



## 112: A Lot of People Looking for Trouble

Xylia, furious, fumbled through her phone and pulled up a picture.

"This is a photo I took while doing laundry. Look at the lipstick stain on his shirt collar, it's the same color as the one you use. How do you explain that?"

Caitlin glanced at the picture and sneered. "There are plenty of women who use the same lipstick shade. Why would you single me out?"

Xylia, undeterred, pulled out a jewelry box. She opened it to reveal a beautiful necklace and a small card inside that read, "For the beautiful Caitlin."

"See? This proves it! You and my husband have been seeing each other behind my back. You shameless woman! You're nothing but a fox spirit!"

With that, Xylia swung the jewelry box, aiming to smash it into Caitlin.

Caitlin swiftly caught Xylia's wrist with one hand and twisted it upward, making the woman cry out in pain.

"Ah—! It hurts... Let go of me!"

Caitlin wasn't about to let this baseless accusation slide. Who gave Xylia the courage to try and tear her apart like this?

"Listen, Xylia! Your husband is worse than trash. I'm not interested in him!" 1

"My taste is better than yours. Even if he gave me this, I wouldn't take it!"



"You're lying! You just won't admit it... Go ahead and ask Grace about it... Ah..."

Xylia was still convinced she had caught Caitlin red-handed and tried to drag Grace into the matter.

"What does Grace have to do with this? Xylia, I suggest you think carefully before you act. Go check your husband's whereabouts before running around accusing people like a rabid dog!"

Knowing William well, Caitlin was certain he was the one causing trouble outside.

She released Xylia's wrist, and the woman, still in pain, sobbed and glared at Caitlin, refusing to back down.

"You just rely on your strength to bully me, don't you?"

At this point, Caitlin no longer wanted to argue. She turned to leave, but Xylia, filled with anger, picked up a stone from the ground and threw it toward her head.

Just as the stone was about to hit Caitlin, a figure rushed from the side and shielded her.

"Ugh..."

The man grunted as he took the hit. Caitlin turned to find it was Vincent.

Luckily, Vincent managed to block the stone. Had it hit Caitlin, it would have certainly caused a serious injury.

He steadied himself and turned to face Xylia. "Xylia, what are you doing? If you hurt someone, it's intentional harm, and that could send you to



jail!"

Seeing it was Vincent, Xylia immediately started crying.

"Vincent, you're just in time! This woman has been seducing your brother. Help me deal with her!"

Xylia thought she had found an ally and began to complain.

Vincent, however, listened to her cries, then interrupted her sharply.

"Stop whining! This isn't Caitlin's fault! If anyone's to blame, it's William!"

Vincent had come to terms with the truth.

"What? You're taking her side?"

"I'm not taking anyone's side. I'm just speaking the truth!" Vincent continued. "If you don't want to make a bigger mess of this, just drop it. But if you want to keep falsely accusing people, I've got evidence."

Caitlin gave Vincent a cold look as he defended her.

"What evidence?" Xylia demanded.

Reluctantly, Vincent pulled up a surveillance video he had found by chance and showed it to Xylia.

"Watch it yourself."

The video clearly showed William trying to block Caitlin's way, hitting on her, being rejected, then forcibly hugging her, only to get kicked in the groin.



Xylia's face turned pale as she watched. It was like a slap in the face.

Vincent spoke up again. "William was the one harassing Caitlin. If you want to find someone to blame, go after him. Stop bothering Caitlin. If this gets exposed, William will be ruined, and none of you will come out unscathed."

After hearing Vincent's words, Xylia finally realized the gravity of the situation. She didn't dare to continue making a fuss.

"Fine! Forget it! I won't mention it again!"

But before she could leave, Caitlin blocked her path.

"Wait."

"What do you want now?"

Xylia winced in pain, still nursing her sore wrist, and stepped back in fear.

"You slandered me. You have to apologize!"

Caitlin wasn't one to let slights slide. She wouldn't just let Xylia walk away after this.

"I already said it's fine!" Xylia grumbled.

"You don't want to apologize? Then I'll give you a little reminder. After that, we'll call it even!"

Caitlin raised her hand, and Xylia flinched, covering her face in fear.

"Stop! Stop! I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Caitlin! I misjudged you! Please forgive me! Will that do?"



"That's more like it! For Vincent's sake, I'll let it go this time. But if this happens again, don't blame me for being ruthless! Get out!"

Caitlin's eyes were fierce, and her glare sent a chill down Xylia's spine.

Terrified, Xylia ran off as fast as she could.

"Trinity... Are you okay? Xylia has been looking for trouble with you."

Vincent asked with concern.

"Ha, there are a lot of people like her looking for trouble with me. What's she supposed to be?"

Caitlin didn't even regard Xylia as a real threat.

"Anyway, thanks for your help just now."

She acknowledged his assistance with a smile, as Caitlin was always clear about her gratitude.

"No need for formalities."

"Alright, I'm heading back now."

Caitlin turned and walked toward the Vanderbilt mansion, while Vincent silently watched her retreating figure.

As Caitlin entered the Vanderbilt mansion, Sebastian, hearing the sound of her high heels, knew she had returned.

Bruce, seeing his mother enter, quickly slid off his father's lap and ran upstairs.

Watching her son's sudden movement, Caitlin couldn't help but laugh. "



What are you two up to?"

"Didn't you see? I was playing with my son!" Sebastian huffed, sitting back down on the sofa, his face turning grim.

From the tone of his voice, Caitlin could tell he was upset. It made sense; after all, she had left a group of people behind today, not giving him any face in front of his brothers.

"Quite an interesting way to play."

Caitlin joked, but she hadn't told him about the large words written across his white shirt.

— \*Shit\*.

This was Bruce's little masterpiece.

If she wasn't mistaken, there was likely more to come on the back.

She walked over, peering at the back of Sebastian's shirt, and sure enough, there was a big drawing of dog poop.

How much did Bruce despise his dad to do this?

Sebastian didn't respond to her. Caitlin tried to lighten the mood, saying, "Your shirt's dirty. Let me help you change."

After all, it didn't look very appropriate for the CEO of Vanderbilt Enterprises Group to walk around with "Shit" written on him.

"Fine."

Sebastian reluctantly agreed, though his tone was more of a reluctant surrender.



He was just waiting for Caitlin to give him an out.

As Sebastian stood up and reached out to hold Caitlin's arm, his foot caught on the coffee table leg, and his large frame tripped forward.

Before Caitlin could react, he had already knocked her onto the sofa, pinning her down.

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