

### 317: Who Looks Awkward?

As expected, Zora, under the blinding spotlight, watched as Caitlin stepped out of the luxury car.

Dressed in a silver evening gown, Caitlin shimmered under the lights, exuding an enchanting glow. She walked like a graceful mermaid princess, every move radiating elegance and nobility.

Caitlin was linked arm in arm with Sebastian, who wore a meticulously crafted vintage suit. His white shirt was pressed neatly, and his pocket square, matching Caitlin's gown, added a touch of class. The man was tall and handsome, his demeanor regal, while Caitlin's beauty stunned everyone around them.

Together, they made an entrance more dazzling than even the brightest stars in Hollywood.

The buzz about whether they were getting back together had been swirling for some time, and now reporters seized the opportunity, bombarding them with questions. Caitlin and Sebastian walked through the red carpet, flanked by their bodyguards, and didn't answer a single one.

By coincidence, Caitlin ran into Zora. What annoyed Zora even more was that they were both wearing the same style of dress — just in different colors.

Zora's gown was golden, exuding a grand presence, while Caitlin's was silver, understated yet elegant.

"Caitlin, Sebastian!" Zora greeted them with a forced calm.

Sebastian and Caitlin stopped at once, Caitlin's gaze sweeping over

Ximena and Zora.

"Ah, it's Ximena and Miss Harris!" Caitlin remarked flatly.

She gave no emotional reaction to Ximena, who was now just a pawn in a larger scheme, irrelevant to her focus.

"I didn't expect you to pick the same style as me, Caitlin. Looks like we've matched," Zora said with a sharp smile, noticing that the high-end dress she had seen earlier was now on Caitlin.

"Matching outfits isn't a problem. It's who looks bad in them that's the real issue," Caitlin replied, offering no grace.

With the same dress on two different bodies, it created two very different impressions. Caitlin, with her figure, naturally wore it better, and Sebastian's judgment of her attire was always complimentary.

Zora, however, wasn't pleased by Caitlin's response. She held back her anger and said, "I don't like when someone wears the same dress as me. It makes me uncomfortable!"

She bluntly expressed her displeasure, showing her low emotional intelligence compared to her mother.

"Miss Harris doesn't like it? Well, you can always change and come back. Gold might not even suit you," Sebastian replied coldly, his tone calm and indifferent.


His words left Zora speechless. She felt embarrassed but tried to maintain her pride.

"Well, I was going to wear silver, but Caitlin took it first!" Zora retorted.

Caitlin glanced down at her dress without responding.

Sebastian continued, "This dress was custom-made for Caitlin by me. There's no such thing as 'taking it.' This is the only one. If Miss Harris is wearing the same style, then perhaps you made a copy of it?"

Zora froze, unable to come up with a reply. Sebastian had almost accused her of copying Caitlin's design.

Indeed, she had replicated Caitlin's high-end dress, but in gold to avoid copyright issues. Now, Sebastian had exposed her. 

Caitlin looked at Zora with icy detachment. "I believe Miss Harris, being a designer, should understand better than anyone about protecting brands. As a designer, she can't just casually copy someone else's creative work."

"It's just a dress that looks similar, but the differences are obvious. Don't make a fuss over something so trivial. Let's go, Sebastian."

Caitlin was done with wasting time on such petty matters. She linked her arm with Sebastian and walked off, leaving Zora seething behind her.

The words Caitlin had spoken stung more than any insult—Zora's embarrassment was clear as she stood frozen, enraged.

Ximena, seeing her daughter's anger, asked, "Do you want to go back and change?"

"No!" Zora refused. If she changed, it would imply that she admitted to copying. No way was she going to give Caitlin the satisfaction.

Determined, Zora pulled her mother's hand and walked toward the venue, but she wasn't content to just follow behind Caitlin. She wanted to step ahead and enter the hall first.

"Excuse me, please make way! We were here first!" Zora sped up,

deliberately brushing past Caitlin when she passed.

Suddenly, Caitlin stumbled, her high heels losing their grip. As she stepped back, one of her heels got caught in the gap of the stage, causing her to lose balance.

"Ah..." Caitlin let out a startled cry.

Just as she was about to fall, Sebastian quickly caught her around the waist, his deep eyes filled with concern and urgency. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Caitlin said softly, holding her chest and gently shaking her head.

Zora, now ahead of them, glanced back and saw what happened. A pang of satisfaction shot through her; this wasn't about them showing affection for each other.

The reporters at the dock were all snapping photos, capturing this dramatic and romantic moment.

Sebastian helped Caitlin to stand, his eyes turning to Zora, his gaze chilling with warning. He saw through Zora's intentional move.

"Miss Harris, you bumped into Caitlin. Shouldn't you apologize?"

With all eyes on them, Zora couldn't pretend it wasn't her fault and reluctantly said, "Sorry, Caitlin. I didn't mean to bump into you. I apologize. Do you want me to help you up?"

"No need."

Caitlin didn't say anything further. Zora, with a forced smile, said, "Well, my mother and I are going ahead. See you later!"

She had to enter the hall first, hoping people would assume Caitlin's gown was a cheap knockoff of hers. As if they'd never notice.

Once mother and daughter were out of sight, Sebastian was about to escort Caitlin in, but she stopped him.

She took his hand, lifted her head, and whispered something into his ear.

Sebastian bent down to check her shoes after hearing her complaint about her heel being stuck. As he tried to pull the heel free, it snapped completely, making the shoes unwearable.

"The heel is broken. You can't wear them anymore."

Sebastian carefully took both high heels off Caitlin's feet, his large, dry hands holding her delicate foot.

Caitlin felt an electric shiver run through her as he touched her feet. She instinctively pulled back a little, blushing from the intimate moment, especially with the reporters still watching.

Not knowing what Sebastian was doing, the journalists were curious to see how Mr. Vanderbilt would handle the situation.

Noticing the broken shoe in his hand, they wondered how he would solve the problem.

