



69: Sorry, But She's Taking It

The more Joshua thought about it, the angrier he became. The more he brooded over the situation, the more unwilling he was to accept it.

He was furious!

After all the effort he had put in, the result was that he had nothing to show for it. The project that was supposed to be his was slipping away.

Looking at the table full of expensive food and wine, he grabbed a bottle of red wine and downed most of it in one go.

Once he finished, he flipped the entire table over in his fury.

Crash!

Plates, glasses, and food fell to the floor, shattering into pieces. What had been a lavish table of food was now in ruins, much like his own mood.

The sound of the smashing could be heard in the surrounding private rooms. Caitlin, who was seated in the adjacent room, smirked coldly.

Joshua, you bastard!

You thought you could close the deal? Well, look at how badly you've messed it up now!

Enjoy the taste of failure, huh? Hmph!

The loud crashing noises from Joshua's tantrum had drawn the attention of the restaurant staff, who quickly came in to try and calm him down. They also informed him that he'd be required to pay for the damages.

"Pay? Pay my ass!" Joshua yelled, drunk and staggering as he swayed on



his feet. "My project is ruined! RUINED!"

"Sir, you've damaged our property," the staff insisted. "You will need to pay a total of 222,500, including the wine and food. We can waive the extra 250, but you must pay the full 220,000!"

Although the food wasn't too expensive, the wine, the equipment, the chairs, and the chandelier all made for a hefty sum.

"220,000?" Joshua's eyes widened in disbelief. "What the hell? You want me to pay 220,000? Are you robbing me? I'm not paying! What are you going to do about it?"

"If you refuse to pay, we will have to involve the police," the staff member said firmly.

"Go ahead, call the cops!" Joshua scoffed. "Even if the police come, I'm still not paying!"

The hotel staff did indeed call the police, and soon the officers arrived to handle the situation.

Meanwhile, in another private room, Caitlin and her companions were having a pleasant meal. Neither she nor Simon had drunk much. Simon needed to drive, so he stayed sober.

"Hey, let's go sing! I want to sing with Caitlin!" Wendy exclaimed excitedly. "It's been so long since we've done that!"

Wendy had been drinking quite a bit and was slightly tipsy, so she was in high spirits, wanting to sing the night away.

Simon helped her out of the room, and just as they stepped out, they saw the police dragging Joshua out of the fancy private room.



Joshua was already heavily drunk, muttering incoherently.

Seeing the scene, Caitlin couldn't help but feel great. She was sure that once Joshua sobered up, he'd be taught a hard lesson about humility.

The group left the restaurant and got back into Simon's car. Their next destination was the NO.8 Club.

Sebastian, who had been waiting for them to finish dinner, was nearly falling asleep. When Xavi, his assistant, finally alerted him, he quickly snapped to attention.

"Mr. Vanderbilt! Mr. Vanderbilt! Caitlin and the others have finished dinner and are heading out now!"

"Follow them!" Sebastian urged, his voice sharp with urgency.

The RV sped up to catch up with them, but it wasn't long before Xavi spoke up again.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, they've headed to the NO.8 Club. Should we go after them?"

NO.8 was the most exclusive VIP club in New York, a combination of bar, KTV, billiards, and a massive entertainment complex.

Sebastian's good friend, Benjamin, was the big boss there, though most people didn't know Sebastian was also a shareholder.

"Do I need to go? I'll just meet Old Ji," Sebastian responded, clearly uninterested in chasing after Caitlin.

"Understood," Xavi said, pushing him out of the car.

In his mind, he couldn't help but chuckle. To follow Caitlin so eagerly, Sebastian didn't even care about eating. This kind of dedication was truly impressive.

Meanwhile, Caitlin and her group had just arrived at the NO.8 Club. As they were entering the elevator lobby, they came face-to-face with a group walking out of an elevator.

The man leading them wore a crisp white suit, his sharp features and tall frame giving off a commanding presence.

Wendy, whose eyes had already been on the lookout for handsome men, was instantly drawn to him. Her eyes widened in admiration, and she stared at him openly.

"Caitlin, look! That's my type! I like him... So handsome... I want to... sleep with him..." Wendy slurred, clearly tipsy from the alcohol.

Simon, who had been watching his sister ogle the stranger, immediately covered his face in embarrassment. "Wendy, stop!"

But Wendy, completely drunk, didn't listen. She rushed up to the man and threw her arms around him, exclaiming, "Wow, you're so handsome... And you have abs!"

Benjamin, suddenly being embraced and fondled by a large woman, was horrified. Known for his cleanliness, he was about to be sick.

"Get off me, you filthy woman!" Benjamin snapped.

His assistant quickly intervened, pulling Wendy away. Benjamin shot her an angry glare before retreating to the elevator.

He needed to wash off after being assaulted by some drunk woman.



Caitlin and Simon hurried to drag Wendy away, feeling mortified. Wendy was definitely going to regret this once the alcohol wore off!

They finally got on another elevator and went up to the KTV floor.

"We want the biggest, most luxurious room! We're going to sing until dawn!" Wendy yelled at the counter, still drunk.

The attendant, noticing Wendy's condition, double-checked, "Are you sure you want the VIP room?"

"Yes! Give us the VIP room!" Wendy insisted.

"There's only one VIP room left," the attendant said. "The deposit is 1,000, and the minimum consumption is 28,000."

Wendy, stunned by the price, almost asked, "Why don't you just rob a bank instead?"

But Caitlin knew how large and luxurious the VIP room was, and it wasn't necessary for just the three of them. "Wendy, let's go for a regular room, we don't need something that fancy."

But Simon, apparently in the mood to spoil Wendy, decided, "No, let's get the VIP room."

Just as the attendant was about to process their order, another voice cut in, "Excuse me, we want the VIP room!"

Caitlin turned to see Jasmine standing there, her entourage of friends in tow. Jasmine was glaring at Caitlin, who also noticed that Jasmine wasn't alone.

Jasmine wasn't about to let Caitlin have the last laugh, and her friends



started whispering, making nasty remarks about Caitlin.

"She's Caitlin, right?"

"Married into the Vanderbilt family, probably just for the title of young mistress. Who else would marry a man who's half dead?"

"Some women will do anything to climb the social ladder."

Hearing this, Wendy immediately moved forward to confront them, but Caitlin held her back, signaling her to ignore the gossip. Let them talk. It wouldn't affect her.

Originally, Caitlin didn't care about the size of the room. But now, since Jasmine had decided to steal it, "sorry, but she's taking it!"

Caitlin turned to the attendant and said confidently, "We'll take the VIP room."

Simon handed over his card to pay the deposit, "Please charge it."

Jasmine, seeing that she might lose face in front of her friends, was furious. She couldn't let Caitlin take the room!

As a regular VIP customer, Jasmine snapped at the attendant, "I'm a VIP here. I have priority. Give me the last VIP room!"

