



123: Wanting to See Caitlin's Stunning Beauty

Beatrice was extremely angry. After all the effort in finding such a good match for Sebastian, this guy had the nerve to just send Caitlin away without a word?

"Grandma, don't be upset! Maybe it's just a quarrel! I'll go find him and ask clearly!" Molly said.

"Alright, go ask him!" Beatrice nodded, still fuming.

Molly rushed to the Vanderbilt estate, and Phoebe happened to be walking outside when she saw Molly running toward the villa.

Molly found Sebastian and breathlessly asked, "Seb... you really divorced Caitlin?"

Sebastian's expression was cold, his features harder than steel. "So what if I did?"

"Sigh! You're such a fool! Why would you send Caitlin away? Why divorce her?"

Molly ran up to him, scolding him.

"This is between me and her, stay out of it!"

"Are you not afraid of regretting losing such a good woman?" Molly said with exasperation.

Sebastian snorted. "Regret? I don't even know how to spell that word!"

Molly was truly speechless. How could she have such an ungrateful brother? Didn't he know that their grandmother had gone through so



much to find Caitlin for him? It wasn't easy at all!

And Caitlin had treated Howard so well. Where else could they find such a good stepmother?

"Sebastian, Sebastian, I think you've really lost your mind. Did water get into your brain?" Molly scolded.

"Has Caitlin ever complained about you? She put up with taking care of you, and yet you send her away! Do you know, you might never find anyone more suitable than Caitlin, someone who's perfect for you and Howard?"

Molly spoke with a genuine concern, hoping her brother would wake up. "Go to her, bring her back. It might still be possible to fix things! Go now!"

"Enough, sis! Stop talking!" Sebastian was visibly upset. "Caitlin doesn't suit me!"

"You know I still have someone in my heart. Why are you trying to force me to accept her?" Sebastian's voice dropped, the frustration building inside him. He had been forced into this marriage by his family, and none of them respected his wishes.

The woman they found for him wasn't someone he chose, and her personality was loud and uncontrolled—she often treated him with disdain. Wasn't he basically setting himself up for a life of misery?

"You're still waiting for someone named what?" Molly asked.

"Camellia!" Sebastian snapped, his tone hard.

"Whatever Camellia," Molly said with a dismissive laugh. "If she was going to show up, she would've appeared already. But she hasn't shown



up yet. Do you really think there's any point in waiting for her?"

Phoebe, who had been listening from the door, heard everything clearly. So Caitlin had been using the alias "Camellia" five years ago? That was a key piece of information!

Upstairs, Bruce had also overheard the conversation. His father was such a jerk! Not only did he look down on his own mother, but he was still thinking about another woman! How disgusting!

Seeing that her brother wouldn't change his mind, Molly became angrier. "Sebastian, I advise you to wake up! Even if Camellia appears again, I dare say you won't love her as much as you think!"

"For the past five years, you've only been living in your own fantasy. Even if it's a dream, you should wake up now!"

Molly's words hit hard. "You know the saying, 'cherish the one in front of you,' do you understand? If Camellia never appears, are you planning to live alone for the rest of your life?"

Sebastian's jaw tightened, his body radiating coldness. He stood firm in his decision.

"Even if Camellia never appears, I still won't choose Caitlin. She's not the kind of woman I would want."

"What's wrong with her? She doesn't mind your flaws. She treats you and Howard so well!"

"Enough, Molly! Shut up!"

Molly had hit a nerve, and it made him more irritated. He wasn't wrong for sticking to his decision, for waiting for Camellia. Was it really wrong



to wait for someone who meant something to him?

He had thought that maybe after five years, they might meet as strangers. But so what? He didn't want to abandon her. After all, Camellia was Howard's biological mother.

Sebastian didn't want to hear any more of Molly's nagging. "You can leave now!"

"Fine! I won't interfere with your life. But don't come crying to me when you regret it!"

Molly stormed out of the Vanderbilt estate, and Sebastian was left even more irritated, angrily sweeping everything off the coffee table.

"Crash—"

The tea cups and porcelain shattered on the floor. Lucy, who had been upstairs, saw the commotion but didn't dare approach.

At that moment, Bruce rushed downstairs. Lucy tried to stop him but failed.

"Young master! Where are you going, young master? Mr. Vanderbilt, young master Howard has run off..."

Lucy shouted in panic.

Sebastian immediately guessed where Bruce might be heading. He couldn't let his son go find Caitlin!

"Howard! Stop right there!" Sebastian yelled, reaching out to stop him.

Bruce, seeing his father blocking the way, forcefully pushed him aside.



and ran out the door.

Sebastian staggered, his back slamming into a nearby shelf. The vase on top wobbled and almost fell.

Lucy, seeing the danger, screamed in fright. "Mr. Vanderbilt! Be careful!"

But it was too late.

"Crash..."

The vase fell and hit Sebastian on the back of his head. He groaned in pain, clutching his head.

The porcelain shattered on the floor as he tried to steady himself.

Lucy hurried over, worried. "Mr. Vanderbilt, are you alright?"

"I'm fine... just go and find Howard!" Sebastian snapped, trying to hide the pain.

"Yes, yes," Lucy said, relieved that there was no blood, and rushed out to find Howard.

Phoebe saw the opportunity and rushed into the room. "Mr. Vanderbilt! Let me help you up!"

"Get out!" Sebastian angrily shoved Phoebe away. She fell to the floor.

As he looked down at her, his vision was suddenly clear — no more foggy glass. He could see Phoebe's face full of grievance.

He also noticed the blood trickling from his own hand, where a cut from the broken vase had started to bleed. So, that hit to the head had completely restored his vision?



Was this a blessing in disguise?

"Mr. Vanderbilt, your hand is injured. Let me help you treat it," Phoebe offered, but he refused.

"No need! Get out! Don't step foot in this villa without my permission!"

Phoebe couldn't get any closer to Sebastian. Frustrated, she left the Vanderbilt estate.

Now that Sebastian could see clearly again, he couldn't wait to see Caitlin's face. He wanted to know if she was really as enchanting as Yates had described. What was it that made her so captivating to men?



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