

### 151: Her Heart Was In Turmoil

"What news?"

Sebastian turned to look at Molly.

Molly shook the phone in her hand, smiling. "I promised I'd help you contact Caitlin, didn't I? Well, I did it!"

"How so?"

The only thing that could calm Sebastian's anger and steady his heart was news related to Caitlin.

"Tomorrow I'm taking the company models to a fashion show, so I invited Caitlin to come watch, and she agreed!"

"I've already arranged the seating for you. Caitlin will be in seat 7, and you're in seat 8—consecutive numbers.

"Here's your ticket! This is all I can do for you. From now on, it's up to you.

"You've got to work hard! Bring her back soon!"

Sebastian took the ticket from her and glanced at the seat number. Finally, Molly had done something useful!

Thinking that he would see Caitlin tomorrow, Sebastian's heart lightened with a flicker of anticipation.

Back at Vanderbilt Manor, he saw Vincent waiting outside.

Sebastian's face remained as cold as ice, and when he saw Vincent, he didn't react. He just brushed past him and went inside.

"Sebastian!"

Vincent turned and called out to him.

Sebastian stopped and coldly asked, "What is it?"

Vincent's eyes were red, and he tried to control his emotions as he spoke.  
"Sebastian, I'm really sorry! My mother did those terrible things to you and Howard. I truly apologize on her behalf."

Vincent felt ashamed because of the kind of mother he had. It made him feel guilty and unable to face anyone.

Sebastian took a deep breath but didn't turn around. His voice was cold.

"What she did wrong doesn't need your apology! The law will punish her."  
"

Vincent lowered his head but gathered some courage to ask, "Will we still be able to be brothers in the future?"

Sebastian didn't respond, only walking away coldly.

Vincent sighed heavily as he watched his resolute back.

Sometimes, he really wanted to change things, but he felt powerless.

For example, his birth.

Why wasn't he born to the same mother as Sebastian?

Why couldn't they be the best of brothers?

If only people could choose their own birth, how wonderful that would be.

Back at Vanderbilt Manor, Sebastian entered his study.

Not long after, he heard the door open and the sound of footsteps running in.


When he recognized the familiar steps of his son, he didn't look up.

Howard ran in and jumped up to the desk, staring at his father. He slapped the table with his small hands, protesting.

"What is it, Howard?"

Sebastian asked without raising his eyes.

Howard placed a piece of paper in front of him. Sebastian stopped what he was doing and picked it up. The childish handwriting read:

\*\*\*"Stupid daddy, I want mommy back."\*\* 

"Trust me, son. I'm doing my best. Just give me a little more time."

\*\*\*"I want mommy."\*\*

Howard slapped another piece of paper on the desk for him to see.

"Don't worry. Tomorrow, I'll go find her!"

Sebastian replied, then suddenly had an idea. "By the way, son, what if you make a small sacrifice?"

"?"

Howard tilted his head, not understanding what his father meant.

"We could do this..."

Sebastian whispered something into his son's ear.

Looking at Howard's expression, his little face scrunched up, clearly disapproving of his father's idea. He thought it was a terrible plan.

"Think about it. If you don't want to, then forget it!"

"Smack!" Howard slapped his father's forehead, showing his agreement.

For the chance to see his mommy, he was willing to go along with it!

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**\*\*A Luxurious Private Estate – Sheng Tang Manor.\*\***

A black Bentley stopped outside the manor gate, beside some bushes several dozen meters away.

The car window rolled down, revealing a woman wearing sunglasses, her cool face slowly coming into view.

Caitlin took off her sunglasses and gazed at the manor's gate, her mind filled with emotions.

This used to be the famous The Thompson Residence, her grandfather's house. She had played and grown up here with her brother.

They had left behind beautiful childhood memories in this place.

Closing her eyes, she could almost recall the image of her and her brother happily running across the manor's grassy fields.

But now, the place had new owners.

"Quincy, haven't we found out who bought this place back then?"

"Not yet. The auction house is keeping it confidential, and they won't reveal the information."

Whoever was able to take over such a large property must have an extraordinary background, but Caitlin still didn't know who they were.

As Caitlin was thinking, she heard the sound of an engine approaching.

Turning her head toward the sound, she was shocked by what she saw.

Through the partially open car window, a colorful windmill was spinning.

"Quincy! Look!"

Caitlin exclaimed in surprise.

Quincy also saw the car and the spinning windmill.

"It's a windmill!"

The car was a luxurious Rolls-Royce, and it quickly passed by them, driving straight into the ornate gate.

Caitlin rushed to get out of the car, but by the time she reached the gate, the car had already disappeared.

Her heart was once again stirred by that colorful windmill. She felt a mixture of excitement, nervousness, and surprise, all at once.

Thinking of the little girl's face she had seen before, her chest tightened with sorrow, and her heart ached.

For some reason, Caitlin had a strong feeling that her daughter might still be alive.

Quincy walked up to her, noticing her troubled expression. "Is the little girl with the windmill in the car the one you saw before?"

"I don't know... Did you see who was inside the car?"

"No! The window wasn't low enough, so I couldn't see anyone. I only saw the windmill spinning!"

"I didn't see anyone either..."

Caitlin also hadn't seen anyone. Was it really that car? Was the child with the windmill really a little girl?

She wanted to know the truth!

But she didn't dare to rashly approach and disturb them.

"Quincy, have people secretly monitor this place. I need to figure out if there's a little girl living here!"

"Understood!"

On the way back, Caitlin was silent.

Her mind was full of thoughts about her lost daughter. She began recalling the events after she fled The Lewis Family and was rescued by Sienna and Teresa of the Shadow Moon Pavilion.

They had saved her, but that night, she had given birth prematurely, and her last child had died.

It was Teresa who had dealt with the deceased child. Could it be that she made a mistake, and the child wasn't dead, but had been saved by someone else?

Was there a possibility of that?

Quincy glanced at her through the rearview mirror and saw her furrowing her brow. He tried to break the silence. "Caitlin, are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

"Are you going to the international exhibition show tomorrow?"

"Of course."

Caitlin's expression returned to its cool demeanor, and she sighed.

She had already agreed to Molly to attend, and LIG also had a show.

If Jasmine participated, she was going to prepare a thoughtful gift for her!

"Is everything ready for the information I asked for?"



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