

### 186: Mr. Vanderbilt Is Angry, and the Consequences Are Serious

"Does this question really matter? If I say yes, will you let me go then?" Caitlin seized the opportunity to ask, but in truth, she had only ever been with him.

Sebastian stared at her deeply, his eyes fixed on her without blinking for quite a while, so long that his eyes started to moisten. His chest hurt, painfully so, as if he could barely breathe.

No matter how unwilling he was to believe it, looking at Caitlin now—her clothes, her living conditions—if she really didn't have a powerful support system or backing, even he wouldn't dare believe it. Could she really have fallen for someone else? Was that man younger, richer than him? Who was he?

Sebastian didn't know how much effort he had to put in to push away the feeling of collapse that almost overwhelmed him just now.

Taking a deep breath, he finally said, "I don't care who you've been with. From now on, cut ties with them. Your first time was with me, your first child is mine too, so you have to be with me!"

This was his biggest concession—he didn't mind her past, didn't mind she had a child with someone else. He just wanted her back by his side.

"What right do you have to demand that I be with you?" Caitlin countered.

Marriage had never been part of her life plan.

Hearing her response, Sebastian's anger surged to an indescribable level. He looked at her cold, indifferent face, and he couldn't bring himself to hit her, nor to scold her.

He ended up slamming his fist on the steering wheel, restarting the engine, and driving off.

Sebastian was furious, his face dark with stormy anger. The atmosphere in the car had dropped to an icy silence.

For the entire trip, neither of them spoke—not a word. There was only the roar of the Hummer speeding down the highway.

He was really angry. \*Very\* angry.

The journey was over 300 kilometers long. After a while, Sebastian stopped at a service area.

He got out of the car alone and left for about ten minutes before returning and handing her a bottle of mineral water.

Caitlin didn't refuse, taking it from his hand, but he immediately snatched it back.

She frowned slightly, not understanding his intentions, but then saw him twist the cap open for her.

In truth, she wasn't weak enough to need someone else to open a bottle for her.

She had grown strong enough to open the hood for someone else!

Sebastian handed the bottle back to her, not saying a word, his anger still simmering, and his face still stormy.

Caitlin took a sip from the bottle.

The brief exchange ended there, and Sebastian continued to drive. After another few hours, they arrived in Silverstone.

Only then did Caitlin realize that Kirin Pavilion was located in Silverstone!

Silverstone, with both mountains and sea, was a tourist city along the coastline. They arrived just as a typhoon made landfall.

The sky was overcast, and heavy rain was pouring down.

"Silverstone is raining, and it seems like a typhoon has made landfall!" Caitlin said, glancing at the heavy rain outside.

"Mm."

"You didn't tell me the weather would be bad."

Sebastian's tone was sharp, "What would telling you have done? Can you make the typhoon go back to the sea?"

"....."

His temper was truly foul! It was like they couldn't communicate at all!

Seeing a car suddenly veer off course in the rain ahead, Caitlin quickly warned, "Watch out ahead!"

Sebastian noticed too and steered just in time, narrowly avoiding a car whose wheels had slipped.

"Focus on driving!"

Caitlin always felt uneasy when Sebastian drove.

"What do you mean, 'not focused'? I'm not thinking about you!" he said with annoyance but quickly composed himself, focusing on the road.

The road ahead was getting more difficult, and they had to navigate a

winding mountain road, which was the primary reason Sebastian had driven the Hummer.

The further they went, the harder the rain fell, and the crosswinds were growing stronger. He slowed the car, gripping the steering wheel tightly.

The road conditions were poor, and he needed to stay alert, managing speed and direction carefully.

After a few kilometers, rocks suddenly started to fall from the mountain.

"Rocks falling!" Caitlin shouted.

Sebastian had already stopped in time.

Large and small rocks tumbled down, blocking their way.

It wasn't possible to turn around now. Without hesitation, Sebastian took off his suit jacket, opened the car door, and ran into the stormy rain toward the rocks.

The windshield wipers were still frantically clearing the rain, and Caitlin could see the man in his white shirt moving the rocks.

The rain had soaked him completely, his white shirt clinging to his body, faintly revealing his strong, muscular arms.

His hair and nose were dripping wet, looking disheveled, but there was a calm determination in his movements. Sebastian looked composed even in the chaos—like a man who could face danger without flinching.

Once he cleared all the rocks from the road, he ran back and quickly opened the car door to get inside.

He was soaked, and Caitlin noticed a dry towel in the car drawer. She



handed it to him.

Sebastian's eyes flashed with surprise as he saw the towel, and though he was secretly pleased, his face remained cold.

He wiped the rain off his face and head before starting the engine again. They continued driving for another ten minutes before they cleared the mountain road.

Turning on the car radio, a news bulletin quickly came through, announcing that Silverstone was being hit by its first typhoon of the year. The city had issued a red alert for the storm.

The report urged citizens to reduce travel, take precautions, and stay safe for the next three days.

As they neared the city, the Hummer suddenly slammed on the brakes.

Luckily, Caitlin had her seatbelt on, or she would have been thrown out of her seat.

Looking up, she noticed a tree had been uprooted and was blocking the road, making it impassable.

The radio just then confirmed that the road ahead was closed, and drivers would need to take another route.

Sebastian quickly turned around and headed for a different road into the city. Unfortunately, the latest update said that another road had been closed due to flooding.

"It looks like we can't get into the city," Caitlin murmured.

Sebastian stayed silent, sharply turning the wheel again, executing a smooth drift, and driving off.

The roads were flooded, and the heavy rain still raged. Sebastian, gripping the steering wheel, looked every bit the fearless warrior, charging forward against the strong winds and rain.

Caitlin thought Sebastian would turn around and leave Silverstone, but before long, he drove to a private villa.

The villa area was also being battered by the storm, and the area was submerged in water, preventing cars from entering.

Sebastian stopped outside, threw a raincoat over her, and got out of the car.

"Clearwater Residences?" Caitlin read the name of the villa.

If she remembered correctly, Clearwater Residences was the most prestigious and expensive residential area in Silverstone.

Sebastian ignored her, but Caitlin guessed it was probably a temporary shelter.

As she opened the car door, a gust of wind and rain rushed in, and the ground outside was flooded. It seemed like walking would require wading through water.

Just as she was about to step into the water, Sebastian suddenly bent over and a shadow loomed over her. Startled, Caitlin instinctively leaned back.

"What are you doing? Trying to kiss me again? Can't you stop kissing me every time we argue?"