

68: Caitlin Strikes Back, Catching Him Off Guard

Joshua, Jasmine's older brother, led a group of people into the restaurant. He spoke respectfully, "Mr. Jackson, this way, please!"

The man referred to as Mr. Jackson was none other than Dylan Jackson, the head of the Jackson Family, one of New York's new powerhouses and a formidable player in the business world. Caitlin knew a little about him.

Dylan's face was cold, his suit impeccable and full of authority. He walked with his eyes straight ahead, never glancing sideways.

Joshua, like a sycophantic lackey, fawned over him, "Mr. Jackson, we truly appreciate you taking the time to meet with us tonight. We absolutely have to discuss our project, and I assure you, choosing LIG is the best decision you can make!"

Caitlin watched as Joshua led Dylan and his party into a luxurious private room.

Now, Caitlin understood that Joshua was trying to pull in the Jackson Rapid Group for a collaboration with LIG. Since Joshua was so eager to show off in front of Jonathan, Caitlin thought she might as well help him out.

While Wendy went to the bathroom, Caitlin quickly dialed Yosef. "Yosef, there's something that needs to be done now. Can you contact Mr. Jackson from Jackson Rapid Group and..."

After finishing the call, Wendy came out of the bathroom and asked, "Caitlin, aren't you going to the bathroom?"

"No, it's fine."



"Alright then, let's head back to the room."

Wendy grabbed Caitlin's wrist, and they made their way back to the private room.

Simon was quick with the orders and had already chosen the dishes. By the time they returned, the food was just being served.

Wendy looked at the feast and complained, "Bro, you really don't think of me at all! You know I'm turning into a ball, but you still ordered all my favorite dishes! How could you be so mean?"

Simon smiled and replied, "I didn't order them for you to eat! You can just look at them."

Wendy pouted and teased, "Wait! So all this delicious food was ordered for my dear Caitlin?"

Simon chuckled but didn't answer. Wendy turned to Caitlin and said, "Caitlin, look how good my brother is to you. You should think about it, and just marry him!"

Wendy had been wishing for Caitlin to marry her brother for a while, and now she felt that it would be perfect to pair them together.

"I'm sorry, but that's not going to happen."

"Why not? My brother's not bad-looking, and he's still single because..."

Simon quickly interrupted, "Alright, no more nonsense. Caitlin and I are really good friends, and you still don't know? Caitlin is already married."

"Whaaat?" Wendy's mouth dropped open in surprise.



As she came to her senses, she couldn't help but feel sorry. "Who did you marry, Caitlin?"

"The second son of the Vanderbilt Family, Sebastian," Simon answered.

"Sebastian? Is that the guy who was in that car accident recently?"

Wendy had heard about it from her family. "Wait, didn't they say he became a living corpse? You married him? Then that's like jumping into a fire pit!"

Thinking her best friend would have to live in a lonely marriage made Wendy feel heartbroken.

"No, Caitlin, you're still young! Why would you marry someone like Sebastian?"

"Apparently, he's almost dead! How could you be happy with him?"

Simon reminded her, "Wendy, stop talking. Mr. Vanderbilt woke up, and I saw him today. He's doing pretty well."

"Doing well? That means he's not completely recovered. Caitlin, if you stay with him, you definitely won't be happy!"

Wendy became the worried "mom" figure, "Caitlin, stop being foolish. Why not divorce him and give my brother a chance? He may not be as rich, but he'll definitely treat you better than Sebastian!"

Wendy was a devoted sister, and even though she cared deeply for Caitlin, seeing her friend in what she perceived as a bad marriage only made her more upset.

Caitlin knew Wendy was just looking out for her, so she smiled and said, "



Alright, stop worrying about me. You should focus on yourself."

Wendy, however, didn't want to focus on herself. The reason she was urgently called back to the country was because her family was arranging a blind date for her.

Blind date?

With her appearance, who would want to date her? She didn't want to lose face!

Meanwhile, in another luxurious private room.

Joshua had spared no expense to entertain Dylan, even opening a bottle of 1982 Lafite.

As the exquisite dishes were served, the expensive wine was poured. Joshua raised his glass, stood up, and toasted, "Mr. Jackson, this glass is for you! Thank you so much for your trust and support for LIG! Rest assured, once we sign the contract, LIG will go into production soon and bring you a great return. We won't let you down!"

Dylan, too, raised his glass, and the two were about to clink.

At that moment, Dylan's assistant suddenly entered the room and whispered something in his ear.

Upon hearing this, Dylan's face immediately showed a look of surprise.

Joshua, sensing something was wrong, asked, "Mr. Jackson? What happened? Is there an issue?"

Dylan stood up, placed his glass down, and said, "I'm sorry, Joshua, but the contract tonight... it looks like it can't be signed."



Hearing this, Joshua's mind exploded.

"What do you mean it can't be signed? Mr. Jackson, what happened?"

He had invested so much time and effort into this project. Now, just as they were about to close the deal, how could he not be panicked?

"Because we found a more suitable partner, so we'll have to apologize to LIG."

Dylan said this as he grabbed his coat and prepared to leave.

Joshua rushed to block the door. "Mr. Jackson, please wait! Listen to me! The contract isn't signed yet, everything can still be discussed. Please give me another chance!"

"I understand your feelings, Joshua. But negotiating a project is like shopping; you have to compare your options. Especially with such a large project, we must choose the best company. I'm truly sorry."

It seemed there was no room for negotiation, but Joshua still needed to get to the bottom of this.

"Mr. Jackson! Even if the project doesn't work out, I just want to know which company is good enough to make you cancel your deal with us?"

Joshua had to know which company had snatched this project away.

Dylan didn't answer, but his assistant explained, "It's the president of CL Group! They are the ones Jackson Rapid Group is choosing to work with."

After the explanation, Dylan and his party left the room.

Joshua stood there, stunned, as if struck by lightning. It took him a long



time to regain his senses.

CL Group?

Wasn't that the investment firm Jasmine had met with last time?

How could it be that CLHC, who couldn't strike a deal with LIG, had now taken the Jackson Rapid Group project away?

Joshua's mind was in turmoil. How could such a thing happen?



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