

155: The Kiss Request

Could it be that the flowers were sent to lure her into a trap, so someone could attack her?

Caitlin's cold gaze sharpened with killing intent. But before she could act, she felt a gust of black wind whip past her.

Then came the sounds of two loud crashes.

"Bang!" "Bang!"

Two of Jasmine's bodyguards were kicked into the opposite wall, their bodies crashing down to the floor. Both men had been knocked unconscious.

The force behind those kicks must have been tremendous.

Caitlin looked up, seeing a man standing before her, as steady as a rock. Her eyes narrowed. "So it's you? Why are you here?"

"Is it only okay for you to come, and not me?" Sebastian spoke lazily, walking past her without a care. "If I hadn't passed by just now, your life might have been in danger. You owe me one, understand?"

He said this casually before heading to the restroom.

He didn't admit that he had been watching her closely, noticing someone was following her and planning to attack, which led him to intervene.

Instead, he intended to keep Caitlin in his debt, hoping that one day, she'd owe him so much she would be forced to repay him in a more personal way.

Sebastian entered the restroom, and Caitlin looked down at the two unconscious bodyguards. She wondered who had sent them and why they tried to hurt her.

Could it be Sebastian's own staged hero rescue?

The man who had sent the flowers earlier had disappeared, so Caitlin decided to return to the event.

But as she turned a corner, she unexpectedly spotted a familiar figure in the hallway.

It was Freya!

What was Freya doing here?

Caitlin hurried her steps toward a room where Freya had just entered. The door was slightly ajar, and voices drifted from inside.

"Why did you come looking for me?"

It was Ximena's voice. She was here too!

"Ximena, things have been tough for me lately. Please help me!" Freya's voice carried a hint of desperation.

"How do you want me to help you? Didn't I give you money years ago, telling you to leave the country and never come back?"

Caitlin's heart skipped a beat as she heard this. Ximena had given Freya money and told her not to return—what did that mean?

Did they know each other before, and was there some kind of deeper connection?

"Ximena, I've spent all the money. Now I owe more gambling debts. I came back to The Vanderbilt Family hoping for some help, but I got nothing. I was kicked out completely. I'm at my wit's end and had no choice but to come to you for help!"

"I'm not a cash machine. Don't bother me."

Ximena was tired of helping Freya because, over the years, Freya had squandered everything she'd been given and turned into a bottomless pit.

"Ximena, aren't you going to help me? If you hadn't told me to ruin Xavian, I wouldn't have gotten this bad reputation or been kicked out of The Vanderbilt Family. You can't just wash your hands of me like this!"

Caitlin froze. Was Ximena behind the plot to destroy Xavian?

Why would she do that?

Ximena, perhaps fearing the truth coming to light, finally relented. "If you want the money, you'd better keep your mouth shut."

"I know, I know. I haven't told anyone about that incident."

"Here's a check. Go abroad! Don't come back unless I tell you to."

"Okay, okay, thank you, thank you, Ximena! I'll leave and never come back!"

At that moment, Caitlin's phone buzzed with a message, startling the people inside the room.

"Go check who's out there!" Ximena ordered.

Two bodyguards rushed out of the room, and Caitlin quickly retreated.

But the hallway was long, and she might not make it in time.

Just then, a door suddenly opened, and a strong arm grabbed her, pulling her into the room.

The door shut behind them, successfully hiding her from view.

Caitlin's heart raced, almost jumping out of her chest.

A large body blocked her line of sight, and a cold, subtle fragrance filled her nose. She was pinned against the door by a man.

The proximity was too intimate. Caitlin pushed against the man and looked up, stunned. "How is it you again?"

"It must be fate for us to meet again..."

"Shut up!"

She didn't want to listen to his nonsensical chatter.

"Why are you so harsh? Is it because I saved you earlier, and now you've come to find me to thank me?"

Sebastian's deep, striking features towered over her, his obsidian eyes gleaming with amusement, watching her every move.

"You're mistaken. I wasn't looking for you."

Caitlin turned to leave, but Sebastian stretched out his hand and blocked the door.

"Don't deny it. I know you have feelings for me."

When he opened the door, he had found her standing outside, looking

around. It was obvious she had come specifically to find him.

Caitlin glanced at him briefly. "You really have it all wrong. I'm not here for you. Let me go."

"Then who are you here for?"

Sebastian moved closer as if he was about to have a serious conversation with her, but Caitlin had no interest in talking to him.

To break free, Caitlin decided to tell him the truth. "Fine. I saw Freya earlier. I followed her and overheard her talking about Xavian."

Caitlin knew about Xavian and Freya from Sebastian, so telling him didn't seem like a big deal.

"Didn't know you had a habit of eavesdropping."

A smirk appeared on Sebastian's sculpted face, clearly entertained. His cold, gleaming eyes seemed to pierce right through her, as if trying to read her soul.

"My business is none of your concern. Can you let go now?"

Caitlin shot him a glare. She'd said what she needed to, and now it was time to leave.

Sebastian withdrew his arm, finally releasing her.

As Caitlin reached for the door, Sebastian spoke again, his voice low. "I know where Xavian is. Do you want to see him?"

Caitlin's hand froze on the door handle, her heart tightening.

No wonder she couldn't find Xavian. Could it be that Sebastian had

already found him and taken care of him?

"I want to see him. Tell me where he is."

Caitlin needed to find Xavian, especially since he had once known her mother. Maybe he knew something useful.

"And what's in it for me?"

Sebastian's tone was cold and aloof, his figure framed by the dim light behind him.

"What do you want?"

Caitlin could guess that someone like him, a man of power and wealth, wouldn't do anything without getting something in return.

"Remarriage!"

Sebastian stated his demand bluntly.

Caitlin scoffed. "Impossible. I suggest you give up on that ridiculous idea."

"If that's too much of a demand, then forget it. But if you kiss me, I'll tell you."

Such a shameless man!

Even after their divorce, he still tried to flirt with her?

Caitlin clenched her fists, barely able to hold back her anger.

If she didn't teach him a lesson now, would he keep pushing his luck and taking advantage of her?

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

She didn't just think about it—she was about to do it.

A rare softness appeared in her eyes as she gestured for him to lean in.

"Come closer."

Sebastian's heart soared, and with a pleased smile, he tilted his head slightly, ready for the kiss he was sure was coming.



Comments



Support



Share