

185: She Almost Cracked

"This really has nothing to do with you, does it?"

Caitlin didn't want to talk to him about the kids or let her son's identity slip.

If he knew about the other two kids, he would surely become even more relentless in his pursuit.

And because of Sebastian, many of her plans had already been delayed. She didn't want him disrupting things further.

"How does it not concern me? The child shares half of my genes, don't I have the right to know?"

Sebastian had waited a while but still didn't get an answer, so he pushed further, "Come on, just admit it, you had twins, didn't you? And the other one, who looks exactly like Howard, is living with you, isn't he? I saw him in your backseat that night! You're still trying to hide it from me!"

Sebastian continued his Sherlock Holmes act, "And last night, I saw him again! Also, when Howard was hospitalized during The Vanderbilt Family fire, you were with him, but who was the Bruce you kept calling out? Wasn't that my other son?"

"Also, didn't you have the two kids swap identities? The one who stunned everyone at The Xenos Family's birthday party... that kid couldn't have been Howard, right? It was my other son, wasn't it?"

It seemed like Sebastian was convinced Caitlin had twins. Caitlin wasn't about to reveal that she had actually given birth to four children.

She decided to go along with it, "So what if I did? Back then, you only needed me to give you one child. I kept my promise, gave you your child. The other child is mine."

"So, you're telling me I really have another son?"

Sebastian finally got a clear answer, and the excitement was overwhelming.

Oh my god!

He had two sons!

Sebastian was practically glowing with joy, his heart full of elation.

The feeling was indescribable!

It wasn't like winning the lottery; it was the feeling of discovering he had another child—his own flesh and blood. No other happiness in the world could compare.

"Can you tell me about the other child?"

Sebastian eagerly asked, wanting to meet the other kid and announce to his friends that he was the proud father of two sons!

"Even if I tell you, what will you do? I'm not giving you the other child."

"I'm not asking for the child."

Sebastian pulled over on the side of the road, turned to look at her, and said, "Caitlin, I know it must have been tough for you to have the children. I regret not keeping you by my side all those years ago.

"So, how have you been living all these years? How did you manage on your own with the kids? I want to know."

His handsome face was so close, Caitlin's gaze met his deep, captivating eyes, full of unspoken emotions.

How had she survived all these years?

It was difficult, full of resentment and bitterness, but with sheer willpower, she got through each day.

The pain, only she could truly understand.

She'd made it through the darkest, hardest days and didn't want to look back anymore.

"It's all in the past."

She blinked her moist eyes, pulling away from the intensity of the moment. She was no longer a young girl who would cry in an adult's arms when hurt.

Now, she had built a tough exterior, constantly protecting herself, never easily showing weakness.

"You can tell me, Caitlin. Don't bury everything inside, don't fake strength. My shoulder is here for you, my arms are always ready. I want you to let go of the facade."

Sebastian had felt it earlier, he was so close to cracking her tough exterior.

She was so close to breaking!

He could see the faint flicker of emotion in her eyes!

"Caitlin..."

Caitlin looked up at him again, about to say something, but then her phone rang, and she snapped back to reality.

She took a deep breath, answered the call, and looked out the window. "Hello?"

"Caitlin."

Sebastian immediately recognized it was a man's voice!

His expression darkened, and he became alert, straining to hear the conversation.

"Why are you calling me out of the blue?" Caitlin asked.

"I miss you, and I miss our son."

The man's voice was calm, but to Sebastian, those words hit differently.

What man was saying this to **his** Caitlin?

Miss her? Miss their son?

What the hell?

Both of their sons were his, wasn't this guy overstepping?

Sebastian felt an immediate surge of frustration. He tugged at his tie, a fire of anger starting to burn inside him.

"I'll talk to you later, it's not a good time right now."

Caitlin found an excuse to hang up.

She didn't want to take the call in front of Sebastian.

"Who was that?"

Sebastian's gaze narrowed, his voice cold as he asked.

"A man."

"What man?"

Sebastian needed to know, and he wasn't going to let this slide today.

"Can you stop asking? Just drive."

Caitlin was growing irritated.

Sebastian sat back in his seat, frustrated, "If you don't tell me, I'm not driving! I heard a man say he missed you."

"Yeah, there are plenty of men who miss me."

Caitlin raised an eyebrow, not denying it.

"He also said he missed our son. What does that mean?"

Sebastian's face darkened with anger, "Both sons are mine. Why does he have any right to claim them?"

Although he didn't know the man's identity, Sebastian had already started seeing him as a rival, and that made him furious.

"Five years apart, and you're so sure I haven't had kids with another man? After all, I'm the kind of woman who would do anything for money!"

Caitlin let out a bitter laugh, lifting her chin and meeting Sebastian's eyes.

Her words were a heavy blow, striking at his heart, causing a dull ache.

She wasn't wrong; back then, she had followed him for the money.

Five years had passed, and he couldn't help but wonder—had she been with someone else? Had she used the same method to have children with another man?

"It's impossible! I don't believe it..."

Sebastian refused to believe it. His heart ached at the thought of the woman he'd been waiting for having had children with someone else.

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"Believe it or not, I've said it before: people change. Five years is more than enough time to change everything."

Sebastian didn't want to think about it any further, but the more he thought about it, the more upset he became.

He grabbed her wrist and demanded, "Tell me the truth, who was that man? Did you really have a child with him?"

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