



108: If She Dares to Start Trouble, I'll Play Along

The cocktail party was still in full swing. Caitlin was engaging in pleasant conversation with various well-known figures. Some of them asked about her background, quickly learning that she was the daughter of the Lewis family.

This led to a few people approaching Jonathan to exchange pleasantries. "Caitlin, you have an extraordinary daughter!"

"Heh, too kind..." Jonathan could only manage a forced smile, unable to do anything else, his frustration building inside.

Jasmine, however, was boiling with anger. That damned woman, if it weren't for the backing of the Lewis and Vanderbilt families, what right did she have to stand there? The more Jasmine thought about it, the angrier she became. She wasn't about to let it go. Secretly, she contacted the Lewis family's driver to help her out.

"Wait for Caitlin to come to the bathroom, and then you take care of her... you know what to do, right?" Jasmine instructed the driver, who nodded and quickly ran to prepare.

She then bribed a waiter. "Take these two drinks to Caitlin. The one with something in it goes to her, the other one's for me. Don't mix them up!"

After giving her instructions, Jasmine returned to the party, her eyes gleaming with a malicious light. She was going to humiliate Caitlin and ruin her reputation!

Jasmine thought her plan was flawless. But what she didn't realize was that Tyler and Xavi had just pushed Sebastian into the venue. They overheard Jasmine's conversation with the waiter.



Sebastian's eyes narrowed.

Someone was trying to make trouble for Caitlin today? Trying to set her up?

"Tyler! Go and handle it. I want that bitch to suffer the consequences!" Sebastian ordered.

"Got it!" Tyler responded without hesitation.

As Sebastian entered the venue, two men from a competing company recognized him outside.

"Isn't that Sebastian from Vanderbilt Enterprises? I thought he was dead, and now he's rolling around in a wheelchair?"

"It looks like he's blind too. Useless now. He'll never be CEO again."

****Useless?***

How dare they call their boss useless?

Tyler's expression darkened, his fist tightening in anger.

Before the two men had a chance to say anything else, they felt a whirlwind pass by them. They were kicked hard, flying backward and tumbling down the stairs.

"Ah—"

"Ah—"

They both rolled to the bottom, and Tyler stood on their backs, pinning them down.



"You two idiots better listen well. If you ever dare to bad-mouth Mr. Vanderbilt again, I'll make sure you die without a grave!"

The two men scrambled to get up, trembling with fear.

"We won't do it again! We won't!"

"Get lost!"

Terrified, they bolted.

Back at the cocktail party, Jasmine, still seething, walked over to Caitlin, trying to be friendly.

"Caitlin, you were incredible today. We should all learn from you."

Caitlin raised an eyebrow at Jasmine, who had always been venomous. It seemed too forced—like a fake act to win favor.

"That fake O'Brien Master was so cleverly disguised! If it weren't for your sharp eyes, Caitlin, we would've all been fooled."

Jasmine said with exaggerated compliments, and others around nodded in agreement.

Just then, a waiter approached with two drinks. Jasmine took one, and, with a smile, offered it to Caitlin.

"Caitlin, I've wronged you before. Let me make it up to you with this drink. I'll follow your lead from now on!"

She said all the right words and took a sip herself, clearly waiting for Caitlin to drink hers.



Caitlin, as usual, hadn't taken a drink herself. She wasn't one to casually sip alcohol in such settings. But with Jasmine being so insistent, Caitlin knew exactly what was going on.

If Jasmine was looking for trouble, then Caitlin was more than willing to play along!

Caitlin took the other glass, sniffed it lightly, and not detecting anything unusual, she confirmed it was fine.

So what was Jasmine up to?

After a sip, Jasmine couldn't help but feel secretly triumphant. She had already contacted Yasmin to help her out. The plan was simple—once Caitlin drank the wine, Yasmin would "accidentally" bump into her, causing Caitlin to spill it all over herself.

Yasmin, watching closely, ran over just as planned.

"Jasmine! You're here!" she exclaimed, pretending to accidentally nudge Jasmine, causing the wine to pour all over Caitlin's dress.

The two women's act was seamless—no one would know it was intentional.

But Caitlin wasn't stupid. As the wine came flying toward her, she didn't dodge. Instead, with a quick, invisible move, she raised her hand and knocked the glass away.

The result?

All the wine splashed directly onto Jasmine's own white dress.

"Ah..." Jasmine yelped as she looked down at her stained dress, utterly



confused. How had it ended up on her?

"Oh dear, Jasmine, your dress..." Caitlin said with exaggerated sympathy, as though the whole thing had nothing to do with her.

Jasmine was furious but could only grit her teeth, "It's fine!"

Yasmin, who had tried to help, realized she had messed up. "Jasmine, I'm so sorry! Let me buy you a new one."

"No need. I'll go wash it myself."

Jasmine knew she looked like a complete mess. She hurriedly fled toward the restroom.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Nolan, who had been observing the entire scene, shared a look.

"We underestimated Caitlin. She doesn't need anyone to bail her out!"

"Yeah, definitely not someone you want to mess with. Whoever picks a fight with her is in for a rough time."

Nolan gave Caitlin a new label in his mind. She was like poison—more beautiful, the deadlier she was.

Just then, a commotion arose at the entrance of the cocktail party.

"It's Mr. Vanderbilt!"

Someone shouted, and all eyes turned toward the door.

Xavi rolled Sebastian in, with him wearing sunglasses, looking calm but imposing in his wheelchair. This was his first public appearance since the car accident.



Everyone still remembered the shocking news from back then, how the car crash had left Sebastian on the brink of death. People had believed he wouldn't survive, but here he was, alive and well—almost like a miracle.

"That's really Mr. Vanderbilt!"

"His recovery is unbelievable!"

People around murmured, in awe of his resilience.

Jonathan, eager to ingratiate himself, rushed forward. After all, he was Sebastian's father-in-law. Getting on good terms with him would benefit the Lewis family.

"Sebastian, it's so good to see you! I'm relieved to see you recovering."

Jonathan approached, trying to make his connection with Sebastian obvious. But Sebastian just sneered, a mocking tone in his voice.

"There are a lot of shameless people these days, huh?"

His words slapped Jonathan right in the face, leaving him stunned.

Xavi, without a word, pushed Sebastian past Jonathan, ignoring him completely.

Jonathan stood there, humiliated, the sting of the moment making it even worse.

But things were about to get even worse.

Before long, there was a sharp scream from the entrance.

Commented [Ma1]: