

### **227: Let the Son Feel the Overflowing Fatherly Love**

Sebastian gently pressed his lips to hers, testing the waters with a kiss. Caitlin didn't pull away, which only encouraged him further.

He pulled back slightly, his eyes full of love as he gazed at her. In just a few seconds, the overwhelming wave of affection flooded over him.

Outside the hospital room, Quincy had heard about Caitlin being admitted and, along with Faith, brought the three kids to visit. They walked in just in time to witness the scene before them.

The three kids froze in place, and Quincy looked at Faith in surprise. Faith quickly covered Bruce and Arthur's eyes, and Quincy followed suit, covering Howard's eyes. Both of them awkwardly turned their heads away.

"What's he doing to Mom?"

Bruce, moving Faith's hand away, ran up to Sebastian and grabbed his neck.

"Let go of my mommy!"

Caitlin saw the kids had arrived and realized they had all witnessed the scene. She was mortified.

Sebastian, momentarily interrupted by the little one, was pulled away from Caitlin, who he'd been kissing just moments ago. With Bruce's arm around his neck, Sebastian turned to remove it.

Though he couldn't immediately tell which of the kids it was, he spoke in an admonishing tone, "What are you doing, son?"

Bruce shot back with a hint of defiance, "Who's your son? I haven't even

accepted you as my dad yet! I'm asking you—what are you doing to my mommy? Why are you hurting her again?"

"I'm not hurting your mommy. We were just kissing. Some things, kid, are for grown-ups to handle."

Caitlin couldn't help but roll her eyes at Sebastian—why did he have to explain everything?

Bruce furrowed his brows, struggling to understand. Why did his mommy want to kiss this so-called 'bad dad'? What was good about him? They were divorced, weren't they? And this so-called 'bad dad' was still thinking about other women!

He was more concerned about his mom's well-being, his little face hardening as he looked at her. "What's wrong with my mommy? Why is she hurt and in the hospital?"

"She was poisoned," Sebastian answered simply.

"Poisoned?" Bruce echoed in disbelief.

"She's fine now, Bruce. It was your dad who saved her. Stop being so hostile toward him. If it weren't for him, you might not even be seeing me right now."

After hearing Caitlin's explanation, Bruce finally began to relax. But he wasn't entirely convinced about his dad yet. "I get it, Mommy. But don't kiss him again. He doesn't like you. He likes other women."

Sebastian's eyes widened in surprise, and he glared at his son. "What do you mean 'doesn't like you'? The only woman I've ever liked—always have, always will—is your mommy."

"Then who's Camellia?" Bruce shot back.

Bruce had learned about Camellia during the time they stayed at the Vanderbilt family estate.

"Dumb little guy, Camellia is also your mommy!" Sebastian looked at Caitlin, "Didn't you ever tell them that you're Camellia?"

"They didn't know," Caitlin responded awkwardly. She had tried to explain before, but the kids didn't want to listen.

It wasn't until this moment that Bruce finally understood. His dad wasn't a jerk after all. In fact, he was very loyal to his mom.

Not bad, not bad—looks like this dad might be okay after all!

"Okay! I forgive you! You can kiss my mommy now!" Bruce declared, crossing his arms seriously.

Sebastian couldn't help but laugh in disbelief. Was he really getting permission from his son to kiss his own wife?

"Mom, I want a kiss too!"

Arthur ran up, yelling for his mommy's kiss.

Howard wasn't far behind, trying to join in as well.

"Ugh, you guys..." Sebastian sighed in frustration, but couldn't help but chuckle as the three sons clamored for Caitlin's attention. He turned to Quincy, his gaze turning suspicious. "You brought them here? You little sugar boy..."

Quincy, hearing this, looked incredulously at Faith. "Did he just call me a sugar boy?"

"If the shoe fits!" Faith replied, stifling a laugh. Quincy's face



immediately turned black.

The nickname stung his pride, but it also clued him in on the reason Sebastian didn't trust him: he thought of him as someone who was just there for Caitlin.

Unfair! Having a pale face wasn't his fault, was it?

With the three kids in the room, Sebastian found himself enjoying the rare opportunity to spend time with his sons. He noticed Bruce had an air of seriousness about him, like an old man who liked to meddle in things, always serious and cool, not easy to approach.

Arthur, on the other hand, was easygoing. In just a short while, Sebastian was already playing with him, lifting him up to hear his joyous giggles.

Howard and Arthur were both willing participants, but Bruce remained distant, not joining in.

Wanting to share the full force of fatherly love with Bruce, Sebastian suddenly grabbed him and lifted him high into the air.

"Ah, help!"

Bruce, caught off guard, screamed, which made everyone burst out laughing.

But as Sebastian held him for a bit, Bruce began to feel something he had never felt before—a strange, warm sensation.

So this was what it felt like to play with his dad? It was actually kind of fun!

As the effects of the sedatives wore off, Caitlin slowly regained consciousness. "Faith, take the kids home now."

"Got it! Alright, little handsome men, time to go!"

Faith called for the kids, who obediently put on their masks and hats, following her and Quincy as they left.

The hospital room fell quiet, and Sebastian turned to Caitlin. Listening to what had happened, his hands clenched into fists, rage flaring up. "Damn psychopath!"

"He must be a perfectionist with obsessive-compulsive disorder, a mission-driven killer! My investigation disrupted his plan, so he had to silence people before they could expose him. If I hadn't investigated in the first place, maybe so many innocent lives wouldn't have been lost."

Caitlin sighed, guilt heavy in her chest.

"It's not your fault. You don't need to feel guilty. He was just using murder as an excuse! A person like him doesn't deserve to be called human—he's just a tool for killing."

Sebastian relayed the details of the investigation he'd received.

"We've already found out that Black Hawk left the Moro organization years ago and started working for private employers. Who would want to take your mother and pretend she's dead, yet still go to great lengths to prevent anyone from investigating her? Don't you think the real mastermind is even more twisted?"

"You're right. We need to find the real mastermind behind all this! Black Hawk is the key. It's just too bad he managed to escape this time."

"Felix has already informed the police to track him down!"

"I wonder if there's been any progress. Has Felix heard anything yet?"

Just then, Sebastian's phone rang. It was Felix. He answered quickly. "Hello? Felix, any updates on the investigation?"

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