



### 197: He Wants to See His Other Two Sons

With misfortune piling up, Scott had no choice but to leave people behind to watch over Jasmine and wait for the ambulance while he quickly notified The Lewis Family. Then, he sprinted out of the racetrack, got into his car, and sped toward The Gilbert Family estate.

Caitlin glanced at Tyler, who gave her a slight nod before stepping back respectfully.

She then turned to Charles. "Charles, our bet still stands, right?"

Charles chuckled lightly. "Of course. I always keep my word."

A seasoned businessman like Charles could easily tell Caitlin had an agenda. Now, he was just curious—what exactly did she want from him?

"Let's discuss it over at the lounge. Please."

Caitlin gestured towards the rest area, and Charles followed her.

Meanwhile, in the car, Xavi was updating Sebastian. "That guy Scott ran off in disgrace. Now, Caitlin and Charles are talking in the lounge."

Xavi carefully observed Sebastian's expression, slightly worried that their Mr. Vanderbilt might get jealous.

After all, Charles was a well-known businessman—mature, successful, and still single. He was the type of man who exuded a strong, dependable aura. Caitlin sitting down alone with Charles... wouldn't that make their boss a little uneasy?

To Xavi's surprise, Sebastian remained expressionless, his face cold and unreadable.



Maybe it was their trip to Silverstone, or maybe it was something else, but Sebastian seemed to trust Caitlin more now. Even if she was speaking with another man, he no longer reacted as impulsively as before.

He believed she had a reason for everything she did.

And if his instincts were right, she was after Charles because he was one of LIG's key shareholders.

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At the lounge, Charles sipped his tea and looked at the stunning woman before him. "Caitlin, you truly live up to your reputation—beauty and intelligence combined. So, what do you want as your prize for winning the race?"

"Charles, you flatter me. I know your time is valuable, so I'll get straight to the point."

Caitlin never beat around the bush. She laid out her request immediately. "It's simple. I want you to cast your vote for me at LIG's next shareholder meeting."

"Oh?" Charles raised an eyebrow. "You want to attend the shareholder meeting?"

From what he knew, Caitlin held no official position at LIG and had no shares.

So why was she asking for his vote?

"That's right. I will take back control of LIG from Jonathan. When the time comes for the shareholder meeting, I'll need your support."

Caitlin's boldness and determination made Charles take her more



seriously.

"You want to take control of LIG? But Jonathan is your father. Why go through all this trouble?"

"Charles, you should know that although I am Jonathan's daughter, I was never given any shares in LIG. But LIG's predecessor was Thompson Global Ventures, my grandfather's company. Taking it back is only right."

Charles considered this for a moment, then said, "But Mrs. Lewis is also from The Jonathan Family, isn't she?"

"She's not my grandfather's biological daughter. Thompson Global Ventures belongs to me."

Caitlin's voice was resolute, her belief unwavering.

Charles wasn't one to meddle in family affairs, so he simply shared his business perspective.

"Well, I won't interfere in The Lewis Family's affairs. But as a businessman, I will give you a piece of advice. LIG is no longer what it used to be—it's on a downward spiral. If you've done your research, you'll see that acquiring LIG will require enormous effort. It might not be worth the investment."

This was Charles' genuine warning.

From a business standpoint, LIG had taken heavy losses, its market value had plummeted, and it was practically an empty shell.

He was already considering withdrawing his investment. If Caitlin wanted to take over, she was essentially diving into a financial black hole.

"Thank you for your advice, but Thompson Global Ventures was my



grandfather's lifelong work. I won't let it be ruined in the hands of others.

Caitlin took a deep breath and continued, "I understand that asking for your support is a lot. But I hope you'll consider giving me this opportunity. If you help me take back TGV, I promise you won't regret it. I will deliver ten times the return on your investment."

Her confident promise made Charles admire her even more.

"Alright! I accept your terms. I look forward to seeing what you can do, Caitlin."

Charles extended his hand.

"Thank you, Charles."

The two shook hands, sealing their deal.

Just then, the sound of ambulance sirens echoed from outside the racetrack. Caitlin and Charles turned their heads, watching as medical personnel loaded Jasmine onto a stretcher and into the ambulance.

As the ambulance left, Caitlin also stood up. "I'll be heading out now."

She walked towards the parking lot and soon spotted Sebastian's car. Approaching it, she tapped on the window.

Inside, Sebastian heard the knock. Xavi's voice was excited. "Mr. Vanderbilt, it's Caitlin!"

"Open the door," Sebastian ordered, sitting up straight, adjusting his tie, and suppressing the excitement in his heart.

Xavi quickly unlocked the car, and Caitlin naturally slipped into the back

seat.

"Is it Caitlin?" Sebastian turned his head slightly.

"Yes."

Sebastian reached out, fumbling slightly until he found her hand and held it firmly. "Why are you here?"

"I should be asking you that. You can't see anything—what are you doing here?"

Caitlin didn't pull her hand away but turned to look at him.

Sebastian could feel that she was no longer rejecting him as much as before. That realization filled his heart with joy.

"What else could I be doing? You were here, and that Charles guy was here. I was worried you'd be at a disadvantage," he admitted honestly.

He had come purely because of her.

Even if he couldn't see, he still needed to be close to her.

"So, you had Tyler help me? And was The Gilbert Family's bankruptcy your doing?" Caitlin blinked, her long lashes casting faint shadows over her sharp gaze.

"My Caitlin is amazing," Sebastian smirked. "You're like a worm living in my stomach—nothing gets past you."

Thinking about Scott, Sebastian scoffed, "Making his family go bankrupt is already letting him off easy. He dared to mess with my Caitlin? Just watch, I'll make sure he can't survive in New York."





"Thank you," Caitlin said, feeling genuinely touched.

Hearing her thank him, Sebastian leaned in closer to her ear. "I helped you so much. Don't I deserve a reward?"

His warm breath brushed against her skin, making her ears tingle with heat.

"What kind of reward do you want?" she asked.

"I want..."

Sebastian deliberately dragged out the words, inching closer and closer.

Caitlin's heartbeat quickened.

Up front, Xavi caught a glimpse of what was happening and quickly covered his eyes. Oh, dear heavens! Mr. Vanderbilt is at it again, showering the whole world with PDA!

Just as Sebastian's lips were about to touch hers, Caitlin pushed his face away.

"Other than this, you can ask for something else—as long as it's reasonable and something I'm willing to do."

Sebastian grinned and adjusted his position. "Fine. Take me to DanCa Estate—I want to see my other two sons. That's not too much to ask, is it?"

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