

He Was Touched by a Woman

The doctors and nurses hurriedly fled the room, dragging the sedated Dr. Griffin out as well.

Marcus also left, and the room was now empty, with only Caitlin and Sebastian remaining.

Caitlin quietly observed Sebastian. Although the man was injured, with bandages around his head and casts from his knees to his calves, he still exuded an unstoppable charm with his high nose bridge, tightly pressed thin lips, and thick brows furrowed in frustration. His cold, chiseled face still held a magnetic appeal.

Sebastian reached out toward the nightstand, fumbling for something. From his gaze and actions, it wasn’t hard to deduce that the man might also be blind.

For a man who had once been on top of the world, paralysis and blindness would undoubtedly be a devastating blow.

It was like an angel having their wings torn off!

She understood him. He must be in so much pain!

Caitlin bent down to pick up a pillow from the floor and walked toward him.

Sebastian couldn’t see, but he heard the sound of footsteps approaching and immediately snapped angrily, “I told you to get out! Why aren’t you gone? I don’t need anyone to take care of me! Get out!”

His proud, powerful body had become disabled, and his eyes saw nothing but darkness.

Now, he was living in a hellish void!

He didn’t want anyone to see him in such a pathetic state!

“Why should I leave? From today onward, I am your wife, Sebastian!”

Caitlin placed the pillow behind him, ignoring his resistance.

Sebastian, sensing her presence, grabbed her wrist fiercely. “What wife? I never agreed to marry you! You’re just someone they arranged. Go back to wherever you came from! Get lost, did you hear me?”

He pushed her away with such force that he ended up falling back onto the bed himself.

Caitlin stumbled but quickly regained her balance, staring at the overbearing man. She smiled. “I’m not going anywhere! After all, I finally have the chance to marry you. Do you know how many women dream of this? Marrying you makes me Mrs. Vanderbilt, the future mistress of The Vanderbilt Family. Why would I give up such a great opportunity?”

“I don’t care what you think. I will never acknowledge you as my wife!”

Hearing her words, Sebastian assumed she was just another gold-digger, someone after The Vanderbilt Family’s wealth and status.

“Whether you acknowledge it or not, I am your wife!”

Caitlin continued, “No matter how you feel, I’m staying here to take care of you until you recover!”

Caitlin was here to repay a debt.

Five years ago, at her lowest point, he had helped her.

Now, at his lowest point, it was her turn to repay him!

“I don’t need you! I don’t need anyone! Did you hear me?”

He roared, his voice filled with despair.

“You just woke up, Mr. Vanderbilt, and yet you have so much energy, your voice is loud and clear. It seems you’re not going to die after all.”

Sebastian was still seething, his handsome face etched with hopelessness.

Hearing the woman’s teasing tone only deepened his frustration. How could she still be making jokes when he was this furious?

Caitlin lifted the blanket and pinched his foot. Suddenly feeling the pain, Sebastian furrowed his brow. “What are you doing?”

“You can feel pain. That means your legs are only fractured, not paralyzed. Your blindness is likely due to a blood clot pressing on your nerves. Once the blood clears, you should regain your sight.”

“You’re not a doctor. I don’t need your opinion! Get out!”

Instead of leaving, Caitlin suddenly leaned closer.

“What are you doing?”

A soft hand suddenly reached out.

Sebastian, shocked, tried to raise his hand to stop her, but Caitlin grabbed his wrist.

She wasn’t weak either, holding his arm in place with a teasing smile. “Everything seems intact. It looks like Mr. Vanderbilt can still be a full man!”

“You…”

Sebastian, at a loss for words, finally spat out, “You shameless woman!”

Apart from his encounter with Camellia five years ago, Sebastian had never been with another woman. Never before had anyone touched him like this.

What a humiliation!

“Who needs shame? I want you to get better soon! Only when you recover can I enjoy my life as a wealthy Vanderbilt wife! So, let’s work hard, Sebastian!”

Caitlin deliberately patted his face, the sound echoing loudly.

No one had ever dared touch his face like that!

No woman had ever been so audacious as to tease him!

This woman was simply asking for it!

Her actions left a terrible first impression on Sebastian.

He was so furious, he could barely contain his anger. If he could get up, he’d strangle her right now. “Get out! Get out! I don’t want to see you! Get out!”

“I already told you, I’m not leaving. I’ll stay and take care of you until you’re fully recovered. When you’re better, I’ll leave. And when that time comes, even if you beg me to stay, I might not agree.

“And you should be grateful that you can’t see right now. If you could, I’m afraid you’d fall in love with me.

“And that would make things very painful for you.”

No matter what he said or how he cursed, Caitlin’s attitude was like soft cotton—impenetrable, but maddeningly frustrating.

Sebastian was truly enraged, his chest heaving with every breath. He realized this woman was a narcissist!

Fall in love with her? What a joke!

At the door, Caitlin called for the maids to come clean up the room.

The maids entered nervously, casting anxious glances toward the man on the bed, afraid he might start smashing things again.

They noticed that Mr. Vanderbilt was no longer in a rage but simply lying there, staring blankly, his face etched with hopelessness.

The maids were curious. How had the new Miss Lewis managed to subdue their notoriously irritable Mr. Vanderbilt?

While the maids cleaned the room, Caitlin went downstairs, her mind preoccupied with thoughts of her eldest son. Where was he now?

Standing in the garden outside, Caitlin heard the sound of children playing in the distance.

She followed the noise and found three children under a large tree.

Two chubby boys, about five or six years old, were chanting a rhyme, “Little mute! Howard! Shadow boy! Waa-waa baby! No-mother bastard, drinks pee every day!”

The boy being bullied was much smaller, probably only four or five years old.

Though small in stature, he wasn’t backing down. Like a stubborn little bull, he charged at the two chubby boys, headbutting them.

The chubby boys fell down but quickly got up, grabbing the small boy and pinning him to the ground, shoving dirt and leaves into his mouth.

“How dare you hit us? We’ll beat you up, you little mute!”

The chubby boys were having a great time bullying him, clapping their hands and laughing.

The small boy struggled to his feet, ready to fight them again.

But he was no match for the two bigger boys. Even though his nose was bleeding, and his face was covered in dirt, he didn’t give up.

Pinned to the ground, he still glared fiercely at the chubby boys!

Caitlin approached, her heart aching as she saw the boy’s face.

Though it was dirty and bloodied, she could clearly see the resemblance to Bruce and Arthur.

He was her eldest son, the one she had given birth to years ago!

They called him a little mute. Did that mean he couldn’t speak?

Seeing her son being bullied like this made Caitlin’s heart twist with pain!