

### 195: His Biological Mother Finally Appears

Upstairs, Eli followed Caitlin into the room, feeling a little nervous. "What do you want to ask?"

"Eli, come sit down. I have a few questions for you," Caitlin said, pulling her onto the sofa. Then, she took out her phone and showed Eli a photo of Eliza from her younger days. "Look, I found this picture two days ago at Silverstone Clearwater Residences. At that moment, I thought to myself, this woman is so beautiful, and she has a beauty mark on her forehead. Doesn't she look just like you? You also have a beauty mark in the exact same spot!"

"It's just a beauty mark, nothing else," Eli instinctively touched the scar on her face, her eyes reflecting sadness.

"If we removed the scar on your face, you'd look exactly the same, wouldn't you, Eliza?" Caitlin stared at her.

When Eli heard the name, her eyes widened in shock, and she froze, unsure of what to say.

"Just as I thought. You're the missing Eliza, the Grace from The Vanderbilt Family, and Sebastian's biological mother, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not... I'm not..." Eli was still in shock and quickly denied it.

Caitlin pulled her hand gently, "If you didn't have that beauty mark on your forehead, I might not have suspected you. But that beauty mark is a unique feature. There aren't many people who have one like that. Earlier, when I mentioned Silverstone Clearwater Residences, you were listening so closely because you've lived there before. When I talked about Sebastian getting injured, you looked so worried and rushed to the

kitchen to cry secretly. That's a reaction from a mother who is heartbroken for her son."

"And when you went to The Vanderbilt Family earlier, you must have run into Raymond. He not only wouldn't let you through their gates but had you thrown out. That's because you're really Eliza! He can't let you back in, can he?"

Caitlin's flawless reasoning left Eli no choice but to break down and sob uncontrollably.

Caitlin gently patted her shoulder in comfort as Eli cried for a while, her tears finally slowing as she spoke through her sobs, "How did you know all of this? What's your relationship with Sebastian? And those three kids..."

That was essentially her admitting that she was indeed Eliza!

"You probably haven't seen the news recently, but Sebastian and I were married. However, we've divorced now. I'm his ex-wife. My name is Caitlin, and those three children are mine and Sebastian's," Caitlin explained.

"Caitlin, Caitlin... thank you... thank you so much..." Eli didn't know how to express her gratitude. Caitlin had saved her, helped her, and hadn't rejected her. She had taken her in and even told her that she had three lovely grandchildren.

"You don't need to thank me. If you really are Eliza, then you're the grandmother of my children. I should be helping you. Eli, please tell me everything! What happened eighteen years ago?" Caitlin asked with genuine concern.

"Eighteen years ago..."

Eliza's heart ached as she recalled the past. She explained in bits and pieces about how she had started suspecting her husband was hiding something from her. She noticed he had changed, and began to think he was no longer the man she married. Her suspicions grew when she saw him meeting secretly with a woman—Grace.

One day, she decided to follow them, driving after her husband and Grace. She trailed them to a cliff, where she confronted her husband and Raymond, and a fierce argument broke out. In the struggle, she fell off the cliff. She didn't die but was saved by someone. However, she suffered a severe injury to her face from the rocks and was knocked into a coma for eighteen years. She only recently woke up.

Despite her savior's plea for her to rest, Eliza returned to The Vanderbilt Family, only to find everything had changed. She had become the ugly woman they all spoke of and was thrown out at the gates.

Anyone who heard Eliza's story couldn't help but feel sympathy. Caitlin embraced her to offer comfort.

"Don't be sad, Eli. Now that you've met me, I'll help you return to The Vanderbilt Family and reunite with your children. Don't feel ashamed. The scars on your face can be removed. I'll arrange for surgery to help you."

"Thank you... thank you so much, Caitlin."

Eliza felt Caitlin was such a kind-hearted woman, but she still couldn't understand why Caitlin had divorced her son.

"From your description, you suspect Raymond isn't your husband,

right?" Caitlin asked, continuing her inquiry.

"He's not my husband, Raymond! The man who calls himself Raymond isn't my husband. Sebastian's real father might have already been killed by him! He's an imposter!" Eliza's emotions broke down again at the mention of Raymond. Caitlin reassured her for a long time, and it was confirmed—the current Raymond was a fake, and Sebastian's true father might have been murdered long ago.

If the people at The Vanderbilt Family learned the truth, it would be a massive shock!

"Don't be sad, Eli. When the time comes for you to return to The Vanderbilt Family, it will also be the moment when we expose his conspiracy. I will help you!" Caitlin assured her.

Eliza nodded, her eyes filled with gratitude.

Later, Caitlin arranged for Faith to take Eliza to see a professional plastic surgeon. She would spare no expense to fix Eliza's scars.

As all this was taken care of, Caitlin's phone rang. It was Yosef, "LIG has invited Charles, the CEO of SKE, to the racetrack this afternoon at 2 p.m."

"Got it."

SKE was one of LIG's major stakeholders. Recently, LIG's business had been unstable, and reaching out to stakeholders was part of a strategy to stabilize the company.

To take over the huge LIG corporation, Caitlin needed Charles' support. She had to win him over and secure his allegiance!

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Around 2 p.m., at the racetrack, several powerful figures were riding horses and discussing the current economic situation. Suddenly, a striking figure appeared from the distance, tiding a white horse that looked like a war steed. The elegant woman on horseback caught everyone's attention immediately.

"Whoa, look at that woman!" someone exclaimed, pointing toward the figure.

Charles and the others turned their heads. As the horse drew closer, they saw a beautiful woman with an extraordinary presence.

"Who is she?" Everyone asked in curiosity.

While most didn't recognize her, Scott and Jasmine did—they knew her immediately.

It was Caitlin!

The woman who had been haunting them, causing all kinds of trouble!

Jasmine's teeth clenched in anger, remembering how Caitlin had caused her father, grandmother, and older brother to end up in the hospital.

"Is that Caitlin? The stunning beauty?" one of the men asked, recognizing her.

"That's Caitlin?"

"Sebastian's ex-wife?"

"Oh my god, up close, she's even more beautiful!"

Everyone chattered excitedly, but Caitlin wasn't phased. She rode up

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confidently, stopping her horse and looking directly at Charles.

"So, you're the famous Charles from SKE. I heard you're great at horseback riding. How about we have a little competition?" Caitlin challenged.

Scott quickly tried to stop her, "Caitlin! What do you think you're doing? Can't you see we're in the middle of a race? Don't cause trouble!"

"I don't care about your race. I want to compete with Charles. What does it matter to you?" Caitlin's beauty and boldness radiated, her eyes full of challenge.

Charles' interest was piqued. "A beautiful lady invites me to a race? It would be my honor, but what's the wager?"

"If you lose, you must agree to one request from me without hesitation."

"Charles, don't agree to her! This woman is full of tricks. Be careful!" Jasmine hissed, warning him.

Caitlin smirked coldly, "Are you going to listen to her, Charles? Or do you dare to race with me?"

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