



33: She Steadily Gripped Her Wrist

"I've checked. The two pills that Dr. Griffin prescribed for you appear to be intended for bone recovery, but they are not suitable for your current condition."

"What do you mean?" Sebastian asked, his voice tinged with skepticism.

Caitlin continued, "One of the drugs contains quinine, which is a medication for heart disease. It's used to treat conditions like atrial fibrillation and paroxysmal supraventricular tachycardia."

Sebastian frowned, "But what's wrong with that?"

Caitlin went on, "The other ingredient is tetrodotoxin, a neuro-muscular blocker. This drug can prevent muscle atrophy and weakness, and it's used to help patients with paralysis. But you're not paralyzed, so it's not suitable for you."

Sebastian was still puzzled. "So you're saying Dr. Griffin made a mistake? He's a professional. How could he prescribe the wrong medicine?"

"You've hit the key point!" Caitlin replied. "Dr. Griffin has been The Vanderbilt Family's personal doctor for years, and considering his credentials, he wouldn't make such a mistake."

She paused before adding, "So if he didn't make a mistake, there's only one possibility."

"What possibility?" Sebastian asked.

Caitlin's voice turned cold, "He prescribed the wrong medicine on purpose. He wants to harm you."



Sebastian's anger flared. "Does Griffin want to die? Does he really think he can harm me?"

"I don't know," Caitlin replied honestly. "But based on what I found, his prescription is problematic. Quinine shouldn't be in that drug, but it is. The combination of quinine and tetrodotoxin could cause muscle weakness instead of helping. Long-term use could even lead to paralysis or poisoning, even for healthy people!"

Sebastian's expression darkened as he processed this new information. Could Griffin have been trying to hurt him? This was all very confusing. After all, Griffin was a trusted family doctor. He and his father had served The Vanderbilt Family for generations. Why would he do something like this?

Before his accident, Sebastian had been the family patriarch, revered and respected by everyone. Who would dare harm him then? But now that he was paralyzed and blind, was that why people were starting to act differently?

The more Sebastian thought about it, the more troubling it became. He couldn't see clearly, and many things were out of his hands. Was Caitlin telling the truth, or was she the one trying to manipulate him?

"If you think Dr. Griffin made a mistake, then what about the medicine you're giving me?" Sebastian asked, suddenly suspicious.

Caitlin's eyes narrowed. "I've already told you, it's a blood circulation medicine. You have blood clots pressing on your nerves. Taking this medicine will help improve circulation and aid in the recovery of your eyes and limbs."

Sebastian's voice grew sharper. "How can I trust you? What if the medicine you're giving me is also designed to harm me?"



Caitlin suddenly leaned in close to his face, her voice low but firm, "If I wanted your life, why wait until today? You'd have been dead a thousand times over by now. If you're a coward who fears for your life, then don't take the medicine."

Her words left Sebastian speechless. For a moment, he felt like he had been struck by a sudden blow.

"What kind of person do you think I am? I'm not afraid to die!" he retorted angrily.

Caitlin smirked but didn't respond. She reached for the medicine and placed it in his hand. As she handed him a glass of water, his large hand instinctively wrapped around hers, trapping it in his grip.

Sebastian paused, realizing that she hadn't pulled away. She hesitated briefly, but then she allowed him to hold her hand as she helped him drink the water.

After he finished, he released her hand, but the touch lingered, a quiet tension hanging in the air between them.

Caitlin walked away, but before she left the room, Sebastian called out, "I'm hungry."

"Didn't you say you didn't want to eat earlier?" she asked, not looking back.

"Well, now I do. I'm not going to starve just because of my mood!" he snapped.

Despite his anger, he recognized the necessity of eating to maintain his strength and get better. Only by taking care of his health could he hope to regain control and deal with all the things weighing on him.

"Fine, I'll go make something. Wait here," Caitlin said.

Sebastian listened to her footsteps fading away. As much as he disliked her attitude, he had to admit that her cooking was impressive, and he was honestly looking forward to it.

"Hey, son, are you asleep?" Sebastian called out, trying to break the silence.

Howard, who had been waiting for Caitlin to return, wasn't asleep. He heard his father and tapped the book he was holding to answer.

The "tap-tap" signified no—he wasn't asleep yet.

"See, son? This woman is so fierce. She mistreats me when I can't see her. Tell me honestly, does she ever mistreat you?" Sebastian muttered bitterly.

Howard, who had already heard enough, tapped his book again. It was clear to him—his dad had it coming. If he hadn't been so hard on Mommy, maybe she wouldn't be upset and gone for so long.

"Howard, listen carefully, no matter what she says, she's not your real mom. Don't make the mistake of thinking she is. If she tries to take you somewhere, don't go with her. She might try to run away with you!"

Howard, however, rolled his eyes at his father's comments. "Silly Daddy. " He had no doubt that Caitlin was his real mother, the one who cared for him the most.

Caitlin had returned with a tray of food, and as she entered, the rich, savory aroma filled the air, making Sebastian instinctively swallow. He couldn't help but be drawn to the scent.

She settled beside him, propping him up and feeding him a bowl of



noodles. Sebastian was impressed. "This is delicious! What did you put in it?"

Caitlin smiled slightly but didn't answer right away. "I just made some simple noodles with broth, shredded chicken, and vegetables. It's nothing special."

Sebastian, however, didn't care. He hadn't eaten all day, and the food felt like a feast to him. He devoured the whole bowl, savoring every bite.

Afterward, Caitlin helped him wash up and took care of him, doing everything with careful attention. Sebastian, who couldn't see, couldn't help but feel like he was being treated like royalty.

Caitlin finished helping Howard and went to wash herself, then returned to the room. She sat beside Howard and began to tell him a bedtime story. Sebastian listened intently, the sound of her voice soothing him in a way he couldn't explain. It was so calming, so melodic—he almost didn't want it to stop.

But then, once Howard fell asleep, Caitlin slipped a small chip out of the pendant around Howard's neck.

No one knew that the pendant she had given Howard contained a tiny recorder. Through this, she had been able to listen to everything that had happened at school that day.

As she inserted the chip into a reader and put on her headphones, Caitlin was eager to know what had happened to her son at kindergarten today.

