

196: Who Can Resist Her Charm?

The sunlight enveloped Caitlin, her figure glowing with an almost ethereal aura—confident, carefree, and aloof. A woman so captivating, who could resist her charm?

Charles, intrigued, agreed with a grin, "Alright!"

Without further ado, he swiftly mounted his horse and headed toward the starting line.

"Charles, Charles..." Scott and Jasmine tried to stop him, but their efforts were in vain.

Caitlin sneered and turned her horse, chasing after the starting line.

"She's definitely trying to win Charles over! We cannot let her succeed!"
Jasmine muttered angrily to Scott.

"I know!" Scott's eyes seethed with contempt. Caitlin dared to openly cause trouble, so she would have to face the consequences!

Meanwhile, a luxury car quietly rolled into the racetrack. In the backseat, Sebastian, wearing sunglasses, asked, "Has the race started?"

"Not yet," came the reply.

Sebastian's eye injury hadn't healed yet, but hearing that LIG's CEO had invited their shareholder, Charles from SKE, to join the race, and that Caitlin was also attending, he grew worried. He instructed his driver to take him to the race.

"Keep an eye on Scott and protect Caitlin! Also, we need to take care of The Gilbert Family."

"Understood."

Sebastian stayed in the car with Xavi, while Tyler led the others out to the racetrack.

At the starting line, Caitlin and Charles were both ready. As the referee's gunshot echoed, the horses bolted forward like arrows.

Charles' black horse initially took the lead, while Caitlin's white horse fell behind.

Jasmine and Scott were watching the race closely. They assumed Caitlin was intentionally losing to Charles, trying to win his favor.

To thwart Caitlin, Scott quietly left the racecourse and instructed two subordinates to meddle with the track. When Caitlin passed by, they planned to trip her, causing her to fall and fail.

Unbeknownst to him, Tyler overheard his instructions, and those two subordinates were quietly eliminated by his team.

Caitlin and Charles continued the race smoothly, and as they neared the final lap, Jasmine wondered, "Is the race nearly over?"

Scott frowned. Why hadn't his subordinates acted yet? He called them, but there was no answer.

In the final lap, Caitlin, who had been behind, suddenly surged forward. It was clear she had been holding back, but now she was racing with the speed of the wind.

Jasmine, anxious, tossed her hat on the track and pretended to pick it up. As Caitlin raced toward her, she realized it wasn't the wind that had blown the hat off—it was a deliberate move by Jasmine.

Since Jasmine was asking for trouble, Caitlin had no intention of holding back.

"Yah!" Caitlin urged her horse, tightening the reins and charging forward.

The white horse galloped, and just as it neared Jasmine, the latter let out a scream, "Ah..."

In a flash, the horse's hooves struck Jasmine, soaring over her and continuing to race forward.

If it had been anyone else, they would have been thrown off their horse. But Caitlin skillfully avoided danger, crossing the finish line in first place.

Pulling on the reins, Caitlin turned her horse around and saw Charles, just crossing the line. With a slight smile, she teased, "Charles, you're great! But I won!"

"Your riding skills are impressive, Caitlin. I bow to you!" Charles conceded, admiring her skills. He had thought he was a good rider, but today he saw that there were levels to it, and he was beaten by a woman.

At that moment, Scott's furious shout rang out from the side: "Jasmine! Jasmine, wake up!"

Caitlin and Charles both looked over in surprise. Jasmine lay motionless on the track, with Scott anxiously trying to rouse her, while others stood around, watching.

"What's going on?" Charles asked.

"Go take a look for yourself!" someone said.

They both dismounted and approached, finding Jasmine unconscious.

Her face was covered in blood, her skin torn from the horse's hooves. The area around her cheek had caved in, still bleeding.

Charles was shocked. "Scott, what happened?"

Scott looked up at Caitlin with fury in his eyes, pointing a finger at her. "Caitlin! You saw Jasmine trying to pick up her hat—why didn't you stop? It was your horse that kicked her! You did this!"

Caitlin, unbothered, calmly retorted, "Is it my fault? The race clearly forbids anyone from entering the track. She ran out herself—what should I have done? If someone lies on the tracks, should the train stop for them? If I had stopped and caused an accident, who would take responsibility for that?"

Her argument was reasonable, and the others around them could see the situation clearly. Jasmine had deliberately stepped onto the track, and when Caitlin's horse galloped past, Jasmine had been struck by the hooves.

Scott, however, was beyond reason. "You... You have the nerve to defend yourself after causing Jasmine such harm... You think I won't punish you?"

He charged at Caitlin, ready to strike her.

But just then, Tyler appeared, blocking Scott's path and standing in front of Caitlin.

Seeing Tyler, Caitlin instantly knew that Sebastian had arrived.

Scott tried to lunge again, but Tyler swiftly kicked him, sending him crashing to the ground.

Scott glared at Caitlin, his face dark with rage.

Caitlin sneered. "If Scott has so much energy to blame me, he should hurry up and call an ambulance."

Charles added, "Yes, we can't blame Caitlin for this. Scott, you should focus on getting help for Jasmine."

The crowd murmured in agreement, and fortunately, someone had already called for an ambulance. Scott, unable to do anything else, returned to Jasmine's side.

Jasmine had been badly injured, and Scott had to call The Lewis Family to inform them.

Just as he picked up his phone, it rang. It was his mother, Amelia.

"Scott, Scott! You need to come back right now! The Gilbert Family is bankrupt, and the court is coming to seize everything! Your father had a heart attack—he's collapsed! Please, come home!"

The words hit Scott like a bolt of lightning.

Jasmine was in trouble, and now his family was falling apart. The Gilbert Family had gone bankrupt? How? Why?

It felt like disaster upon disaster—the same day his father had collapsed. How had everything gone wrong so suddenly?

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