

### 158: The Arrogance of a Scumbag! Kicking Caitlin's VIP Room?

"I don't know about that. You might need to ask him yourself!" Sebastian said with a smile, clearly confident in his next move. He casually shoved his phone back into his pocket.

"I want you to take me to him now!" Caitlin demanded, her patience wearing thin.

"I'm hungry. Let's eat first," Sebastian said, not even breaking his stride, heading straight toward the restaurant.

"Hey..." Caitlin had no choice but to follow him, entering the restaurant.

The atmosphere in the restaurant was elegant and serene, with soft, comfortable music filling the air, and the faint fragrance of flowers. The decor was understated yet luxurious, every detail carefully curated like a work of art.

When the staff saw Sebastian, they immediately greeted him respectfully, "Mr. Vanderbilt, your crystal private room is ready. Please, this way."

Following the staff, Sebastian personally pulled out the chair for Caitlin, his manners impeccable, as though he were an entirely different person from the one who had previously behaved so rudely.

Caitlin sat down, and Sebastian took the seat across from her.

"What would you two like to eat?" the waiter asked, offering the menu.

"Let my wife decide," Sebastian said, gesturing with his chin.

The waiter handed the menu to Caitlin, "Mrs. Vanderbilt, please."



Caitlin was taken aback, glaring at him. "You're mistaken! I'm not your wife. Watch your wording!" She then turned to the waiter, "Don't call me Mrs. Vanderbilt again. Don't listen to him!"

The waiter, confused but respectful, nodded, "Understood, Mrs. Vanderbilt. What would you like to order? Would you like any recommendations?" 1

Caitlin could only sigh, "..."

Was Sebastian doing this on purpose?

It was clear that the waiter only listened to Sebastian's instructions, and Caitlin's words held little weight here.

Seeing her irritated expression, Sebastian couldn't help but feel a little pleased. "If you don't have anything particular in mind, I'll take charge and order for you."

Sebastian went ahead and ordered a few of the restaurant's signature dishes and handed the menu back to the waiter. "Bring the dishes out as soon as possible."

"Of course, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Vanderbilt. Please wait a moment."

As the waiter left, Sebastian quietly admired the woman in front of him.

Caitlin rolled her eyes at him and then focused on her phone, the two of them sitting in silence, neither engaging in conversation.

The crystal chandelier above them shimmered in the light, casting dazzling reflections across the room. Even the brilliance of the crystals couldn't match the radiance Caitlin emanated.

Sebastian rested his chin on his hand, quietly admiring her.



He had already looked into it — the DanCa Estate where she lived was registered under someone named Kayla. He was curious about who this Kayla was. There was an international designer named Kayla, and he wondered if the two were the same person.

Just as he was lost in his thoughts, Caitlin looked up, and their eyes met.

Caitlin didn't smile. She turned her gaze toward the door, her only desire being to finish this awkward lunch quickly.

While they waited for the food, a group of guests arrived at the restaurant. At the center of the group was Jasmine, who was being surrounded by Scott and Joanna, with several members of LIG's design department following behind.

The fashion show had been a huge success, and Jasmine was the star. Scott had personally driven to the venue to pick her up and presented her with flowers. He had said many flattering words to get back in her good graces.

Despite everything, Jasmine felt conflicted. If it weren't for the embarrassing incident at the anniversary celebration, which had ruined her reputation, she wouldn't have reconciled with Scott, someone equally notorious. They were both simply trying to console each other, making it a relationship of mutual desperation.

"Jasmine, your design show was a huge success today! I've reserved a table at Shangri-La to celebrate!" Scott said, his face beaming with a flattering smile.

Joanna chimed in, "My brother worked really hard to organize this celebration for you, Jasmine. He even spent a lot of time booking the best private room at this restaurant!"



The people behind them continued with their praise.

"Shangri-La, wow! This is not a place just anyone can book, I've heard people have to wait for months if they don't have connections!"

"Jasmine, you're so lucky! Scott really treats you well!"

"Once the news about LIG's fashion show is broadcasted, Jasmine will be in the spotlight!"

Listening to all the flattery, Jasmine plastered a fake smile on her face as they all entered the restaurant.

"Wow! Shangri-La truly lives up to its name! This place is so upscale!" someone remarked.

"We're all here because of Jasmine's success! What a great day for her!"

They walked inside, and the grandeur of the restaurant had everyone in awe. It was like entering a palace, making Jasmine feel like an elegant and noble princess.

However, they couldn't help but wonder why the restaurant, which was typically crowded during meal hours, was so empty today. Could it be that Scott had rented out the entire place?

Scott led them to the crystal private room but was stopped by the waiter. "Excuse me, may I ask if you have a reservation?"

"Of course I have a reservation. I booked your best private room! My last name is Gilbert, you can check!" Scott replied, irritated.

The waiter checked and responded, "Sorry, sir. We cannot find any reservation under your name. The crystal private room has already been taken. Could you please choose another place?"



"What? How could you not have my reservation? I booked the best room here, and now you're telling me it's taken? What's going on?" Scott's temper flared, especially since this was supposed to be his big moment to impress Jasmine.

Jasmine, puzzled, asked, "Scott, did you actually make the reservation?"

"I had my assistant book it! What's wrong with that?" Scott retorted.

Joanna added, "Yes, my brother reserved it! Now who is stealing our table?"

Scott was visibly frustrated, trying to avoid embarrassing himself in front of everyone. He turned to the waiter, "Is this a joke? I made the reservation, but now you're telling me you gave it to someone else? Do you even know who I am?"

Joanna explained, "My brother is the CEO of LIG! You better sort this out!"

Scott folded his arms, exuding anger, "I don't care who you gave it to, I want that room! Make whoever is in there leave. If not, I'll file a complaint!"

The waiter remained calm, "I apologize, sir. We cannot ask the current guests to leave. Please select another seating area."

"Looks like you're trying to play games with me! I want that private room, now!" Scott snapped, pushing the waiter aside.

The waiter tried to stop him, but Scott stormed toward the private room, kicking the door open.

When he saw who was sitting inside, he was shocked!