



88: It's Time to Deal with Her

"Freya, you're not welcome here! Get out!"

Molly's furious shout made it clear that the old lady from The Vanderbilt Family was causing trouble at the hospital again.

Slap!

The sound of a sharp slap followed by Freya's arrogant voice.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Talking back to me like that? Huh? I'm talking to my mother, what does it have to do with you? If anyone's leaving, it's you! Go, go, go!"

Freya shoved Molly out of the way, causing her to stagger, but Caitlin was quick to catch her.

"Molly!"

Seeing Caitlin, Molly looked relieved, her eyes pleading for help.

Caitlin turned toward Freya, her voice cold and questioning, "What do you want this time?"

Freya, arms crossed, sneered at Caitlin.

"I'm here to visit my mother. What's it to you? I've already found out that you and my second nephew have a contract marriage. Soon enough, you'll be out of The Vanderbilt Family with your things. What right do you have to yell at me?"

"This is a hospital. If you want to argue, take it outside."

Caitlin frowned, her gaze as sharp as a knife, locking onto Freya.

The arrogant woman refused to back down. "I'm not going anywhere! What are you going to do about it? You're just here to bring good fortune,



The arrogant woman refused to back down. "I'm not going anywhere! What are you going to do about it? You're just here to bring good fortune, thinking you're the head of The Vanderbilt Family?"

"If you keep causing trouble, I won't be so polite."

"What? You want to hit me? Come on then, hit me!" Freya mocked, fearless.

Without hesitation, Caitlin slapped her twice, hard. Freya, stunned and furious, shot back.

"Well, well, Caitlin, you think you can get away with this? Who are you to hit me?!"

"This is what you asked for!" Caitlin's eyes glowed coldly.

"How dare you!"

Freya ran into the room, screaming at the elderly woman in the bed. "Look, look at what kind of person you brought here to bring good fortune! This piece of trash? Always resorting to violence! The Vanderbilt Family is going to be ruined because of her!"

"You should get rid of her already!"

Beatrice, deeply disappointed with her daughter, turned her face away, refusing to listen to her.

Freya tried to shout again, but Caitlin kicked her out of the room.

Crash!

Freya was thrown out like a rag doll, landing with a thud on the floor



outside.

A few large bodyguards rushed in, and Caitlin coldly ordered, "Throw that crazy woman out of the hospital!"

Without hesitation, the bodyguards grabbed Freya's arms and dragged her out, regardless of her protests.

"Hey! Let go of me! Let go!"

Freya was finally kicked out of the hospital, seething with anger. She glared at the hospital doors, stomping her feet as she left.

She didn't forget to pick up her phone and dial a number.

"That Caitlin is so annoying! She's always interfering with me! Can you think of a way to shut her up?"

On the other end of the line, William responded, "I understand, Aunt. Just keep making a scene, and I'll handle Caitlin for you."

No one knew that Freya had been brought back by William. His goal was to cause chaos in The Vanderbilt Family, so he could disrupt their order and seize control.

Everything was going according to plan, except for one thing—Caitlin kept ruining his schemes.

It was time to deal with her properly.

* * *

The room finally quieted down, and Caitlin walked in with Molly.

Molly let out a sigh of relief. "Caitlin, thank goodness you were here!"



Caitlin smiled without speaking, then turned to Beatrice, asking, "Grandmother, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Caitlin!" Beatrice shook her head.

Molly added, "At this rate, my grandmother will be driven to an early grave by that woman."

Caitlin asked, "Does the will from back then still exist? Once grandmother gets discharged and returns home, we should gather the lawyer, the notary, and the whole family to see if she has any shares. Let's see how Freya reacts then."

"Yes, that sounds like a great idea!" Molly agreed enthusiastically.

Next, Caitlin inquired with the doctor about Beatrice's condition.

The doctor said that Beatrice needed to rest and avoid any further stress or anger to help her recover.

"Grandmother, don't worry about anything. Just focus on getting better. That's the most important thing."

While helping the elderly woman with her food, Caitlin comforted her.

Beatrice, having thought it through, said, "You're right, Caitlin. I'm not going to be angry anymore. I still want to live a few more years so I can see you and Sebastian have a granddaughter! The Vanderbilt Family already has plenty of grandsons, but no granddaughter."

Caitlin didn't respond. The elderly woman's words made her think of the baby girl she had lost.

Her little girl would have been the apple of everyone's eye in the family.



If she were still alive, everything would be different.

Shaking off her emotions, Caitlin asked, "By the way, Grandmother, Mr. Vanderbilt wanted me to ask why Octavia hasn't sent him any letters lately?"

"Octavia? Oh... that girl left so many years ago and still hasn't come back. I'm not sure where she is now. She used to send postcards to Sebastian from time to time, but I guess now she has a family of her own abroad and is busy. Sigh..."

Beatrice sighed deeply after speaking.

Caitlin silently analyzed Beatrice's words. From what she said, it was clear that Beatrice also believed Octavia was abroad, just like Sebastian. If Beatrice didn't know the truth, then it meant that Marcus and others were the ones secretly hiding her.

Marcus was just a butler. How could he possibly have the ability to keep such a secret within The Vanderbilt Family?

There had to be a huge conspiracy behind this!

After visiting Beatrice at the hospital, Caitlin left. She was going to meet with Quincy to visit Gavin in the old town.

On the way, she received a call from Wendy.

"Caitlin, do you have time today? Can you come with me to a blind date?"

"Why don't you just go on your own? If something goes wrong, you can always call me, and I'll come to rescue you!"

"Alright then..."



Wendy sounded unwilling to go on the blind date.

"Good luck, Wendy!"

Caitlin cheered her on, and the two women chatted for a while before hanging up.

At the same time, Wendy had already arrived at the restaurant for the blind date, well ahead of time.

She had come 40 minutes early—why? To treat herself to a good meal, of course!

"Waiter, I'll have two large bowls of seafood noodles!"

Wendy placed her order, and the waiter quickly brought the bowls to her.

As she dug into the food, a group of people walked into the restaurant.

The man at the front was dressed in a stylish white suit, wearing sunglasses. His cold, arrogant expression screamed confidence, as if he thought the world owed him something.

When Benjamin sat down at a window seat and casually glanced around, he was shocked to see a familiar face.

It was the same woman who had made a scene at NO.8 Club that night, the one who had groped and hugged him—*her*?

"Damn it! What the hell is she doing here?!"