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Caitlin caught sight of the falling chandelier just in time.

"Watch out!" she shouted.

The room fell into chaos.

Screams echoed through the ballroom as guests turned to see the massive crystal chandelier plummeting toward Terry and Yosef.

Security guards at the entrance tried to rush in, but they were too far away.

Both Terry and Yosef instinctively looked up. The chandelier was just inches away. Caught off guard, neither had time to react.

Then, in a flash of purple, Caitlin lunged forward, pushing both men out of harm's way.

CRASH!

The chandelier shattered against the marble floor. Shards of crystal exploded in every direction, bouncing and scattering across the ground.

For a few moments, the only sound in the room was the tinkling of glass settling.

The entire ballroom froze. Everyone stared at the wreckage, still shaken by how close the disaster had come.

Terry's hands trembled slightly as he exhaled sharply.

"That was exactly where we were standing," Yosef murmured, glancing at the spot beneath the shattered chandelier. "If Caitlin hadn't pushed us away..."

His voice trailed off.

Terry's wife rushed to his side. "Are you okay?" she asked in concern.

"I'm fine," Terry replied, still slightly pale. He turned toward Caitlin, his expression filled with gratitude. "If it weren't for you, Caitlin, I don't even want to think about what could have happened."

Respect shone in his eyes. He had already believed in Master Han's prophecy, but now, Caitlin wasn't just his so-called 'purple-clad benefactor'—she had just saved his life.

Terry's wife, despite being cautious around Caitlin, nodded politely. "Miss Caitlin, thank you."

Caitlin simply waved a hand. "No need for thanks, Mrs. Fowler."

Terry stepped forward. "Caitlin, I owe you my life. If you ever need anything—anything at all—I will do everything in my power to repay this debt."

Yosef added, "Caitlin, you saved me too. If you ever need my help, I won't hesitate."

Caitlin smiled faintly.

This was exactly what she had orchestrated.

Her expression was calm, but inwardly, she was satisfied.

She had set this up perfectly—using Master Han's prophecy, she had positioned herself as Terry's savior. And now, he was completely on her side.

With the immediate danger resolved, Terry ordered the staff to clean up the mess and promised to hold the hotel accountable for the incident.

The ballroom returned to normal, though the incident lingered in everyone's minds.

The Next Step in the Plan

Among the crowd, Zoe approached Caitlin.

"You saw her, right?" Zoe whispered sharply.

Caitlin followed Zoe's gaze and saw Leslie, the woman Seth had been seeing behind Zoe's back.

"She came here tonight, Caitlin. She has no shame."

Caitlin turned back to Zoe, her tone composed. "Relax. Just act as if you know nothing. Let me handle it."

Zoe clenched her fists but nodded. She trusted Caitlin's methods—whatever they were.

Meanwhile, Caitlin watched as Seth slipped away from the ballroom.

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

Time to execute the next phase of her plan.

The Feng Shui Warning

After stepping out of the ballroom, Seth went to the restroom.

As he exited, he ran into Master Han.

Though Seth didn't believe in this sort of thing, he nodded politely. "Master Han."

Master Han looked up at him—and froze.

His face twisted in horror.

His expression darkened, and he shook his head gravely.

Seth felt a chill run down his spine.

"...Master Han?" he asked hesitantly. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Master Han muttered, "I cannot say. I cannot say..." He turned as if to leave.

Seth's curiosity spiked. "Wait! What do you mean? If there's something wrong, tell me."

Master Han sighed heavily, as if debating whether to speak.

Then, with an ominous tone, he said: "You are cursed with a blood peach blossom fate. Your days are numbered."

Seth's face drained of color.

He had never believed in superstitions before, but after witnessing what happened to Terry, he wasn't so sure anymore.

Master Han turned to leave, but Seth grabbed his sleeve. "Master! What does that mean? Please explain!"

Master Han sighed again. "Fine. Since fate has brought us together, I will give you some advice."

Seth nodded frantically. "Please."

"You already have a wife, yet you have an illicit relationship with another woman—this woman is not a lucky peach blossom. She is a cursed one."

"A blood peach blossom—a life-draining curse."

"If you do not sever ties with this woman immediately, you will die within three months."

Seth's blood ran cold.

"...Die?" he whispered.

Master Han nodded solemnly. "The only way to survive is to sever all romantic ties and seek blessings from your rightful wife.

"Your wife's fortune is strong—she can bring you prosperity and longevity.

"But if you continue betraying her, she will take that fortune away from you.

"And without it... you will lose everything."

Master Han patted Seth's shoulder and walked away.

Seth stood frozen in place, mind reeling.

Had he been playing with fire this whole time?

Had he really invited disaster upon himself?

The moment he stepped out of the restroom, he spotted Leslie waiting for him.

His face hardened.

Seth dragged her to a quieter corner, his grip tightening around her wrist.

"I told you not to come tonight. Why are you here?" he hissed.

Leslie pouted, batting her lashes. "I just missed you, that's all. I wanted to see you."

"Miss me?" Seth snorted coldly. "We had a business arrangement, Leslie. Nothing more. You weren't supposed to take this seriously."

Leslie whimpered, tears welling in her eyes. "Mr. Hill, you're hurting me

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..."

She clutched his arm, pressing her body against him.

"I'm younger than your wife, prettier than your wife," she whispered seductively. "I could even give you a son. Why won't you choose me?"

She wanted more than just money.

She wanted him.

She wanted to conquer Seth Hill.

But Seth was already pulling away.

"Leslie," he said coldly, "you're delusional."

Her expression darkened.

Seth pushed her away and wiped his hand on his suit, as if disgusted.

"Consider our arrangement over. You're on your own now."

Leslie stiffened.

"...What?"

"I'm cutting you off," he said flatly. "Stay away from me."

Leslie's face twisted with rage.

She needed money.

She had debts to pay.

And Seth had just slipped away from her grasp.

Just then, a group of men in black suits stepped into the hallway.

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

Their leader, a brutish-looking man, smirked as he spotted Leslie.

"There you are," he sneered.

Leslie turned pale.

Seth saw the panic in her eyes.

"What's going on?" he asked sharply.

The thug grinned, eyeing Leslie with predatory amusement.

"She owes us 20 million. And she's out of time."

Leslie whimpered, clutching Seth's sleeve.

"Mr. Hill, please—help me..."

But Seth's expression was ice-cold.

"20 million? Not my problem."

Leslie panicked.

If she didn't pay tonight, she was as good as dead.

Desperation flashed in her eyes.

She grabbed Seth's wrist—and pressed a knife to his throat.

"You're not leaving me with nothing," she snarled.

Seth's jaw clenched.

He had been too careless.

And now, he was trapped.

Then—a sharp female voice rang out from the hallway.

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"Drop the knife. Now."