

306: I Can Become the Man She Likes

"Hayden is from V Country, with considerable background and influence. People over there call him The Fixer."

Sebastian continued, "I found through his network that his mother was one of the women your granduncle had outside. There are rumors that Hayden might be Timothy's illegitimate son, but nothing's been confirmed. The Yuncey Family has never acknowledged these rumors."

After hearing this, Caitlin thought for a moment. "If Hayden really is my granduncle's son, then technically he'd be my... nominal uncle?"

"That's one way to look at it."

"I see now!" Caitlin recalled the conversation with Hayden after the auction, where he mentioned that The Yuncey Family owed him. It seemed that he was talking about his identity and the inheritance he felt entitled to. No wonder he said he wasn't interested in the codex—it looks like he was after Timothy's legacy.

"Who was his mother? Have you found any specific information about her?"

"Yes!" Sebastian pulled up the information and showed it to her.

"This was sent by my informants. Hayden's mother, when she was young, was a famous singer named Taylor. She was stunningly beautiful and was spotted by Timothy during one of her performances. At the time, Timothy was already in his sixties, and Taylor was in her twenties. Afterward, she became one of his lovers and got pregnant with Hayden."

"She thought she could secure her position by having a child, but unfortunately, Timothy's first wife was still alive and refused to accept



Taylor and her child."

"Many years later, Taylor passed away unexpectedly, leaving behind her son, Hayden."

Now, Caitlin understood more about Hayden's background and his origins.

"Then I'll go meet him now."

Caitlin found Hayden's business card and dialed his number. His clear voice came through. "I knew you'd call me. I'm at B&B Club; let's meet and talk!"

After hanging up, Caitlin turned to Sebastian. "He gave me a location, wants to meet in person."

"I'll go with you."

"Okay."

The two of them headed to B&B Club, following the room number Hayden had provided. The waiter led them to the door, knocked, and then opened it. They entered to find Hayden inside, dressed in his usual pristine white suit, exuding elegance and grace.

"Caitlin, please come in."

Hayden stood up to greet her.

Seeing Sebastian following Caitlin in, Hayden raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Vanderbilt, you're here too?"

"You invited my woman, why wouldn't I come?" Sebastian countered.



Hayden smiled awkwardly. "Mr. Vanderbilt, the things I have to say today are for Caitlin alone, so..."

Sebastian's gaze hardened. "Not possible! She's my woman, and I have the right to ensure her safety. How can I trust a man I've only met once? What if you have ulterior motives?"

Hayden, taken aback by Sebastian's logic, had no choice but to agree.

"Alright, Mr. Vanderbilt, your concerns are justified," he said with a faint smile. "Please, make yourselves comfortable."

He gestured for them to sit and offered Sebastian a cigarette. "Mr. Vanderbilt, please."

"No thanks. Caitlin hates it when people smoke. You'd better not," Sebastian responded, always mindful of Caitlin's preferences.

Caitlin felt a little embarrassed by his attentiveness. Here, on someone else's turf, Sebastian was calling all the shots. She wondered if they would ever be able to have a casual conversation.

Hayden had just lit a cigarette, but upon hearing Sebastian's request, he put it out.

"Fine, no smoking. I'll just offer whiskey then!"

Hayden began pouring whiskey, adding ice cubes into the glasses as he did.

Caitlin got straight to the point. "Mr. Klein, after the auction, you said some things to me. I've given it serious thought, and I've also investigated your background. You're The Fixer from Departure City, correct?"



Hayden had expected them to look into him, and he smiled faintly. "Yes, that's correct."

"I've heard of The Fixer in Departure City, but I never thought it would be you."


Sebastian's tone suggested that Hayden didn't quite match up to the rumors of The Fixer.

Hayden glanced at Sebastian with a touch of sarcasm. "Mr. Vanderbilt, it seems you're not quite like what the rumors say about you either."

"What do you mean?"

"Rumors say you're ruthless and indifferent to women, yet now, you're clearly a devoted husband!" Hayden teased.

Sebastian didn't take offense. After all, only someone who had a wife could understand the joy of being a "wife slave." Single men wouldn't even get a chance to become one!

He looked at Caitlin with soft eyes, "Caitlin likes gentle men. For her, I can become whatever she likes." 

Caitlin quickly nudged him with her hand, signaling him not to say such embarrassing things in front of others.

The two of them exchanged glances but didn't speak further.

Hayden looked at them, now certain—Sebastian had come here just to feed him some 'dog food'!

Caitlin blushed slightly, turning her gaze away from Sebastian's intense stare. She looked back at Hayden. "I'm sorry, Mr. Klein. We also heard a rumor that you have some special connection to The Yuncey Family, and



that you might be Timothy's illegitimate son. Is that true?"

"I won't deny it. By blood, you should call me 'uncle.'"

"I understand now. Maybe one day, you might become my uncle."

Caitlin implied that his identity had yet to be acknowledged by The Yuncey Family, and since she hadn't returned to the family either, they weren't really relatives at this point.

"Now, I think you understand why I want to work with you," Hayden said, setting the whiskey down in front of them, raising an eyebrow as he looked at Caitlin.

"I have a rough idea, but there's something I don't understand."

"Go ahead."

"If you truly are from The Yuncey Family, why can't Timothy let you return to your roots? This could be done legally. Why go through all this trouble to ask me for help? What can I even do for you?"

"I'm not interested in returning to my roots, and I've never thought about it. I just... want to seek justice for my mother, and make those people pay!"

Hayden's gaze turned cold, and a deep, suppressed hatred flickered in his eyes.

"Your mother? Didn't she die in an accident over ten years ago?" Caitlin asked.

"Accident? Hmph..." Hayden sneered, not giving any further explanation. Only he knew the truth.



His mother's death had not been an accident—it had been a brutal murder. He had been there that night, witnessing it all. But because those people had powerful connections, they had covered it up, calling it an "accident."

Caitlin could sense the deep hatred in Hayden's eyes. Perhaps it was because of this shared animosity that they had found common ground as enemies.

Caitlin, determined to uncover the truth about her mother and her grandmother's departure, asked, "Mr. Klein, how do you plan to deal with The Yuncey Family?"