

146: Today, We Clean House Properly

"No need!"

Caitlin bluntly rejected him, trying to jump down from the rock, but Sebastian stopped her.

"Wait! I'll contact my men."

Sebastian made a phone call to Tyler and his team, but before he could get through, Caitlin had already contacted Quincy.

About ten minutes later, a silver sports car zoomed toward them, screeching to a halt in front of them.

Quincy had located Caitlin nearby, and upon arriving, he saw her standing by the roadside with Sebastian.

The car came to a sudden stop, and Sebastian noticed the unfamiliar license plate. This wasn't one of his men.

Who could it be?

Caitlin had already jumped off the rock and was heading toward the car.

"Hey, Caitlin..."

Caitlin walked briskly toward the car, without a moment's hesitation. She just wanted to get away from this guy as fast as possible.

"Stop! Don't follow me! I'm warning you!"

Caitlin suddenly turned around, pointing at Sebastian, forcing him to stop in his tracks.



She got into the car, and to Sebastian's shock, the driver was a young man.

He looked familiar, as though he had seen him before.

In a flash, Sebastian remembered—it was the rich second-generation guy who had been dining with Caitlin at the restaurant before and had later visited The Vanderbilt Family!

Before Sebastian could even react, the sports car revved up and sped off, leaving him standing there fuming.

Watching that young man drive off with his Camellia was infuriating!

This feeling was unbearable!

Another twenty minutes passed before Tyler and his crew arrived to pick up Sebastian.

"Tyler, find out who this guy is. I want to know everything about him!"

Sebastian sent Tyler the photos of Caitlin dining with the young man at the restaurant.

Xavi, after looking at the photos, said, "This guy was also at The Vanderbilt Family that day. He seems to be Caitlin's subordinate."

"Subordinate?"

Sebastian felt even more frustrated. Why would she have a subordinate who was so young and handsome?

What could such an immature kid do? Was he just there to massage her legs at night?



Just thinking about how his Camellia spent time around these young men made Sebastian's heart burn with jealousy.

The convoy finally arrived at The Vanderbilt Family's estate, stopping in front of the mansion.

Sebastian got out of the car, undoing his cufflinks as he walked.

Vaughn and King stood at the entrance to greet him, "Mr. Vanderbilt!"

"Where's Howard?"

"He's upstairs."

"Keep an eye on him! Don't let him escape again!"

Sebastian had to make sure Howard was secure—his son was the link between him and Caitlin. As long as Howard was in the picture, Caitlin would never abandon him. He still had a chance!

"Understood!"

Vaughn and King quickly accepted the order. This time, they were determined not to let Howard get away.

If this was a kidnapping game, they weren't going to play along!

Sebastian went inside, took a quick shower, changed his clothes, and began thinking about how to find an excuse to meet Caitlin again.

Just then, Xavi came to ask, "Mr. Vanderbilt, how should we handle Phoebe, the tutor?"

Sebastian looked up coldly, "Kick her out of The Vanderbilt Family! Make sure she gets out of my sight. Tell her to leave New York, and go as far as



possible!"

"Understood."

Sebastian didn't want her life—he spared her only because she had revealed that Caitlin was Camellia. If it weren't for that, she wouldn't have lived to see another day. 1

Anyone who dared deceive Sebastian had to pay the price! 1

Just as he was dealing with Phoebe, Lucy came in with an urgent message, "Mr. Vanderbilt, that old lady Freya is causing a scene again! You should go check it out!"

Sebastian's expression turned cold at the mention of Freya.

William had already been caught, so why did Freya still have the nerve to come back and make trouble?

It was time to clean house properly today!

Sebastian immediately instructed Tyler to handle the situation.

From the main hall, Freya's loud voice could be heard.

"You guys are so clever, arresting my nephew. Now there's one less person to share the inheritance. Is that why I might get a bigger share?"

Freya had come back to the country, but her share of the inheritance had not yet been secured. She wasn't going to give up that easily.

Beatrice, sitting at the head of the table, felt a headache coming on as soon as she saw Freya return.

Grace continued to act as the good person, "Freya, since you've returned



to the country, why don't you look for a stable job?

"If you want to join the KM International Group branch, all you need to do is ask your brother Sebastian. Why come back and cause trouble every time?"

"What trouble have I caused? I just want what's mine—the inheritance that belongs to me!"

Freya said righteously.

At that moment, a cold voice came from the door, "What part of The Vanderbilt Family belongs to you?"

Freya turned around at the sound and saw her second nephew entering with his men, and she felt a bit uneasy.

The last time she saw him, he was in a wheelchair and blind, but now he was fully recovered—what kind of person was he to recover so quickly?

Sebastian walked into the hall, his cold gaze fixed on Freya. "I want to ask you—why do you keep talking about inheritance? Does The Vanderbilt Family owe you anything?"

"Of course it does! My father's old will clearly states that I have 10% of the shares!"

"Your grandfather took back that 10% of the shares before he passed away. He amended the will and already told you about it. Don't you understand?"

Sebastian was tall, and Freya had to look up to meet his gaze. Just the sheer pressure of his presence was enough to make her uneasy.



Freya was scared, but she still refused to give in.

"How do I know if you two secretly altered the will to prevent me from getting my share?"

"I know I angered Dad in the past, but I'm still his daughter! I should get my share!"

"Fine, I'll show you today!"

Sebastian looked toward the door. "Bring in the lawyer and notary who handled Grandpa's will!"

Sebastian's voice was cold and powerful, and it struck fear in the room.

Soon, a lawyer in a suit and two notaries in police uniforms entered the room.

"Beatrice, Mr. Vanderbilt, Grace, long time no see," Michael, the lawyer, greeted.

Then he turned to Freya and showed her his lawyer credentials, "Freya, I'm the lawyer who drafted your father's will. This is my legal certification.

"Although he passed away years ago, I kept the original will. I've brought it with me."

Michael took the document from his bag and showed it to Freya.

"You can see that your father made an amendment in this will.

"Originally, the 10% of shares that were yours were given to the future heir of The Vanderbilt Family—the legitimate wife of Mr. Vanderbilt,

Commented [Ma1]:



who would inherit them after giving birth to the family's great-grandchild."

"What?"

Freya was in disbelief.

Her first thought was that Caitlin was the one who got the shares.

"Are you saying my shares were given to Caitlin? That woman took my shares from me?"



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