

242: They'll Be Reunited Soon

Sebastian stood by the containment chamber, his hands pressed against the cold glass as he stared at the unconscious man inside.

The father he had searched for over eighteen years—wrongfully resented, presumed dead—had been locked away in this hellish laboratory all along.

And it had taken Sebastian this long to find him.

Damn it.

"Dad..." His voice was low and hoarse. "I'm sorry I was late..."

A glance at the monitors showed faint but stable vital signs. He's alive.

Sebastian instinctively reached for the chamber's release mechanism, but a hand stopped him.

"Lord, we can't open it recklessly," one of his men warned. "If his condition is unstable, any sudden changes could be dangerous. We need to know exactly what was done to him first."

Sebastian clenched his fists. He's right. I can't be careless.

His gaze swept the lab, landing on the control panel and scattered documents. "Find out what kind of experiments they conducted here. Now."

Minutes later, two of his men dragged in a man in a white lab coat—glasses askew, trembling with fear.

"Lord, we found this scientist in the lower level."

The scientist collapsed to his knees, hands shaking. "P-please don't kill me! I'll talk! I'll talk!"

Sebastian's stare bore into him. "Then start talking. Why is he in there? What the hell did you do to him?"

The scientist stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "W-we didn't ... experiment on him. A month ago, he tried to escape and injured the Fortress Lord. As punishment, the orders came to sedate him indefinitely."

Sedated.

Not dead.

Sebastian's pulse pounded. "Wake him up. Now."

The scientist nearly tripped over himself in his haste. "Y-yes! Right away!"

Under the watchful barrel of a gun, the man disabled the sedation protocols, and the containment chamber began to depressurize. As the glass panel unlocked with a soft hiss, Sebastian was the first to step forward.

He gripped his father's hand—pale, frail, but still warm.

"Dad... I'm taking you home."

His voice was resolute, a promise.

His men carefully transferred Raymond onto a stretcher and carried him out of the lab. Outside, The Obsidian Order's aircraft had already landed in the open courtyard, engines humming, ready for departure.

Sebastian led the way as they boarded, carrying his father aboard personally.

Before leaving, he issued a final command.

"Burn it to the ground."

Explosions erupted as they took off, engulfing Black Wolf Fortress in an inferno.

The aircraft ascended, soaring through the night sky, leaving behind a smoldering ruin.

Sebastian never looked back.

He sat beside his unconscious father, gripping his hand tightly.

"You've suffered for too long... but it's over now. Mom's waiting for you. You'll see her soon."

The Aftermath—Black Wolf Fortress in Ruins

By the time Black Shark—Raze—returned to Black Wolf Fortress, the night sky was alight with flames.

His empire, his legacy, was burning before his eyes.

"What the hell happened?!" he bellowed.

A bloodied survivor staggered toward him. "A...an attack... The Obsidian Order... They ambushed us..."

Raze's face twisted in rage. "Where's Van? Where are the commanders?"

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The man coughed, blood staining his lips. "They... they're all inside..."

A guttural snarl tore from Raze's throat as he shoved the man aside.

"PUT THE FIRE OUT! NOW!"

His men scrambled to obey.

By the time the flames were doused, the once-mighty fortress lay in ruins.

Raze stormed into the main hall, only to find his brother's charred remains amid the wreckage.

"Van... VAN!"

His agonized scream echoed through the smoldering ruins.

Kneeling beside his brother's body, his fists clenched as fury burned through him.

"The Obsidian Order... Sebastian Vanderbilt... I swear, we will be enemies until the end of time!"

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Back at The Obsidian Order Headquarters

The mission had been a complete success.

Despite being outnumbered, The Obsidian Order had crushed Black Wolf Fortress, dealing a severe blow to one of the most feared underground organizations.

The victorious warriors returned to their base, spirits high.

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Sebastian, however, wasted no time.

He ordered his father to be transferred to the medical facility immediately.

The doctors ran a full diagnostic. "Lord, the patient is stable but heavily sedated. Due to prolonged exposure to the sedatives, he may take one to two days to regain consciousness. Additionally, he has a fractured rib that needs immediate treatment."

Sebastian's grip tightened. "A fractured rib?"

So that's why... They beat him down after he tried to escape. And they didn't even treat it.

Black Wolf Fortress had kept him weak on purpose, ensuring he wouldn't have another chance to run.

Sebastian's gaze darkened. "Do whatever it takes. Heal him."

"Yes, Lord."

As Raymond was wheeled into surgery, Sebastian convened his top generals for a debriefing.

But after that, he didn't leave the medical wing.

He waited.

And while he waited, he sent a message.

New York, U.S.

Caitlin's phone buzzed.

Commented [Ma1]:

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The moment she saw the sender—**Sebastian**—her heart nearly stopped.

[Found him. He's alive.]

A wave of relief crashed over her.

He was safe.

He had found his father.

Caitlin exhaled deeply, pressing a hand against her chest.

She finally let go of the breath she hadn't even realized she was holding.

Turning around, she called, "Howard, Arthur, Bruce, come on! Time for breakfast."

The three boys hurried into the dining room, where the entire Vanderbilt family had already gathered.

Outside, Quinton and Kyle—Richard and Willa's twin grandsons—were playing near the entrance. But the moment they spotted Howard and his brothers, they froze.

Then they ran.

Fast.

They weren't about to mess with the triplets—not after learning the hard way how tough they were.

Inside, breakfast was in full swing.

Beatrice, Eliza, Octavia, Molly, and Vincent were present, along with Richard and Willa's family.

As Caitlin and the boys sat down, Eliza personally pulled out a chair for her.

"Sit here, dear."

"Thank you, Eliza."

Once seated, Beatrice's gaze lingered on the triplets.

After a long moment, she frowned. "Wait a minute... which one is which?"

She had been staring at them, trying to tell them apart, but they were identical down to their perfectly coordinated outfits.

Molly smirked. "Let me try! I can recognize Howard anywhere!"

She turned to the triplets, confidently pointing at one of them. "This is Howard!"

The boy blinked before grinning. "Nope! I'm Arthur!"

Molly's jaw dropped. "Then... Howard is—?"

Arthur pointed to his older brother. "That's Howard! I'm the second oldest. Bruce is the youngest."

Molly clutched her chest. "I got it wrong... My heart! My own nephew just called me out for being blind..."

Arthur laughed. "It's okay, Auntie. I still like you."

Molly gasped dramatically. "Really?!"

Arthur nodded. "Yeah, because you're pretty."

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Molly nearly melted on the spot. "Awww! My little nephew called me * pretty*! Someone hold me, I might faint!"

The table erupted in laughter.

But then Beatrice suddenly asked, "Caitlin, didn't you say there were four children? Where's the other one?"

Willa, who had been quietly sipping her coffee, nearly spat it out.

"FOUR?! You mean there's another one?!"

She had already struggled to accept that Caitlin and Sebastian had * triplets*—it completely overshadowed the fact that her own grandsons were twins.

But now... there was another one?!

Her eyes widened in sheer disbelief.

This was no longer just a competition.

This was war.

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