

8: Her Identity Revealed

Sensing trouble, Lucy rushed back inside to find Sebastian.

Sebastian was lying in his room, already aware of the commotion outside. Though he could hear it, his immobile body left him helpless. As his frustration built, Lucy burst into the room.

“Mr. Vanderbilt, it’s bad! Willa’s people are trying to attack Caitlin. What should we do?”

Hearing Lucy’s hurried explanation, Sebastian pieced together that Caitlin had angered Willa in her effort to protect Howard.

Recalling the slap and the harsh words Caitlin had hurled at him earlier, Sebastian initially wanted nothing to do with the situation. However, he ultimately instructed Lucy to inform Beatrice and ask her to handle the matter.

As Lucy went to make the call, Sebastian tried to move but found his legs unresponsive. His blindness added to his helplessness.

Rage consumed him. He punched the mattress with a useless fist.

“I can’t even protect my own son! I’m nothing but a failure,” he thought bitterly.

Outside, Willa had summoned seven or eight male servants to confront Caitlin.

Caitlin stood her ground, unflinching. One by one, she knocked the men down, punching and kicking with precision and power.

By the time she was done, the servants lay groaning on the ground, while Caitlin stood unscathed.

Willa’s expression shifted from fury to fear. She had not expected this woman to be so formidable.

“You wretched woman! You’ll pay for this! Just you wait!” Willa spat angrily.

Caitlin smirked, her voice cold. “I’ll be here. Bring it on.”

Unable to do anything else, Willa fled with her group, muttering that she would report this to Beatrice and demand Caitlin’s removal.

As the intruders disappeared, Caitlin turned to find Howard standing at the doorway, his wide eyes gleaming with admiration.

“Howard, do you think Mommy is amazing? Would you like me to teach you some moves? That way, if anyone bullies you, you can fight back just like Mommy.”

Howard nodded earnestly. Of course, he wanted to learn. He wanted to be strong so no one could ever push him around again.

“Before you learn, you’ll need to eat well and get strong first. Only with a healthy body can you train properly,” Caitlin said, picking him up.

She carried Howard into the house. “For now, Mommy will cook you something delicious. How does that sound?”

Howard gazed at her quietly, but inside, something shifted.

Having Mommy around... wasn’t so bad after all.

Leaving Howard in the living room, Caitlin rolled up her sleeves and headed to the kitchen. As she chopped vegetables, Lucy came rushing in again, flustered.

“Caitlin, it’s bad! Beatrice wants to see you right away!”

Caitlin slammed the knife down onto the cutting board. “Fine. Let’s go see her!”

Carrying Howard in her arms, Caitlin followed Lucy to the Vanderbilt family’s main hall.

The atmosphere in the hall was tense. Beatrice, dignified and imposing, sat at the center. Beside her was Grace, elegant and regal, while Willa and Xylia stood nearby, their expressions venomous. Several other family members had also gathered.

Lucy announced their arrival, “Madam Beatrice, Madam Grace, Madam Willa—Miss Lewis is here.”

Grace scrutinized Caitlin and immediately exclaimed, “She’s not Jasmine from The Lewis Family!”

Jasmine was a well-known socialite in New York, celebrated as one of the city’s three great beauties. Her reputation in fashion and design circles was unparalleled, and everyone present knew what she looked like. One glance at Caitlin made it clear she wasn’t Jasmine.

Caitlin’s gaze swept across the room coldly. She had already researched the Vanderbilt family and their internal dynamics.

She knew that Raymond Vanderbilt’s first wife, Snow Hua, had disappeared eighteen years ago. Shortly after, Raymond married Grace, who had once been Snow Hua’s closest friend but later became Sebastian’s stepmother. In truth, she was just a mistress who had managed to secure her position.

“She’s definitely not Jasmine!” Willa interjected, her voice dripping with venom. Turning to Beatrice, she added, “Mother, this woman isn’t just an imposter. She attacked Kyle and Quinton and even assaulted Xylia. You can’t let her get away with this!”

Beatrice fixed her sharp eyes on Caitlin. “If you’re not Jasmine, then who are you? Why are you pretending to be The Lewis Family’s eldest daughter?”

“I’m not pretending,” Caitlin replied calmly. “I *am* The Lewis Family’s eldest daughter. My name is Caitlin.”

The room fell silent for a moment before gasps of surprise rippled through the crowd.

They all knew the basics of The Lewis Family’s history. Jonathan Lewis and his first wife, Kelly, had two children: a pair of twins. The son had gone missing as a child, while the daughter, Caitlin, was presumed dead in a fire five years ago.

And now, this woman was claiming to be that very Caitlin?

“That’s impossible!” Willa retorted. “Everyone in New York knows that Kelly’s daughter died in a fire. You think you can just show up and pretend to be her?”

Xylia chimed in bitterly, “Clearly, The Lewis Family sent a fake to replace Jasmine. And now that she’s been exposed, she’s resorting to claiming she’s Caitlin. She’s nothing but a fraud!”

Grace added, “Exactly! This woman is clearly here with ulterior motives. Who knows what she’s after? She must be removed immediately!”

Caitlin’s expression remained composed. “I don’t need to pretend. Here’s my identification. If you doubt me, verify it with The Lewis Family. Five years ago, I was fortunate enough to escape that fire. Now I’m back, alive and well.”

Her tone was steady, her gaze unwavering as she handed her identification to Beatrice.

Beatrice examined the documents but remained skeptical.

“Even if you are Caitlin, you’re not the bride we chose for Sebastian. Why are you here? Do you want to harm him?” Grace questioned, her words laced with feigned concern.

In truth, Grace saw Caitlin as a threat. With Sebastian incapacitated, Grace hoped to position her own children for power. This newcomer could ruin everything.

“Yes! We specifically chose a bride whose astrological chart aligned with Sebastian’s to bring him good fortune. You recklessly married him—what if you worsen his condition?” Beatrice added, clearly troubled.

Willa, reaching the end of her patience, shouted, “Mother! Enough talk. Have her arrested immediately!”

Xylia fanned the flames. “Yes, charge her with fraud! And don’t forget, she assaulted my children. We can add child abuse to her crimes!”

Seeing Beatrice hesitate, Willa took matters into her own hands. She signaled for the guards outside.

“Come in! Arrest this woman right now!”

Moments later, several towering bodyguards entered the hall, their intimidating presence filling the space as they advanced toward Caitlin.