white complexion, making her appear almost ethereal—like a princess straight out of a fairytale.

"She's gorgeous! Who is she?"

"She could rival New York's top three beauties!"

Indeed, Caitlin's beauty outshone even Jasmine, one of the city's famed socialites. Many men in the room were left utterly mesmerized, their eyes filled with admiration.

Even Jonathan and Megan were momentarily stunned when they saw Caitlin enter.

Caitlin? How is she here? Shouldn't she be at The Vanderbilt Family taking care of that half-dead Sebastian?

Nearby socialites turned to Megan with curiosity.

"Megan, who is that young lady? Is she related to you?"

"Um, she's... Jonathan's eldest daughter." Megan forced a strained smile.

"What? Isn't that Caitlin? I thought she died in a fire five years ago?"

"That's right. How is she alive?"

Caught off guard, Megan clenched her fists. She hadn't invited Caitlin. Why had she come, unannounced, to steal the spotlight?



Comments



Support



Share