

24: Humiliated Beyond Redemption

As more guests arrived, Megan and Jonathan hurried off to greet them.

Meanwhile, Scott, holding a glass of wine, walked confidently toward Caitlin. Standing in front of her, his gaze unabashedly roved over her figure. With a smirk, he tried to strike up a conversation.

"Caitlin, it's been years. You seem to be doing quite well for yourself."

Scott made no mention of the past, assuming Caitlin was still in the dark about the fire he had started years ago. His interest was now piqued by her transformation; the new, stunning Caitlin had become an irresistible magnet.

"Scott," Caitlin replied with a frosty smile, "chatting with me like this in front of everyone—aren't you worried my sister will get jealous? Or that people might start gossiping about you?"

Her tone was dripping with sarcasm. To her, Scott was nothing more than a scumbag, a man who betrayed her while chasing wealth and power. She was glad they had broken up years ago. However, the TGV shares he swindled from her—those, she intended to reclaim.

"Jealous? Jasmine's far too understanding for that," Scott replied nonchalantly.

"Is that so?" Caitlin arched a brow, her lips curving into a faint sneer. She spotted a waiter passing by with a tray of drinks. Picking up a glass, she held it out. "Care for a drink?"

Scott clinked his glass against hers, his mood light. He downed the wine in one go, his gaze never leaving her.

Caitlin maintained her composure, a chill flashing in her eyes. Go ahead, scumbag. Enjoy yourself. Soon, you'll be wishing you hadn't.

Not far away, Jasmine had returned to the hall after changing her dress. Seeing Scott and Caitlin drinking and chatting together, her face darkened instantly.

Worried that Caitlin might steal Scott from her, Jasmine rushed over and clung to Scott's arm. "Scott, what are you and my sister talking about?"

"Oh, just small talk," Scott replied casually, reeling in his wandering gaze now that Jasmine was present.

The event was about to begin, and the master of ceremonies took the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us today to celebrate the birthday of Megan, wife of Mr. Jonathan Lewis, CEO of Lewis Investment Group.

"To start, we'd like to invite today's birthday star, Megan, and Mr. Lewis to the stage. We also have a very special gift that Mr. Lewis has prepared for Megan. Let's bring it out now!"

Two staff members entered, wheeling a massive rectangular object covered with a red silk cloth. The mysterious gift immediately grabbed everyone's attention.

The emcee continued, "Mr. Lewis and Megan have always been seen as a model couple in New York's elite circles. Today, Mr. Lewis has prepared this unique and thoughtful gift to express his love for his wife. Megan, please unveil the surprise!"

All eyes turned to the stage as Megan approached the gift. However, her

back began to itch intensely, spreading rapidly. She tried her best to maintain her composure, resisting the urge to scratch.

As she unveiled the cloth, gasps and murmurs filled the room.

Beneath the cloth was an enormous crystal frame containing a large photo of Jonathan and a young woman in an intimate pose.

"Mr. Lewis truly adores Megan! A crystal frame this size must have cost a fortune!"

"Yes, and look at Megan when she was younger—so beautiful!"

But Megan's expression froze the moment her gaze landed on the photo.

The woman in the picture wasn't her.

"Who is she?" Megan turned to Jonathan, her voice trembling with rage.

Jonathan's face turned ashen. He looked at the photo, and his heart nearly stopped. It was a picture of him with his mistress!

"I—it's a mistake! It has to be a mistake!" Jonathan stammered, scrambling to explain.

The guests quickly caught on, their whispers growing louder.

"So that's not Megan? That's someone else?"

"Did Mr. Lewis accidentally reveal an affair?"

"Megan must be furious. I mean, how could he do this on her birthday?"

The carefully curated image of Jonathan and Megan as the perfect couple shattered in an instant.

Caitlin stood quietly among the crowd, watching the chaos unfold with a faint smirk.

Megan stormed toward Jonathan, demanding answers. "Who is she? Explain yourself!"

"Stop it! Just have them remove it immediately!" Jonathan hissed, desperate to defuse the situation.

But Megan wasn't letting it go. And to make matters worse, her itching grew unbearable. Unable to resist any longer, she began scratching furiously, tearing at her back.

The more she scratched, the worse it got, until she was clawing at herself like a madwoman. Her elaborate dress was soon disheveled, revealing bloody scratches on her back.

The scene spiraled into chaos. Jonathan's face turned red with embarrassment as the crowd whispered and snapped photos of Megan's bizarre behavior.

To make matters worse, Jasmine rushed to her mother's aid, only to find herself succumbing to the same itch. In moments, she too was scratching uncontrollably, joining Megan in a humiliating display.

Mother and daughter twisted and turned on stage, their movements strange and frantic, drawing shocked stares and mocking laughter.

Caitlin's lips curled into a satisfied smile. Megan, aren't you obsessed with appearances? Well, today, I'll let you disgrace yourself completely.

Meanwhile, Jonathan, desperate to salvage the situation, shouted for help to remove the crystal frame. Scott was about to step in, but his stomach churned violently.

Unable to hold it in, Scott bolted from the hall, clutching his abdomen.

"Scott! Where are you going?" Jasmine shouted after him, but it was too late.

Scott made it to the bathroom just in time, barely managing to hold himself together as his stomach revolted again and again.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally tried to leave the stall, only to find the door locked from the outside.

"Hello? Somebody? Open the door!" he yelled, banging on the door.

But there was no response.

And just as he was about to call for help, he noticed that his phone had no signal.

The cramps returned with a vengeance, forcing him back to the stall. This time, the toilet refused to flush, and the pipe burst, spraying foul water everywhere, drenching him completely.

As Scott stood there, soaked and miserable, he couldn't imagine how the day could get any worse.

Unfortunately for him, it wasn't over yet.

