



### 70: It's Time to Teach That Woman a Lesson

"This..." The waitress showed hesitation.

"What are you stalling for? Are you trying to lose your job? Should I call your manager?" Jasmine snapped angrily.

Wendy couldn't hold back any longer. "Hey! Just because you're a VIP doesn't mean you're all that. First come, first served! We were here first, and we want the VIP room!"

"I'm a VIP at NO.8, and you're nothing! You've got no right to act so arrogant!" Jasmine sneered.

She turned back to the waitress. "I want that room! Did you hear me?"

"This young lady, could you please follow the rules? We were here first," the waitress said, her tone trying to remain polite.

Simon was getting a good look at Jasmine's true colors now and couldn't help but feel exasperated. No wonder Caitlin had suffered so much in the past—Jasmine was probably one of the people behind it.

Jasmine glanced at Simon, and noticing that he wasn't bad looking, her tone softened just a little. "Sorry, but since I'm a VIP, I have priority. My friends and I are waiting to sing. You're just a few people—what use do you have for the VIP room? Why not give it to us?"

"Yeah! We're a bigger group!" Joanna and the others chimed in.

"We're not giving it to you!" Wendy crossed her arms, standing her ground.

"Fine. I'll call the manager then!" Jasmine snapped.



Familiar with the staff at NO.8, Jasmine quickly made the call. Soon enough, a well-dressed man arrived—it was Mike, the manager of NO.8. Upon seeing Jasmine, he greeted her politely.

"Caitlin, what's going on here?" Mike asked.

"It's like this, Mike. We wanted to book the VIP room, but it's the last one, and these people are refusing to let us have it," Caitlin explained.

"We were here first, but they want to take it from us!" Wendy added.

Jasmine, not missing an opportunity, added, "But I'm a VIP, and I deserve the room first!"

Mike listened carefully and then explained, "I'm sorry, VIPs do indeed have priority, unless you're a Diamond-level VIP, in which case you have an even higher privilege. Are any of you members here? What level are you?"

"We're not members..." The others admitted.

Jasmine snorted. "What a joke! You're not even members, and you want to fight me for the room?"

At this moment, Sebastian was nearby, around the corner, and had overheard the entire exchange. That Jasmine really was a pain! He'd been annoyed by her back at the hospital, and now she was stirring trouble here as well.

"Xavi, contact Ben!" Sebastian ordered.

Xavi quickly dialed Benjamin, and the call was soon connected.

Meanwhile, Mike had made his decision. He looked at the group and said,



"Since you're not members, I'm afraid I can't give the VIP room to you. We'll have to give it to Jasmine."

Jasmine had finally succeeded in taking the room. She raised her chin smugly and directed a haughty look at Caitlin and her friends. "You can leave now. What are you still standing here for?"

Joanna and the others eagerly joined in, whispering and laughing at their misfortune.

Mike, trying to avoid offending the customers, then said, "Ladies, we do have regular rooms available as well. They're nice and I can show you."

At this point, Caitlin and her group were prepared to accept the suggestion, when suddenly Mike's phone rang.

"Excuse me, I need to take this call," Mike said as he answered.

When he finished the call, Mike's calm demeanor was replaced by a stunned look.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said to the staff at the front desk. "The VIP room can't be given to Jasmine anymore! Take it back now!"

Jasmine had just been about to grab the room card when it was snatched away. She couldn't believe it.

"What's the meaning of this? Didn't you promise it to me?" she demanded.

Mike walked over, looking apologetic. "Actually, our boss just called. He said the last VIP room should be reserved for a guest named Caitlin."

"What? You said it was for me!" Jasmine's face twisted in anger.



"No, it's for Miss Caitlin. Could you please tell me which one of you is Caitlin?" Mike asked.

"I'm Caitlin," Caitlin said, equally surprised. She had no relationship with the boss of NO.8—why would they give her the room?

Mike bowed and apologized. "Caitlin, I sincerely apologize for the earlier misunderstanding."

Jasmine and her group stared at Caitlin in shock.

"Wait, why her? Why does she get the room?" Jasmine demanded, suspicion written all over her face. "Does she know the boss or something?"

Mike quickly clarified, "I'm sorry, but Caitlin is a Diamond VIP member of NO.8, and as such, she has absolute priority over the regular VIPs."

Jasmine and her friends were stunned. Diamond VIP? That meant Caitlin had an even higher status than they could have imagined. Mike handed the room card to Caitlin with both hands. "Caitlin, here is your room. Everything tonight is on the house."

"Really?" Wendy gasped in surprise. It felt like a windfall.

"Let's go, Wendy. Time to sing!" Caitlin said cheerfully.

Although she didn't understand who was behind the favor, she was glad to see Jasmine and her group being humiliated.

Caitlin took the card and helped Wendy along, while Simon followed. Mike personally escorted them to the room.

Meanwhile, Jasmine was seething with anger. She felt like the room had



been ripped from her grasp at the last moment. Her frustration was unbearable.

She quickly dialed Scott. He was just stepping out of the elevator when he received her call.

"What's going on, Jasmine? Why haven't you gone to your room yet?" Scott asked as he approached the front desk.

Jasmine could no longer hold her emotions in. "Scott, you came just in time..."

She recounted the entire incident with the VIP room. Scott frowned after hearing the details.

"Wait, you're saying Caitlin knows Benjamin, and he gave her the room?" Scott asked, clearly skeptical.

"Yeah!" Jasmine confirmed.

Scott's expression turned grim as he wondered if Caitlin had somehow gotten close to Benjamin, making him her real backer. Whatever the case, Benjamin's influence in New York was not something to trifle with, and causing trouble with him was dangerous. He sighed and said, "Forget it, it's just a room. We'll get another one."

Jasmine was seething but had no choice. They were then led to a standard room. As they made their way inside, they noticed that the room across from theirs was the one Caitlin had gotten—the VIP room.

It only made Jasmine angrier. "Scott, I can't let this go! I won't accept this!"

"I know," Scott said, his voice cold. "We'll handle it. Let's sing for now,

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and I'll deal with Caitlin later."

He cracked his knuckles. It was time to show that woman just how much she had messed with the wrong people. She wouldn't be so arrogant after tonight!



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