

206: Patricia, Should I Take You to Find Mummy?

At this moment, a luxury car pulled into a parking spot outside the basketball arena. Sebastian glanced in the rearview mirror at Zora and the little girl, Patricia, sitting in the backseat before stepping out of the car to open the door for them.

If it weren't for his daughter, he wouldn't have driven all the way to pick up Zora himself, and certainly wouldn't have prepared two cups of specially-made milk tea—one large, one small.

Zora was taken aback by the gesture, but her mood brightened immediately. She took the milk tea and led Patricia out of the car.

Patricia was dressed in a red dress, wearing a small mask, and holding onto her beloved windmill—the one thing she always carried with her wherever she went.

"Let's go, the game is about to start!" Sebastian invited.

"Alright!" Zora and Patricia followed Sebastian into the basketball arena.

Following their pre-arranged seating plan, Sebastian led Zora and Patricia to their seats, which happened to be across from Caitlin's group, separated only by the court.

Molly, who had been casually glancing around, noticed them and frowned. "That person looks just like my brother... No way! It is him! He's with Zora? What's going on? I need to go ask!"

Molly couldn't make sense of Sebastian's actions. Why was he chasing after Caitlin but now with another woman? Was he trying to make them angry on purpose?

"Molly, don't go over there! Pretend you didn't see anything! Focus on

the game!" Caitlin said, worried that their plans would be ruined.

"Right, right, the game is starting! Dr. Smith should be coming out soon, so excited!" Molly said, already scanning the crowd for Simon.

Wendy, noticing what was going on, asked bluntly, "Wait, do you have a thing for my brother?"

"Cough..." Molly was caught off guard by the question, but quickly regained her composure and answered, "Well, yeah, I do like him!"

Wendy was shocked at how candid Molly was. "I didn't expect you to just admit it," she said, still processing it.

Seeing Wendy's surprise, Molly continued, "I know you want Caitlin and your brother to get together, but Caitlin's married to my brother, so your wish won't come true. But why not support me instead? How about I become your sister-in-law instead? Not bad, right?"

"Uh... not bad," Wendy answered truthfully.

"I thought so too! So, Wendy, you better help me out and support me!" Molly added with a grin.

Caitlin patted Wendy on the shoulder, knowing Wendy's hopes for Caitlin and Simon wouldn't work out. Still, Molly wasn't a bad choice and might be worth considering.

All of Caitlin's attention, however, was focused on the people across the arena. Zora, meanwhile, was absorbed in looking at Sebastian, not noticing Caitlin.

Sebastian secretly sent Caitlin a text, then turned to Zora with a concerned tone. "You should drink your milk tea while it's hot, or it won't taste good when it cools down."

"Alright, thanks!" Zora happily began sipping the milk tea.

Caitlin read the text and, after briefly talking to Molly and Wendy, excused herself from the arena.

Soon after, the US Amateur Basketball Open Finals officially began. Both teams took the court: Simon's team, the New York Medical University team, was up against the New York Flying Tigers. Both teams were evenly matched, having traded wins and losses in the past, so this final would settle who would win.

The fans around them cheered loudly for their teams, and Molly spotted Simon.

"Ahh... Wendy, your brother looks so handsome!" Molly said, bouncing with excitement.

Simon, in his black basketball jersey, exuded confidence and energy, looking as though he was glowing—handsome to the point it was hard to look away.

Molly shook Wendy, but Wendy, used to it, simply shrugged. "He's okay."

However, Wendy soon noticed something odd. A familiar face appeared on the Flying Tigers team—a man in a white basketball jersey clutching a basketball under his arm. Was that Benjamin?

"What's he doing here?" Wendy muttered. "Why would he be playing too?"

Benjamin, a casual player on the side, had come to enjoy the final match for fun. Upon spotting Sebastian in the stands, he looked around for Caitlin but instead spotted a rather large person.

"That fat guy's here too?" Benjamin thought, noticing the large,

unmistakable figure of someone from the New York Medical team.

Wendy, noticing Benjamin's glance, felt a chill run down her spine. She quickly covered her face with her bag, not wanting him to recognize her.

As the referee blew the whistle, the game began, and everyone's attention shifted to the court.

Sebastian, observing Zora closely, noticed she seemed a bit uncomfortable. After drinking the milk tea, her stomach appeared to be bothering her. She didn't want to appear weak in front of him, so she tried to ignore it.

"You're alright, Miss Harris? You don't look well," Sebastian said, his voice laced with fake concern.

"I'm fine..." Zora replied, but her stomach hurt even more, and a strange, uncomfortable sensation began swirling inside her.

She tried to figure out the cause of her discomfort, but she didn't consider the milk tea Sebastian had given her.

A few minutes later, Zora could barely tolerate the pain anymore. She had to come up with an excuse. "Mr. Vanderbilt, could you watch Patricia for me? I need to use the restroom."

"Of course, leave Patricia to me, don't worry," Sebastian reassured her as she left for the bathroom.

Once Zora was out of sight, Sebastian lowered his voice and turned to Patricia. "Patricia, this windmill is from your mummy, isn't it?"

"Yes! Mummy gave it to me! Granny says that whenever the windmill spins, it means Mummy is thinking about me." Patricia explained proudly.

Sebastian's throat tightened as he said, "Do you know where your mummy is?"

At this question, Patricia's bright eyes dimmed, and her small head lowered. She had never seen her mummy and didn't know what she looked like. She also didn't know where she was or when she would come back. She just kept waiting for her mummy.

"I know where your mummy is. Do you want to come with me to find her?" Sebastian offered.

"Really? You've seen my mummy?" Patricia's face lit up with hope.

"Yes."

With the groundwork laid earlier, Patricia trusted Sebastian. Now, hearing that he might take her to her mummy, she was eager to go.

"Look, your mummy has prepared a lot of windmills for you. They're all for you!" Sebastian showed her a photo on his phone. The picture was filled with many windmills, and seeing them made Patricia even more excited.

"Will you take me to find Mummy? I want Mummy!" Patricia pleaded, her little face hopeful.

Sebastian, stunned by his own words, couldn't help but think to himself that he seemed to have a knack for this whole "kidnapping" thing after all!