

152: He Also Longed for Such Treatment

"Everything is ready!"

"Great!"

Caitlin was now focused on dealing with LIG. Her goal was to take it back. It was time for action.

As for the people in The Lewis Family, they should not expect to get off easy!

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****Hospital Ward****


When Jasmine woke up, she couldn't stop crying.

Just thinking about what happened at the celebration earlier made her wish she could die a thousand times over.

It was said that she had been dragged by the water pipe for a long time. When the medical staff lifted her onto the stretcher, they all threw up.

She couldn't even bring herself to remember it; just thinking about it made her feel nauseous.

Megan tried to comfort her. "It's okay, Jasmine. This was an accident, don't be too upset."

Only Jasmine knew that it wasn't an accident at all. It was that wicked, scheming woman, Caitlin. 

"Mom! Do you know how embarrassing that was? The entire school was watching me! How can I live with that?"

Megan felt helpless. Her daughter's incident had already made the news, and the comments from netizens were cruel and harsh.

Seeing her daughter so upset, she could only offer comfort. "It's not your fault, Jasmine. Don't think about it too much. Tomorrow you still have a show. If you can't attend, I can arrange for someone else from the company to take your place."

"No! Mom! I have to go! If this design show works out, I can still make a comeback!"

She had already lost face at the school celebration. If she lost her professional reputation as well, she would have fallen right into Caitlin's trap.

She wouldn't give up so easily.

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****Back at DanCa Estate, Caitlin Found Her Son Bruce.****

"Bruce, I have a task for you!"

"What task?"

"Hack into a system!"

Caitlin took Bruce to the study and asked him to hack into the internal system of the auction house. She needed to find out who the current owner of Thompson Residence was.

Bruce was a computer genius, and without much effort, he successfully hacked into the auction house and located the confidential client data.

After filtering through the data, he found the owner's name.

"Ximena?"

Caitlin was shocked as she read the name.

How could it be Ximena?

Ximena, the CEO of X Enterprises Group!

The image of Ximena in a blue wisteria cheongsam popped into Caitlin's mind, and she pressed her lips together.

Ximena, Thompson Residence, the colorful windmill girl...

Before Caitlin could connect the dots, her phone rang. She glanced at the screen—it was Molly calling.

"Hello? Molly?"

"Caitlin, sorry to bother you so late, but it's urgent, and I couldn't wait."

"What's going on?"

Caitlin furrowed her brows, sensing something wasn't right.

"It's Howard. My little nephew, his stomach hurts really badly. Can you come check on him?"

Hearing that her son was sick, Caitlin's nerves instantly tensed. "Is it serious? Didn't you take him to the hospital?"

Molly paused before answering. "We wanted to, but you know Howard's temper. He won't let us touch him! We can't do anything!"

Why had the child fallen ill just after returning to The Vanderbilt Family?

Caitlin felt a wave of worry and didn't hesitate. "Alright, I'll come right away!"

After ending the call, Caitlin quickly told her children where she was going, and rushed out to The Vanderbilt Family.

She didn't ask Quincy to drive her; she drove herself, speeding all the way there.

****Outside the Vanderbilt Family Estate****

Caitlin gripped the steering wheel, staring at the tall gate, her hands slightly trembling with hesitation.

She didn't want to return to The Vanderbilt Family. She didn't want to see Sebastian again.

But now, for her son, she had no choice but to go.

The security guard saw her arrival and immediately opened the gate for her. Caitlin drove straight in, heading toward the Vanderbilt Manor.

When she arrived, she quickly got out of the car and rushed toward the brightly lit villa door.

Inside, she met Molly, who was waiting eagerly.

"Caitlin, you're finally here!"

"Take me to the child!"

"Of course, follow me!"


Molly led her upstairs, straight to the children's room.

Inside, Sebastian heard the sound of high heels approaching and stood up to look toward the door.

Soon, Molly entered with Caitlin. Seeing that Caitlin had really come, Sebastian felt a stir in his heart, but his expression remained as cold as ice.

"Caitlin's here! I'll let her check on Howard," Molly explained.

Sebastian looked at Caitlin, but Caitlin ignored him completely, walking straight to the child's bed without even glancing at him.

Sebastian couldn't help but feel a pang of hurt. Once again, he was treated like air. This feeling was truly unpleasant. 

Caitlin's focus, however, was entirely on Howard. She hurried over to the bed and, seeing her son, called out anxiously, "Howard! Howard... Where does it hurt?"

Hearing his mother's voice, Howard knew it was time to perform!

He furrowed his little brow even more, clutching his stomach and groaning in pain.

"Mommy, is it here that hurts? Or here?"

Caitlin placed her hand on his belly and began to check where the pain was coming from.

"Caitlin, you talk to Howard. I'll wait outside."

Molly gave a quick nod and left the room, but before she did, she gestured toward Sebastian, urging him to seize the opportunity.

"Did Howard eat something bad?"

Caitlin turned to Sebastian and asked.

"No, he didn't eat anything bad. I cooked the food myself. There's no problem."

Caitlin checked Howard's abdomen and ruled out any blockages or twisted intestines. She also examined his tongue and eyelids, dismissing the possibility of poisoning.

So what was causing the pain?

"Howard needs to go to the hospital for a check-up."

As soon as Caitlin said this, Howard threw himself into her arms, holding her tightly and shaking his head, indicating he didn't want to go to the hospital.

"Howard! Don't be afraid! Mommy will be with you! Only after the check-up can Mommy know what's causing your stomach pain and help the doctor make you better!"

Caitlin gently explained, but Sebastian shot a glance at his son.

To be honest, he was a little envious of Howard.

Caitlin was so gentle with him, and he longed to be treated that way too!

"I'll help him get dressed. You can hold him," Caitlin said.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Howard shook his head harder, still

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clutching her arm and refusing to let her move.

Seeing her son resisting the idea of going to the hospital, Caitlin raised an eyebrow and asked, "Howard, is your stomach pain just a ruse? You're not really in pain, are you?"

Howard hadn't expected his mother to figure it out. He instinctively glanced at his father.

But Caitlin caught the brief exchange of glances between father and son.

She snorted coldly and turned to Sebastian. "Don't tell me you two are in on this little act together?"

Caitlin suspected it was a show because she had already ruled out that Howard was actually sick, and the look between father and son only confirmed her guess.

Besides, how could she not know how good Sebastian was at pretending?



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