



138: Who is Camellia? The Answer He Longed For

"Love you? How could that be?"

Sebastian's voice rose by two octaves, his eyes narrowing into a scornful glare.

"I just want to remind you that the 10 million donation was made by me, though the money hasn't been paid yet. If you're willing to beg me, I might just pay it for you!"

In truth, the money had already been paid. He was simply waiting to see her grovel. Sebastian thought he had her cornered, expecting her to yield.

But Caitlin wasn't that easy to fool. She shoved him away and immediately splashed the wine from her glass all over his pants.

"Hey!"

Sebastian looked down to see the wine soaking into his suit trousers, particularly around the most sensitive area.

Damn it!

This woman was asking for trouble!

Caitlin seized the opportunity to escape, and Sebastian, filled with pent-up anger, couldn't even go back to the party. The moment had passed.

After Caitlin left, Sebastian also saw no reason to remain at the party, so he took his entourage and returned to the Vanderbilt family estate. The Rolls-Royce fleet came to a halt, and Sebastian got out, walking toward the Vanderbilt manor.



At that moment, Phoebe, having timed her plan perfectly, emerged from the side, holding some books in her arms. She "accidentally" bumped into Sebastian, causing the books to fall to the ground and her to stumble, sitting down with a loud gasp.

Sebastian glanced down, recognizing her as the private tutor. Without thinking, he furrowed his brow.

"Watch where you're going."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Vanderbilt!" Phoebe apologized hastily, scrambling to pick up the fallen books.

Sebastian's cold gaze swept over the books, and his attention was immediately drawn to the name "Camellia" written on the cover of one.

He picked up the book, inspecting the two characters—Camellia—and raised an eyebrow. "How come your book has these two words?"

"That's my name. I used to go by it."

"You're Camellia?" Sebastian eyed Phoebe again, his surprise growing.

"Yes, what's the problem?"

Sebastian felt the shock deepening. This was getting interesting.

"Get her inside. We need to talk."

Without waiting for an answer, Sebastian passed by Phoebe and entered the house.

Phoebe, secretly delighted, felt she had passed the first hurdle. She had successfully caught Sebastian's attention. Now, it was time to build on



the story of her past from five years ago.

Inside, Xavi and the others invited Phoebe to the living room. Sebastian sat on a separate sofa, his sharp, calculating eyes fixed on her.

For years, Sebastian had searched for a woman named Camellia, but each lead turned out to be false. Was Phoebe the real deal? He needed to find out.

"Tell me, five years ago, did you go to the Seaview Hotel? What did you do there?"

"Do I really have to say?" Phoebe feigned hesitation, her voice trembling slightly.

"Of course."

Phoebe composed herself, then began, "Five years ago, I went to the Seaview Hotel. I met a man, and we spent three nights together..."

Sebastian's pulse quickened. What she said lined up with what he had been waiting to hear.

"What else?" he urged, his tone tense.

"I wanted 200,000, but he was generous and gave me 2 million. He also asked me to bear his child." Phoebe said this with a tone of sorrow, looking distant as if remembering painful memories.

Sebastian leaned forward, his curiosity piqued. "Then?"

"I had the child and sent him to the address he provided. After that, I went abroad."



Her story was consistent with what he remembered, but something still felt off. Why didn't he feel any special connection to her? Was she really Camellia?

Xavi, hearing Phoebe's story, was visibly excited. "Mr. Vanderbilt, is this the woman you've been searching for all this time?"

"Wait a second. Mr. Vanderbilt, are you the man from that night? And is Howard... my son?" Phoebe suddenly gasped, as if realizing something. Tears welled in her eyes, making her performance flawless.

"Are you really Camellia?" Sebastian asked again, his voice low but full of doubt.

"Yes! I am! I miss my son so much..." Phoebe cried out, trying to tug at his heartstrings.

Sebastian's face darkened. "Do you know what the consequences are for impersonating Camellia? I'll make sure the faker can never live in New York again."

Phoebe shuddered, but she had already gone this far. She had to stick to her story.

"I didn't... I'm not pretending! I really am Camellia!" she cried out.

"Take her away!"

Tyler and his men entered, and Sebastian gave a cold order. "If she's faking it, break both her arms and legs."

Phoebe's heart skipped a beat. She hadn't expected things to get this serious. The threat of being mutilated made her panic.



"Please... don't... I'm not Camellia! I admit it! I'm pretending! Please don't hurt me!"

She fell to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably.

"This is what happens when you try to deceive Mr. Vanderbilt," Xavi muttered, furious.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, what should we do with her?"

Sebastian held up a hand to stop them. "Wait."

Everyone paused, looking at him in confusion.

"Phoebe, I'm giving you one last chance. Tell me how you know so much about five years ago. Do you know the real Camellia? If you tell me the truth, I might spare your life."

Over the years, Sebastian had found many impostors, but none of them knew the details from that night. Phoebe, however, seemed to know exactly what happened. This could only mean one thing: she had met the real Camellia.

"Speak!" Xavi urged her.

Phoebe, now desperate to save herself, knew she had to come clean. "... I heard about it. I really do know Camellia..."

"Who is the real Camellia? Tell me!"

Sebastian's heart was racing. The answer he had been desperately searching for was finally within reach.

"It's... Caitlin. She's Camellia."



"Caitlin?!!!"

The revelation hit Sebastian like a thunderclap, the shock reverberating in his mind.

Caitlin was Camellia?

How could that be?

He had suspected her before, even doing a DNA test, but the results said she wasn't Howard's mother!

What was going on?

Sebastian stared at Xavi, who was equally stunned.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, are you saying Caitlin is Camellia? But what about the DNA test?" Xavi asked, his confusion mirrored in Sebastian's face.

Sebastian could hardly believe it. "How could Caitlin be Camellia? I did a test, and she isn't Howard's mother."

"Phoebe, I've given you a chance. Do you realize what will happen if I find out you've been lying?"



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