



### 188: His Petting and Affection

"You have other men, so you won't allow me to have other women?"

Sebastian spoke out of frustration, trying to defend his male pride. He was determined to stand his ground.

"Fine! If you have other women, that's your business. I'll respect that."

Caitlin wasn't deliberately prying into his privacy. It seemed better not to bring it up.

"Respect me? Do you really think I need your respect? When you hear I have other women, you don't care at all?"

Sebastian's grip on her ankle tightened, his anger flaring at her apparent indifference.

"What do I need to care about? Everyone has the right to choose for themselves."

Maybe it was because she hadn't fallen for him yet. To her, how many women he had been with, or his past relationships, had nothing to do with her.

"So you just chose to leave me and go pick another man?"

Sebastian suddenly snapped. He pressed her down onto the bed, his gaze cold and intense as he demanded, "Have you had kids with another man? Hmm?"

The anger from that phone call still hadn't dissipated. Every time he thought of her having children with someone else, it made his mind spiral into chaos.



"Can you let go of me?"

Caitlin met his furious, yet deep eyes and spoke calmly, though her body was not feeling well, and her stomach hurt. She didn't want to discuss this with him now.

"I told you! You are my woman, now and forever. I will never let you go!"

Sebastian's chest heaved with heavy breaths, his emotions at their peak.

In a moment of impulse, desperate to make her understand his feelings, he leaned down and kissed her forcefully, a kiss that was overwhelming and near maddening.

A kiss wasn't enough for him. He wanted her entirely. He wanted her to have his child again. Maybe then, he would finally have her heart.

But just as he was about to deepen the kiss, Caitlin pushed him away, kicking him harshly.

Sebastian was knocked back against the wardrobe door. Looking at her, his heart sank. Was she really so repulsed by him?

Caitlin pressed her hand to her stomach, pain shooting through her. She curled up, her face contorted in discomfort.

Sebastian froze, noticing the bloodstains on the white bed sheets. His expression tightened as his heart squeezed.

"Caitlin! What's happening? Why are you bleeding?"

He was suddenly alarmed. Did his rough actions cause her to get hurt? But he hadn't...

Caitlin slowly sat up, her face pale, beads of cold sweat covering her



forehead.

She was truly unlucky! Not only was her foot injured, but now her period had started.

To make matters worse, she had always had terrible cramps, and they were kicking in now, making her feel even worse.

Sebastian was horrified by her condition. "You're injured. I'm taking you to the hospital!"

"No need! It's just stomach pain."

Caitlin hesitated, then asked, "Do you have any sanitary pads?"

"Sanitary pads?"

Sebastian stood there for a moment, almost struck dumb. So, it wasn't from him hurting her—it was just a normal, monthly issue for women.

He had prepared clothes, shoes, skincare, and makeup for her, but he completely forgot to get something as basic as sanitary pads. Damn it!

"There aren't any here, but wait for me!"

Sebastian hurried out of the room.

The storm outside was still raging. About an hour later, he returned, drenched, but holding something carefully wrapped in plastic.

He rushed upstairs, into the room, and called out, "Caitlin! I got them!"

Caitlin had already changed and replaced the stained sheets. She turned around as he entered, dripping wet from the rain, but holding a well-wrapped bag for her.



At that moment, she felt a soft tug at her cold heart.

How could she not be touched?

She took the bag from him and said genuinely, "Thank you."

"Just 'thank you' isn't enough."

Sebastian wiped the rain off his face, giving her a deep, lingering look before turning to leave the room.

Caitlin opened the bag to find several types of sanitary pads—day and night pads—enough for her to last.

After changing, she felt much better. She returned to the room and instinctively walked to the table, where the picture frame sat. She picked it up again and took another look.

If she hadn't looked closely, she would have missed it, but at the bottom of the frame, there was an inscription.

\*\*\*"Eliza, age eighteen."\*\*\*

Caitlin's eyes widened as she realized the woman in the photo was Sebastian's mother when she was young.

No wonder Sebastian said this girl was so important to him. She was indeed a vital part of his life.

Eliza had been stunning, with a beauty mark between her brows that made her unforgettable. It was no wonder Sebastian and his sister Molly were both so strikingly beautiful.

Caitlin realized she had misunderstood him. Putting the photo frame down, she hobbled out of the room.



Sebastian had already changed and gone downstairs. Caitlin found him in the kitchen, making tea.

When he saw her, he brought over a cup of ginger tea and set it down in front of her.

"I called Molly for advice on how to deal with stomach pain. She told me this would help."

Caitlin took the cup, sniffing the warm sweetness of the ginger tea. She hadn't expected him to be so thoughtful.

She took a sip, and the warmth and sweetness spread through her chest, soothing her.

"You've thanked me twice now. How many more 'thank you's and favors do you owe me? Do you remember?"

Sebastian's lips curled into a small, teasing smile, his black eyes glinting with a tenderness and affection that no one else saw.

Caitlin averted her gaze, trying to change the topic. "By the way, I saw the photo upstairs. It's your mother when she was young, right? So, you don't have other women."

"So what if I don't?"

Sebastian suddenly loomed over her, his arms enclosing her in the chair.

Caitlin's heart skipped a beat as she leaned back, her eyes meeting his, trapped by his intense gaze.

"You ungrateful woman, you won't admit it when you're in the wrong! Cold-hearted, cruel, and utterly incapable of understanding my feelings! I just want to take your heart out and see if there's even a piece of me in



it.”

Their eyes locked, both seeing the other's reflection in their gaze—his deep and brooding, hers anxious and flustered.

Every time he got close, her heart would race uncontrollably.

At that moment, her heart was thumping wildly in her chest.

Sebastian leaned in, his deep, magnetic voice sending shivers down her spine.

“Caitlin, tell me, what do I have to do for you to give me a chance to walk into your heart?”