

166: He Can't Wait Any Longer

The meeting took place at an apartment in the city.

Following the address Wendy had sent, Caitlin arrived and knocked on the door. It opened quickly.

"Caitlin, you're here? Come on in," Wendy greeted her, pulling the door wide open.

"What's going on?" Caitlin asked as she stepped inside. She noticed Phoebe sitting in the living room, her face tear-streaked.

Phoebe had been crying non-stop, but when she saw Caitlin, she quickly stood up. "Caitlin..."

"What happened?" Caitlin asked, seeing Phoebe's swollen eyes, wondering what had occurred. She turned to Wendy. "Why is she crying?"

Wendy glanced at Phoebe and sighed. "Well, here's the story..."

Wendy then explained how Phoebe had eavesdropped and impersonated Caitlin. "That's when Mr. Vanderbilt got furious and ordered her to be kicked out of New York. She couldn't do anything, so she asked me to bring you here."

Caitlin turned to Phoebe, her perception of her shifting further. Phoebe, realizing her mistakes, immediately knelt on the floor, sobbing as she pleaded, "I'm sorry, Caitlin. I never meant to eavesdrop, and I shouldn't have impersonated you. I know I was wrong! Please, help me! Ask Mr. Vanderbilt to take back the ban, please! I don't want to leave New York!"

Caitlin's eyes were cold as she looked at Phoebe. "I never thought you would do something like this."

"I was blinded, I admit it. I know I was wrong. Please, Caitlin, help me, for the sake of our friendship. Please ask Mr. Vanderbilt to forgive me!" Phoebe cried, her face full of remorse. 

But Caitlin couldn't forgive her. Some mistakes were unforgivable, irreversible! 

For example, Phoebe impersonating Carmellia was enough to show her lack of integrity. This was the moment when Caitlin truly saw Phoebe's true colors. A true confidante wouldn't pretend to be your friend while plotting behind your back. 

Caitlin took a step back, gently pulling her hand from Phoebe's grasp. Her voice was cold and firm. "Phoebe, at first, I genuinely cared for you. But I never expected you to have a hidden agenda.

"Whether Sebastian and I end up as a couple or not, what you did—trying to gain benefits through deception—is despicable!" 

"I know, I just admired him, I liked that kind of man..." Phoebe tried to explain, her voice filled with desperation. 

"Admiring someone isn't wrong. You have the right to like him, and you could have pursued him openly. But what you did, resorting to deceit and trying to gain shortcuts—that's the problem!"

Caitlin's tone was cold, and Wendy sighed, shaking her head. "Phoebe, you're so naive! Even if Mr. Vanderbilt and Caitlin divorce, they still have a child! How could you do something like that?"

"I was wrong..." Phoebe lowered her head in shame, her tears flowing even more.

Caitlin's voice grew even colder. "Since Sebastian wants you to leave,

then go. Don't show up in front of him again. And from now on, don't contact me. I can't be friends with someone who stabs others in the back." 1

Her words were like daggers. After finishing, Caitlin turned and walked out, with Wendy following behind.

Phoebe, watching them leave, collapsed to the floor, crying out, "Caitlin, Wendy..."

She had no way of stopping her fate now. With Caitlin and Wendy both turning their backs on her, Phoebe truly had no chance of staying in New York.

She probably never imagined that she would return with such pride, only to end up being unceremoniously kicked out of the city. But this was the painful price for the wrong decisions she had made.

Caitlin and Wendy got into the car and drove away from the apartment.

Wendy was still talking, "I can't believe Phoebe had such intentions all along! I never saw it coming. She actually impersonated you!"

"People are complicated. It's hard to see someone's true nature without going through certain things. Some people are very good at hiding it," Caitlin replied, her gaze distant.

"True, true. Luckily, I didn't fall for Mr. Vanderbilt, or we'd be dealing with those kinds of problems," Wendy said, trying to shift the topic and bring in a more positive tone. "By the way, Caitlin, why don't you come to our house for dinner tonight? Since we've reunited, you haven't been over yet!"

Caitlin could see right through Wendy's intentions. She wanted to create

an opportunity for her brother.

"I'm good. If I want to eat, I'll invite you. No need to come to my place. And I might be busy tonight. I have someone to meet," Caitlin replied, a touch of mystery in her voice.

"Who are you meeting?" Wendy asked, curious. "Your love rival?"

"Blake, Professor Xavian's son. Do you know him?" Caitlin said casually.

"Blake? No, I don't know him."

Wendy didn't know Blake, but she knew about Professor Xavian. He was a renowned figure in his field, so naturally, his son must be someone impressive as well. Wendy immediately felt that Caitlin's potential competition was quite formidable.

On the way, Caitlin and Wendy discussed Professor Xavian's health and his death. Wendy was shocked by the news and finally realized that Caitlin had been investigating her mother's case. Unfortunately, there wasn't much she could help with.

After dropping Wendy off, Caitlin headed to the police station. She had an appointment with Blake to discuss the autopsy results.

Meanwhile, Sebastian emerged from VEG, surrounded by his staff.

Dressed in a dark, tailored suit, his aura exuded coldness and a sense of superiority. He walked with purpose, the chill in his demeanor keeping everyone at a distance.

As he walked out, a well-dressed female employee, holding a pile of things, purposefully bumped into him, feigning a stumble.

"Ahh..." She acted as though she was about to fall, hoping for Sebastian to catch her. She thought this would create a romantic encounter, a perfect opportunity to charm him.

But she was wrong.

Sebastian stopped in his tracks but didn't move to help her. The woman fell to the ground, "Ouch, that hurts..."

As she tried to grab his pant leg, she called out, "Sebastian..."

Sebastian easily saw through her act. For years, women had tried to manipulate situations to meet him, but none of them had succeeded.

"Get this idiot out of my sight. I don't want to see her again!" he ordered coldly.

His staff quickly dragged the woman away, but even as they pulled her off, she called out, "Sebastian, I like you..."

Sebastian didn't even spare a glance in her direction. His mind was focused elsewhere. Other women might adore him, but none could catch his attention—except for Caitlin.

As everyone got into the cars, Sebastian asked Xavi, "Is everything ready?"

"All set, Mr. Vanderbilt! It's in the trunk," Xavi confirmed.

"Good. Let's go!" Sebastian commanded.

He was eager. He couldn't wait to see Caitlin. When she found out what he had done, maybe she'd run into his arms. He couldn't hold back his excitement any longer.