

157: That Must Be Her Daughter, Right?

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When the little girl started walking outside the backstage, Caitlin quickly followed her.

Outside the backstage, Caitlin called out, "Hey, little girl, wait a second!"

The little girl heard the voice, stopped, and turned around.

Seeing a beautiful lady in front of her, the girl looked at Caitlin with a curious expression.

Looking at the child, Caitlin felt as if she had stepped into an unreal dream. She hesitated to approach her, afraid that everything she was seeing might be just a figment of her imagination, too fragile to touch.

Suppressing the excitement and sadness in her heart, Caitlin squatted down in front of the little girl and asked, "Little girl, I saw your runway walk just now. You did great! Can you tell me your name?"

"Thank you, Auntie! My name is Patricia."

The little girl answered in a sweet, babyish voice, polite as can be.

Patricia...

Caitlin repeated the name in her head, her mind racing. "Patricia... that's a familiar name, and she also shares the same surname as the family..." It was very likely she was from the Hua family, right? The colorful windmill she held that day in the back of the luxury car at Thompson Residence — could it be hers?

"Your name is really beautiful, Patricia. I guess you've been doing well, right?" Caitlin said, trying to keep her voice steady.

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"Mm." Patricia nodded.

"That windmill you're holding is really pretty. Who gave it to you?"

"It's from my mommy!"

Patricia said this as she hugged the windmill protectively, not wanting anyone to take it from her.

Her mommy...

Who was her mother?

Caitlin tried to steady her trembling heart as she asked, "You look mysterious with that mask on. Can you let Auntie see your face?"

Patricia nodded her little head and was about to take off the mask when suddenly a voice called out from behind.

"Patricia!"

"Auntie!"

Hearing the voice, Patricia ran towards it and threw herself into Zora's arms.

Zora hugged the child, her tone stern as she said, "Patricia, didn't I tell you not to run around? Especially not to talk to strangers. Did you forget?"

"I'm sorry, Auntie. Patricia wanted to find grandma."

"I'll take you to see her later."

Zora picked up the child, her sharp gaze locked on Caitlin. She sized

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Caitlin up from head to toe. "I think I've seen you on the news. You're Caitlin, right?"

"Yes, hello," Caitlin replied, her expression turning cool.

"You were talking to Patricia just now. What did you say to her?" Zora asked, her tone guarded.

"I just happened to run into Patricia. I didn't say much, just that she was really cute and had great stage presence," Caitlin explained.

"Of course, our Patricia is the best!" Zora said proudly, hugging the child and turning to leave. "Patricia, what do you want to eat? Auntie will take you later!"

Caitlin watched them walk away helplessly, unable to do anything.

As Patricia was held in Zora's arms, the child clutched the colorful windmill tightly, her bright eyes still fixed on Caitlin.

There was something about her eyes — so clean, so clear, so bright like jewels.

A sudden thought flashed through Caitlin's mind. Was that her daughter?

Caitlin walked out of the convention center and into the parking lot. Quincy was waiting for her by the car and reported, "Caitlin, Freya has been caught, but she's refusing to say anything."

"That stubborn woman. Leave her for now," Caitlin said with determination. She was certain that Freya was a key piece in all of this, and keeping her would be the only way to uncover the truth behind Ximena's conspiracy.

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Caitlin couldn't help but think of the child again. She ordered Quincy, "Look into all the models signed by XEG Design Company, especially the child models. Is there a Patricia among them?"

"Understood!"

Thinking about Xavian, Caitlin had no choice but to call Sebastian.

The phone rang twice before Sebastian lazily answered, his deep voice filtering through the line.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Bastard, it's me!"

"..."

"Weren't you supposed to take me to find Xavian? Let's go now!" Caitlin said impatiently.

On the other end of the line, she could hear Sebastian inhaling, his tone laced with annoyance. "Do you always ask for favors like this?"

Caitlin couldn't bring herself to speak calmly, but knowing his foul temper, she had to lower her voice.

"Please! Take me to find Xavian! Thank you!"

"Now that's better! If you want to go, then don't bring your little boy toy. Come get in my car! I'm waiting for you at the 7 o'clock position."

With that, Sebastian hung up the phone.

What was with this "little boy toy" comment? Was he talking about Quincy?

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"How about it, Caitlin? Shall we leave?" Quincy asked, turning to her.

Hmm... That face was indeed pretty pale.

"Forget it. You go ahead and investigate XEG, I need to take care of something. I'll contact you later."

Caitlin got out of the car, walked around to the back, and found Sebastian's vehicle. She opened the door and climbed in.

"Let's go!" she commanded.

Sebastian leaned toward her. Caitlin instinctively pulled back, "What are you doing?"

"You always forget to buckle your seatbelt. You can't do that! What if you get thrown out of my car? Who's going to take the blame?"

Sebastian helped her fasten her seatbelt, his thin lips almost brushing her cheek.

The air seemed to thicken with the closeness between them.

Caitlin turned to look out the window. She didn't like her emotions being disturbed so easily, so she kept her focus on the outside.

Sebastian couldn't hide his smirk. He felt as if he had won this small victory, driving Caitlin away from the parking lot, heading down the wide, open road with a pleasant air about him.

The man was in a good mood, and his handsome face radiated confidence. He turned on the car's music, and soft romantic melodies filled the air.

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Caitlin said nothing, but Sebastian's thoughts were growing like wild grass in his mind. He felt that they could get to know each other again, start over, and perhaps even have a romantic relationship.

"When will we get there?" Caitlin asked, checking her phone again. It was nearly midnight, and the man had been driving her around for over an hour.

"We're here!" Sebastian said, parking the car and walking over to open the door for her.

Caitlin got out and looked up at the building before her. It was one of the most famous and elegant western restaurants in New York — Shangri-La.

"Xavian is supposed to be here?"

"Where did you get that idea? First, let's eat! I'm hungry!" Sebastian looked at his watch and walked toward the restaurant.

Caitlin was fuming. So, he didn't bring her here to find Xavian after all. This was just an excuse to have dinner with her!

"Sebastian! Enough! I don't have time for your romantic dinners! You'd better tell me where Xavian is, or I'm leaving!"

Seeing her about to leave, Sebastian blocked her path. "You're in such a hurry, but you still have to eat first, right? How can we do anything if you don't fill your stomach? I've already made a reservation, and I'm not wasting it!"

"You don't even know where Xavian is, do you? You're just making excuses to get close to me!" Caitlin snapped, suspecting that Sebastian was just playing her.

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"You think I'm that kind of person? Don't believe me? Watch this!"

Sebastian pulled out his phone and showed her a video.

In the video, Caitlin saw Xavian lying on a hospital bed, his face pale, an oxygen tube attached to him. He looked nothing like the energetic Xavian she remembered.

"Is this Xavian?" Caitlin could hardly believe her eyes.

The video was shot by Sebastian, and Xavian's weak voice came through.
"Has she seen the jacaranda? She should come to see me now, right?"

The video ended.

Caitlin's face was filled with shock. "Did Xavian send the jacaranda flowers? He's been waiting for me?"



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