



60: Mr. Vanderbilt's Bad Mood from Not Seeing Her

Faced with Caitlin's accusations, Jonathan felt both guilty and anxious, trying to maintain a calm exterior.

"Of course not! Caitlin, Harrison is my son. How could I not be worried about his disappearance? Look, my hair has turned white from stress!" Jonathan said, trying to act the concerned father.

Caitlin coldly snorted, "Once I find my brother, the truth will come out! Just wait and see!"

She didn't stick around to argue further. Without sparing Jonathan a second glance, she went straight downstairs. No one tried to stop her; Megan and Jasmine glared at her in anger, silently wishing she would leave already.

Caitlin reached the bottom of the stairs and ran into Imogen, who was leaning on a cane. Seeing Caitlin, Imogen said, "Caitlin, your sister says you're making money now, wearing brand-name clothes. You've even married into The Vanderbilt Family. So, how come you didn't bring anything with you this time? You're empty-handed?"

Caitlin raised an eyebrow. "What should I bring?"

"You should learn from Jasmine. She hasn't even gotten married yet, but every time she comes back, she brings gifts. You're already married, and yet you haven't brought anything back to honor us?" Imogen commented, acting as if it was only right for Caitlin to offer gifts.

So she's asking for a gift, huh?

Caitlin couldn't help but smirk inwardly. She'd never been close to Imogen, especially after all the cruel treatment her mother had endured



at her hands. Imogen had always been harsh and abusive towards her mother, leaving her mother crying often.

"Grandmother, what do you want me to bring back?" Caitlin asked, her tone sarcastic.

"Anything will do! The Vanderbilt Family doesn't lack anything of value, right?" Imogen replied with a fake smile.

Caitlin's gaze turned sharp. "The Vanderbilt Family may not lack good things, but what about you? What are you lacking?"

Imogen laughed lightly. "Well, nothing in particular. But if you happen to bring back any valuable items from The Vanderbilt Family, we'd be glad to accept them."

Caitlin's expression turned icy. "Do you still have any shame?"

The old woman was momentarily stunned. "What did you say?"

"I said you're a shameless old hag!" Caitlin snapped.

Imogen's face turned red with anger, her shaking hand clutching her cane tightly. "You... you...!"

Before Imogen could finish, Caitlin smirked coldly. "Don't worry, even though I didn't bring you a gift, once you're gone, I'll definitely send you ten huge flower wreaths. If ten isn't enough, I'll send a hundred! I'll make sure you die in peace and comfort."

Imogen's eyes widened in shock. She was furious and nearly had a heart attack from the anger. "Caitlin, you little... you're trying to kill me with your words?! You're so uncouth! Look at how your mother raised you!"



While Imogen ranted, her cane tapped the ground with every word, trembling with fury. She hated Kelly, but now, seeing how insufferable Caitlin had become, she couldn't stand it any longer.

Caitlin rolled her eyes. "Old woman, I'm just speaking the truth. Can't you understand human speech? And by the way, if you failed to teach me, your son is equally to blame. If my father didn't teach me well, who do you think raised him?"

Imogen's face twisted with rage. "You ungrateful little... you think I won't teach you a lesson?"

Before Imogen could raise her cane, Caitlin stepped forward, snatching the cane from her hands in one swift motion. With a sharp yank, Caitlin snapped it in two.

Throwing the broken pieces in front of Imogen, Caitlin smirked. "Go ahead. Hit me if you dare!"

Imogen gasped in shock. "You... you...!"

The old woman held onto the railing for support, clutching her chest as if her heart might give out from the shock.

With a sneer, Caitlin turned and walked past her, heading straight for the door.

Upstairs, Megan and Jonathan heard the commotion and rushed down to find Imogen sitting on the floor, looking pale and exhausted.

"Mom, are you okay?" Megan asked, frantically helping her mother up.

Imogen gasped, still holding her chest, shaking from the anger and stress. "Caitlin... that girl... she broke my cane... broke it... broke it in



two..."

Jonathan's face darkened with anger. "That damn girl! She's going too far!"

As a devoted son, Jonathan could not tolerate anyone mistreating his mother. Seeing Imogen hurt like this only fueled his fury. "She broke your cane? How dare she!"

Imogen groaned, "I can't go on... I can't..." She slumped into Jonathan's arms, nearly fainting.

Jonathan panicked. "We need to get to the hospital now!"

Megan, Jonathan, and the others hurriedly helped Imogen, leaving the house with a sense of satisfaction. With everything escalating, they believed Caitlin's time in The Lewis Family—and even within The Vanderbilt Family—was running out.

****The Vanderbilt Family:****

Back at Vanderbilt Manor, in an effort to make things easier, Sebastian had moved from his upstairs master bedroom to a room on the first floor. The room was prepared with everything he needed, including support rails for getting up easily.

Xavi asked, "Should we take down the bed Caitlin brought?"

"No need. Who would I share a room with her?" Sebastian replied coldly.

His mood was far from good. Ever since the morning report where Xavi mentioned losing track of Caitlin, Sebastian's temper had been on edge.



A while later, Sebastian couldn't hold back and asked again, "Still can't reach Caitlin's number?"

"No, whenever she goes out, her phone becomes unreachable."

Sebastian exhaled sharply, his expression darkening with irritation. "Is she here to look after me? She doesn't care about me at all!"

Earlier that morning, Xavi had been sent to follow Caitlin and see who she was meeting. But he had lost track of her within ten minutes, and then Caitlin's phone went dead. He couldn't find her anywhere.

The thought of Caitlin possibly meeting other men only made Sebastian more uneasy.

Just then, Marcus came in and said, "Mr. Vanderbilt, Beatrice has requested your presence."

Not knowing what the issue was, Sebastian ordered Xavi, "Take me there."

"Yes, sir."

Soon, they arrived at the Vanderbilt family's main hall. Marcus reported, "Beatrice, Mr. Vanderbilt has arrived."

Sebastian, wearing sunglasses, couldn't see much but relied on his memory. "Grandmother, why did you ask me to come?"

Beatrice sat at the top of the hall, with her great-grandson Bruce at her side. Molly was also present.

Before Beatrice could speak, Molly jumped in. "Sebastian, you really misunderstood Caitlin this time."

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"What do you mean?" Sebastian asked, clearly puzzled.

Beatrice explained, "I've had people look into it. Caitlin only had Howard expelled because the teachers didn't want him in class. They called him mute and made him sit on the toilet for over forty minutes in front of the entire class. Can you believe that?"

Sebastian was taken aback. He fell silent, surprised by the news.

Beatrice continued, "A school like that doesn't deserve to teach Howard, and Caitlin was right to have him expelled. She did the right thing."

Just then, Caitlin entered the hall. Hearing Beatrice defend her, she felt a rare moment of validation.

Molly, spotting Caitlin, added, "Oh, Sebastian, Caitlin's back. Perhaps you should apologize for the way you yelled at her last night without understanding the situation."

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