

27: A Slap to the Face

Less than two hours after the Lewis Family banquet, news articles about them flooded the internet:

- "Business Tycoon Jonathan Caught Cheating Again: Affair Exposed During Wife's Birthday Celebration"
- "New York Beauty Jasmine Wears Fake Vera Dress, Exposed in Public"
- "Socialite Megan's Bizarre Striptease at Birthday Party Stuns Guests"
- "Scott Trapped in Bathroom: A Series of Unfortunate Events"

Major media outlets eagerly covered the chaos, providing ample material for netizens to gossip about. The comment sections were ablaze with reactions:

- "Jonathan cheated? Wasn't he hailed as the perfect husband? What a quick turnaround!"
- "Showing off his love for Megan just days ago, and now this? Classic face-slap!"
- "Megan's dance looked like something out of a zombie movie!"
- "Jasmine wearing fake Vera? Never thought I'd see the day a socialite would stoop so low!"
- "Scott trapped in a bathroom? HAHA! I can practically smell it through the screen!"

While the internet roared with laughter, the Lewis Family's living room was far from amused.

Jonathan paced furiously, his phone glued to his ear. "Fix it! Get every article taken down! I don't care what it costs, just make it disappear!"

As he hung up, Megan glared at him with tear-filled eyes. "This is all your fault! You humiliated me!"

Jonathan shot back, equally frustrated. "You think I wasn't embarrassed too? My reputation is ruined!"

Megan turned to Jonathan's mother, Imogen, crying, "Mom, Jonathan's having an affair again! You have to stand up for me!"

Jonathan quickly denied it. "I told you, I didn't! This is just gossip!"

Imogen sided with her son, her voice firm. "Megan, don't jump to conclusions. Jonathan wouldn't do that. The media is blowing things out of proportion."

Jasmine, however, had her suspicions. "Mom, I believe Dad, but don't you think it's odd? Why did all of us get targeted at once? Someone's clearly behind this."

The family froze. Jasmine's words struck a chord.

As they pieced things together, it became clear: Jonathan's cheating scandal, Megan's public humiliation, Jasmine's fake dress, and Scott's bathroom disaster—someone had orchestrated it all.

The same name came to everyone's mind: Caitlin.

"Could it be Caitlin?" Megan's face twisted in anger.

Jasmine added, "It has to be her! From the moment she arrived at the banquet, she was up to no good. She's out for revenge!"

"This ungrateful girl!" Jonathan growled. "Call her now! I want answers!"

"

Before they could reach for the phone, Caitlin strode into the living room, her presence icy and commanding.

"No need to call. I'm already here."

The family turned to see her standing in the doorway, dressed in all black. Her calm yet chilling demeanor sent a shiver through the room.

Jonathan glared at her. "Caitlin! Just the person I wanted to see. What the hell were you thinking at that banquet?!"

"Admit it!" Megan shouted, unable to contain her fury. "Were you behind everything that happened today?"

Caitlin didn't flinch. Her expression was unreadable as she calmly replied, "Yes, I was. So what?"

Her admission was like a slap to the face.

"You—!" Megan's voice cracked as tears welled up. "Do you know how much you embarrassed me? How will I ever face anyone again?"

Jonathan bellowed, "Why, Caitlin?! Why would you do this to your own family?"

Caitlin's eyes turned cold as she stepped forward, placing a heavy package on the glass coffee table.

The sharp sound of glass shattering filled the room as the table collapsed under the weight. The package remained intact, its presence ominous.

Everyone stared at the object in shock.

Jasmine screamed as she realized what it was. "Ah! Dad, Mom—it's Aunt Kelly's urn!"

Her voice trembled with terror as she backed away, clambering onto the couch.

Megan turned pale, clutching Jasmine in fear. "Oh my god...!"

Jonathan's expression darkened. "Caitlin! What are you doing bringing that here?!"

Even Imogen struck her cane on the floor in frustration. "What is wrong with you, dragging the dead into this?!"

Caitlin's piercing gaze swept over the room. Her voice dripped with disdain. "Afraid of my mother's ashes? Guilty about something?"

Her words made Megan and Jasmine shiver.

Megan forced herself to speak, though her voice quivered. "What's the meaning of this, Caitlin? Why bring her ashes here?"

Caitlin's lips curled into a humorless smile. "Why? Because I need answers. Tell me: how did my mother die?"

Jonathan stiffened. "She... she passed away from grief after hearing about your accident."

Megan quickly chimed in, "Yes, when we got to the hospital, it was already too late."

Caitlin's eyes burned with fury. "And how did she hear about my accident? Who told her?!"

Her glare zeroed in on Jasmine, who paled and stammered, "D-don't look at me! I didn't say anything!"

Jonathan deflected, "No one told her. She must have overheard it from hospital staff."

Caitlin knew she wouldn't get the truth from them—not without evidence. She let out a slow breath, her voice heavy with accusation. "Fine. Let's move on. You said you handled my mother's funeral. Is that true?"

"Yes," Jonathan admitted.

"You personally took care of everything? No one else was involved?"

"L... I did it all myself," Jonathan said, though his voice wavered under her intense gaze.

"Then explain this."

Caitlin's voice turned icy as she pointed to the urn. "Why is my mother's urn filled with quicklime instead of her ashes? Where is she, Jonathan? Where is my mother's real remains?!"

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