



73: Dying to Save Face, Suffering in Silence

Before long, the paramedics carried the man out. When they wheeled him past, his pants were gone, and a bloody wine bottle was stuck in his rear, a sight that shocked everyone. The reporters were snapping photos, and bystanders were filming with their phones — they'd never seen a man get humiliated so badly. Was this the perfect cure for long-standing hemorrhoids?

The man was groaning in pain, his mouth filled with agony. A reporter soon recognized him. "It's Scott! Scott from LIG!"

"Is this the scandal that's breaking now?"

"Oh my God! Who's the woman who did this to him?"

As the stretcher passed by, Jasmine immediately recognized Scott. Seeing him in such a pitiful state, she was at a loss for words. She wanted to cry, but nothing came out.

"Scott! Scott..."

"Move, move, move..."

The paramedics rushed him away, but Jasmine grabbed a service worker at the NO.8 club. "What happened? Who did this to him?"

"We're not sure yet. We're still investigating."

Frustrated, Jasmine tried to consult with the reporters, hoping to convince them not to report the incident, but they were already on their way to the hospital, cameras in tow. She was going mad, unsure how to handle the situation.

Meanwhile, Caitlin and her group had just finished singing and were coming out of the private room. Wendy was half-asleep, supported by Simon, and Caitlin asked Simon to take Wendy home while she would



catch her own ride. After they left, Caitlin was about to leave when she ran into Jasmine at the front desk. Jasmine was on the phone.

When Jasmine saw Caitlin, she blocked her way.

"Caitlin, stop right there!"

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter? You know exactly what I mean! You're the one who hurt Scott, aren't you? You did this to him!" Jasmine glared at her.

Caitlin said nothing, so Jasmine took her silence as an admission.

"I knew it! You cold-hearted woman! Look at what you've done to Scott! I'm calling the police!"

"Go ahead. Try calling the police," Caitlin replied.

"What's stopping me? I'm calling them right now!" Jasmine dialed the police number, but before she could press send, several uniformed officers arrived.

Seeing the police, Jasmine rushed up to them. "Officer! You're just in time. I need to report a crime!"

"We're here to investigate a report. Can you tell us what happened?"

Jasmine recounted what she had seen and pointed at Caitlin. "It's her! She's the one who injured my boyfriend!"

Before the officers could take a statement, Mike arrived and stepped in.

"Officers! It's all a misunderstanding. This lady has nothing to do with it. We have witnesses who can confirm it." Mike led the officers inside, leaving Jasmine fuming.

"Caitlin, you really know how to work things!" Jasmine spat.



Caitlin coldly sneered. "I advise you not to spread this around, Jasmine. It won't be good for you."

"You're threatening me now? You think I'm afraid of you? You're the one who hurt Scott. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'll tell the police it was self-defense," Caitlin replied. "Scott could end up facing charges of sexual harassment and never be able to clear his name. Not to mention, I have evidence that could ruin him completely."

"Evidence? What evidence?" Jasmine challenged.

Caitlin raised her phone and played a recording of Scott's conversation with her. In it, Scott openly insulted Jasmine, calling her a "flower vase" and admitting he only wanted to be with Caitlin now. The words hit Jasmine like a slap in the face.

"Liar! You're lying! Scott would never say something like that!"

"Believe what you want. Only someone like you would still treat that trash of a man as a treasure." Caitlin turned on her heel and walked away from the NO.8 club.

Jasmine stood frozen in place, her face turning green with fury.

Caitlin had called Scott trash — so what did that make her? Was she just a garbage dump? All she could think about were Scott's words, and her anger only grew.

That scumbag man! After all she had done for him, he had the audacity to turn to Caitlin and become her lackey! The betrayal made her sick.

But what could she do? After all, Scott was the man she had "stolen" from someone else. The world knew they were about to get married, but now this scandal had ruined everything. It was driving her crazy.

If the incident got out, not only would Scott's reputation be destroyed,



but hers would be too. She couldn't let that happen.

How could she get the evidence Caitlin had?

****Vanderbilt Estate.****

Sebastian had returned home early, in a foul mood. He felt like throwing something, but stopped himself. Why should he be angry because of that woman? Why let her control his emotions?

He called Xavi into the room.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, how can I assist you?"

"Take that woman's bed and throw it outside."

Xavi glanced at his face, trying to gauge whether he was serious. Was he really thinking of kicking Caitlin out? Not wanting to defy him, Xavi had the servants move Caitlin's bed upstairs and placed it outside the Vanderbilt estate.

"Done, Mr. Vanderbilt. The bed has been moved."

Before Xavi could say anything else, Sebastian spoke again.

"Wait. If I throw her bed out, she'll definitely complain to my grandmother. What if it makes her worse?"

"You're right. If we upset Beatrice, it could be bad."

Sebastian sighed. "Forget it. Bring the bed back in and put it in my room."

He had changed his mind. He was too filial to upset his grandmother, who was still in the hospital. To avoid stressing her out, he decided to put up with Caitlin for now.



Xavi was bemused. It was obvious that Sebastian was too concerned about his pride, suffering in silence.

Xavi had the bed moved back into Sebastian's room, made sure it was set up, and even helped Sebastian with a bath. Since the last time, Sebastian had refused Caitlin's help in the bathroom.

When Caitlin returned from outside, Xavi was waiting at the door.

"Caitlin, Mr. Vanderbilt has already bathed, and your bed is now downstairs."

"Got it," Caitlin said, nodding. She walked into the room and found Sebastian resting in bed.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, I'm back."

Sebastian, unable to shake his frustration, snapped. "What time is it? There are so many young men outside, and you're back here? If you don't want to stay at the Vanderbilt family, why force yourself to serve me, a half-paralyzed man?"

Caitlin detected the sour tone in his voice but didn't get upset. Instead, she casually smiled. "What's wrong? Are you mad because I went out with other men?"



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