

Miraculously Awake

Jasmine thought she had seen a ghost. She screamed and hid in her mother’s arms. “Ah, it’s a ghost... a ghost, Mom...”

“Are you human or a ghost?”

Jonathan asked in panic, remembering that after the fire five years ago, a charred corpse had been found in the ashes. They had assumed it was Caitlin, and fearing a police investigation, they hastily cremated and buried the remains.

Now, seeing her standing here, everyone was terrified, filled with fear!

“She’s not a ghost! Ghosts don’t cast shadows! Is it really Caitlin? Could she still be alive?” Megan exclaimed in shock.

“That’s right! I’m Caitlin, and I’m still alive!”

Five years ago, Dominic had died in her place!

Compared to the wretched and desperate escape she had made five years ago, Caitlin now stood firm, fearless.

The past was etched in her memory, filled with lessons learned in blood, all of which had forged her growth.

Her heart had hardened, becoming strong and unbreakable!

For her mother, for the Jonathan Family, for Dominic, and for herself, every blood debt would be repaid in kind!

Caitlin stood in front of them, her cold gaze sweeping over their shocked faces. “I’ve come back alive. Does that disappoint you?”

Megan was the first to recover, putting on a fake smile of warmth. “Oh my, Caitlin’s really back! You didn’t die; that’s wonderful! You have no idea how your father and I have been these past years. We thought you were dead, and we’ve been grieving all this time.”

How hypocritical!

Just as disgusting as before!

Grieving? More like celebrating her misfortune until now!

“I can’t seem to see any signs of grief. On the contrary, once my mother died, Aunt Megan couldn’t wait to marry my father, and now your whole family is living happily. Dad’s become a business tycoon, and Aunt Megan, a lady of wealth and status. How glamorous!”

Caitlin’s biggest regret was that two months after she left, her mother had passed away. She hadn’t been able to return in time for the funeral, not even to see her one last time.

How had her mother died?

She would find out!

The people standing before her were definitely involved!

Megan tugged on Jonathan’s sleeve, and Jonathan finally snapped out of his daze. He asked, “Caitlin, you didn’t die... where have you been all these years? Why didn’t you come back?”

Jonathan pretended to be concerned, but inside he was trembling with fear. From the look in his daughter’s eyes, he knew she wasn’t here with good intentions.

Why had she suddenly returned? What did she want?

A mocking smile appeared on Caitlin’s lips as she looked over at Jasmine. “Well, I’m back now, aren’t I? Just in time for my sister’s wedding!”

Jasmine got up from the floor, having completely forgotten the terrible things she had done to Caitlin five years ago. She smiled ingratiatingly. “Caitlin, are you serious? Would you really be willing to marry Sebastian in my place?”

“Of course. I’ve been gone for five years. Now that I’m back, I should do something for The Lewis Family to repay all the hard work Dad and Aunt Megan have done for me.”

Every word Caitlin spoke was laced with sarcasm, her tone full of bitterness.

In truth, she had returned today with one purpose: to marry Sebastian.

Whether Sebastian lived or died, she was going to marry him!

Jonathan’s expression faltered, but he replied smoothly, “I’m glad you think that way. If you’re willing to marry in place of your sister, then it’s settled.”

Caitlin’s agreement to marry solved a huge problem for Megan and Jasmine. After all, the astrological chart was Caitlin’s, so it was more fitting for her to walk into the fire.

Soon, a servant rushed in to report, “Master, Madam, the car from The Vanderbilt Family has arrived! They’re here to pick up the bride!”

“Good, good. Tell them we’ll be ready shortly!”

The wedding dress prepared for Jasmine was soon passed to Caitlin. She donned the veil and was escorted out of The Lewis Family mansion.

The Vanderbilt Family, the leading family among New York’s five great houses, sent a convoy of over a dozen Rolls-Royces to fetch the bride.

Caitlin was placed in one of the luxury cars, and the convoy drove off.

After the convoy left, Megan rushed back inside and said to Jasmine, “It’s perfect! Now that that wretched girl has taken your place, you won’t have to marry him and become a widow!”

“I heard Sebastian doesn’t have long to live. Caitlin will soon be a widow herself!”

Jasmine grinned triumphantly, relieved to have escaped such a heavy burden.

On second thought, if Sebastian weren’t on the verge of death, she might have wanted to marry him herself. After all, he was the most eligible bachelor everyone wanted.

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The Vanderbilt Family was a hidden financial dynasty, belonging to the top echelon of New York’s aristocracy.

The convoy drove through the gates of a luxurious estate, covering three hectares of land, into the old Vanderbilt mansion.

After stepping out of the car, Caitlin was led into the grand living room by the servants. She could hear the family members discussing the suggestion made by Menisachi: that marrying the fated woman could help avert the misfortune.

“Madam, the Lewis Family’s daughter has arrived. Shall we begin the ceremony?”

“Sebastian is still unconscious. I see no need for a formal ceremony.”

Just then, a servant rushed in to report, “Madam, Mr. Vanderbilt... he’s awake!”

Beatrice was overjoyed. “Really? Sebastian is awake? That’s wonderful! It must be the good fortune this girl has brought! Marcus, take her to him right away to care for him!”

“Yes, madam!” Marcus replied.

The women in the room exchanged puzzled glances. The man doctors had declared nearly dead had actually woken up today?

The Vanderbilt mansion was connected to Sebastian’s private residence in the east wing. Butler Marcus escorted Caitlin there. After scrutinizing her for a moment, it seemed he didn’t care who the bride was, as long as the marriage proceeded.

“Miss Lewis, you may call me Marcus. From today, you are responsible for Mr. Vanderbilt’s care. Remember your place, understood?”

“I understand, Marcus.”

Caitlin understood her role well. In essence, they had found a woman to be a personal caretaker for a man at death’s door.

As Marcus led her upstairs, they heard loud crashes and smashing sounds from the second floor.

Caitlin had just opened the door when something came flying toward her.

Thankfully, she had quick reflexes and not only dodged the object but also managed to catch the glass ashtray that had been thrown.

A quick glance around the room revealed the chaotic scene—furniture overturned, the floor littered with debris.

Two doctors and three nurses were struggling to restrain the man thrashing on the bed.

“Hurry! Get the sedative ready!”

The medical staff were in a panic, and Caitlin couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight. So, Sebastian really was a legend!

They all said he was as good as dead, with only a few days left to live. Yet here he was, awake and fighting like a wild beast, refusing to be tamed.

One of the nurses approached with a syringe of sedative, only for Sebastian to grab it and plunge it into the male doctor’s arm instead.

“Ahhh...”

The doctor cried out in pain before collapsing to the ground moments later.

Another doctor was sent flying by a punch from Sebastian, and the nurses were too scared to get close.

Sebastian ripped out the IV from his arm, bracing himself on the bed and breathing heavily.

At that moment, his aggression was at its peak, and his strength deadly. No one dared approach him; no one dared move!

The room fell into an eerie silence, like the very gates of hell had opened.

Seeing the scene unfold, Marcus nervously spoke up. “Mr. Vanderbilt, Madam has chosen the eldest daughter of The Lewis Family to marry you. She’s here to take care of you and help speed up your recovery!”

With that, Marcus gave Caitlin a push, motioning for her to approach.

Caitlin took two steps forward, only to hear the man growl in a deep, menacing voice, “Get out! All of you, get out!”