



145: He Doesn't Know How to Be Shameless—Even Ghosts Are Afraid

"Let's remarry. Your son is still yours, and the custody rights belong to you. I'll belong to you too."

Sebastian pointed to a bright path.

As long as she was willing, she could regain custody of their son in an instant!

What a great offer—get the son and the husband for free!

"I only want the son."

Caitlin made it clear that in her future life plans, there was no place for him. Only Howard, her son, was her focus.

"Don't you want me? I'm healthy again now, and as a normal man... you've tried it before, so why not accept me?"

Sebastian wasn't going to let her go. No matter how he had lost her, he would do anything to win her back.

Caitlin turned her face, her gaze sharp as ever. Without wasting any words, she suddenly leaned in close to him.

Sebastian instinctively leaned back, his head resting against the seat, as he watched her beautiful face come closer.

He was stunned, his breath nearly freezing. Was she really playing the "car kiss" move again?

"Sebastian! Haven't you noticed? We're fundamentally incompatible,



have no common ground, and can't even carry on a proper conversation. With these kinds of differences, we're not meant to live together!"

"I've only heard that love can be nurtured. If you give me a chance, I promise we'll be fine together."

"But I don't want to give you a chance! You don't even know how annoying you are! I have no feelings for you whatsoever! Don't waste your time on me anymore!"

Hearing her words, it felt like a sharp knife cutting through his heart—painful, unbearable. But this was something he deserved. He wouldn't give up just because she hated him.

As she spoke, Caitlin quietly unlocked the car door.

In the next moment, she quickly pulled back, opened the door, and left the car.

Sebastian finally realized what had just happened—she had purposely leaned in to catch him off guard and then unlocked the door to leave.

The woman walked away without a glance back, but Sebastian wasn't going to let her go. He quickly turned the car around to follow her.

Fortunately, he had parked in a quiet area with no passing cars.

He caught up with her, rolled down the window, and called out, "Caitlin, get in the car!"

Caitlin ignored him, continuing to walk forward. Sebastian, undeterred, followed her relentlessly.

A moment later, he heard Caitlin begin counting down, "30... 29..."



"Caitlin, no matter how much you count, no other car is going to come. Get in the car, do you hear me?"

Sebastian admired his own patience—he wasn't angry, his temper was remarkably under control.

"8...7..."

She was still counting down. Sebastian kept following until she reached "1," and then his car suddenly stalled.

The car wouldn't start, and when he checked, he realized the fuel had run out.

Looking at the woman walking ahead, Sebastian couldn't help but smile wryly. How did she manage to time his fuel running out so precisely?

He decided to leave the car behind and chase after her on foot.

"Caitlin, wait for me..."

When he caught up, Caitlin frowned instinctively.

She still didn't look back, continuing to walk forward.

However, her heel caught in a crack in the road, causing her to stumble and fall.

Her ankle sent a sharp pain through her body as she looked at her broken shoe.

"This is bad luck! It's only with Sebastian that things go this wrong!"

That damn man was like her personal bad luck charm!



Unable to wear the shoe, she tossed the other one away and kept walking. Each step sent sharp pain through her injured ankle.

"Caitlin! Did you sprain your foot? Let me take a look!"

Sebastian hurried over, having seen her stumble.

Though he should have felt sympathy for her injury, right now, in his heart, he was secretly delighted.

Thank you, heaven, thank you, earth, thank you, God, for giving me this opportunity!

"No need!"

Caitlin pushed him away, not wanting him to touch her.

"If you keep walking like that, you'll make your injury worse!"

Sebastian couldn't bear to watch her struggle and simply picked her up in his arms.

"Bastard! What are you doing? Put me down! Don't you dare touch me!"

Caught off guard by his sudden action, Caitlin was mentally on the verge of breaking down.

Couldn't this man just stay away from her?

She kept punching him, but Sebastian ignored her efforts. Instead, he gently placed her on a large rock by the side of the road, making her sit down.

He crouched down and examined her injured foot.



When his large hand wrapped around her delicate ankle, Caitlin almost instinctively kicked him away.

"Ah—!"

"Ow...!"

Both of them cried out in pain simultaneously.

Sebastian sat down on the ground, clutching his chest with one hand and grumbling, "Hey, Caitlin, can't you be a little gentler with me? What do you get out of kicking me?"

"Serves you right!"

Caitlin shot him a glance, but her own ankle hurt from the kick as well.

Ignoring her rough behavior, Sebastian leaned in again, forcibly holding her foot.

As she tried to pull it back, Sebastian quickly pinned her other foot under his arm, holding her in place.

She struggled, but couldn't break free.

"Stop moving!"

Sebastian ordered sternly, starting to massage her injured ankle.

After feeling for the bone, he spoke in a low voice, "It's a bit dislocated, bear with it."

With that, he gave her ankle a slight shake and then a quick, sharp motion.



"Ah—!"

Caitlin screamed again, but as he continued moving her ankle, the pain slowly disappeared.

"How's that? Not painful anymore, right?"

Caitlin was surprised—he actually knew what he was doing!

Her foot no longer hurt, but both of them were still in an awkward position, and she felt extremely uncomfortable.

"Can you let go of my feet now?"

Caitlin glared at him coldly.

Sebastian, however, was admiring her feet. They were perfect—neither too big nor too small, her toes beautifully shaped like carved jade.

To him, they weren't just feet; they were priceless treasures.

He pulled out a handkerchief and carefully wiped the dust off her feet, his movements tender and meticulous.

Only when he was done did he finally release her feet, genuinely praising her.

"Caitlin, your feet are so beautiful. I want to bite them!"

"Pervert!"

Caitlin quickly pulled her foot away, furious.

Seeing her face flush red with anger, Sebastian couldn't help but feel smug inside.



How could his Caitlin be so beautiful? Even when she was angry, she looked unbelievably stunning.

"Get lost! Stop saying things like that! I don't want to hear it!"

"Okay!"

He conceded, bending down and offering, "Come on, I'll carry you!"



Comments



Support



Share