

180: Eager to See the Expression on His Face

"...This... You need to ask him... Caitlin, don't kill me..."

Megan dared not speak any further, terrified, curling up in a ball.

"Don't worry, I won't kill you. I'll let you live a miserable life, and you'll remain in hell until the day you die."

Caitlin wasn't interested in ending Megan's life quickly. That would be too merciful.

She shoved Megan aside, stood up, and said to her subordinates, "Take her away!"

Even if the mastermind was Jonathan, Megan was undoubtedly an accomplice. She would make sure to send everyone from the Lewis family to hell.

After that, Caitlin and her group returned to the city from the cemetery and used Megan's phone to call Anthony.

Anthony, upon receiving the message, was told to drive and pick up Megan. Just then, Jonathan had asked him to find her, so he set off to pick her up.

He arrived at the club's entrance and walked inside. The moment he entered, a black cloth was thrown over his head.

"Who's there? Let go of me!" Anthony struggled, but he was quickly captured and tied up, dragged upstairs.

Upon reaching the room, Quincy kicked Anthony in the leg, making him fall to his knees.

When the cloth was removed from his head, Anthony saw Caitlin sitting on the sofa in front of him. He froze in shock, gasping for air.

"Caitlin? What are you doing here?"

"How else could I have found you, if not through Megan's name?"

Caitlin's gaze was as cold as a blade, piercing through the man kneeling on the floor.

Anthony looked at her eyes filled with murderous intent, then glanced around at the few men standing around. They all looked fierce, making him feel even more frightened.

"Caitlin, why... why did you capture me? What did I do wrong?"

"Did you not do anything? Don't you know?"

Caitlin questioned coldly, tapping the black whip in her hand against her palm.

Anthony was sweating profusely, his heart racing. "I... I really don't know..."

"Looks like your memory isn't too good for someone your age. Let me help you recall. When I was five, why did my brother Harrison suddenly disappear?"

Anthony shuddered in fear, realizing that Caitlin must already know something.

"I... I don't know..."

"You better think carefully before answering! Otherwise, my whip

doesn't have eyes!"

Caitlin forcefully whipped the floor, and a loud *crack* echoed as the carpet split apart.

Anthony swallowed nervously. If that whip landed on him, it would surely tear his skin open and make him bleed.

"I..."

Anthony was shaking uncontrollably. Seeing him refuse to speak, Caitlin slapped him hard, sending him sprawling to the ground.

Without hesitation, she stood up, pressing her shoe down on his face with force.

"Ah!" Anthony screamed in pain, sounding like a pig being slaughtered.

"Caitlin, if you don't stop, I'll tell you everything! I sold him for 100,000..."

"100,000? My brother is only worth that much to you? You fool!"

Caitlin was seething with rage, remembering how this man took advantage of both sides for his own profit, causing her brother's disappearance.

She raised the whip and struck again, Anthony screaming in agony.

The pain from the lash was excruciating, sweat pouring down his face.

"Speak! How can I find George's contact details? Where is my brother?" Caitlin asked, her voice icy.

Anthony couldn't hold back anymore. "I... I don't have his contact

details... I heard about it through the black market... I don't know where Harrison is now... I've told you everything... please spare me..."

"Fine! I'll check the black market. But if you dare lie to me, you'll know what it's like to face the consequences."

Caitlin spat the words out, then gestured to Quincy, "Make sure to handle this pair well. I need to see something juicy!"

"Yes!" Quincy replied.

Caitlin left the room, and Megan was brought in. She saw Anthony, and he saw her. Both were equally terrified.

"Let me go... Please..." Megan kept begging, but Quincy and the others ignored her, forcing her to drink something from a bowl.

"What is this? What are you making us drink?" Megan and Anthony both feared it was poison, and they thought they might die right there.

No one answered, and ten minutes later, Quincy signaled for them to be untied. The group left the room.

Seeing Caitlin, Quincy reported, "They've started."

"Good! I've notified The Lewis Family! Let's see what happens next!" Caitlin's eyes gleamed with coldness as she eagerly anticipated seeing Jonathan's face when everything unfolded.

Elsewhere, at The Vanderbilt Family's Vanderbilt Manor.

After hearing Tyler's report, Sebastian narrowed his eyes coldly. "So,

you're saying he sent people to find Octavia privately?"

"Yes! I intercepted it secretly and handled it!"

"Good! Keep an eye on him! When I return, I'll have him confront Octavia directly. Let's see how long he can keep his true colors hidden."

A message came in on Sebastian's phone. He read it, then stood up from his desk.

He walked out of his study, went to his son's room, and seeing that the child had already fallen asleep, he closed the door and went downstairs.

At NO.8 club, several mischievous men had been waiting. Sebastian walked into the room, and Benjamin and the others stood up, clapping.

"Welcome! Welcome! Welcome, Mr. Vanderbilt, the return of the single, high-quality man! Long live the divorce!"

These guys invited him here and even threw him a divorce party.

Sebastian's cold gaze swept over them. "You guys are so free lately?"

Hearing his tone, the group fell silent, quickly realizing their boss wasn't in a good mood.

Yates collapsed onto a couch. "I've been busy with 18 appointments!"

Nolan pulled out his phone and answered a call. "I've got a multi-billion dollar deal to deal with."

Benjamin moved back, "Don't look at me. This was their idea."

"Take that banner down! Who said I was getting a divorce?"

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Sebastian sat down on a separate sofa, took a sip of red wine, and loosened his tie. "I'm getting remarried soon!!"

"What? No way!"

The group was shocked. After going through the trouble of a divorce, he was already planning to remarry?

"Why? Can't you leave a chance for me?" Yates said, almost in tears.

"Because Caitlin is the Camellia I've been waiting for all this time!" Sebastian threw Yates a triumphant look, meaning, *You don't stand a chance, kid!*

"F**k!"

The group was stunned and shouted out loud.

The divorce party was clearly canceled, and Sebastian didn't stay to drink. "I'm taking my wife on a trip tomorrow. Don't call me unless it's important!"

After saying that, he left, leaving a group of dumbfounded men behind.

As he walked past a corner, he unknowingly caught sight of a small child running down the hallway.

"Howard?"

The child ran off and even made a face at him.

If it wasn't Howard, then who could it be?

Sebastian thought, *Could it be another hallucination?*

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

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Instinctively, he began chasing after the child, wanting to see what was going on.



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