



64: If You Insult Her Man, Caitlin Will Make You Regret Being Born

Upon hearing that Beatrice was in trouble, Sebastian immediately ordered, "Quick! Push me over there!"

Caitlin hurriedly wheeled Sebastian into the main hall. Before they even entered, they could already hear shouting from inside. It was a sharp, accusing voice.

"Am I wrong? If you hadn't kicked me out of the Vanderbilt family back then, would I have ended up like this today? Are you seriously this cruel of a mother? I swear, you must be the most evil mother in the world! Now, I'm just here to claim the part of the inheritance that belongs to me. Is that so wrong?"

Sebastian furrowed his brow upon hearing the voice, even before seeing the person. He didn't need to look to know who it was. It had to be his aunt Freya, who had been cast out of the Vanderbilt family many years ago. And of course, now she was back, demanding her share of the inheritance.

Caitlin wheeled him into the room, where they saw a woman with reddish-brown wavy hair, standing defiantly in the middle of the living room with her hands on her hips. Beatrice, seated in a chair, looked like a crumpled wax figure, sighing deeply.

Freya turned to Grace and said, "Sister-in-law, I call you 'sister-in-law' out of respect. Tell me, why can't I have my share? That's my father's legacy before he passed away!"

Grace remained silent, but Molly retorted, "Freya, what do you think you still have? The Vanderbilt family doesn't owe you anything. If it weren't for you, Grandpa wouldn't have died from the heartache you caused!"



"Shut up, Molly! You're still single at your age, how embarrassing! I'm your elder, so stay quiet when I speak!"

Freya shouted at Molly, causing Molly to flare up in anger.

Then, Freya threatened, "If you won't give it to me, I'll go through lawyers. I'll have them send you a letter, and you'll be getting a court summons soon!"

Freya was about to leave when she saw Sebastian sitting in the wheelchair.

"Oh, my second nephew, what happened to you? How did you end up like this? Still sitting in a wheelchair at such a young age? And The Vanderbilt family still expects you to inherit everything? What a joke!"

"Freya! This family doesn't welcome you. What are you doing back here?" Sebastian's voice was thick with anger, even though he couldn't see her. He could clearly sense the sarcasm in her words.

He was furious, gripping the armrests of his wheelchair tightly, his knuckles turning white.

"If you came back to collect a debt, then get out of here!" Sebastian snapped.

Freya, sensing the tension, laughed smugly. "Ha! Not to be rude, but you've become blind and crippled. Your son is mute, and with that kind of gene from Eliza, it's no wonder that your family is a complete disaster! There's not one decent person in this family!"

At that point, Freya's insults crossed a line, mocking three generations of them.



Sebastian couldn't take it anymore. He tried to get up, but Caitlin stopped him, pressing her hand on his shoulder.

Then, to everyone's shock, Caitlin slapped Freya three times, one after another.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

The slaps echoed loudly in the room. Freya was stunned, not immediately processing what had just happened. Her face was on fire, and the red imprints of Caitlin's hand quickly appeared.

Freya's anger flared. "Who... who do you think you are? How dare you hit me?!"

Caitlin responded coldly, "Who am I? You should find out. I hit you because you have a big mouth. You don't get to judge my man! Take a good look at what you are before you talk!"

Sebastian was deeply shaken by what Caitlin had done. He never expected her to stand up for him in such a situation. And when she called him "my man," it caught him off guard. She had never been officially acknowledged by him, so the way she said it felt almost like a statement of ownership.

Freya, now shocked, stared at Caitlin for a few seconds before saying, "Oh, so you're Caitlin! Now I've seen it all! What a real shrew you are! And your mother, Kelly, wasn't much better. Like mother, like daughter, huh?"



Freya and Kelly had never gotten along. When Freya learned that Kelly's daughter had married into the Vanderbilt family, she decided to come back to stir trouble. She couldn't stand the thought of a "lowly" woman like Kelly's daughter having a share in the Vanderbilt family's wealth when she, as an actual Vanderbilt, was cast aside.

Caitlin's eyes flashed with fury. "Shut your filthy mouth!"

She didn't waste any more words. With a swift move, she grabbed Freya's hair and yanked it back, delivering two more sharp slaps.

Freya yelped in pain, "Ah! Let go! Let go!"

Freya tried to fight back, but Caitlin twisted her arm behind her back, forcing her to kneel.

"Listen! Apologize! Or I'll make sure you don't leave this house today!"

Freya gritted her teeth, unwilling to apologize. But with Caitlin's iron grip and painful twist of her arm, Freya could no longer bear it.

"I apologize! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have said that about you and your mother. I'm sorry, second nephew, I said the wrong things... I won't do it again... I won't say those words again..."

Caitlin finally released Freya, who immediately rubbed her sore scalp and reddened face, glaring at Caitlin with resentment. She was clearly furious, but she didn't dare to speak out again. She had just encountered someone who could handle her without hesitation.

Seeing this, everyone in the Vanderbilt family was stunned. The formidable Freya, who nobody dared to provoke, had been completely subdued by Caitlin.



After a moment of stunned silence, Freya turned and stormed out, leaving a final threat behind: "This isn't over! Just wait!"

Once Freya was gone, Molly sighed in relief and turned to her grandmother. "Grandma, don't be upset."

Beatrice let out a long sigh. "I'll go rest for a while. Everyone can leave."

But as Beatrice tried to stand up, she suddenly collapsed. "Grandma... Grandma!" Molly cried out in panic.

Beatrice's face went pale as she slumped to the ground.

"Mum, what's wrong?" Grace quickly rushed over.

Hazel joined in, feigning concern. "Grandma, are you alright?"

Sebastian, unable to see, felt a growing panic. "What happened to Beatrice?"

"Beatrice fainted! I'm going to check on her!" Caitlin rushed over to Beatrice, checking her pulse. It was weak.

"Marcus! Call an ambulance! Get Beatrice to the hospital!" Caitlin ordered.

"Okay, okay!" Marcus quickly dialed the emergency number, and in no time, the ambulance arrived at the Vanderbilt family mansion. The medical staff rushed to carry Beatrice to the ambulance.

Marcus and Molly followed the ambulance to the hospital, while Sebastian, concerned, insisted on going as well. Caitlin pushed him in his wheelchair, and they all traveled to the hospital together.



As they left, Grace and Hazel remained behind, standing at the door. Grace looked at her daughter and spoke thoughtfully, "Mom, is Freya our aunt? After all these years, why did she suddenly come back? Was it just for the inheritance?"

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