

217: Staying in the Same Suite

Caitlin didn't return to DanCa Estate. Instead, she contacted Faith and Zeke, explaining the situation and asking them to look after the children.

Zeke, upon hearing that she was about to fly with Sebastian to V Country overnight, was concerned.

"Caitlin, should I go with you?"

"No need! I'll be back as soon as things are settled. Please take care of the kids for me!"

Caitlin and Sebastian met up around 8 PM. Sebastian had arranged a private helicopter, and the two of them flew to V Country's Willow City overnight.

They arrived just before midnight. Since it was so late, Sebastian took Caitlin to their hotel to rest first.

"You only booked one suite?" Caitlin asked.

"Yes. Time was tight, and Willow City is in its peak tourist season. Rooms are hard to come by, so I only managed to get one," Sebastian replied, setting down his bag, which contained things he had prepared for her.

Seeing his "pre-planned" actions, Caitlin felt a twinge of irritation.

"Honestly, you didn't have to come. You're just finding an excuse, right? You don't want me to go back and meet Zeke, so you made up a reason to bring me here?"

"You're only half right," Sebastian shot her a glance, his eyes saying, "Caitlin, you're too smart to fool."

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He had arranged this trip for two reasons: first, because the situation with Harrison might not go as smoothly as they hoped, and second, because he didn't want her returning to DanCa Estate to spend time with Zeke. He hoped that by the time they returned to Departure City, Zeke would be gone.

Sebastian placed his hand on Caitlin's shoulder.

"I truly don't want you to go back and be with him. But I think it's best if you come here personally to deal with Harrison."

"Tell me the truth. How is Harrison doing?" Caitlin's eyes reddened with sadness.

They had arrived in Willow City—the place where Harrison had lived. She couldn't wait to find him.

"The situation may not be as straightforward as we thought. Let's rest for tonight and talk tomorrow," Sebastian said. He didn't want to tell her the full truth yet, fearing it would upset her and keep her from sleeping.

Caitlin assumed Harrison's foster parents would be difficult to deal with, and it wouldn't be easy to get Harrison back. They'd have to meet in person tomorrow.

The two of them stayed in the same suite, all arranged by Sebastian. Caitlin made some ground rules.

"I'm sleeping in the bed tonight. You can take the floor." 1

"Alright! I'll go shower. Do you want to join me?"

"Get lost!" Caitlin was tempted to kick him.

Sebastian grinned, unbothered, and went to the bathroom.

After a while, he came out of the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel around his waist. Caitlin, who was removing her makeup, glanced at him in the mirror and couldn't resist suggesting,

"There's a bathrobe in the closet. Please wear it."

"Handsome man fresh out of the shower... don't you want to take a look? Passing by, don't miss your chance! It's free, just take a peek..."

"Shameless!" Caitlin couldn't help but laugh. When would this guy ever be serious?

Sebastian smirked and leisurely took a bathrobe from the closet. Then, right in front of her, he took off the towel and put on the robe.

Caitlin looked away, utterly speechless. What was he showing off for?

She finished removing her makeup and was about to shower when Sebastian stepped forward and pinned her against the wardrobe.

He studied her face for a moment. Caitlin felt uneasy under his intense gaze.

"What are you staring at?"

"Other women look like a mess without makeup. But you... you look even more beautiful. How is my Caitlin so stunning?"

Sebastian had just showered, and his hair was still damp, dripping slightly. His deep eyes locked onto hers, like two whirlpools drawing her in. His perfect physique, combined with the subtle scent of shower gel, filled the air with an intoxicating pheromone.

Caitlin felt a flush creeping up her neck, her heart racing. She tried to act tough, "Stop staring! I'm going to shower!"

She wriggled out from under his arm, and Sebastian watched her hurriedly move away, his lips curling into a handsome smile. His gaze was unwavering—determined, as always.

The moment she hugged him by the sea, he knew she had feelings for him.

When Caitlin returned from the shower, Sebastian had already spread out a blanket on the floor in front of the bed as she had requested.

He lay on the makeshift bed with one arm propped behind his head, one leg bent in a relaxed pose. He watched her sit on the bed, eyes fixed on her like glue.

"Caitlin..."

Sebastian couldn't sleep, wanting to talk to her.

"Don't talk. I'm tired," Caitlin said as she turned her back to him, shutting her eyes.

Sebastian didn't want to disturb her rest, so he turned onto his side, his eyes still following the graceful curve of her back. It was like a painting of a sleeping beauty, and it was so captivating he couldn't sleep. 1

They had slept in separate rooms before, but tonight, he was finally in the same room as her. It felt so right.

He wished they could sleep in the same bed.

Even though Caitlin didn't look back, she could feel his heated gaze on

her back. So, she reached over and turned off the bedside lamp.

The room plunged into darkness. They lay in silence for what felt like an eternity, until they both finally fell asleep.

As dawn approached, Caitlin felt Sebastian's gentle kiss showering her, and in the midst of his tender assault, she turned passive into active.

At the critical moment, she suddenly gasped, "Sebastian!"

Sebastian immediately turned on the bedside lamp and looked at her.

"What happened, Caitlin?"

Caitlin's heart skipped a beat as she realized she had been dreaming.

She had dreamt that she was with Sebastian, and they almost...

Oh my god, how could she have such a dream?

"Did you have a nightmare? What did you dream about?" Sebastian asked, his curiosity piqued. He wanted to know what had been so alarming that she'd called out his name in her sleep.

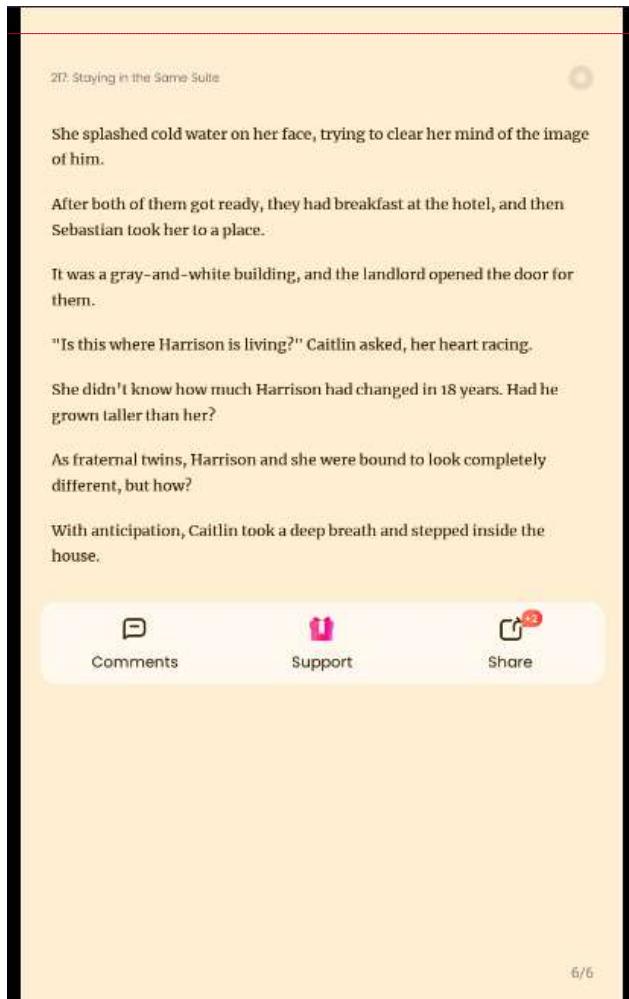
"Nothing!"

Caitlin hurriedly got up to wash her face, catching sight of herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed.

Thinking about the dream, she felt even more embarrassed.

Could it be that her subconscious wanted him?

No way.



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