

240: The One She Truly Loved

Caitlin was well aware of Black Wolf Fortress's fearsome reputation. That was not a place Sebastian could take on alone.

At that moment, worry consumed her. She couldn't bear the thought of him going there alone.

"Sebastian, I'm coming with you!" she insisted, her face filled with concern.

Sebastian was deeply moved by her reaction. He could feel her worry for him, her care.

"You can't, Caitlin. The kids need you. Stay here and take care of them."

With that, he kissed her urgently—hard, dominating, but brief. Then, pulling away, he looked into her eyes and whispered, "Wait for me."

Before she could say another word, he turned and strode out.

Caitlin rushed to the hallway, watching as he descended the stairs and walked out of Vanderbilt Manor.

His figure was resolute, unwavering.

At that moment, she felt as though a part of her had been ripped away. A sudden panic surged within her.

Sebastian... you have to come back.

As Sebastian prepared to leave, Vincent approached, unable to hide his unease. "Sebastian, where are you going so late?"

He had a bad feeling about this. It had to be related to what Jasper had revealed earlier.

"Are you heading somewhere dangerous? Let me come with you—I can

help!"

"No need, Yosef." Sebastian gripped his shoulder firmly, his expression serious. "While I'm gone, you need to take care of the family and the company."

Then, unexpectedly, he pulled Vincent into a brief but firm hug. "No matter what, you're my brother."

With those words, he stepped into the car, and within seconds, the vehicle sped away.

Vincent stood frozen, watching the taillights disappear into the night. His heart swelled with emotion.

After all this time, Sebastian had finally accepted him.

Sebastian, don't worry—I'll take care of everything here.

That night, no one in The Vanderbilt Family could sleep.

Beatrice, despite celebrating her 70th birthday, was deeply troubled by what had happened. She couldn't stop worrying about her sons.

After making sure the kids were asleep, Caitlin went to visit her.

"Beatrice, you're still awake?" she asked gently.

Beatrice looked up. "Oh, Caitlin."

She tried to sit up, but Caitlin helped her adjust her position. "Beatrice, don't exhaust yourself with worry."

"How could I not worry, after everything that's happened?"

"Beatrice, I know today was full of chaos, but it also brought you something precious. You finally got to see your long-lost son again. That's something to be happy about."

"I know..." Beatrice sighed, her eyes filling with sorrow. "But thinking about everything he's done, I can't help but feel guilty. As his mother, I failed him. He even turned against his own brother..."

Tears began to fall again.

"Beatrice, don't be too heartbroken. There's something I need to tell you—Sebastian has uncovered the truth. Jasper may not be as evil as we thought. And more importantly, your eldest son, Raymond... he might still be alive."

Beatrice's eyes widened in shock. "What? Raymond is alive? Are you sure?"

Caitlin nodded and quickly explained. "We all misunderstood Jasper. He was forced into this—someone used him to replace Sebastian's father. He had no choice. Your son, the real Raymond, is still in their hands. Right now, Sebastian is on his way to rescue him. Soon, he'll be back, and you'll be reunited."

Beatrice trembled. "Is that really true? Oh, I hope it is!"

Hearing this gave her some relief, even if only a little. Now, all she could do was wait.

Once Beatrice finally fell asleep, Caitlin left the room and ran into Eliza and Molly.

The mother and daughter had spent hours talking. Molly now fully understood what her mother had gone through all these years. It was a pair of elderly, deaf-mute caregivers who had saved her and taken care of her.

Seeing Caitlin, Molly ran over and grabbed her hand. "Mom, everything we have now is because of Caitlin. If not for her, we wouldn't be reunited. She's truly The Vanderbilt Family's good luck charm."

Eliza smiled warmly. "Caitlin, thank you. Thank you for everything you've done for our family."

She took Caitlin's hands in hers. It was clear—she loved this daughter-in-law.

"Eliza, you don't need to thank me. I only did what I could."

"Such a wonderful girl," Eliza sighed. "I really hope you and Sebastian will remarry soon. The children deserve a complete family."

She was clearly trying to help her son win Caitlin back.

"Eliza, there's no rush," Caitlin replied with a small smile. Then, turning to Molly, she said, "Molly, take your mother to rest. Get some sleep. I need to rest too."

"Alright!"

After making sure everyone was settled, Caitlin went to find Octavia.

"Octavia," she said softly, "can you tell me about those letters?"

Octavia took a deep breath before explaining.

Back then, Xavian had been in love with Caitlin's mother, Kelly. He wrote her many letters, entrusting Octavia to pass them along.

But Octavia, in love with Xavian herself, kept the letters and responded to them in Kelly's name. She maintained a secret correspondence with him.

Now, those letters had somehow ended up in Jasper's hands, altered to frame her.

Caitlin's brow furrowed. "So Xavian never knew that the person writing to him all those years wasn't my mother, but you?"

Octavia nodded, her eyes filled with guilt. "I'm so sorry, Caitlin. If it

weren't for me, maybe your mother wouldn't have married Jonathan. Maybe she and Xavian would have ended up together. It was my selfishness that ruined everything."

Caitlin shook her head. "You don't need to apologize. Even if it wasn't you, my mother still wouldn't have chosen Xavian. She loved someone else."

With that, everything became clear—another hidden love story in the past.

But fate had played its tricks.

Xavian was long gone. Octavia had been imprisoned for years.

Octavia hesitated before asking, "Caitlin... I heard that Xavian passed away, is that true?"

Caitlin nodded. "Yes."

Tears welled up in Octavia's eyes. "Then do you know... where his child is now?"

Caitlin stiffened. "What child?"

"My child. Mine and Xavian's."

A stunned silence filled the room.

Was she saying that Blake was Xavian and Octavia's son?

Caitlin recalled a conversation she had once had with Blake, where she had asked about his mother.

He had told her that he had never known his mother.

Could it be...?

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"But you and Xavian only exchanged letters. You never actually met. How could you have had his child?" Caitlin asked.

Octavia's voice was barely above a whisper. "Artificial insemination. He had donated his sperm, and I... I used it."

Caitlin inhaled sharply.

Loving someone to such an extreme... It could drive a person to do unimaginable things.

"I understand now. Wait for me—I'll find your son."

"Thank you, Caitlin."

If Blake really was Octavia's son, Caitlin would reunite them. 

But she couldn't help but wonder... how would Blake react when he learned the truth?



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