

### 190: He Wants to Use This Trick to Win Her Over

"I told you, that's private. I hope you respect that and stop asking about it!

" Caitlin turned the topic. "Is there food here? What are we having for lunch?"

"I've prepared everything in advance; there's plenty in the fridge."

Sebastian opened the fridge door, showing the abundant ingredients.

Clearly, he had planned this well ahead of time. He even timed the storm perfectly, didn't he?

Caitlin's gaze remained indifferent, and she spoke in a tone that suggested she was the queen. "Go cook. I'm hungry!"

These words sounded so familiar, as though she had said the same thing to him before when he wasn't fully recovered.

"Alright! You go rest. I'll call you when it's ready!"

Sebastian rolled up his sleeves, eager to cook.

Caitlin went upstairs and walked past the study. She planned to find a book to read. As she browsed through the bookshelf, she accidentally pulled out an old photo album. When she flipped it open, she raised an eyebrow. Inside were pictures of children growing up, with a little boy maturing from a toddler to a school-age child. As she flipped through, Caitlin was stunned when she came across a picture of a young boy.

The boy in the photo looked just like the boy who saved her all those years ago at the resort pool, the one who wore a white shirt and performed CPR on her. The little girl lying on the ground... was that her?

Who took this picture? Why was it here?

Could this album be Sebastian's?

Was that white-shirted boy him?

The boy's face and the memories she had of him were exactly the same — handsome, with an air of grace.

Her heart skipped a beat, her calm composure shattered, as her pulse raced. She could hardly believe her eyes. The boy who had saved her all those years ago... could it really have been Sebastian?

To confirm this, she quickly walked out of the room with the album in hand. She went to the kitchen, where she saw Sebastian busy preparing food.

Her emotions were in turmoil as she called out, "Sebastian!"

"Yeah?" Sebastian turned around, looking at her with curiosity.

"I want to ask... whose album is this?" Caitlin held up the old photo album.

"It's mine. How did you find it?" Sebastian replied with a faint smile.

"So, these photos... they're all yours?" Caitlin asked.

"Yeah, they're from when I was a kid. What do you think? Did I look handsome back then?" Sebastian teased, making a playful gesture as he flicked the hair from his forehead.

"You're such a narcissist!" Caitlin couldn't help but chuckle, but inside, her heart was still in turmoil.

It was really him! The boy in white from all those years ago was

Sebastian!

Maybe it was fate that they were brought back together, and that everything had unfolded like this.

From this moment on, Caitlin's feelings towards Sebastian changed significantly. She couldn't help but reassess the man before her.

As Sebastian continued cooking in his white shirt, the image of the young boy in her memory overlapped with the man he had become. Now, he was taller, broader, and stronger. The boy in white had grown into a solid, capable man.

After a long time, the moment to showcase his cooking skills arrived.

Sebastian set the dishes on the table and called up, "Caitlin, come down for dinner!"

Caitlin, hearing his voice, walked down from upstairs. They locked eyes as she stood on the stairs, looking down at him. The moment felt almost frozen in time.

"I'm coming," she replied.

Sebastian's deep gaze remained intense. Caitlin quickly looked away and hobbled down the stairs. Seeing her struggle, Sebastian didn't hesitate. He rushed up, grabbed her, and lifted her in his arms without waiting for her protest.

"Let me help you," he said firmly.

Caitlin gasped, feeling her body pressed against his chest. The warmth of his palm was evident, and though she felt slightly embarrassed, she couldn't hide the wave of panic running through her. Why did she feel so

fragile in front of him?

She had been living independently before, so why did she feel so helpless now?

Sebastian placed her gently at the dining table and sat down beside her.

"Try my cooking," he said, eager for her approval.

He had prepared a well-presented meal: a steak paired with colorful vegetables, a plate of pasta, and mushroom soup. It looked delicious and smelled appetizing.

Caitlin took a bite of the steak. Sebastian observed her closely, waiting for her feedback.

"Not bad," she replied honestly, trying to remain neutral.

"Really?" Sebastian couldn't hide his smile. Her praise made him feel a small sense of pride.

They continued eating in silence. Then, Sebastian suddenly asked, "Why were you looking at me?"

Caitlin casually tucked a strand of hair behind her ear to hide her discomfort. "When did I stare at you?"

"I'm your man. You can look at me openly," Sebastian teased, noticing her slight blush.

Caitlin ignored him, focusing on finishing her meal. Perhaps it was the hunger, but she quickly polished off everything on her plate.

Seeing her clean plate, Sebastian felt a sense of accomplishment. "You'll

be mine eventually, woman!" he thought to himself.

After they finished eating, Sebastian took the initiative to clean up the table and the kitchen. When he was done, he brewed a pot of tea and brought it to the living room, where Caitlin was sitting on the couch reading.

"Tea?" he offered, pouring it carefully.

Caitlin put her book down, glanced at the tea, and looked out the window at the swaying branches. "I wonder when this typhoon will stop."

Her mind was elsewhere, anxious to get to Kirin Pavilion.

Sebastian smiled, "It'll stop when it stops. Let's wait a little longer."

Sebastian wasn't in a hurry. He secretly hoped the storm would get stronger, keeping them stuck together for a few more days. That way, he'd have more opportunities to be alone with her. [1](#)

Suddenly, Caitlin's phone on the table rang, disrupting the peaceful moment. Sebastian glanced at the screen and saw the name "Zeke" flashing. His face darkened.

"Hello, Zeke..." Caitlin answered, but before she could speak further, Sebastian snatched her phone from her hand.

Without waiting for Caitlin to say anything, he coldly said, "Caitlin is with me."

"Who are you?" The voice on the other end of the line turned ice-cold.

"Who are you?" Sebastian shot back, his tone equally frosty.

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 +20 Bonus

The tension between them was palpable, and it was clear that something was off between them. The atmosphere had suddenly turned cold.



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