



233: The Moment of Revealing Identity

Howard stepped forward, kissed the old lady on the cheek, and said, "Beatrice, happy birthday."

The child spoke?

The child really spoke!

Howard's sudden words left Beatrice and everyone from The Vanderbilt Family utterly stunned.

"Howard! Howard can speak now?"

Tears instantly welled up in Beatrice's eyes as she cupped the child's small face, looking at him repeatedly.

It had been two long years. They had waited for this day, the day when their child would finally speak.

Today, their wish had come true!

The child speaking was the best and greatest gift of all!

"Wonderful! Howard really can speak now! He just wished you a happy birthday!" Molly exclaimed joyfully.

"My son can speak now!" Sebastian was equally surprised, not expecting this moment to arrive so suddenly.

"Howard! Beatrice's good great-grandson..." Beatrice, holding Howard tightly, felt an indescribable surge of emotion. From today on, who would dare mock or look down on her great-grandson?

Megan, ever the opportunist, immediately took advantage of the



moment. Upon hearing Howard speak, she quickly added, "Mom, Howard can speak! What a huge blessing! The Vanderbilt Family is truly having double joy today!"

"You're right! My precious great-grandsons are back, and Howard can speak! I'm so happy," Beatrice said, her voice filled with delight.

"You're truly blessed, Beatrice!" others chimed in.

Around them, people sent their congratulations, except for Raymond, who stared at Howard with a dark expression. The fact that the child could now speak posed a potential threat.

With the arrival of the three children, the party atmosphere became more lively, with the kids staying close to the elderly lady.

Caitlin, not forgetting her gift, stepped forward. "Beatrice, this is a small token from Caitlin, I hope you like it!"

"There's no need for anything extravagant, Caitlin! These three children are the best gift!" Beatrice smiled, overwhelmed by gratitude.

Molly took the gift and handed it to her grandmother. "Grandma, this is Caitlin's thoughtful gesture, you should take a look!"

Opening the gift box, Beatrice found an exquisitely crafted dress inside.

"A dress!" Beatrice exclaimed, delighted. Women her age always had a special affection for elegant dresses.

The dress was revealed, and it was stunning — elegant, grand, and clearly of high quality.

Many of the wealthy women present began to inquire, "This dress is fantastic! Which designer made it?"



"It's so beautiful! I'd love to order one!" another added.

Even Leah was admiring the dress. "It's really nice. What brand is this?"

Yasmin, noticing the lack of a label, sneered, "Mom, it's not branded. There's no tag on the collar. Who knows if it's from some small shop pretending to be high-end?"

Yasmin's remark was out of jealousy, and she hadn't considered the occasion at all.

Sebastian, hearing her, shot her a cold glance as a warning. He then addressed the crowd, "Grandma, this dress that Caitlin prepared for you isn't from some small shop. It's from the world-renowned designer, Kayla. She personally designed and made this, handcrafting every detail, including the unique fastenings and edges. It's a limited edition—there's only one in the world!"

Sebastian didn't outright reveal that Caitlin was Kayla but explained the origin of the dress, subtly praising his wife while taking a jab at ignorant women like Yasmin.

Yasmin caught the sarcasm in his words and fumed silently, unable to retort.

Molly, also aware of Caitlin's identity, joined in, "Grandma, I'm very familiar with Kayla's designs. They're always top-tier and in high demand!"

"Thank you, Caitlin, this is really thoughtful of you!" Beatrice was overjoyed and couldn't stop smiling. The surrounding wealthy women were envious, all aware of who Kayla was, but getting an exclusive, one-of-a-kind design like this was a rare and enviable opportunity.



Many were curious about how Caitlin had managed to secure such a limited edition piece.

The gifts had all been presented, the birthday wishes exchanged, and the party atmosphere was pleasant. Everyone had eaten and drunk well. As it neared the end of the evening, guests began to take their leave.

The Vanderbilt Family bid farewell to one group after another. Caitlin and the children remained, and in the end, only The Vanderbilt Family members stayed behind.

Beatrice sighed, "This is the happiest birthday I've ever had in my life!"

Raymond, ever timely, said, "Mom, from now on, we'll always celebrate your birthday happily every year!"

"We can, but you might not be able to," Sebastian's voice rang out from behind them. Raymond turned to face him, their eyes locking.

"Sebastian, what do you mean by that?" Raymond asked, puzzled.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes and commanded his subordinates, "Xavi, take all the kids to play outside!"

"Yes, sir!" Xavi and the others led the five children out, leaving only Beatrice, Richard, Megan, their daughter-in-law Xylia, Vincent, Hazel, Molly, Sebastian, and Caitlin in the room.

Sebastian's cold gaze swept across everyone as he declared, "Now that all the guests have left, let's talk about something internal in The Vanderbilt Family!"

Beatrice asked, "Sebastian, what is it? What do you want to say?"

Sebastian's expression darkened as he spoke in a low voice, "Grandma,



today let's discuss your eldest son. Is he really my father?"

Everyone, except Caitlin, was taken aback.

But Raymond remained unflustered, as if he had expected this moment.

Richard, confused, asked, "Sebastian, what are you talking about? My eldest brother is my eldest brother. Does this need to be discussed?"

Vincent was equally puzzled, "Sebastian, what's going on? I know you have some misunderstandings with Dad, but we only have one father, and it's him!"

Hazel, unable to hold back any longer, snapped, "Sebastian, you already got my mom imprisoned, and now you're going after Dad. Why are you doing this?"

"Your mom was imprisoned because she deserved it!" Sebastian shot back coldly, then turned his gaze to Raymond. "Are you going to confess yourself, or do you want me to help you with that?"

Everyone turned their attention to Raymond, who remained calm and composed.

Raymond looked at Sebastian with a deep, steady gaze, and slowly spoke, "Sebastian, I know you've held a grudge against me because of your mother. But after all these years, can't you see how I've treated you? Even if you doubt me, I've never targeted you, son."

Raymond placed a hand on Sebastian's shoulder, but Sebastian quickly shrugged it off. "Enough! Don't act so fake! Do you want me to bring out the evidence?"