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Caitlin quickly pulled her hand away from Sebastian's grasp and placed her son's hand into his. "This is your son's hand."

"Oh," Sebastian replied, grasping Howard's small hand, feeling the relief of having his son back in his arms.

If anything had happened to Howard, he would have blamed himself forever. How could he call himself a good father if he couldn't even protect his only son? How could he explain this to Camellia when she returned?

After a while, Sebastian spoke, his voice softer than usual. "Thank you for saving Howard tonight."

This was the first time he sincerely expressed gratitude to her. He was thanking her for noticing the fire in time and rescuing his son.

"There's no need for thanks," Caitlin replied nonchalantly. "He's my son, after all. It's only natural for me to save my own child."

Sebastian, still holding Howard's small hand, remained silent for a while before asking, "By the way, how did you even notice the fire?"

The Vanderbilt estate and Beatrice's residence were far apart, located diagonally across from each other on the property.

"You wouldn't let me be with Howard, and Beatrice is in the hospital, with Molly and Marcus there as well. I was worried about Howard being alone, so I went to check on him. I didn't expect a fire."

Her words hinted at resentment, blaming him for keeping her away from the child. Caitlin's voice trembled as she recalled the terrifying blaze.

Sebastian paused and thought about it. He understood now—Caitlin was truly concerned for Howard. Maybe he had been too narrow-minded in

restricting her from seeing the child.

"Forget it. Once Howard gets out of the hospital, I'll let him stay with you."

"What? You mean it?"

"Of course, I do."

As long as his eyesight and legs hadn't fully recovered, Howard needed someone to protect him, and Caitlin seemed the most suitable person for the job.

"Okay, I understand."

The fire had allowed Caitlin to regain her guardianship over Howard, a small but significant victory in her life.

The room fell into a rare moment of peace as both Sebastian and Caitlin focused on the child's well-being. 1

Soon, Xavi knocked and entered, informing them, "Mr. Vanderbilt, Marcus and Molly are here and want to see the child."

"Let them in," Caitlin answered.

Marcus and Molly entered shortly afterward.

Seeing her nephew on the hospital bed, Molly's face softened with concern. "What happened? I heard there was a fire at home?"

Marcus followed, looking worried. "I just got a call from the Vanderbilt estate. Mr. Vanderbilt, Madam, is Howard okay?"

"Howard is fine now," Sebastian reassured them. "But don't mention this to Beatrice for now."

"We haven't told her, don't worry," Marcus said.

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"Marcus, you should head back and manage things at home. Also, call the police and have them investigate the fire's cause," Sebastian ordered.

"Got it, I'll go now."

Marcus left, and Molly lingered, looking between the child and her brother, sighing.

"What's going on with The Vanderbilt Family? Why does everything keep going wrong? It's like we're cursed. Who knows who's next?"

"Molly, go back and take care of Beatrice. We'll handle things here."

Molly agreed, her worry evident. "Alright, I'll go. But take care of yourselves."

Sebastian nodded, his mind heavy with the state of the family. The Vanderbilt Family was in turmoil, and he knew he needed more people to protect them.

Though Xavi had been with him for years, he was only one man, and not enough to deal with the current threats. Sebastian had already contacted The Obsidian Order to send skilled operatives to New York to help uncover any internal conspiracies.

Once Molly left, the room quieted again. Sebastian broke the silence. "You should go rest. I'll stay here with Xavi."

"I'm fine. Why don't you go rest instead?" Caitlin raised an eyebrow, noticing his disheveled state. "You came all the way here without even putting on shoes."

Sebastian felt embarrassed at the mention of it. His toes curled as he realized she was right. He had planned to return and change, but hearing footsteps outside, he rushed here as soon as possible.

Soon, a familiar voice echoed in the hallway, "Caitlin!"

Sebastian immediately recognized Simon's voice, and his heart skipped a beat. Simon was everywhere lately—whether it was dining, singing, or now, chasing them to the hospital.

"Simon, are you finished with your work?"

"I'm done. I brought you a drink—Wendy said you liked mango sago before."

Mango sago? Sebastian's mind was swirling with questions as he listened. How did Simon know Caitlin's preferences so well? 

Simon noticed Sebastian for the first time, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Mr. Vanderbilt? I didn't realize you were here... sorry, I only brought one drink."

"No need," Sebastian replied coldly. "I don't drink."

He could only imagine that Simon was probably laughing at him inside for looking so pathetic.

Caitlin thanked Simon and he handed her the drink, then continued, "Thanks!"

Simon, noticing Sebastian, added, "Oh, I didn't realize Mr. Vanderbilt was here. I didn't bring an extra drink, sorry about that."

Sebastian just waved him off, "It's fine."

"Well, I'll get going now. It's been a long day, and I have an important surgery tomorrow."

"Alright, see you."

Simon left, and Caitlin turned back to Sebastian. The silence that followed was thick.

Sebastian cleared his throat and tried to break the ice. "You and Simon are pretty close, huh? Are you and his sister classmates?"

"Yeah."

Caitlin responded softly, but the conversation quickly fell back into an uncomfortable silence.

Sebastian, frustrated by the cold atmosphere, pushed again. "So, did you really stab Scott?"

Caitlin froze, her expression sharp. "How do you know about that?"

Sebastian shrugged. "What's there to hide? I may not be able to see, but I can hear just fine."

Caitlin's mind worked quickly, piecing everything together. "Wait, did you get Benjamin from NO.8 to help me? Were you at the club?"

Sebastian was impressed by her quick deduction, though he couldn't admit to following her there. "Yeah, I was just passing by."

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Caitlin nodded, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "Well, at least you did one good thing."

"Good thing?" Sebastian frowned, feeling a bit offended. "What do you mean by that?"

"I was complimenting you. Can't you tell?"

As they bantered, Xavi returned with Sebastian's clothes and shoes. After changing, Sebastian let Caitlin know, "I'll stay here with Howard. Xavi will take you home to rest."

"No need. I'm staying here. I'll wait until Bruce wakes up."

Sebastian, sensing her refusal to leave, asked in a quiet, almost probing voice, "Caitlin, why do you care so much for my son?"

His voice was filled with suspicion, but Caitlin could only give him a glance, her expression unreadable. He wondered what her true intentions were.



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