



132: Who's Braver and More Ferocious When Paths Cross?

After Sebastian finished handling his personal matter, he turned around and froze when he saw Caitlin standing in the doorway. It was so sudden! Completely unexpected!

Why was Caitlin here?

His heart raced in his chest, but his handsome face remained composed, his gaze as cold as ice. He walked over to the sink, pretending to wash his hands to cover his awkwardness, while keeping an eye on her through the mirror. **T**

In a chilling tone, he asked, "What are you doing here? We're divorced. Why are you still following me around?"

Sebastian assumed she had followed him and was now confronting him in the restroom, maybe even spying on him while he was taking care of personal business!

Caitlin said nothing. She simply walked past him into the bathroom.

The large restroom had a row of urinals on one side and private stalls on the other.

Bang!

Caitlin kicked open one of the stall doors and began checking each one.

Sebastian, realizing he had said a lot but she wasn't listening, found himself growing frustrated. He couldn't help but ask, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Mind your own business!" Caitlin snapped back coldly.



When she reached the fourth stall, a man inside, clearly struggling with constipation, was concentrating hard on... well, not succeeding.

Caitlin's sudden kick startled him.

The man tried to scream, but Caitlin quickly hushed him, "Shut up! Finish your business!"

The man was speechless, clearly confused, wondering if he'd ever get to relieve himself in peace again.

"Bang!" Caitlin slammed the door shut and moved on to the next stall.

After checking all the stalls, Caitlin turned around and saw Sebastian still staring at her.

Sebastian could no longer look at her with anything resembling normalcy. His gaze grew more disgusted. "I didn't expect you to be this kind of woman. Don't you think this is a bit sick? This is a men's restroom!"

"So what? Can't I be here?" Caitlin asked, walking closer to him.

The closer she got, the more Sebastian's heart raced uncontrollably, despite trying to keep his cool.

"Are you seriously defending yourself? Do you know what you're doing? This is harassment!" Sebastian's cold, mountain-like features tightened with anger.

"Oh? Am I harassing you? How is this harassment?" Caitlin asked provocatively, stepping closer.

Sebastian instinctively took a step back to avoid her, but Caitlin was



relentless. With a sudden move, she pressed him against the wall with a firm "wall-slam."

Sebastian was momentarily stunned, his body tensing. This was the first time in his life that a woman had pushed him like this. What was she trying to do? Was she planning to kiss him? How bold!

As he was trying to process what was happening, the man who had been struggling in the stall earlier dashed out. Thanks to Caitlin's sudden kick, the man had managed to relieve himself and felt much lighter.

Seeing the intimate position between Caitlin and Sebastian, the man quickly laughed awkwardly, "Sorry, you two carry on!"

Sebastian snapped out of it, irritated. "Stop with the act! I will never have any thoughts about you!"

"Really? Not at all?" Caitlin lowered her gaze and gave a confident, mocking smile, her red lips curling slightly.

Sebastian felt his masculine pride being provoked again. **Damn woman!** She was always messing with his emotions! Was this part of some seduction game? He couldn't fall for it!

But before he could react, they heard voices from outside the bathroom. A few men were talking, and Sebastian immediately tensed. He didn't want anyone to catch him in such a compromising position with Caitlin. In a flash, he grabbed her arm and pulled her into one of the stalls, hiding them both.

The small stall was cramped, and there was barely enough space for both of them to stand comfortably. With Caitlin being much shorter and Sebastian towering over her, it was an incredibly tight squeeze.



"Hey, you —" Caitlin tried to protest, but Sebastian quickly pinned her arm, pressing her into the corner. His other hand covered her mouth, silencing her. †

They were nearly face-to-face, too close for comfort. Their bodies were almost touching. Caitlin could see the sharp, well-defined line of Sebastian's jaw, his cologne mixed with a subtle woodsy scent that made the air feel thicker and more charged.

It was an oddly intimate moment, and the atmosphere grew heavier with tension. The proximity felt almost too much to bear.

Caitlin almost couldn't stand it and was about to break free when they heard the footsteps and voices getting closer.

"Did you hear? Mr. Vanderbilt from VEG is supposed to be here today!"

"Yeah, I think he's coming."

"Did you hear about his wife? She's supposed to be incredibly beautiful. Have you ever seen her?"

"I saw her at the art exhibition last time. She's absolutely stunning, even more beautiful than the daughters of the Xenos and Lewis families. She could make anyone jealous!"

"Is she a natural beauty, though? She seems almost unreal, like she doesn't belong in this world."

Sebastian, hearing these comments, glanced down at Caitlin. Her lashes were long, her gaze tilted just slightly downward, the light casting a soft crescent shape on her eyelids. Every feature of her face was delicate and perfect.



"Has she had work done?" he asked in a low voice, suspicion creeping into his tone.

Caitlin lifted her chin, her eyes locking with his as she glared. The cold disdain in her expression was clear, a silent rebuke to his baseless assumptions.

Sebastian smiled faintly, amused by her glare. There was something about the way she glared that intrigued him.

The men outside continued their conversation, oblivious to what was happening inside.

"She's so beautiful, it's such a shame that she's married to Mr. Vanderbilt."

"Well, you don't know the full story. I heard they're getting a divorce."

"A divorce? Why?"

"They seemed so perfect at the art show, what happened?"

"They say the accident he was in affected... well, his performance in that area. Can she really be happy with him?"

Sebastian's face immediately darkened. The conversation outside had struck a nerve. His expression was tense, but he quickly concealed his emotions, slipping back into his usual cold, distant demeanor.

Caitlin, hearing the gossip, couldn't help but laugh quietly. This expression of hers was probably the most direct form of humiliation Sebastian could receive.

So, they divorced because of that? She could sense what was being

implied... Did he think she couldn't tell?

As the men left, Caitlin was about to leave the stall, but Sebastian suddenly pressed her back against the wall, blocking her path.

Caitlin's eyes widened in surprise. "What are you doing?" she asked, alarmed.

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