



52: Shocked the Entire Venue

Bruce turned around and pointed at Caitlin.

Everyone in the room was once again stunned, all eyes now turned toward Caitlin. Elder Xenos asked, "Is Howard's mother proficient in painting?"

"No, no, no, I don't know much about it. Howard just has a simple interest in it, he watched a few times on TV and learned on his own," Caitlin replied, downplaying her involvement. She didn't want to take too much credit, especially since Elder Xenos was a renowned artist; it was better to remain modest.

"Oh my, incredible! This child has immense potential—self-taught, no less!" Elder Xenos was growing increasingly delighted. He then asked, "Since Howard hasn't found a mentor yet, how about he studies painting with me?"

No one had expected that Elder Xenos, a figure known for rejecting all offers of apprenticeship in the past, would suddenly offer to take Howard as a student. This was a first.

In the past, many noble families had approached Elder Xenos to ask if their children could study under him, but he always refused, claiming he didn't want to take any disciples. Yet today, he seemed to have broken that rule.

Madison, hearing this, felt enraged. What did this mean? Was he implying that her son wasn't good enough? To openly take someone else's child as an apprentice in front of her—had he even considered her feelings?



The crowd looked at Caitlin with envious eyes. After all, this was not an opportunity that came by every day—shouldn't she take it?

Paul spoke up, "It's rare for my father to offer such a thing. Why don't you accept? It would be good for Howard."

Caitlin smiled faintly and replied, "How could I? Elder Xenos already has such an impressive great-grandson like Kyle. It wouldn't be appropriate for us to join in."

Her words were a polite refusal. Elder Xenos looked at the child, sighing inwardly. It was as if he had found a treasure, only to realize it was out of reach.

"A pity, a real pity," Elder Xenos shook his head and sighed, his gaze lingering on Howard with visible reluctance.

Megan, not one to miss an opportunity, quickly chimed in, "Elder Xenos, if you're looking to take on a disciple, why not consider Kyle or Quinton? Let them learn from you!"

Elder Xenos did not respond but sighed once again, making Megan feel somewhat embarrassed.

Madison was unwilling to let Howard steal her son's spotlight. She leaned over and whispered something to Kyle. Kyle, competitive as ever, walked over to Bruce and asked, "Howard, what else can you do? I know Taekwondo—can you do it too?"

Bruce tilted his head, raised his chin slightly, and crossed his arms, but didn't respond.

Kyle took it for granted that Bruce wouldn't answer and declared, "Let's have a match and see who's better!"



Quickly, Kyle walked to the center of the hall. The guests naturally stepped aside to make room, and Kyle began demonstrating his Taekwondo moves.

With his father being a police officer, Kyle admired heroism and enjoyed martial arts, so he had been practicing Taekwondo from a young age. His moves were sharp and precise, drawing applause from the onlookers.

Madison threw a provocative look toward Caitlin, as if to say, "If it's a competition between our sons, of course, Kyle will be better!"

Caitlin simply crossed her arms and remained indifferent, watching Kyle's performance without a hint of emotion.

When Kyle finished his routine, the applause rang out. He walked up to Bruce, a smug look on his face, and said, "Your turn, Howard!"

Bruce thought Kyle's Taekwondo performance was just for show—nothing impressive at all.

He took a slight turn, and just as everyone thought he was walking away, he suddenly spun back around. In a swift motion, he kicked above Kyle's head, and then, with a loud thud, his foot came down on the solid wooden table, splitting it in half.

"Crack!"

Kyle stared, stunned.

"Wow..."

The others gasped in shock, many of them muttering in disbelief.

"My God! This kid is amazing!"



"Did he really learn that kind of skill?"

Everyone was astounded. How could a small five-year-old have the strength to break such a sturdy table with a single kick?

Was his leg even okay?

Caitlin walked over and knelt beside her son, saying, "Howard, that was too dangerous. You almost hurt someone. Even if you didn't hit anyone, breaking furniture like that is not good!"

Felix, amazed by the child's strength, stepped forward. "Impressive, Howard! Where did you learn those leg techniques?"

Bruce shook his head slightly. Caitlin stood up and explained, "This child is just a bit mischievous. He tends to kick whatever he sees. I'm really sorry about the table."

"No problem, no problem, but that power is something else!" Felix complimented.

Elder Xenos, now even more impressed, took a long look at Bruce. "This child is truly exceptional—both scholarly and physically gifted. If trained properly, his future is limitless."

Beatrice and Molly, seeing their own children's talent, felt quite pleased.

Megan, on the other hand, was dismissive, thinking that Howard was simply lucky, attributing the feat to the weakness of the table, not the child's actual skill.

Madison's face darkened with anger. This was supposed to be Kyle's day—his birthday party. She had wanted him to be the star of the show, but now this silent little boy from The Vanderbilt Family had purposely



stolen the spotlight. It was disgusting!

It had to be Caitlin's fault—she must have encouraged her son to show off.

"I should never have invited The Vanderbilt Family," she muttered to herself.

The room soon returned to its previous calm, but the whispers and curious glances never stopped.

After the party wrapped up, Beatrice announced they were leaving. Caitlin and her group prepared to head home.

Felix moved to accompany them, but Madison grabbed his arm, not wanting her husband to be influenced by that woman.

On the way back, the talk was mostly about Howard. Molly excitedly said, "I can't believe my little nephew has such hidden talents! Today, Howard really brought honor to The Vanderbilt Family! Did you see Kyle's mom? Her face went green! Hahaha..."

"Serves her right for looking down on our Howard!"

Caitlin simply wanted Bruce to show Howard's worth, to make those who underestimated him regret it.

Bruce remained indifferent throughout, showing no emotion at all. All he did was reveal a single kick—he hadn't even tried his hardest!

"To be honest, Caitlin, you're really great to Howard. You always protect him. Howard is lucky to have you as his mother."

Caitlin didn't respond. In her heart, she knew it was only natural to



protect her son.

When they returned to the Vanderbilt estate, it was already past 9 PM. Caitlin led Bruce upstairs, only to be shocked by the scene that awaited her.

"Sebastian, why did you take off your cast?"

Caitlin looked at her husband, who was sitting in a wheelchair, wearing sunglasses, and was quite surprised. He looked eerily like a statue in that moment.

Bruce also noticed his father and wondered if it wasn't exhausting for him to pose like a sculpture, motionless for so long. 1

"Caitlin," Sebastian asked, his voice calm but firm, "Do you remember what the first condition of our agreement was?"

"To take care of your daily needs," Caitlin replied, slightly taken aback.

"Then where have you been all day? You've been too busy having dinner and socializing with other men, completely neglecting me. Is this how you honor your promise to take care of me?" He questioned, his face stern, disappointment in his voice.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support



Share