

187: Sebastian's Sharp Tongue and His Gentle Side

Sebastian's brows furrowed deeply, and he sneered, "Why are you so vulgar, low-class, and cheap? Is your mind full of nothing but those romantic lines? Can't you think of anything else?"

"..." One sentence nearly choked her.

Caitlin was speechless. Those lines sounded so familiar. That damn man was using her own words to retort at her!

But she couldn't completely blame Sebastian. When he was in a bad mood, he could be extremely sharp-tongued!

As Caitlin fumed, the man suddenly prepared to pick her up.

"Hey! No need, no need! I can walk on my own!"

Caitlin couldn't stand when he picked her up without warning. Her legs were perfectly fine, and she could walk by herself.

"Are you sure you can walk in those high heels?"

Sebastian glanced at her with narrowed eyes, his brows drawn together like a sharp sword.

To him, Caitlin was elegant and graceful, like a treasure. How could he bear letting her wade through this muddy water?

"I can take my shoes off and walk!"

In such heavy rain, him carrying her wouldn't be easy. Besides, Caitlin wasn't as fragile as he thought. It was just a bit of standing water.

The woman was stubborn, and Sebastian couldn't argue with her. Caitlin

took off her high heels and carried them in her hand. But as soon as she stepped onto the road, the water rose up to her calves.

Caitlin walked beside him, but perhaps it was her bad luck. After a short distance, she suddenly felt a sharp pain under her feet.

"Ahh—!"

Hearing her gasp, Sebastian turned around. "What's wrong?"

"It feels like I stepped on something sharp!"

Caitlin lifted her left foot, only to see blood oozing from her sole. She must've stepped on some shards of glass or other sharp objects.

Seeing her bleeding, Sebastian's face tightened, his heart aching with worry.

Without hesitation, he walked back to her, bending down.

"Get on!"

His tone was still gruff and commanding, with no room for argument.

Caitlin glared at him. His broad, sturdy back emanated an aura of coldness and defiance. This was the second time Sebastian had bent down for her, willing to carry her on his back.

If it wasn't for the fact that she'd witnessed it firsthand, it would be hard to believe that such a high-and-mighty man would ever lower himself like this.

After waiting for a while and seeing that she wasn't getting on his back, Sebastian turned and looked at her. "What are you waiting for?"



The wind and rain were intense, and she was still injured. How long would she keep being stubborn?

Caitlin was truly at her limit now, her foot throbbing with pain. She had no choice but to try and climb onto his back.

The weight was light, but it was a close, soft pressure against his body. Sebastian's arms instinctively wrapped around her legs, lifting her easily as he stood up and walked forward.

The water surged around them, soaking Sebastian's pants. Debris like leaves and twigs clung to his clothing. For a man who was usually immaculate, the contrast between him and the murky water was stark.

It was hard to walk through the water, especially while carrying someone, but Sebastian's steps were steady and strong, as if he was marching with an unwavering resolve.

The wind howled, and Caitlin's raincoat blew away, soaking her instantly. Both of them were drenched, but the heat from Sebastian's back was the only warmth Caitlin could feel through the storm.

As she lay on his back, she couldn't help but remember the times she used to rest on her grandfather's back when she was young. His back, just like Sebastian's, was broad and warm.

Sebastian moved quickly and steadily, navigating through the flooded paths until they reached one of the villas.

The foundation of the villa was high enough to be unaffected by the water. He gently set her down and then used a keypad to unlock the door.

The door opened swiftly, and he turned to her. "Come inside."

"Is this your place?" she asked.

"Why do you care? Haven't you heard? Curiosity killed the cat."

Caitlin: "..."

How did she get the feeling that Sebastian was really in a bad mood today? All those retorts she used to give him were coming back at her now!

Sebastian's face remained serious as he scooped her up again and carried her inside, kicking the door shut behind him.

The wind and rain were kept at bay, and the inside of the villa was luxuriously bright.

Sebastian carried Caitlin up to the second floor, finally setting her down in front of a bathroom door.

"Take a shower first."

He turned and walked away, but Caitlin called out to him just in time. "Wait, there's no clothes to change into here."

"There's clothes in the wardrobe."

Before she could respond, he disappeared around the corner. Caitlin was skeptical but hopped into the room, limping as she went to the wardrobe.

When she opened the wardrobe, she was taken aback.

The wardrobe was filled with women's clothes, all of them new with tags still attached. She frowned as she looked at them, wondering why there were so many women's clothes here.

Was this Sebastian's villa? Why did the wardrobe contain so many women's clothes?

She quickly scanned the room and saw a photo frame on the table. In the frame was a side profile of a young woman.

Who was the girl?

The woman in the photo was young and beautiful, her smile radiant and bright. Caitlin didn't recognize her, but there was a vague feeling that the girl was connected to Sebastian.

Could she have been one of his past lovers?

Was this their love nest?

Never mind. She didn't have any clothes to change into, so she picked something from the wardrobe.

After taking a shower and changing, Caitlin was about to go downstairs when she spotted Sebastian coming from another room.

He had changed into a black V-neck T-shirt and black pants, looking much more relaxed and comfortable compared to his usual cold and formal appearance.

He was holding a first-aid kit and walked over to her, his eyes scanning her. For a brief moment, there was a flash of admiration in his gaze. However, his face remained stern, and his voice was still cold as he said, "Go in. I'll help you with your wound."

He entered the room first, and Caitlin followed him, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Sebastian took her left foot, placing it gently on his own leg, and began to check the injury.

The wound had already been cleaned, and he started disinfecting it.

"Ahh—!"

The pain made her clench her fists, but Sebastian's movements slowed as he became more careful.

"It hurts, doesn't it?"

He glanced up at her, purposely scowling. "You have to endure it! This is the price for not listening to me earlier!"

If she had just let him carry her, would she be in this situation?

"..."

Caitlin rolled her eyes. Who was to blame for this?

Every time she encountered him, bad luck seemed to follow her.

While Sebastian bandaged her wound, Caitlin finally spoke up. "You still haven't answered my question. Where exactly is this place? Who is the woman in the photo?"

Sebastian glanced at the frame for a moment before speaking, his voice as emotionless as ever. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"She's very important to me. A very important woman in my life. Satisfied now?"

Sebastian said it all with a straight face, and Caitlin raised an eyebrow. "So, you're saying you're not just seeing me, right? This is the place you used to live with her?"