

284: I Won't Let You Touch Her

James didn't waste words. In a split second, he struck Uesugi's hand, knocking the gun away while raising his own weapon in return.

"I won't let you touch her."

His voice was cold, each word carrying an unmistakable warning. "If you dare harm her, don't expect me to hold back."

Their gazes locked, both filled with lethal intent. Each of them could end the other in a heartbeat.

But they wouldn't.

They had the same master. They weren't meant to kill each other.

James was the one breaking the rules.

"James, have you forgotten our master's orders? Are you really choosing to protect the target?"

Uesugi withdrew his gun, and after a moment, James did the same.

"Don't ask so many questions."

James' voice was emotionless.

Uesugi smirked. "Let me guess—you seduced the target, didn't you? I heard she's rich and beautiful. Are you trying to be her kept man?"

Seeing James remain silent, Uesugi sneered further. "Did you sleep with her? How was she? If she's good, maybe I should try too."

Before the words were even fully out of his mouth, James' fist landed



hard against Uesugi's face.

Uesugi slammed against the car from the impact.

But he didn't take it lying down—he retaliated, throwing a punch of his own.

Neither of them intended to kill, but they didn't hesitate to trade blows.

The fight was brutal, both men evenly matched. They knew each other's techniques, their strengths and weaknesses.

But there was one difference—James had regained his memories. He had something to protect.

Uesugi didn't. He had no heart, only the will to complete his mission at any cost.

James struggled to his feet first, spitting out a mouthful of blood. His eyes were sharp, filled with an unwavering determination.

Uesugi wiped the blood trickling from his nose, his expression sinister. "I'll let this slide because of our master. But if you get in my way again, don't expect mercy."

With that, he got into his nearly wrecked car and drove away.

James called after him, his voice hoarse but filled with fury. "If you so much as lay a finger on her, I will hunt you down myself!"

No matter how much pain his body endured, it couldn't compare to the ache in his heart.

How was he supposed to protect Caitlin?



Sebastian arrived at the meeting spot where Caitlin was waiting.

Seeing that she was unharmed, he finally let out a breath of relief. "Come on, let's go home."

He led the way in his car, Caitlin following closely behind.

Back at The Vanderbilt Family estate, he parked and walked over to open her car door.

As they strolled inside together, Caitlin casually explained what had happened. "I think I was just being paranoid. I thought I was being followed, but it turns out I wasn't. Just wasted a trip."

"I saw those cars on the coastal highway," Sebastian replied. "They were ramming into each other—probably just a reckless road rage incident."

"Yeah, as long as it has nothing to do with us."

Inside the estate, the children were gathered around Beatrice, playing together.

The moment they saw their parents return, they cheered.

"Mommy, we're playing hospital! You and Daddy can be our patients!"

Patricia, dressed in a tiny nurse's outfit, held up a toy stethoscope.

To entertain their little princess, the entire family had lined up to be her patients—including Beatrice herself.

Caitlin and Sebastian joined in, laughing along with their children.

Moments like these were rare—precious moments where they could



forget everything else and simply be a family.

That evening, they all had dinner together. But with Eliza, Vincent, and Molly absent, several seats remained empty at the table.

Beatrice sighed.

"Grandma, why are you sighing?" Arthur tilted his head curiously.

"I just wish the table was full," she admitted. "It feels a little lonely like this."

Arthur's face lit up. "How about we put on a show for you?"

"Oh? What kind of show?"

"Just watch, Grandma!"

Arthur took out a red handkerchief, waving it dramatically before revealing a plastic ring the size of an egg.

"Tada! A gift for you, Grandma!"

He slipped the oversized ring onto Beatrice's finger, making her chuckle.

One by one, the children took turns performing.

Bruce arranged food on a plate into a smiley face and proudly presented it to Beatrice.

"I'll try it, then!" she laughed, taking a bite.

Patricia sang a cheerful song, earning a round of applause.

Finally, it was Howard's turn.



Silently, he pulled a small puppet from his pocket, slipping his hand inside.

When he spoke, his lips didn't move—but the puppet's mouth did.

Beatrice gasped in surprise. "Howard, did you learn ventriloquism?"

"Yes, Grandma," Sebastian confirmed proudly.

With perfect control, Howard used the puppet to tell a silly joke, making the entire table erupt into laughter.

After dinner, Caitlin prepared to take Patricia back to DanCa Estate.

Sebastian tried to persuade her to stay, but when she wouldn't budge, he had no choice but to drive them home himself.

On the way, Patricia asked innocently, "Mommy, why don't we live with Daddy and Grandma? Why do we have to stay somewhere else?"

Sebastian smirked. "Hear that? That's exactly what all the kids want to know."

Caitlin sighed and explained gently, "Patricia, sometimes it doesn't matter where we live, as long as we're happy. I just wanted to show you and your brothers where I used to live."

Patricia nodded. "As long as we're together, I'm happy!"

After dropping them off, Sebastian lingered, unwilling to leave.

With a bit of shameless persistence, he finally convinced Caitlin to let him stay the night.

In the guest room.



For now.

But he wasn't just staying out of attachment—he had a bad feeling.

And soon enough, his instincts proved to be right.

That night, as the estate's security system briefly flickered, the guards did a quick check but found nothing out of the ordinary.

But in that fraction of a second, someone had already infiltrated the property, slipping past unnoticed.

Inside the house, Caitlin and Patricia were sound asleep.

The shadow moved silently, slipping through the balcony like a ghost.

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