96: The One He Searched for but Couldn't Find

"Nothing much."

Sebastian didn't expect Caitlin to suddenly appear, and for a moment, he felt uneasy. He signaled Xavi to continue with the task and, understanding his cue, Xavi left the room to collect the hair samples.

Before confirming Caitlin's identity, Sebastian didn't want to engage with her too much. Fearing she'd distract him, he quickly put on his sunglasses.

"So, you want a divorce, huh? I just heard that," Caitlin said, her voice tinged with a challenge.

Caitlin wasn't the kind of woman to cling on desperately. She responded calmly, "If you feel that you're well enough, we can go ahead with the divorce tomorrow."

Hearing her speak so decisively made Sebastian think she couldn't wait to get rid of him and find some young stud. Strangely, that thought left him unsettled.

"I didn't say tomorrow, though. Even though my legs have healed, my eyes still aren't fully recovered."

Sebastian knew he had to wait until the paternity test results came back before making any decisions on the divorce. To push Caitlin away and avoid further distraction, he changed the subject.

"Why aren't you in the kitchen cooking? I'm hungry."

"Fine, I'll go prepare something," Caitlin responded with a slight frown before walking towards the kitchen.

Soon after, Xavi returned from the room. Sebastian heard his footsteps and asked, "Did you find it?"

"I found it, Mr. Vanderbilt. I'll head to the young master now."

As Xavi left, Sebastian's heart started to race, a mix of anticipation and nervousness filling him. Was Caitlin really Camellia? He was eager to know the truth.

Before dinner was ready, a well-dressed and refined man walked into the Vanderbilt estate. Upon seeing Sebastian in the living room, he greeted him with a warm, "Seb."

Sebastian's expression stiffened as he immediately recognized the voice.

"Vincent?"

"Yes, I've returned from studying abroad."

Vincent walked over and sat down beside him, taking Sebastian's hand. "Sorry, I should have come back sooner to check on you."

Sebastian quickly pulled his hand away, a cold expression crossing his face. "Should've come back sooner to see if I was dead. If I was, wouldn't that have been better for you?"

Vincent knew Sebastian still couldn't accept him, but he didn't press the issue. His voice remained sincere. "Sebastian, whether you believe it or not, I never wished for anything bad to happen to you. When I heard about your accident abroad, I was heartbroken. Now that you're recovering, I'm truly happy. Please trust me—I've never had any intentions of competing with you."

Sebastian scoffed. "Hmph, you seem to have grown up a lot."

Sebastian's tone was dismissive. He knew all too well what kind of mother Vincent had, and if it weren't for Grace interfering in his parents' marriage, Vincent and his sister, Hazel, wouldn't have ever been able to get into the Vanderbilt family. He wasn't buying any of this sentimental talk. After all, people weren't always what they seemed.

"Yes, studying abroad has definitely made me grow a lot. I've learned so much. I even found someone I like." Vincent couldn't hide his excitement as he shared the news.

"You found a girlfriend?" Sebastian asked, intrigued despite himself.

"Well... not exactly," Vincent said, a shy smile forming on his face. "It's more like I've been admiring her from afar."

"Unrequited love?" Sebastian raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, she's like the perfect woman in my eyes. Do you know where I met her?"

Vincent's eyes shone with affection as he recalled the first time he saw her.

"It was at a horse race. She was riding a white horse, speeding through like the wind. When she stopped, her hat flew off and her hair flowed in the breeze. I was stunned! In that moment, I knew I had found my love."

Sebastian couldn't help but shake his head. "That's just infatuation, not love. You probably don't even know her name."

"I know! After asking around, I found out her name is Trinity. Isn't that a beautiful name?" Vincent sighed dreamily.

"She's so mysterious. After meeting her a few times, I haven't been able to find her again. I've been looking everywhere, but she's gone. Seb, you have connections. Could you help me find her?" 1

Sebastian's face turned cold. "You want me to help you find her?"

He couldn't be bothered with Vincent's love life, but Vincent persisted.

"Please, Seb, I know you have connections. I really need your help!"

"Why would I help you?" Sebastian scoffed. He had no interest in getting

involved in Vincent's search.

Vincent understood and sighed, "Alright, I'll leave you to it. I won't disturb you anymore."

Vincent stood up, just as Caitlin finished preparing the meal and walked out from the kitchen to announce, "Mr. Vanderbilt, dinner is ready!"

Vincent froze, recognizing the familiar voice. His heart raced as he turned to look at her, and his face lit up with joy.

"Trinity?"

Caitlin, startled, finally noticed the stranger in the room. She quickly matched him to the family tree of the Vanderbilts. This must be Vincent, Sebastian's half-brother, the third young master of the Vanderbilt family.

"How do you know my name?" Caitlin asked, a hint of surprise in her voice.

"Trinity, is it really you? I've been looking everywhere for you!" Vincent exclaimed as he walked over to her.

Sebastian, hearing this, felt his chest tighten. Could it be? Was the " goddess" Vincent had been obsessing over... Caitlin?

Caitlin had been abroad? She could ride a horse? He suddenly realized how little he knew about her. But then again, if she wasn't Camellia, he had no interest in finding out more.

Vincent, now standing in front of Caitlin, couldn't contain his excitement.

"Trinity, I didn't expect to find you here! What a coincidence!"

"How do you know me?" Caitlin asked, her voice calm but probing. "I don't remember meeting you."

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"You don't remember me, but I remember you. We're both members of the S Country Royal Equestrian Club," Vincent said, his voice almost reverent. "I saw you ride. You were amazing. You really are my perfect goddess."

Caitlin looked at him without a word, then asked, "Young Master, don't you want to know why I'm here in the Vanderbilt family?"

Vincent's face froze as he processed her question. Was there more to her than he had first realized?

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