

59: They All Want to Step on Her? Watch Her Tear Them Apart

Caitlin was in her so-called "princess room," but it looked more like a disaster zone. The place was a complete mess—everything from the bed to the wardrobe to the vanity was covered in some red, unknown substance. The walls were no better, stained in the same horrific color. It looked like a bloody crime scene, and it was utterly disgusting.

Seeing the chaos and horror in front of her, Jasmine snapped.

"Caitlin!"

Jasmine pointed at her, "How dare you come into my room and destroy it! You've made such a mess! You've spilled all this paint everywhere! That's my new limited edition makeup you ruined! And my dress—my brand new dress I haven't even worn yet—it's all dirty now! What kind of trash are you?"

Caitlin dropped the bucket in her hand casually, "What's all the noise about? I just noticed your room was dirty, so I thought I'd cleanse it a bit. Besides, if it weren't for the fire at The Lewis Family five years ago, this room would have been mine in the first place! When I came in, I thought it was the room my dad had prepared for me. It's just a room, nothing special."

Caitlin spoke so nonchalantly, as if the mess didn't matter to her at all. The more she acted like it was no big deal, the more furious Jasmine became.

"How could it be for you? There's no room for you in this house anymore, okay? Everything in here is mine, mine!"

Jasmine's face turned red from the anger. She yelled, "You didn't even



label your things. How would anyone know? You've ruined some makeup and clothes—so petty! I've always been so nice to you! I shared everything with you when we were younger. Have you forgotten?"

Caitlin raised an eyebrow, "Don't bring up the past."

Jasmine screamed back, "I don't care! This is my room! You barged in without my permission and destroyed it. You're out of line! You're nothing but a shameless thief!"

Too angry to care about decorum, Jasmine screamed so loudly her voice was almost distorted.

"Call me a thief?" Caitlin stood up, her eyes cold and sharp. "What about when you secretly stole Scott from me? Do you even know what shame is? My mother, Kelly, was Jonathan's first wife! I'm the legitimate daughter of The Lewis Family! This place, everything here, was meant for me. And you? You stole it!"

Caitlin's gaze was piercing. Jasmine wasn't backing down, either.

"Ha! How laughable! Your mother is already dead, and now my mom is the lady of this house. I'm the daughter of The Lewis Family now. Everything we have is because of my dad, my brother, and me—our hard work. It has nothing to do with The Jonathan Family, understand?"

SLAP!

Caitlin suddenly slapped Jasmine twice across the face, without warning.

"Don't lecture me about hard work. You're a bunch of ingrates! The people who helped you the most and gave you everything, and you turn your back on them!"



"Caitlin! You bitch!" Jasmine screamed, her face already showing clear red handprints from the slaps. Tears streamed down her face in pain.

"Is it wrong for me to slap you? You claim to be The Lewis Family's precious daughter, but you're the one calling me a bitch? Haven't your parents taught you any manners? If Megan can't teach you, I'll do it myself!"

Caitlin's voice was frigid, carrying no warmth at all. Jasmine's anger turned into pure hatred as she glared at her, shaking with rage.

"You wait. I'm going to tell my mom! You won't get away with this!"

"Go ahead! I'm not scared," Caitlin taunted.

Jasmine, crying, ran out of the room. Moments later, loud footsteps approached, followed by Megan's shrill voice calling out.

"Caitlin! Open the door! Open it now!"

Joshua's voice followed, "Mom, Jasmine, move aside. I'll handle this!"

With a burst of energy, Joshua kicked the door open, and in stormed Megan, eyes full of fury, along with a tear-streaked Jasmine.

"MOM! Caitlin not only broke into my room but ruined all my cosmetics and clothes! My brand new dress, untouched, is all filthy now! And the room—it's filled with disgusting blood! When I confronted her, she hit me!" Jasmine sobbed.

Megan looked at the chaotic mess and was livid, her face twisted in anger.

"Caitlin! How could you do this? I told you to stay in the guest room! What's wrong with you? You're so malicious!"



Megan was beyond upset, and Caitlin could see how badly she wanted to tear her apart. But she didn't care. She kept her cool, knowing her actions were about to escalate even further.

"Mom! Don't waste time reasoning with this bitch! Step aside! I'll show her what happens when you cross the line!"

Joshua's eyes burned with anger as he cracked his knuckles, ready to beat Caitlin up.

"You think you can handle me?" Caitlin smirked coldly, not backing down.

The moment Joshua's fist came flying toward her, Caitlin reacted lightning-fast. She raised her foot and kicked him hard in the stomach.

With a loud thud, Joshua was sent flying backward, crashing into the wall, then crumpling to the ground, clutching his stomach in agony.

"Ugh..."

Joshua lay sprawled on the floor, struggling to breathe. He didn't dare to get up, and the pain was too much.

Megan froze in disbelief. Her son had been knocked out cold by Caitlin? How was that possible?

"Joshua, are you okay?" she cried, rushing to his side.

Joshua, pale and in pain, shook his head, unable to move.

Jasmine, still in shock, stammered, "Mom, did you see that? She's completely out of control! She even beat up my brother!"



Megan's anger surged, but it was mixed with fear. She looked at Caitlin, who was standing tall and unapologetic, her face still as beautiful as Kelly's, but now filled with a menacing coldness. The hate in Megan's heart grew stronger.

"Caitlin! You're unbelievable! One is your cousin, the other is your sister. How dare you behave like this?"

Just then, Jonathan arrived upstairs, hearing the commotion. Megan immediately told him everything.

Jonathan's face darkened with anger.

"Caitlin, even if you're upset, you can't hit your cousin and ruin your sister's room. You've got no manners!"

Caitlin's eyes were filled with sarcasm. She looked at Jonathan coldly.

"Really? No manners, you say? My dad was never around when I was a kid. I thought he was busy working, but turns out, he was busy with his mistress and having kids with her. He didn't care about me or my brother.

"Let me ask you something: Have you ever gone looking for my brother, the one who went missing all those years ago?"

Jonathan's face stiffened, clearly uncomfortable. "Of course, I looked for him. But where could I find him?"

Caitlin's pain and anger spilled out. "You didn't look for him, and you know it! Do you have any idea how much your neglect affected my mother? If it weren't for your carelessness, my brother wouldn't have disappeared! And my mom wouldn't have fallen into depression because of that!"

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"None of this would have happened if you all didn't let it!"



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