



143: Chasing His Ex-Wife, Blood and Tears

Sebastian didn't say anything, which was as good as admitting it.

"Then there's no need for that. Do you really think you're good enough for me?" Caitlin raised her bright eyes, her gaze cold as ice.

At that moment, Sebastian felt a bitter taste in his mouth, as if he were a clown. He had spent five years searching, waiting for her, only to find that she had changed. She was no longer the sweet and gentle girl he remembered.

"Your change is really something. I still remember you five years ago, a gentle and obedient girl, saying you'd treat me like a great benefactor."

"Yes, people change."

Caitlin turned away, looking off into the distance. Five years was more than enough to change a person. After everything she had been through, her heart had hardened. She was no longer the naive girl; she was mature, cold, and invulnerable.

"I was gentle and obedient back then, and you were warm and protective. But now, you're impulsive and obsessive. Can you really say you haven't changed?"

Sebastian had no words to respond. If not for that accident, maybe his temper wouldn't have turned so harsh. He knew he needed to work on his bad temper.

"As for what you said about me being a great benefactor—yes, I always thought of you as one. A little kindness should be repaid with great gratitude. So when I heard you were in trouble, I voluntarily went to The Vanderbilt Family to repay your kindness. Now that you're better, I've



repaid my debt, and we are even."

At that moment, Sebastian understood that Caitlin had come to The Vanderbilt Family purely to repay him. But now that the debt was settled, she wanted to sever all ties with him?

No!

He didn't want that!

"It's not enough!"

"What do you mean?" Caitlin asked, turning to face him.

"I mean that repaying a debt should come with a proper reward. At the very least, you should repay me with your body."

Sebastian spoke with confidence, though his heart started to race. He was trying to appear bold, but doubt crept into his mind.

"Do you want me to sleep with you?" Caitlin asked, a sarcastic tone in her voice.

Sebastian was pushing his luck, wasn't he?

"Well, that's not out of the question," Sebastian replied, a hint of a smirk on his face. He thought that one night might not be enough. He wanted her to be his, to be his woman forever.

"Dream on!" Caitlin snapped, lifting her boot and stepping on his shoe.

"Ow..." Sebastian yelped in pain, holding his foot. When he looked up, Caitlin had already turned and walked away.

"Hey, Caitlin!" Sebastian called out, chasing after her.



Caitlin walked into the women's dressing room, and Sebastian, not bothering to read the sign, followed her straight in, lifting the curtain.

"Caitlin, I—"

What he saw inside took him by surprise.

The woman was changing, her graceful figure and elegant back exposed to his view. His eyes widened, and for a moment, he couldn't react—he just stared in astonishment.

Caitlin quickly grabbed her clothes to cover herself. When she saw him, she didn't hesitate to throw a punch.

"Ah!" Sebastian cried out as the blow landed. His vision blurred, and before he realized it, he was already being shoved out of the dressing room.

The door slammed shut with a loud bang, making his heart skip a beat.

Sebastian stood there, holding his bleeding nose, cursing under his breath.

"Damn it, my nose is bleeding!" he muttered. This woman was too strong!

Caitlin changed back into her clothes and stepped out of the dressing room, only to see Sebastian standing there, holding a handkerchief to his nose.

She didn't wait for him to leave and strode out confidently. Sebastian, seeing her walking away, quickly followed her.

Caitlin unlocked her car and sat inside. Just as she was about to close the



door, Sebastian opened the passenger side and hopped in.

Caitlin's patience had worn thin. She furrowed her brow and asked coldly, "Sebastian, what exactly do you want?"

"I was injured by you, and now you have to take responsibility!" Sebastian said, refusing to back down. He wouldn't let her off so easily, especially since she was Camellia—the mother of his child!

"Take responsibility? What do you want me to do? Pay for your medical bills? Or marry you and be your wife?"

"I choose the latter!" Sebastian replied, not missing a beat.

Caitlin stared at him in disbelief. "Sebastian, how can you say something like that? Who was the one who insisted on divorcing me? Who was the one who swore to sever all ties with me and couldn't stand being with me for even a second?"

Faced with her accusations, Sebastian felt defensive.

"So what if I said that? But that was only because I didn't know you were Camellia. If you hadn't hidden the truth from me, maybe we..."

"Maybe we what?" Caitlin interrupted sharply. "Let me be clear—I told you from the beginning that you're not my type. I'm not interested in you, so stop wasting your time!"

As she finished speaking, Sebastian suddenly closed the distance between them, leaning in and trapping her in the driver's seat.

"Wh—What are you doing?" Caitlin's heart skipped a beat as she instinctively recoiled, her eyes filled with wariness.



"Sorry. I know I acted badly at first, but that was because I was still waiting for Camellia. I didn't know you were her, and that's why I... acted like an idiot."

Sebastian's voice softened, and for the first time, there was sincerity in his words. He was apologizing for his ignorance.

"Caitlin, can you forgive me? Give me another chance to understand you, to start over?"

His deep, intense gaze locked onto hers, and for a moment, she felt as if he was reading her very soul. The air between them grew thick with tension.

The space was so small, she could almost hear their heartbeats blending together.

Sebastian's large hand gently gripped her wrist. With just a slight movement, he could kiss her. The closeness was dangerously intense.

Caitlin felt panic rise in her chest. There was no escape.

For a moment, even her usual icy demeanor faltered, her heart racing with uncertainty.

But in the end, she didn't hesitate. She pushed him away, her tone once again cold. "Wipe your nose. It's still bleeding."

Sebastian quickly wiped his nose, but more blood came out. "Damn it, I was this close to apologizing successfully!"

"Did I hear that correctly? Mr. Vanderbilt is actually apologizing to me? You regret it? Have you finally realized you love me?" Caitlin teased, not even trying to hide her disbelief.



"Yes," Sebastian admitted, his voice serious, though his nose was still bleeding. "I know I was wrong, and I regret it. I've felt the sting of my own foolishness. Now, all I want is to ask for your forgiveness and start over."

"You said you'd never fall for me. Have you forgotten?"

Sebastian rubbed his temples, groaning. "I have a head injury from the accident. I don't remember saying that!"

Caitlin scoffed. Did he think pretending to have amnesia would work?

"Don't you think it's too late for all this? We're already divorced! We don't have any relationship left. I'm just your ex-wife now."

"Ex-wife or not, you're still my wife in my eyes. I've finally found you, and I won't let you go this time."

Sebastian was determined to make amends for his mistakes and hoped she would give him another chance.

But Caitlin remained silent. Without another word, she opened the door and got out of the car, leaving him standing there.

"Hey..."



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