

245: Did Caitlin Set This Up?

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"Of course, I'm going!"

"This is the guest list for the BH anniversary gala," Quincy said, handing over a prepared document.

Caitlin flipped through the list briefly. She knew that BH was one of the largest industrial investment groups in the country and a key shareholder in LIG.

If she wasn't mistaken, the Lewis family would undoubtedly use this opportunity to strengthen their alliance between Bright Horizon and LIG.

But she wasn't about to give Jonathan that chance.

Her reason for attending was simple—to pull BH onto her side instead.

As she skimmed the list, a familiar name caught her attention: Seth, the husband of Zoe, the CEO of SD.

If Seth was attending, this would be the perfect opportunity to set her plan into motion.

Something clicked in her mind, and she turned to Quincy. "Did you invite the feng shui master like I asked?"

"Yes, we secured Master Zephyr Han. He'll be attending with Yosef."

"Good."

Everything was falling into place.

### The BH 50th Anniversary Gala

The Bright Horizon 50th Anniversary Gala, hosted by the Fowler family, was held in the grand ballroom of the Royal International Hotel.

As the current CEO of BH, Terry Fowler was busy welcoming distinguished guests.

Among them were the Jones family and the Xenos family. Given that Benjamin's mother, Heidi, was Terry's sister and that Madison had married into the Xenos family, the three families shared an exceptionally close bond.

Both Benjamin and Madison were helping Terry entertain the guests, ensuring everything ran smoothly.

As time passed, influential business figures from various industries arrived, filling the ballroom with an air of sophistication.

Among the guests were Seth and Zoe—a married couple who, from an outsider's perspective, seemed perfectly happy.

But only Zoe knew the truth.

It was all an illusion.

She had spotted the woman who had been seeing Seth behind her back. The mistress was here.

Zoe clenched her fists. She wanted nothing more than to storm over and rip that woman apart. But she couldn't afford to make a scene in public, not in a place like this.

She had to hold it in.

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Meanwhile, LIG representatives had also arrived.

Having recovered from his injuries, Jonathan personally attended, signaling LIG's commitment to its shareholders, particularly BH.

CL Group, another major player, had also been invited. Yosef arrived alongside Master Han and was treated with the utmost respect.

Many business moguls who believed in feng shui rushed to greet Master Han, eager for his insights.

Recently, Yosef and CL Group had been gaining traction, attracting the attention of powerful executives.

Jonathan was no exception.

Seizing the opportunity, Jonathan approached Yosef with a glass of wine, trying to strike up a conversation.

But before he could say much, Yosef casually excused himself and walked away.

Not once did he acknowledge Jonathan.

Jonathan's face darkened.

It had to be Caitlin.

She must have influenced Yosef, possibly with some improper relationship between them.

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The Prophecy of the "Purple-Clad Benefactor"

As the gala progressed, Terry was engaged in a discussion with Master

Han about feng shui.

The surrounding guests listened intently, eager to absorb his wisdom.

After analyzing Terry's astrological chart, Master Han made a prediction:

"Mr. Fowler, this year marks an important cycle in your life. I see a dark line across your brow, signifying an imminent blood-related disaster. You must proceed with caution to avoid misfortune."

Terry's face paled. His throat tightened as he asked anxiously, "Master Han, how can I avert this disaster?"

Master Han stroked his beard, pondered for a moment, and then declared:

"You are destined to be saved by a benefactor dressed in purple. When this person arrives, they will ensure your safety and shield you from harm."

"A purple-clad benefactor?"

Terry was puzzled, and murmurs spread through the crowd. Yosef, however, knew exactly what was happening.

Nearby, Seth scoffed, unimpressed.

"Come on, where are we supposed to find a 'purple-clad benefactor'?" he muttered under his breath.

Nevertheless, the crowd began scanning the ballroom, searching for someone wearing purple.

Terry was among them, eyes darting across the sea of guests. But not a single person was dressed in purple.

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Caitlin's Entrance

At that moment, Caitlin arrived at the entrance of the ballroom.

A security guard stopped her.

"Miss, please present your invitation."

"I don't have one."

"In that case, may I ask which invited guest you are accompanying?"

Before Caitlin could respond, a sharp female voice rang out.

"Caitlin? What are you doing here?"

Madison.

She had spotted Caitlin at the entrance and stormed over, her gown swishing angrily as she moved.

Seeing Caitlin dressed in an elegant purple evening gown, looking effortlessly stunning, Madison's expression turned hostile.

"Trying to sneak into another high-society gala, are we?" she sneered. "Do you even know what kind of event this is? Do you even know whose territory you're standing in?"

Caitlin remained calm. "I'm well aware that this is the Fowler family's gala."

"Good. Then listen carefully," Madison spat. "Bright Horizon belongs to my grandfather, Terry is my uncle, and we do not welcome you here. Get lost."

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She pointed toward the exit, determined to kick Caitlin out of the hotel.

But before she could act, a voice called out from inside the ballroom.

"Ah! There she is! The benefactor has arrived!"

It was Terry.

The very moment he spotted Caitlin in her purple gown, he rushed forward like an excited child. His eyes gleamed with enthusiasm.

Could it be?

The purple-clad benefactor that Master Han predicted—was Caitlin?

In their high-society circles, Caitlin's name was already a hot topic among the elite men.

Even if Terry had never met her in person, he had heard plenty about her.

Now that she was standing before him, wearing a stunning purple gown, everything Master Han had said made perfect sense.

"Are you... Caitlin?"

"Mr. Fowler, you have a sharp eye," Caitlin replied smoothly.

Terry's grin widened.

"Welcome, welcome! Please, come in!" He gestured for her to enter the ballroom.

Madison nearly lost her mind.

She grabbed Terry's arm. "Uncle! Do you even know who she is? And you're inviting her in?!"

"Of course I do!" Terry laughed. "She's our distinguished guest!"

Madison was seething.

Meanwhile, Caitlin met her gaze with a faint smirk.

Oh? You look annoyed.

Does it bother you that I keep winning?

Madison's face twisted in anger. Even her uncle was falling for Caitlin's act.

This woman was absolutely disgusting!

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The "Disaster" Strikes

Inside the ballroom, Terry practically followed Caitlin everywhere, treating her like his personal lucky charm.

Madison couldn't stand it. She stormed off to find her aunt.

"Auntie! Are you just going to stand there while Uncle fawns over that vixen?" she hissed.

Terry's wife barely spared her a glance. "What vixen? He's talking business with Yosef from CL Group. Don't interfere."

Madison turned back toward them.

Her uncle was, indeed, speaking with Yosef now, while Caitlin stood a few feet away, chatting with other guests.

And then—it happened.

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Above them, a massive crystal chandelier suddenly broke loose, plummeting toward Terry and Yosef.

"Mr. Fowler! Yosef! Watch out!"

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