

247: She Directed a Spectacular Show

Seth looked up and saw his wife, Zoe, rushing over with a group of people. His heart surged with emotion.

"Wife..."

"I can give you as much as you want—just don't hurt him!"

Zoe attempted to negotiate with the aggressive woman in front of her.

Seeing Zoe arrive, Leslie became even more brazen, raising the stakes.

"Fifty million! Not a cent less!"

Seth was stunned. "You just asked for twenty million! Now you want fifty? Are you out of your mind?!"

"Are you giving it to me or not? Your husband is in my hands!"

"I'll give it to you! Fifty million, right? I'll write you a check right now! Just don't hurt him!"

Zoe quickly pulled out her checkbook and scribbled out a check for fifty million. She stepped forward, handing it over to Leslie.

"Here! This is a fifty-million-dollar check! Take the money and stay away from my husband from now on!"

"Wife! Don't give her the money! I have nothing to do with her! She's just someone I hired to act in a little play!"

"A play?" Zoe was confused.

"Yes! I only pretended to cheat to make you angry! You don't need to give

her so much money!"

"Mr. Hill, you're way too stingy, but Zoe here—now she's generous! Thanks a lot!"

Leslie, triumphant with the check in hand, turned to leave. But before she could take a step, Zoe grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her back.

"You think you can just walk away? You dared to threaten my husband—let's see how I deal with you!"

Zoe had already figured it out. Her husband hadn't actually cheated—he'd just wanted to provoke her and had ended up being blackmailed instead.

There was no way she'd let Leslie walk away smugly with the money!

The two women broke into a fight, and the scene quickly spiraled into chaos.

Seth, worried that Zoe might get hurt, rushed forward to intervene, only for Leslie to slash his arm with a knife.

"Hiss—"

Blood spilled from the wound.

"You damn woman! You dare hurt my husband?!"

Furious at the sight of Seth's injury, Zoe retaliated, throwing a fierce punch at Leslie. But Leslie, still wielding the knife, managed to slash Zoe as well.

Caitlin and Quincy arrived just in time to assist, quickly subduing Leslie and snatching the check back.

"Send this lunatic to the police!" Caitlin ordered.

"Yes, ma'am!" Quincy stepped forward to take Leslie away, but two debt collectors suddenly appeared.

"Hand her over to us—we'll deal with her!"

"No! No—" Leslie screamed in terror as she was dragged away by the two men.

She could figure out how to pay off her own twenty-million-dollar debt now.

With the trouble resolved, Seth's attention immediately returned to his wife, worry all over his face.

"Wife, you're hurt!"

"I'm fine. What about you?"

"I'm okay too."

Zoe clutched her wound and turned to Caitlin.

"Caitlin, thank you for helping us just now!"

"No need to thank me, Zoe! Now that the truth is out, you know Mr. Hill never actually betrayed you—he was just trying to provoke you. Maybe it's time to give him another chance."

"I know. Thank you."

Zoe was deeply grateful. Without Caitlin's quick thinking, this spectacular drama wouldn't have unfolded the way it did.

"Mr. Hill, you saw it yourself—when your life was in danger, Zoe was the

only one who truly cared. She was willing to do anything to save you. Next time, think twice before doing something so reckless and appreciate The Gilbert Family more."

"Thank you for the reminder. I'll change—I swear."

Seth had already undergone a profound shift in his heart. He looked at Zoe, knowing that, through thick and thin, they were truly a couple who had weathered storms together.

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me..."

Seth pulled her into a tight embrace. Zoe, her eyes brimming with tears, sighed.

"Forget it. Let's just go home and treat our wounds first."

The couple thanked Caitlin once more and left the hotel together.

Tonight, Caitlin had attended The Fowler Family's banquet and managed to kill two birds with one stone—dealing with both Terry and Zoe. She was now one step closer to her goal.

As she turned to leave, she unexpectedly ran into Jonathan.

Jonathan had come looking for her. Seeing Caitlin, he hesitated, but in the end, he had to say what he came to say.

"Caitlin, listen to your father just this once. Can't you stop now? Can't you let The Lewis Family off the hook?"

"Oh? And who are you again?" Caitlin sneered. "Now you come begging me for mercy? Where was this concern when you ruined my mother, my little brother, and me? You still have the audacity to say such things?"

She hadn't even gone all out against them—considering what they'd done, she'd already been merciful.

"I know... I know I've done too much to hurt you," Jonathan sighed. "But haven't you taken your revenge by now? Haven't you vented your anger?"

He continued pleading, "Look at our family now—everyone's either hospitalized or broken! Jasmine suffered the worst injuries. For the sake of the fact that I raised you, can't you let us go?"

"You think I'm the one who ruined you? Which one of you was innocent? Wasn't it your own doing?"

Caitlin's eyes turned icy. "You want me to back off? Fine. Hand over LIG, and I'll consider it."

Jonathan's face darkened. Hand over LIG? That was impossible.

"Then there's nothing more to say."

Caitlin brushed past him and walked back into the banquet hall. After exchanging a few words with Terry, she prepared to leave.

"Caitlin, can't you stay a bit longer? I still want to thank you properly," Terry said, unwilling to let his lucky charm go so soon.

"I appreciate the sentiment, Mr. Fowler, but I have other matters to attend to. Goodbye for now."

As she turned to leave, Ximena approached her, holding a wine glass and smiling.

"Caitlin, the deadline is almost up. Are you ready?"

"I'll be there, Ximena. See you tomorrow morning."

With that, Caitlin walked straight out of the venue.

Yasmin and Madison, watching her leave, exchanged sinister smiles.

"She's in for it soon," Yasmin sneered.

"Exactly. I've already made arrangements. Let's see how she handles this," Madison grinned maliciously.

Meanwhile, as Caitlin waited for Quincy to bring the car around, she was checking the address Sebastian had sent her. She needed to pick something up.

At that moment, a group of older women approached the hotel entrance. Seeing Caitlin, they pointed at her, whispering.

"It's her!"

"She's the homewrecker!"

"Women like her are shameless! Eating from one bowl while eyeing another—disgusting!"

Hearing the chatter, Caitlin looked up, her expression turning cold.

"Did I offend you? Who gave you the right to slander me?"

"Slander? We're just telling the truth! You're a disgrace!"

One of the women became even more aggressive, and soon, the others surrounded Caitlin, yelling accusations right in her face.

"I suggest you shut up! Unless you want to visit the police station," Caitlin warned.

"Who's scared of you?!"

“Step aside! Watch this!”

A woman shouted from the back of the crowd, and suddenly, everyone parted. A middle-aged woman emerged, carrying a large bucket of paint—charging straight at Caitlin.

At that moment, just as Caitlin prepared to dodge, a black umbrella suddenly opened in front of her, blocking most of the paint.

She looked up at the person holding the umbrella, her eyes widening in shock.

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