

56: Don't Be Fooled by His Age—He's a Master at Flirting

"..."

Beg her to help him up? Is she really this cold-hearted?

Sebastian nearly wanted to strangle Caitlin.

"Caitlin, you keep saying you'll take care of me, but all you do is torment me. Tell me, who sent you here? Are you trying to kill me?" 1

Sebastian was stubborn to the core. Even with his arm bleeding, he refused to beg her for mercy.

"I didn't want to, but now I kind of do," Caitlin said, her voice cold. She believed Sebastian wouldn't learn unless he was taught a lesson. Why should she let him get away with being a constant source of irritation?

After dealing with his punishment, Caitlin finally helped him sit up, washed him, and cleaned him up. When everything was done, she pushed him out of the bathroom.

She then brought over the medical kit to tend to the wound on his arm.

There were bits of glass stuck deep into his skin, and Caitlin had to use tweezers to pull them out.

Her movements were rough, scraping at his skin as if she were peeling a pig's hide, making Sebastian's face turn pale as he gasped in pain.

"Ahh... Could you be a bit gentler?" he groaned.

Caitlin shot him a cold look but didn't slow down.

"Sorry, but I don't know what 'tender loving care' means," she said



bluntly.

Sebastian was getting more and more irritable. She actually had the nerve to use *tender loving care* to describe him? Was she out of her mind?

Caitlin, already annoyed, made sure to apply extra force, hurting him as much as possible. After she finished removing the glass shards, she immediately poured alcohol over the wound to disinfect it.

"Aghh..." Sebastian screamed as the alcohol stung his wound.

He felt like he was going to be tortured to death at this rate.

"Stop screaming. You're louder than a slaughtered pig," Caitlin scoffed.

Sebastian, still in pain, growled, "You're doing this on purpose!"

"You figured it out? I thought you liked being tortured by me," Caitlin retorted with a cold laugh.

She finished treating the wound, wrapped it with gauze, and patted it lightly. "There. You won't die."

"Ahh..."

He wouldn't die, but Caitlin had sure tortured him enough. His face was as white as a sheet.

He wondered if Caitlin was his fate, sent to torment him in this life for some past wrong.

At that moment, all he could think of was one thing—*cherish life and stay far away from this witch*. The first thing he would do once he got



better was divorce her. He didn't want to tolerate her for even a second longer.

The night passed without incident. The next morning, Caitlin woke up early and prepared breakfast.

When Sebastian finally woke up, Caitlin helped him wash up and then took him downstairs for breakfast.

Once she'd taken care of him, she was ready to leave.

Sebastian heard the sound of her heels clicking on the floor and called out, "Caitlin! Where are you going?"

"Out for a while. If you need anything, ask Lucy or Xavi."

Caitlin replied without slowing her pace as she walked out the door.

"Hey! Come back!" Sebastian's mood soured just thinking about Caitlin going out to meet some young man. He couldn't just turn a blind eye.

No matter how much he shouted, Caitlin kept walking. In the end, Sebastian called Xavi on the intercom.

"Hey, Xavi! Hurry up and follow Caitlin! No matter who she meets, get photos of her!"

After giving the orders, Sebastian felt a small sense of relief. Even if he couldn't control Caitlin, he could at least gather evidence of her possible infidelity.

When his eyes healed and his legs recovered, if she refused to leave the



Vanderbilt Family, he'd be ready to use the evidence to kick her out. He'd make sure she couldn't talk her way out of it.

On the way to pick up Caitlin, Quincy noticed the tailing car.

"Mrs. Lewis, it looks like The Vanderbilt Family has sent a car to follow you."

"Shake them off," Caitlin ordered casually, putting on sunglasses and leaning back in her seat, closing her eyes to rest.

Quincy, obeying the command, quickly sped up. Xavi, noticing the car ahead speeding up as well, also increased his pace. However, Quincy wasn't just any assistant—he was a skilled driver. Speeding was second nature to him.

Today's car was a modified race car, and it zoomed down the road like a blur.

In no time, Quincy had distanced himself from Xavi. Xavi tried to follow, but Quincy's driving skills were too much. With a series of quick maneuvers, he managed to lose Xavi in the maze of traffic and, just as the light turned yellow at an intersection, he accelerated to make it through.

By the time Xavi got to the intersection, the light had turned red, forcing him to stop. When the light finally turned green again, there was no sign of Quincy's car.

Quincy looked in the rearview mirror and said, "Caitlin, we lost them."

"Nice work!" Caitlin said, slightly amused.



"By the way, I've investigated those cremation specialists. Some of their identities are still unclear, but we've confirmed that Wyatt is indeed in a mental institution. He's a confirmed mental patient now. You may need to handle this personally."

"Alright, let's go back to the estate first. I want to see my son."

Caitlin had left Howard with Arthur for the night, unsure whether he'd be able to adjust.

Quincy drove the car back to DanCa Estate, where Caitlin quickly got out of the car.

As soon as she stepped out, she saw a woman in black leather, with neat short hair, standing in the garden. It was Faith, one of Bruce and Arthur's martial arts teachers.

Faith had been a special agent and was now responsible for teaching the kids martial arts and other skills. She was supervising Arthur as he practiced his basic moves. Howard was watching from the side, his eyes wide in awe as Arthur smoothly executed several flips and advanced techniques.

Arthur quickly ran over and jumped into Faith's arms. "Faith, catch me!"

Faith caught him effortlessly, and Arthur immediately hugged her, "You look so pretty today, Faith! Your face is like a flower! When I grow up, I'll marry you and buy you a huge ring!"

"Haha..." Faith couldn't help but laugh, even though she normally kept her emotions in check.

"Well, when you grow up, we'll see about that," she replied, smiling softly.



Caitlin watched the interaction with a smile. She knew her son well—Arthur had a habit of flirting with every pretty girl he met. He was going to be a heartbreaker when he grew up.

"Howard, come here!" she called out to her son.

When Howard saw her, he immediately ran over and hugged her leg.

Caitlin patted his head and asked, "Howard, did you settle in okay? Do you want to stay here and learn with Arthur?"

Howard nodded eagerly. He wanted to stay and learn skills so he could grow stronger, protect himself, and protect his mom.

"Alright, from now on, Bruce will stay at The Vanderbilt Family, and you'll focus on your lessons with Faith. I believe you'll improve greatly in no time," Caitlin said, smiling at her son.

Howard nodded firmly, raising his tiny fist in determination. He was going to succeed!

After leaving the kids with Faith, Caitlin and Quincy headed to the western suburbs mental hospital. What was about to happen was crucial.

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