

260: The Unexpected Acciden

"Caitlin! Hold on tight!"

Seeing the incoming vehicle speeding straight at them, Quincy reacted instantly, yanking the steering wheel to the right.

Caitlin's body lurched violently from the sudden swerve. She grabbed onto the door handle to steady herself.

In the next split second—

CRASH!

The sickening sound of metal colliding filled the air as their car was struck head-on.

The force sent them skidding into the median, while the other car, moving too fast to stop, flipped onto its side, scraping against the asphalt for several meters before finally coming to a halt.

After the brutal impact, silence fell inside Caitlin's car.

Both Quincy and Caitlin had been thrown forward by the force of the crash, leaving them momentarily unconscious.

—

Meanwhile, at the hotel entrance

Zora and Ximena were getting into their car when they witnessed the entire collision unfold before them.

Zora's eyes widened in shock.



"That's Caitlin's car! She just got into an accident!"

Ximena remained expressionless, her voice calm and detached.

"Yes."

Then she turned to her driver.

"Drive."

Zora hesitated, glancing at her phone.

Her first instinct was to call for help, but—

A thought crept into her mind.

If Caitlin died in this accident, wouldn't that solve everything? 

She wouldn't have to compete for Sebastian anymore.

She lowered her hand, saying nothing.

Without another glance, the Harris mother and daughter drove away, leaving the scene as if it had nothing to do with them.

—

A few minutes later, Caitlin slowly regained consciousness.

Her head throbbed, and her body ached from the impact.

She blinked, trying to gather her bearings.

Then she saw Quincy—

Slumped over the steering wheel, motionless.



Blood streamed down his face from a gash on his forehead.

The sight shook Caitlin awake instantly.

"Quincy! Quincy!"

No response.

Caitlin's heart hammered in her chest.

Forcing herself to stay calm, she grabbed her phone and quickly dialed emergency services.

First, 911—then, without hesitation, she called Sebastian.

As soon as he picked up, he greeted her normally.

"Caitlin, I just dropped Patricia off. Are you on your way?"

Her voice came out shaky.

"Sebastian... we got into an accident."

The air around him shifted.

"What? Where are you?"

"Near the hotel... Quincy is badly hurt."

"Are you injured?"

"I... I don't think so, but Quincy... he's not responding."

Sebastian's tone turned sharp and urgent.

"Stay put. I'm coming now!"



He immediately made a sharp U-turn, racing toward the scene.

—

By the time Sebastian arrived, police and paramedics were already at work.

Quincy had been extracted from the wreck and placed on a stretcher, his head heavily bandaged as paramedics worked to stabilize him.

"Caitlin!"

Sebastian ran to her, eyes scanning her for injuries.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, but Quincy... his condition doesn't look good."

Sebastian turned to the stretcher.

Quincy was barely breathing, his face pale from blood loss.

"Damn it."

They watched as Quincy was loaded into the ambulance.

"I'm sending Xavi with him," Sebastian said. "I need to stay and get answers."

—

After ensuring Quincy was taken to the best medical team, Sebastian and Caitlin stayed at the scene for questioning.

The police began examining the crash footage and identifying the other vehicle.



Sebastian pulled some strings, accessing the hotel's surveillance cameras to review the accident.

His expression darkened as he studied the footage.

"Let's go home for now," he told Caitlin.

"You're hurt too."

"It's just a scratch," she dismissed. "We need to find out who caused this."
"

"And we will," he assured her.

Sebastian placed a protective hand on her back, guiding her to the car.

—

Back at The Vanderbilt Family Estate

Sebastian immediately handed Patricia over to his mother before sitting Caitlin down to treat her wound.

Patricia, noticing the dried blood on Caitlin's forehead, ran over.

"Mommy! You're hurt!"

"It's nothing, baby," Caitlin reassured her, pulling Patricia into a hug.

Sebastian, however, wasn't as dismissive.

He carefully cleaned and dressed the wound, his hands gentle yet firm.

"You're lucky," he murmured.

"It's just a minor injury."



"It could've been worse."

Caitlin fell silent.

She knew that.

If Quincy hadn't reacted fast enough, they might not even be here.

After finishing up, she turned to Sebastian.

"I need to see Quincy."

"I'll take you."

—

At the Hospital

Xavi met them outside the ICU, looking grim.

"How is he?" Sebastian asked.

"They managed to stop the bleeding, but—"

The doctor walked out just then, and Caitlin immediately stepped forward.

"Doctor, how is he?"

The doctor sighed.

"He suffered severe head trauma. We've done everything we can, but whether he wakes up... that depends on him."

Caitlin's chest tightened.



She looked through the ICU window, her throat aching at the sight of Quincy.

His head was wrapped in bandages, his face drained of all color.

"Quincy..."

She had trusted him to keep her safe.

And he had.

But at what cost?

"He's strong," Sebastian assured her. "He'll wake up."

—

A few minutes later, Simon arrived.

"Caitlin!"

She turned to see him approaching.

"Simon," she greeted.

"Who's hurt?" he asked, noticing the tense atmosphere.

"Quincy. He was in the accident with me."

Simon's gaze immediately landed on the cut on her forehead.

"You're injured too?"

"Just a minor scratch."

His face hardened.



"Let me check. Even small injuries can be dangerous."

Sebastian cut in before she could refuse.

"Check her," he ordered.

Caitlin sighed but relented.

After a quick examination, Simon confirmed there was no serious damage.

Just as they were wrapping up, Sebastian's phone rang.

He answered it, listening in silence before his expression darkened.

Then he turned to Caitlin.

"They found out who did it."

Caitlin's pulse quickened.

"Who was it?"

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