



113: Divorce? Impulse is the Devil

The two were in a very intimate position, and Sebastian had clearly taken advantage of the situation.

When Xavi, Tyler, Vaughn, and King entered from outside, they just happened to witness this scene.

Damn it!

So awkward!

They clearly arrived at the worst possible time.

Xavi quickly turned around, gesturing for Tyler and the others to leave.

They quickly disappeared.

Caitlin pushed Sebastian away, and he collapsed onto the sofa, his heart racing wildly.

He had once again touched something he shouldn't have...

Caitlin stood up, fixing her hair, her face cold.

She suspected that Sebastian did this on purpose.

"Did it feel good? Every time, you try the same trick. Don't you think it's kind of low?"

"I'm low? What do you mean by that? Every time I try this trick?"

Sebastian sat up straight, and the anger that had just calmed down began to flare up again.



Several times he accidentally touched her, wasn't it just because he couldn't see properly and it was an accident?

And now, she dared to call him low?

He felt like his masculinity had been trampled on.

It really pissed him off.

"Your eyesight has improved quite a bit, right? Still pretending to be blind?"

She had seen through him!

"I... I can see a little, but it's not fully recovered," Sebastian reluctantly admitted, and then, to prove a point, added, "And besides, do you think I wanted to touch you? What a devilish body, but honestly, it's nothing special."

That last comment was the final straw.

"Oh? Nothing special? I wonder how many women you've been with, Mr. Vanderbilt, to make such a comparison. Your character is really questionable!"

Caitlin coldly retorted.

"You're questioning my character? Have you ever had any morals as a wife?"

Sebastian nearly exploded. Was this an attack on his dignity?

Even if he hadn't had many women, he was sure that Camellia had a better figure than hers!



"What do you mean by 'morals as a wife'? The three obediences and four virtues, the wife's role?"

Caitlin scoffed. "Let me tell you, those words don't exist in my dictionary."
"

She realized that there was no common ground between her and Sebastian. Their values didn't match, and it was clear they could never live together.

"So, you just go find some young man to dance with and meet different men? And still wear the title of 'Mrs. Sebastian Vanderbilt'? Can you at least be a little more decent?"

"I'm indecent? Heh... if you think that way, then we really have nothing to say!"

With that, Caitlin turned and walked upstairs.

Sebastian shouted her name three times, but she ignored him completely.

Damn it!

Was this woman here to collect debts like some kind of demoness?

He couldn't take it anymore!

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. Deep down, he was certain of one thing: Caitlin was **not** his Camellia.

Camellia was gentle, nothing like this woman who was so aggressive.

He didn't need to look at the DNA test results to know the truth.

She couldn't be Camellia!



Sebastian still hadn't realized the consequences of offending Caitlin.

At breakfast the next day, the usual "feeding him" ritual was canceled.

"Caitlin, if you don't feed me, how am I supposed to eat?"

"Want to eat? Do it yourself!"

Caitlin placed the utensils in front of him, her voice cold.

"Caitlin, aren't you going too far? What about our agreement? Is this how you're supposed to treat me?"

Sebastian was sulking, clearly upset.

"Sorry! I'm done serving you. Do whatever you want!"

She wasn't going to endure it any longer. The DNA results would be out soon, and whatever happened after that wasn't her problem.

"What do you mean? You're going to break the agreement?"

"Yes."

"Fine, if that's what you want, don't come crying to my grandmother later, saying I forced you into it!" Sebastian snorted.

"I won't!"

"Lucy! Take Howard out! Keep an eye on him, Vaughn, King. Call Xavi and Tyler to come over!"

Lucy quickly took the little master away and notified Xavi and Tyler.

Xavi and the others were informed by Lucy about the escalating fight



between Mr. Vanderbilt and Caitlin. It seemed like they were on the verge of getting a divorce.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, Caitlin, is there really no need for this? Can't you just talk things through? Do you really need a divorce?"

"It has to happen! I can't wait any longer!"

Caitlin had a lot to do, and Sebastian was almost fully recovered — there was no need for her to stay any longer.

"This should be my line! I can't stand this woman! I don't want to wait another second!"

Sebastian's attitude was just as bad.

At this point, their conflict had reached a breaking point. It was irreconcilable. No room for negotiation.

"Such a big issue — don't you think we should wait for Beatrice to be discharged before making a decision?"

Xavi suggested. He felt that Sebastian didn't truly hate Caitlin, but because he had feelings for her, he was rushing to distance himself. After all, his heart had always been occupied by Camellia.

He didn't want to betray Camellia.

"No need! We'll handle it today!"

"Fine, we'll do it today!"

With that, they agreed. That same day, they went to the divorce office.

Sebastian kept his promise and offered Caitlin 10 million as



compensation.

"No need for the compensation. Keep the money to make yourself feel better!"

Caitlin refused the money, and Sebastian was nearly choking on his anger. "Make myself feel better? What do you mean by that? You think that money is nothing to me?"

Just as they were preparing to head to the divorce office, Phoebe and Molly showed up, disrupting their plans.

"Sebastian, Caitlin, are you going out?"

Molly's voice made Sebastian frown. He couldn't let her know that he was about to divorce Caitlin, or she would certainly run to his grandmother and make a scene.

"What are you here for?"

"I arranged for a tutor to come for Phoebe. We just wanted to familiarize her with the place."

Molly explained, then brought Phoebe out.

Phoebe waved to Caitlin and then turned to look at Sebastian sitting in his wheelchair.

The moment Phoebe saw Sebastian, her heart skipped a beat.

Sebastian in real life was even more handsome and imposing than in magazine photos. Even sitting in a wheelchair, his presence didn't diminish at all.



Phoebe tried to calm her racing heart.

"Hello, Mr. Vanderbilt, let me introduce myself. I graduated from New York University and furthered my studies at..."

"Enough, no need for introductions. If you're suitable, you can stay. Molly, you handle it!"

Sebastian didn't have the patience to listen to her long-winded introduction and handed the decision to Molly.

It was time to replace the tutor. He didn't believe anyone else could teach Howard better than Caitlin.

"Molly, take Phoebe and show her around. The kid is in the garden."

Caitlin explained briefly, waved goodbye to Phoebe, and followed Sebastian out.

Watching them leave, Molly scratched her head in confusion. She felt like something was off with her brother today—he was giving off a strange vibe.

Sebastian and Caitlin arrived at the civil affairs office, ready to finalize the divorce.

Xavi and Tyler wanted to intervene, but it seemed like the decision had already been made.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, do you really want to go through with this? Impulse is the devil!"

Xavi tried once more.



"Do you want to wait one more day? We could see the results of the report tomorrow and then make a decision."



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