



65: She Can Stir Up the Family Like a Tornado

Grace scoffed coldly. "It's not that simple. Just wait and see, she'll turn The Vanderbilt Family upside down!"

Mother and daughter exchanged a meaningful glance, both wearing knowing smiles.

Someone to stir the pot? Perfect! If Freya could cause chaos in The Vanderbilt Family, then they could certainly take advantage of the situation.

If the old lady ended up being angered to death, then Grace could seize the power of the family. After all, she'd been biding her time for so many years.

On the way to the hospital.

Caitlin quietly asked Sebastian, "Why did your aunt suddenly come back?"

It was rumored that more than twenty years ago, The Vanderbilt Family had kicked Freya out, and the whole of New York had known about it. They hadn't had any contact in over two decades, so why had she suddenly returned?

"I wouldn't know," Sebastian said, feeling irritated just thinking about Freya. How could The Vanderbilt Family have produced such a person?

His grandfather was pure-hearted, and his grandmother was cultured, but Freya had always been a rebellious, troublesome woman.



"I heard she used to be a troublemaker in her youth, never listened to anyone, and hung out with the wrong crowd. She even got into trouble and was sent to a juvenile detention center," Caitlin asked.

She'd done her research on The Vanderbilt Family and knew all about Freya's past. Back then, Freya's reckless behavior had been a stain on the family name.

"Yeah, I heard she had a terrible temper since she was a kid. My grandparents couldn't control her, and they might have spoiled her too much," Sebastian explained.

Caitlin nodded, then asked, "How much of The Vanderbilt Family's shares does your aunt still have?"

Sebastian snorted, "What shares? My grandfather initially left her 10%, but after the trouble she caused, he rewrote his will and took it all back. Now, she has nothing."

"What did she do to anger your grandfather so much?" Caitlin asked, intrigued.

"Why do you want to know everything?" Sebastian didn't want to bring up that unpleasant topic, but Caitlin pressed on, determined.

"I helped you earlier, so just tell me, will you?" Caitlin teased.

Sebastian, feeling a sense of gratitude for her earlier help, eventually gave in and explained what happened years ago with Freya.

Caitlin couldn't help but chuckle after hearing the story.

"What's so funny? Don't tell anyone about this," Sebastian warned, his face stern.



The incident had been a huge embarrassment for The Vanderbilt Family. It had taken a lot of money and effort to cover it up and prevent it from going public.

"I understand. So, can you tell me who that man was who she... you know, forced herself on?" Caitlin asked.

Sebastian hesitated but, unable to resist Caitlin's persistent questioning, eventually answered, "Professor Xavian."

Caitlin raised her eyebrows in surprise. "You mean *Xavian* from New York University? I can't believe your aunt did something like that!"

Having learned the details, Caitlin didn't press any further but began to think about her own connection with Xavian. She knew that her mother had known him back in the day. But after her marriage to The Lewis Family, they lost touch. Did Xavian still remember her mother's past?

Before Caitlin could continue her thoughts, their car arrived at the hospital. Caitlin pushed Sebastian toward the emergency room.

They arrived to find Beatrice still inside, with Molly and Marcus anxiously waiting. After about ten minutes, a doctor in a mask came out.

Molly rushed to him. "How is she, Doctor?"

"The patient fainted due to stress, but there's no major problem now. However, we've noticed some potential issues with her internal organs. We recommend further checks."

"Thank you, Doctor," Molly said, visibly relieved.

After the doctor left, Molly muttered angrily, "It's all Freya's fault. If it weren't for her, Grandma wouldn't have fainted."



Everyone thought the same—if Beatrice really died from the shock, The Vanderbilt Family would fall into chaos.

Not long after, the nurse wheeled Beatrice out for further examination. The group followed her to the testing area.

Molly turned to Sebastian. "You can go back home if you're in a hurry. Marcus and I will stay here and take care of things."

"I'm not in a rush," Sebastian replied. He was a filial man, and with Beatrice's condition still unclear, he wasn't going anywhere.

After Beatrice had her checkup, the nurse took her to a hospital room, and they were told the results would take about half an hour.

While waiting, Caitlin suggested, "Since you're here at the hospital, why don't you get a checkup too? Let's see how your recovery is going."

Sebastian paused for a moment but agreed. He was eager to get better as soon as possible.

After informing Molly, Caitlin pushed Sebastian for his checkup.

As they were walking down the hallway and about to take the elevator, they bumped into someone familiar.

Jasmine, who had just visited Imogen in the hospital, was taken aback when she saw Caitlin and Sebastian in the elevator.

"Caitlin?!"

Jasmine's gaze landed on Sebastian, who was sitting in a wheelchair, wearing sunglasses, and looking perfectly fine. She was stunned. Hadn't they said he was practically a corpse? How could he be in a wheelchair



and look so well?

Caitlin noticed Jasmine but wasn't interested in engaging with her. She began to push Sebastian to leave, but Jasmine blocked their path.

"Caitlin, don't just walk off! I still have something to say!" Jasmine called out.

"Go ahead," Caitlin responded coldly, stopping but not looking at Jasmine.

"Is this Mr. Vanderbilt? Is he really doing better?" Jasmine asked, her tone filled with disbelief.

"Yes," Caitlin replied curtly.

"No way, he really got better?" Jasmine said, her mind racing.

If she had known Sebastian wasn't really dying, she would've accepted his proposal back then. Now, wouldn't she be Xylia of The Vanderbilt Family?

She gazed at Sebastian's handsome face, the sunglasses only adding to his mysterious aura. Even sitting in a wheelchair, he exuded power and charisma.

Such a top-tier man... And she had let him slip through her fingers, giving him to Caitlin. Jasmine couldn't help but feel regret.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, I'm Jasmine. You know me, right? I was the one who was supposed to marry you..." Jasmine said, trying to catch Sebastian's attention.

Caitlin could clearly see the regret in Jasmine's eyes, and a cold smile



curled on her lips. Jasmine had rejected him before, and now it was too late to come crawling back.

Jasmine tried to make herself visible in front of Sebastian, hoping to grab his attention, but she didn't realize Sebastian couldn't see her at all.

He didn't care about her presence one bit.

"What's all that noise? Are there flies buzzing around?" Sebastian finally spoke, his brows furrowing in annoyance.

"Yeah, there are flies," Caitlin replied nonchalantly, making a swatting motion.

"Then why aren't you getting rid of them?" Sebastian didn't want to waste time with irrelevant people.

Caitlin made a move to leave, but Jasmine, now visibly irritated, blocked her again. "Don't go! I'm not done yet!"

Caitlin raised an eyebrow, a flash of annoyance crossing her face. "What do you want?"



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