

## 25: Teaching Those Bastards a Lesson

The air conditioning in the restroom was turned to freezing, and cold air poured in relentlessly. The toilet continued spewing foul water, drenching Scott, who was soaked to the bone and gagging from the stench.

Desperate to clean himself, he stumbled to the sink, only to find blood-red liquid pouring from the faucet. To make things worse, the overhead light flickered ominously, and a woman's bloodied face suddenly appeared in the mirror, her hair hanging in disarray.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Scott screamed, collapsing to the floor. The cold air bit into his skin, and the stench was nauseating. He was trembling, his legs too weak to stand, as his stomach clenched painfully again.

This was the most horrifying, disgusting, and humiliating experience of his life.

Outside, little Arthur placed a "Restroom Under Repair" sign by the bathroom door before skipping back to the hotel room.

"Bruce, how's it going?" he asked his brother.

Bruce, seated in front of his laptop, smirked. "Everything's recorded. I've captured Scott's restroom disaster and the chaos at the party in perfect detail."

He clicked a few buttons, packaging the footage into neat files before sending them off to multiple media outlets.

"All done!" he declared with a satisfied grin.

No one knew that today's chaos and pranks were orchestrated by the two little masterminds, Arthur and Bruce. They had one goal: to help their mom teach those jerks a lesson they'd never forget.

Arthur's watch phone beeped. He checked it and grinned. "Mom's downstairs waiting for us. Let's go!"

Bruce packed up his things, and the two brothers dashed out of the room.

In the luxury car parked outside, Caitlin spotted her two sons running out of the hotel. Quincy had already opened the door for them.

As the boys climbed into the car, Arthur beamed. "Mom, weren't we amazing?"

"You were more than amazing!" Caitlin praised, ruffling both boys' hair with a loving smile.

Quincy started the car and chuckled. "The Lewis family is in for it now. With these two young masters in action, there's no way they'll walk away unscathed!"

"Absolutely!" Arthur chimed in confidently. "Their humiliation will be all over the internet soon!"

Then, as if remembering something important, Arthur turned to Caitlin. "Mom, you said you found our big brother. Where is he?"

"He's with the Vanderbilt family," Caitlin replied, pulling up a photo of Howard on her phone and showing it to them.

Arthur and Bruce leaned in close, their faces lighting up with curiosity.

"Wow, he looks just like us!" Arthur exclaimed.

Bruce added, "Not just like us—he's exactly like us!"

"When can we meet him?" Arthur asked eagerly.

"Soon," Caitlin reassured them. "I need to gain his trust first, but I promise I'll bring him to meet you both. Be patient, okay?"

The brothers nodded, their excitement palpable. The thought of reuniting with their older brother filled them with anticipation. Together, they'd be unstoppable.

#### A Visit to the Columbarium

The conversation shifted as the car pulled up in front of a solemn and quiet columbarium. Quincy announced, "We're here, Caitlin."

Caitlin stepped out, taking a deep breath as she looked at the columbarium's imposing gates. Today, she was here to retrieve her mother's ashes.

After Caitlin's supposed death, her mother had passed away just a month later. Caitlin hadn't been able to attend her funeral or even say goodbye.

Jonathan's heartlessness was on full display when he refused to buy a proper burial plot for Kelly, leaving her ashes to sit neglected in the columbarium for five long years.

Now, Caitlin was determined to bring her mother home and give her the dignity she deserved.

Arthur and Bruce ran ahead, searching for their grandmother's ashes.

"Mom! We found her! She's here!" they called out excitedly.

Caitlin and Quincy hurried over. As Caitlin laid eyes on her mother's photo, neatly framed above the urn, tears welled up.

"Mom," she whispered, her voice breaking, "I'm back. I've come to take you home. I'm so sorry I couldn't protect you back then."

Inside the niche, Caitlin noticed a small, fresh sprig of jacaranda—a flower her mother had loved dearly in life.

She frowned. "Who's been visiting my mom?"

Quincy speculated, "Perhaps an old friend of your mother's?"

Caitlin's brow furrowed in thought. Who could it be? The flower was fresh, suggesting someone had visited recently.

Setting the mystery aside for now, Caitlin instructed her sons, "Arthur, Bruce, bow to your grandmother."

Bruce bowed solemnly, while Arthur chirped, "Hi, Grandma! I'm Arthur, your grandson. Nice to meet you! And this is my brother Bruce—he's not as good at talking, so I'll speak for him. We're bowing together!"

Arthur's cheerful introduction lightened the somber mood, earning a chuckle from Caitlin despite her grief.

After the boys paid their respects, Caitlin carefully retrieved the urn, wiping away years of accumulated dust. "Mom, I've found a beautiful place for you. I'm taking you there now."

With red-rimmed eyes, Caitlin carried the urn out of the columbarium, her sons trailing quietly behind her.

A New Home for Kelly

Quincy drove them to Sakura Ridge, a breathtakingly beautiful plot of land now owned by Caitlin's CL Group.

The car stopped, and Caitlin stepped out, taking in the sea of cherry blossoms in full bloom. Memories flooded back—her mother bringing her and her twin brothers here for picnics, playing under the falling petals, chasing butterflies, and taking pictures.

"This is perfect," Caitlin murmured. She turned to Quincy. "Prepare a grave here for my mother."

"Yes, Caitlin," Quincy replied, making the necessary calls.

Workers arrived shortly after, digging a grave and placing a small coffin inside.

Caitlin moved to bring the urn over, but Arthur, eager to help, grabbed it first. "I'll do it, Mom!"

"Be careful, Arthur!" Caitlin called out.

But as Arthur stepped forward, he tripped. The urn slipped from his hands, and Kelly's ashes spilled onto the ground.

Arthur froze, his little face pale.

"Oh no," he whispered, looking at Caitlin with wide, guilty eyes. "I—I'm sorry, Mom!"