

### 97: Sebastian Can't Stay Calm

"Oh, I'm also curious. How did you end up in our house?"

Vincent was so excited that he forgot to ask about Caitlin's purpose for being there.

"This question, you can ask Mr. Vanderbilt," Caitlin casually tossed the ball into Sebastian's court. She crossed her arms and turned to him.

Vincent also turned to Sebastian, looking confused. "What's going on here? She is...?"

"She's my wife!" Sebastian replied nonchalantly.

Even though he was probably going to divorce Caitlin soon, as long as they were still legally married, Sebastian would not tolerate anyone interfering in his relationship. He definitely wouldn't let Vincent show too much interest in Caitlin in front of him.

What "goddess" and "love"? Sebastian would only tell him: "Kid, forget it. She's not for you." 1

"Your wife..." Vincent was completely stunned by the news. He couldn't believe it. The goddess he had been searching for—his dream woman—had become his sister-in-law? This was beyond his wildest imagination.

"You're my sister-in-law? The Caitlin? Really?" Vincent's jaw nearly hit the ground in shock as he stared at her.

"Yes," Caitlin answered simply, brushing past him to push Sebastian's wheelchair toward the dining room.


Vincent remained frozen in disbelief. The more he thought about it, the



more it felt like his heart was breaking.

His goddess had become his sister-in-law? This couldn't be happening!

The meal was served, and Caitlin politely asked, "Vincent, have you had dinner? Would you like me to get you some cutlery?"


"He can't possibly be hungry. The Vanderbilt estate doesn't have extra plates!" Sebastian cut in bluntly, making it clear that Vincent was not welcome. 

Vincent hesitated. Despite Caitlin's invitation, he knew that his brother didn't like him. He didn't want to impose. His face turned awkward, and he felt embarrassed.

"No... I'm fine. You all go ahead. I'll leave," Vincent muttered, turning to leave.

After he left, Caitlin heard a strange laugh from Sebastian.

"Why are you laughing?" she asked.

"Hmph... I'm in a good mood!" Sebastian replied smugly. 

His mood had improved because he didn't like the two children Grace had from her second marriage. Seeing Vincent get snubbed was oddly satisfying for him.

He had married the goddess Vincent had been pining for. Wasn't that the perfect revenge?

Caitlin didn't bother commenting on his petty mood and went out to find their son.



Recently, Bruce had become obsessed with the Vanderbilt Family's grand library, spending most of his free time there.

The private library of the Vanderbilt estate was filled with priceless books. When Caitlin arrived, she saw Xavi trying to coax Bruce down from a high shelf. The boy had his legs dangling and was leisurely reading.

"Howard, come down, okay? It's dangerous up there!" Xavi was almost out of breath from pleading.

"Come down, and I'll take you to get some delicious food. Or we can go play something. Whatever you want!"

No matter what Xavi said, Bruce ignored him. Xavi was at his wit's end.

The little master was impossible to deal with, but Xavi had to finish the job no matter what.

Caitlin walked in, and Xavi immediately got up as if he had seen a savior.

"Caitlin, please help me get Howard down. He's up so high. If he falls, it could be dangerous!"

"Okay." Caitlin looked up and called softly, "Howard, come down."

With just that gentle call, the little boy immediately stopped reading, climbed down the shelf, and Caitlin caught him at the bottom.

Xavi was in awe. Why could Caitlin get Bruce to listen so easily when he had been talking his ear off without success? Was this some kind of miracle?

Caitlin patted her son's head. "Howard, your hair's getting long. Let Xavi

take you to get a haircut!" 1

Xavi nearly cried with joy. Yes! A haircut would be perfect!

"And your nails are getting long too. You might as well get those trimmed as well."

Caitlin's attention to detail was on another level. She was truly considerate.

Bruce and Caitlin exchanged a knowing glance. They both understood her underlying motive.

After they left the library, Caitlin handed Bruce over to Xavi. "Xavi, could you run this errand for me?"

"No problem! It's my duty," Xavi happily accepted.

Caitlin watched as they left and then made a call to Quincy.

On her way back to the Vanderbilt estate, Caitlin encountered Vincent again under the streetlights not far from the estate.

Vincent had gathered the courage to look for Caitlin but was hesitant to approach the estate out of fear that Sebastian would be upset. He never imagined he would bump into her here.

"Trinity?"

"Vincent, why aren't you resting so late?" Caitlin asked with an indifferent tone.

"Uh... I... I was out for a run and just happened to pass by."

"Really? How unique—wearing a suit and dress shoes to go running?"



Caitlin's sharp remark caught him off guard, and Vincent felt extremely embarrassed.

As she started to walk past him, Vincent finally found the courage to call out.

"Trinity! Actually, I came to find you..."

Meanwhile, Sebastian, leaning on his cane, had also left the Vanderbilt estate after noticing Caitlin had been gone for a while. He felt uneasy and decided to look for her.

During the day, his vision had improved just enough to see some light, but at night, he could barely see anything. Without his cane, he could barely make his way around.

When he reached the garden, his keen hearing picked up voices in the distance. It was Vincent's voice!

Sebastian focused, straining to hear.

"Trinity, I heard that you and Seb are in a contract marriage, right? So, once the contract ends, you'll get divorced and leave the Vanderbilt Family?"

Vincent had done his homework, asking his mother about Caitlin. He learned that Caitlin had only come to be a temporary wife to bring good luck to Sebastian. Once his health improved, she would leave. This was fantastic news for him!

"Yes, what's the problem?" Caitlin replied plainly.

Hearing this confirmation, Vincent contained his excitement and asked, "Well, if you and Seb divorce, can I pursue you?"



Damn!

Sebastian could no longer stay calm.

He was still alive, still married, and this brat was already itching to take his place!

Hadn't Vincent just told him that he wouldn't covet anything belonging to Sebastian? But now, behind his back, he was scheming to steal his woman.

What a sneaky bastard!

Sebastian's mind raced as he imagined Caitlin accepting Vincent, who certainly fit the "fresh meat" description. It was a terrible feeling. His jealousy flared as he thought of the "green grasslands"—his worst nightmare.

His heart was pounding. Would Caitlin actually accept him?

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