

154: The Elusive Lead

After spotting the car's license plate, Sebastian didn't intercept Caitlin's car but instead slowly reduced his speed, maintaining a steady distance behind her.

Caitlin merged into the traffic and drove all the way back to DanCa Estate.

When the gates of the estate closed, Sebastian parked his car several hundred meters away and observed the place where she had entered.

— DanCa Estate.

So, she lived here!

Sebastian rubbed his chin, thinking about the implications. A grand estate like this meant she could afford it, which raised questions. Did she really not lack money? Or was there someone behind her?

With this in mind, Sebastian called Tyler. "Find out who owns DanCa Estate."

After hanging up, he drove back, avoiding any rash moves. He had figured out Caitlin's residence, but he needed more time and patience to investigate this mysterious woman. What had caused her to change so much in the past five years?

The next day, the weather was clear.

New York Fashion Week was being held at Cipriani 42nd Street.

Several well-known domestic clothing design companies had been invited to participate, showcasing their new collections. Among them, XEG's XEG Design Company and LIG were the most anticipated, as these

two companies were on par in terms of strength in the design world.

Molly, leading the Starline modeling agency, was in charge of supplying models for the event. She had brought her models ahead of time to the exhibition center, where they were busy preparing for the show.

The exhibition hall had been set up, with a grand layout that looked imposing. Fashion elites, buyers, and big names had started to arrive.

Mainstream media were invited, and several celebrity endorsers were also present, making the scene quite extravagant.

A luxury car stopped at the entrance of the exhibition center, and Jasmine, dressed in a black evening gown, stepped out. As soon as she got out of the car, reporters surrounded her, snapping photos.

One of them asked, "Caitlin, is your health better now? Are you ready to attend the show?"

"Could you tell us why something happened at the anniversary celebration?"

These reporters were obviously trying to provoke her, and Jasmine felt embarrassed and uncomfortable.

She didn't have an answer and just smiled at the cameras. "You can ask me about today's fashion show!"

Just then, another car pulled up, and Caitlin appeared before the crowd.

She wore a white outfit with a chic aura, dark sunglasses, and her lips painted a bold red. The white chiffon cape draped over her shoulders gave her an even more striking presence.

Her appearance stunned everyone, her aura easily rivaling that of the actresses who had entered earlier.

The reporters didn't recognize her and thought she was just another invited celebrity, so they started taking photos.

Jasmine watched as Caitlin took all the attention and felt a surge of frustration.

Caitlin walked over and stopped right next to Jasmine, the contrast between their black and white outfits stark.

"What are you doing here? Didn't you say you weren't coming?" Jasmine asked quietly, with a faint smile.

"I changed my mind," Caitlin replied casually.

"LIG didn't invite you. If you're here to cause trouble, I warn you—don't blame me if things get ugly!" Jasmine threatened, clearly worried Caitlin might disrupt the show.

"Sorry, I have an invitation ticket."

Caitlin flashed her invitation card at Jasmine, then handed it to the doorman for inspection before smoothly entering the venue.

Jasmine glared at her as she walked in, and after a moment, she followed inside.

Once inside, she instructed her bodyguards, "Keep an eye on her. Don't let her cause any trouble! If she makes any move, take action immediately!"

"Yes!"

Her subordinates dispersed, and Jasmine went directly backstage to prepare for the LIG show.

* * *

****On the Runway****

Caitlin found her seat, based on the ticket number Molly had assigned her.

Molly had given her a good spot—front row, to the side of the runway, where she could clearly see every model's entrance.

The music in the venue played softly as the show was about to begin.

Caitlin settled in and started to enjoy the show.

The models from the first two design companies had already walked the runway. Finally, it was time for LIG's fashion show.

As the models began to walk out one by one, Caitlin looked at the designs and scoffed inwardly.

How many of these designs were actually Jasmine's ideas?

While others might not notice, Caitlin immediately saw the flaws.

Caitlin had majored in fashion design at university, and she had loved drawing designs back then. She had filled an entire sketchbook with her designs.

After the incident five years ago, Jasmine had taken credit for those designs.

Caitlin never expected that after all these years, Jasmine was still using

her designs. What a shameless person!

Since she dared to steal her work, Caitlin would make her pay the price!

****Unexpected Encounter****

While watching the show, Caitlin felt a gentle tap on her shoulder from behind.

She turned around and saw someone handing her something, though she couldn't tell who it was from.

She took the item and found it was a rectangular card holder wrapped in something.

When she opened it, inside was a bouquet of flowers.

Blue Jacaranda flowers!

It was Blue Jacaranda again!

Seeing these flowers made Caitlin's heart race, as if a heavy stone had been dropped into her calm heart, causing it to skip a beat.

The person who sent the flowers must be here at the venue!

Without hesitation, Caitlin got up and left her seat. Jasmine's two bodyguards quickly followed her.

The two men exchanged glances, planning to make a move when Caitlin was unprepared.

Caitlin left the show hall and walked outside the exhibition center, where she saw a figure in a black trench coat walking away.

She was certain she hadn't made a mistake. It was the same man who had sent the Blue Jacaranda flowers!

Caitlin rushed after him, with the two men trailing her.

As she reached the T-shaped hallway, the figure of the man in the trench coat disappeared completely. Caitlin looked around, trying to figure out where he had gone.

The elusive clue had vanished, and Caitlin felt a wave of frustration.

She stood still for a few seconds, hearing footsteps approaching from behind.

Turning around, she saw a man with a sinister look on his face, holding a rope, heading straight for her neck!

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