



159: A Forceful Husband Protects His Wife

It was Caitlin!

How could it be her?

Did she steal his reserved room?

Scott's expression went from anger to confusion, then slowly twisted into disbelief. Just seeing this woman again reminded him of how she humiliated him before—he couldn't forget that painful memory. He still hadn't had a chance to settle that score.

As Scott stood frozen, Joanna, Jasmine, and their group also walked in, and they too froze when they saw who was in the room.

"Caitlin, it's you! How are you here?" Jasmine asked, her voice incredulous.

Jasmine could hardly contain her emotions. She suspected Caitlin had purposely taken the room to make her look bad. This woman would do anything to embarrass her, she was capable of any dirty trick.

At the moment, Sebastian was out of the room, speaking on the phone, leaving Caitlin alone in the VIP room.

Caitlin looked at the group by the door, her tone cold and detached. "This isn't your place, so why wouldn't I be here?"

"But this room was reserved by Scott! It's ours!" Jasmine protested.

"Oh? You say it's yours. Why don't you try calling and see if it responds?" Caitlin replied sarcastically, causing Jasmine to seethe with anger.

Joanna joined in, "Caitlin, this room was reserved by Scott. You must

have used some trick to steal it! How shameless can you be? Always poking your nose into everything!"

"Shut your mouth! What gives you the right to speak here?" Caitlin shot Joanna a cold glance, making her flinch.

But Joanna wasn't going to back down. "What right do *you* have to speak? You're just a divorced woman tossed out by the Vanderbilt family! How dare you show your face around here?"

"You came here to steal our reservation, didn't you? Don't you understand the rules? Whoever reserves first gets the spot!"

Caitlin rested her chin on her hand, her demeanor graceful yet icy. "In these times, it's the untethered dogs that roam around biting things—truly uncivilized."

Joanna was livid. "Caitlin, what are you saying? Who are you calling a dog? Don't think you can get away with anything just because you have some backers behind you!"

Scott raised a hand, signaling Joanna to stop, and turned his attention to Caitlin. "Caitlin, are you going to give up the room or not? If not, don't blame me for being rude!"

Caitlin crossed her arms, smiling coldly. "I'd like to see how rude you can be, Scott."

It was clear she wasn't going to back down easily. After everything she had endured, Scott couldn't afford to lose face today. He had to get his dignity back, especially in front of Caitlin.

Scott spoke to Jasmine and the others. "Don't worry. I know Hugo, the owner of this restaurant. I'll call him right now!"



Scott dialed Hugo's number, and just then, Hugo entered the restaurant with a group of people.

"Scott, what's going on?"

Seeing Hugo approach, Scott found his confidence again.

"Hugo, here's the situation. I reserved the crystal room today to celebrate with my girlfriend. But when we got here, this woman had taken my reserved room! I want her out now!"

Before Hugo could respond, a cold voice interrupted from outside. "Who are you asking to leave?"

Everyone turned around in unison at the sound of the voice.

Standing just outside the group, tall and elegant, was none other than Sebastian, looking every bit the intimidating figure he was known to be.

"Mr. Vanderbilt?" Jasmine gasped in surprise.

She couldn't believe her eyes. She had thought of him as a thing of the past—crippled, blind, a shadow of himself. But now, he was standing there, restored to the powerful heir of the Vanderbilt family, the very man they had all once feared.

She regretted it so much. If only she had married him back then, how different things could have been!

Scott, too, noticed Sebastian, and the mere sight of him—silent and unyielding—sent a wave of fear through him. The pressure in the air was almost tangible.

What was Sebastian doing here? Was he invited by Caitlin?



"Seb!"

"Wow, Seb is so handsome!"

Joanna and the others were momentarily distracted by Sebastian's striking appearance, almost forgetting what had just happened.

This was Sebastian — the one who was once every woman's dream!

"Mr. Vanderbilt!" Hugo greeted him respectfully.

Sebastian's deep gaze swept across the room as he asked, "What's going on here? Who just ordered Caitlin to leave?"

Hugo explained, "It's like this — Scott insists that he reserved the crystal room and asked me to remove her. I was about to explain when you arrived."

"Then explain it to him," Sebastian replied coldly.

Hugo immediately addressed Scott. "Scott, I think there's been a mistake. Shangri-La isn't accepting any reservations today because Mr. Vanderbilt has rented out the entire restaurant."

Just then, Scott's assistant called. Scott picked up the phone, and the voice on the other end was apologetic. "Sorry, Scott, but Shangri-La isn't accepting any reservations today. Would you like me to help you find another restaurant?"

It turned out that Scott's assistant had never successfully made the reservation!

This revelation was more humiliating than anything.

Jasmine's frustration boiled over. She had hoped Scott would at least



manage to handle things, but now he had made a complete fool of himself—and, worse, she was dragged into this mess!

It was embarrassing enough, but the worst part was that Caitlin was right there, watching it all unfold. Jasmine couldn't help but wonder how much Caitlin would enjoy mocking them for this.

Scott was so embarrassed he wished he could disappear into the floor. At this point, there was nothing left to say. He could only address Jasmine and the others. "Forget it, Jasmine. Let's go to another restaurant."

Everyone turned to leave, but Sebastian spoke up again. "Wait!"

The group stopped in their tracks and turned around.

Hugo asked, "Mr. Vanderbilt, is there anything else?"

"Uninvited guests barging into my restaurant and disturbing my meal—do you think I'm just going to let this slide?" Sebastian's voice was icy, and his expression darkened further.

Hugo quickly intervened. "Scott, you should apologize to Mr. Vanderbilt."

"Apologize? Why should I apologize? We're leaving, and that should be enough!" Scott wasn't willing to back down. He was in business, and he refused to grovel.

He still insisted on taking Jasmine and the others out, but just then, there was a loud *bang* as someone slammed a hand down on the table.

Bang!

Everyone jumped in shock.

Without lifting his head, Sebastian's voice remained calm, but the weight

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of his words was unmistakable. "You don't want to apologize? Fine. But don't expect to walk out of here upright."

Scott and the others turned toward the door. To their surprise, several bodyguards had appeared outside, completely blocking the exit.

They turned back to see Caitlin smirking, as if enjoying the spectacle. "Apologize. Mr. Vanderbilt is waiting."

Jasmine and the others were about to explode from anger. Were they really going to be forced to apologize?

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