

### 160: The Serious Consequences of Flirting

Scott refused to back down, insisting on showing his status. "Hugo, I'm a VIP customer at Shangri-La. Even if I made a mistake, you can't expect me to apologize, right?"

Sebastian's cold gaze landed on him. "What does being a VIP customer matter? Hugo, you know what to do."

Hugo, understanding the situation, quickly called over the lobby manager and all the waitstaff to issue a direct order.

"Listen up! From today, Scott is removed from our Shangri-La VIP list. Furthermore, everyone from his LIG group is to be blacklisted! No one is allowed to step foot into this restaurant again!"

Hearing Hugo's command, Scott's face turned red with anger. "What do you mean by that, Hugo?"

Without answering, Hugo waved his hand. "Someone!"

A group of black-clad bodyguards quickly entered the room and grabbed hold of Scott. One of them kicked him behind his knee.

"Thud!"

Scott fell to the floor, a weapon pointed at his temple.

"If Scott doesn't apologize, no one can save him!" Hugo reminded.

Scott was shaking in fear, pale as a ghost. He quickly apologized, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry... I was blind... Mr. Vanderbilt, please let me off the hook..."

Sebastian's voice was cold. "You didn't offend me."

It was clear that Sebastian was saying Scott had offended Caitlin, not him.

Scott, desperate, looked at Caitlin. He gritted his teeth and said, "I'm sorry, Caitlin! I was wrong! Please just let it go... Please, I beg you..."

Caitlin's expression remained indifferent. "Since Scott has begged for forgiveness, let him go."

"Get him out!"

The bodyguards pulled Scott out, dragging and kicking him all the way to the restaurant's exit. They threw him and his group out of Shangri-La. Jasmine was fuming, her face a deep shade of red.

She had never been treated like this before. They had been blacklisted and thrown out of the restaurant—this was humiliating!

Scott was equally embarrassed. Not only did he lose face in front of strangers, but also in front of his own employees. His dignity, his pride, and his entire sense of masculinity were trampled into the ground.

In the crystal private room, Sebastian raised his wine glass and offered it to Caitlin. "Come on, Caitlin, let's have a drink."

He had just dealt with Scott and the others for her, and he figured Caitlin must be touched and grateful—perhaps even moved to fall into his arms.

Sebastian's thoughts were optimistic, but Caitlin had no such plans.

"I'm done eating. You can enjoy the rest."

She didn't pick up her wine glass. Instead, she put down her knife and fork and gently wiped her mouth with a napkin.

"Is that all you're eating? Are you on a diet?" Sebastian asked, sipping his

wine as his gaze lingered on her body.

Caitlin's figure was the type where just a little extra weight would make her look fuller, while losing a little would make her look too thin. Her body was undeniably stunning, with the proportions of a 'devil's figure.'

"Who said I had an 'average' figure last time?" Caitlin crossed her arms and shot him a cold look.

"..."

Sebastian nearly choked on his wine. "Cough... that was because I couldn't see properly before, and I didn't get the full picture. But if you let me take another look, I promise I'll give you the most objective and honest evaluation."

"Shameless!"

Caitlin cursed under her breath. "I really want to gouge your eyes out!"

"Would you really? If I went blind again, you'd have to take care of me for the rest of your life."

Caitlin's expression darkened as she walked out of the room.

Sebastian, after finishing his meal, wiped his mouth and stood up, following her in high spirits.

Twenty minutes later, Sebastian parked the car downstairs at the hospital. The two of them entered the building, heading to the 11th floor. Caitlin noticed two bodyguards standing outside a room in the distance. "Is it the one with guards at the door?"

"My Caitlin is as smart as ever," Sebastian praised her.

Caitlin was on the verge of losing her temper. She stopped in her tracks and pointed at him. "Sebastian! I warn you! Don't ever call me 'yours' again. It makes me sick!"

"Alright," Sebastian said, grinning.

Just as Caitlin turned to leave, she heard his voice behind her. "How about calling me 'Babe'?" 1

"Shut up!"

Caitlin turned and delivered a punch to his cheek, without holding back.

"Caitlin, so fierce, but I like it."

"..."

Caitlin was completely worn out by Sebastian's sticky attitude. She had been dealing with his obnoxious remarks and couldn't summon the energy to argue anymore.

Sebastian rubbed his sore cheek as he watched her leave with a huff. He silently followed her.

Though this woman wasn't as gentle as she used to be five years ago, he could endure it. After all, she was still his Camellia! 1

Hmm, being hit wasn't so bad—it would only make him get used to it over time! 1

Caitlin entered the hospital room, where the bodyguards immediately stepped aside upon seeing Sebastian.

"Mr. Vanderbilt!" they greeted respectfully.

Caitlin walked into the room, where she saw Xavian lying on the bed. The sight of him made her heart heavy.

He looked terrible, his skin pale with a yellowish tint. His body was hooked up to several different tubes, his hair was completely gone. He looked like he was nearing death.

Caitlin frowned, a bad feeling creeping over her. "What illness does Professor Xavian have?"

"Stage four stomach cancer."

When Sebastian spoke those words, Caitlin felt a sinking in her chest. Cancer—late-stage cancer. He probably didn't have long to live.

It was so unfair. Wasn't it supposed to be that good people get rewarded? Xavian had always been a good man, but now he was suffering from such a serious illness. It was tragic.

After a short wait, Xavian finally woke up. When he saw Caitlin sitting in front of him, he thought he was hallucinating, mistaking her for Kelly when she was young.

"Kelly, is that you, Kelly...?"

"Xavian, it's me, Kelly's daughter. I'm Caitlin."

"... Caitlin?"

Xavian tried to sit up, wanting to get a better look at her. Caitlin adjusted the height of his bed.

"Xavian, how are you?"

Xavian's eyes teared up as he shook his head. Looking at Caitlin, he

couldn't help but think of Kelly. He had loved Kelly all his life, but had failed to protect her, and it haunted him with guilt.

"Did you send me the Jacaranda flowers? Was it you who wanted to see me?" Caitlin asked.

"Yes! I have something I want to tell you. I'm afraid if I don't say it now, I'll never get the chance again."

Xavian had stomach cancer, and it was in its final stages. It was nearly impossible to cure. Once diagnosed, it was basically a death sentence.

"Does this have something to do with my mother?" Caitlin asked.

Xavian nodded, and Caitlin's heart raced. Finally, there might be some answers related to her mother.

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

Xavian turned his head toward Sebastian, signaling that he wanted to speak privately with Caitlin.

Caitlin figured whatever he was about to say, it was something Sebastian shouldn't hear. Otherwise, he wouldn't have gone through the trouble of hinting to her with the flowers.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, could you please wait outside for a moment? There's something we need to discuss."

"Sure."

Sebastian didn't argue. He left the room and quietly closed the door behind him.

Xavian looked at Caitlin with a serious expression. "Before, someone was

Commented [Ma1]:

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watching me. I couldn't just send for you, so I had to find another way to contact you."

Now that he was under Sebastian's protection, he was temporarily safe, so he could finally speak freely.

"Who was watching you? What do you want to tell me?"