

The Heiress 811

Chapter 811 The Bidding Begins

The production team was aware of the audience's reaction. However, as program creators, they couldn't help but hold Wynter in high regard.

Bill prided himself on his knowledge and passion for literary antiques and often used his expertise to criticize others and boast of his abilities. Despite his difficult demeanor, the show couldn't proceed without inviting him.

Lindsay was quick to think on her feet. "It's normal to have disagreements in the pursuit of artifact analysis. Mr. Loft, there's no need to rush to conclusions. Young people might understand more than we think. Let's take another look. I'm sure our viewers are eager to see each expert's appraisal."

"All right, let's begin with the item to my left. Item number one is a late Atlantean-carved wooden Kannon. Let the auction begin!"

The room buzzed with excitement

"Can anyone tell if this Kannon is real or fake?"

"The first item is usually

genuine."

"Look! Mr. Loft is already examining it with a magnifying glass

Tobias was also scrutinizing the item. Recently, he had been reading books on antique appraisal. Based on what he'd learned about the craftsmanship and patina, the wooden statue seemed to be an old piece with some history. However, he trusted Wynter's judgment more than his amateur assessment.

Since Wynter hadn't made a move, Tobias didn't raise his paddle either. However, the Kannon statue was lifelike and captivating. The serene expression, the smooth and pleasing surface, and the rich patina gave

it an aged and dignified feel.

To aid the bidders in their judgment, the item was passed around for a closer look.

After Bill examined the artifact he signaled for Naomi to raise her paddle. Another team also placed a bid.

The statue was worth bidding for, even if it was a replica. There's a saying: "Gold in times of chaos, antiques in times of peace."

The Victorian era was a flourishing period for antiques. During that period, warlords looted many royal tombs, unearthing a wealth of valuable artifacts.

In addition, some palace treasures were illicitly sold, which led to a surge in private collections. This era also saw a rise in counterfeit antiques, with renowned artist Paul Zedd being a master forger whose replicas of paintings were almost indistinguishable from the originals.

So, the Kannon could still be valuable, even if it wasn't genuine. It was evident that only Tobias' group hadn't placed a bid. They didn't even raise their paddle.

Bill sneered. His laughter reverberated throughout the room. "Some people don't seem to understand what antiques are or how auctions work. Have they even been to an auction before?"

"Mr. Loft is right. They probably haven't."

"Stars without connections probably can't afford to attend auctions."

"It's laughable that he chose to bring a relative who is so short-sighted."

Wynter remained unfazed by the criticisms. Lindsay, who worried their group might fall behind in points, gently prompted, "Would you like to place a bid?"

Wynter smiled and replied, "No. Please introduce the next item."

“The second item from the Shadowvel era might be unfamiliar to some, but it was popular among the young gentlemen of that period. Please take a look.”

“What is this?”

“It’s in her hands. The colors look quite vibrant.

Chapter 812 Embarrassed Dad

Just then, Bill chuckled and spoke with confidence. “A finely crafted modern snuff bottle. If I saw this outside, I’d definitely buy it for my collection.”

His comment signaled to the audience that the item was likely not authentic. Its vibrant colors and lifelike design made it quite appealing. However, this was an artifact evaluation, not everything was worth

bidding on.

Naomi smiled subtly and refrained from bidding. She not only sensed the artifact’s fortune but also discerned its authenticity from its texture. Those experienced in the antique world knew that truly old items never looked so pristine.

The other team, which was initially hesitant, also lowered their hands. Seeing this, everyone assumed the

item would go unsold and that the host would move on to the third piece..

Unexpectedly, Wynter raised her paddle and said calmly. “I’d like to bid on item number two.”

Bill chuckled inwardly. Tobias’ family was as clueless as him. Even if they didn’t know about antiques,

they could tell from the audience’s reactions that the snuff bottle wasn’t worth bidding on.

“She must be desperate for screen time, he uttered.

While others didn’t see value in the item, Wynter took an interest and decided to bid. The snuff bottle was

an enamel piece, adorned with a figure in a top hat holding a cane. Based on the design, it was clear the item wasn’t particularly old.

Lindsay smiled and said, “Is anyone else interested in item two? Mr. Loft? Professor Hutt?”

Bill waved dismissively, clearly amused and unwilling to comment further. Regan, on the other hand,

maintained a gracious smile.

“All right then,” Lindsay continued. “Item number 2 goes to Team Kina. With no other bids, this should be

an easy win for them.”

Tobias didn’t need to look to know what the others were thinking. He smirked and replied, “Yes, it’s an easy win. If the starting bid makes my sister happy, it’s worth it.”

“Youngsters are certainly reckless. Old people like us can’t compete with them,” Bill remarked, his tone

dripping with sarcasm. His words drew laughter from the audience.

Shane had invited Bill precisely for this moment. Naomi had a natural talent for artifact collection.

Tobias, however, seemed oblivious to the benefits of aligning with her.

With Naomi’s expertise, she could have bolstered their reputation on the show and prevented the current

mockery of their cultural ignorance. However, Tobias remained detached and aloof.

Shane never approved of Tobias' career in singing and dancing and considered it a source of ridicule. Although his son had been more compliant before, he seemed to have lost his way since Wynter's return.

Shane didn't expect Tobias to be smart enough to grasp the olive branch he was extending. Wynter might

have picked up some company management skills with Dalton's help. However, not everyone could understand artifact appraisal; it was a skill that required time and training.

Take Naomi, for instance. Although she had innate talent, her years of exposure to fine artifacts in the Quinnell family gave her an undeniable edge. Wynter, in comparison, fell short.

No matter how talented or capable someone from a small town may be, they can never match the status

or sophistication of a noblewoman from the capital city.

Chapter 813 Wynter Goes All In

Shane seemed to have forgotten his duties as a father. Witnessing Wynter's humiliation was now his source of pleasure as he wanted to regain control of the company and restore his pride.

It wasn't surprising that Shane held such bitter feelings, given that Wynter had always been a thorn in his side.

Wynter saw through his schemes and smirked confidently. "Tobias, it seems like Mr. Quinnell hasn't learned from his past lessons. Let's make this an unforgettable experience for him."

Wynter had always felt indifferent toward Shane. However, in her dreams, she vividly remembered how he had undermined Tobias and Marie. What infuriated her most was how he had betrayed the Quinnell family for his own gain. He squandered generations of hard work for the Foplyans.

As a result of Shane's actions, Fabian passed away with regret and anger. Shane was unworthy of being part of the Quinnell family.

As Wynter narrowed her eyes, Tobias sensed the powerful presence people often talked about. She exuded the same aura as when he first met her, fearlessly facing down a notorious criminal with nothing but sheer determination.

"Wynter, I'll follow your lead," Tobias whispered while slightly turning his head. It was as if they were in their world and unaffected by the chatter around them.

Wynter raised her hand. Her slender, fair wrist was adorned with the lucky token that jingled softly. "We're going all in. We'll bet half of the other two teams' bid prices."

The room erupted in astonishment. The move was tied to the show's rules. The competition would accelerate if anyone dared to go all in. However, neither the host nor the behind-the-scenes crew expected anyone to do so, especially this early in the game with only two items presented.

Did Wynter have that much confidence in her ability to identify each artifact correctly? Even seasoned collectors couldn't guarantee a hundred percent accuracy rate.

Even though the audience was stunned, Lindsay maintained her professional demeanor. She smiled and

asked, "Let me confirm once more. Kina, is your team really going all in?" Although she addressed Kina, her eyes were fixed on Wynter.

"Yes," Wynter replied without hesitation. Her face remained calm and composed.

The audience buzzed with renewed chatter, while the online commentaries soared.

Bill shook his head. "This is pure/recklessness. They are clearly amateurs fooling around."

Naomi remained silent and turned to Shane. He nodded back at her, silently reassuring her not to worry.

Following protocol, Lindsay had to seek confirmation from the other two teams. “Mr. Loft, Naomi, and Professor Hutt, do you agree?”

“I do. It’s a surefire deal for us. Don’t you think so too, Mr. Loft?” Regan replied nonchalantly.

Bill dismissed Wynter’s team and remarked, “Since the youngsters are eager to exit early, let’s grant their wish. Halve the bidding points. But let me remind you, going all in means you must accurately bid on each

item.”

Wynter remained composed and responded, “The rules are perfectly clear. We understand.”

“Since our guests are so enthusiastic, please give me a moment,” Lindsay requested, standing between the three teams. The lighting shifted. A red light was flashing on Wynter’s team. Meanwhile, the other two teams deducted half their bidding points.

“As is customary, before unveiling the third item, we will announce the authenticity of the first item. Please direct your attention to the big screen!”

Chapter 814 Naomi’s Confidence

After Lindsay’s announcement, the revelation about the carved wooden Kannon quickly followed. Just as everyone had suspected, it turned out to be a forgery. However, since the counterfeit piece came from a reputable family, it still held value as a collectible.

As anticipated, the scores of the other two teams increased by two points, but there was no change in Wynter’s team’s score. This further solidified the audience’s belief that she was clueless and only seeking

attention.

Bill chuckled and sneered, “Well, it seems the youngsters guessed wrong on the first item. Shouldn’t the

amount they went all in with be reset to zero?” A zero score would mean elimination for the team.

Many fans were left puzzled by the turn of events. As Kina's sister, Wynter could have played it safe and gradually increased her bids.

Even with limited knowledge, anyone would know to act prudently. Wynter's reckless strategy was clearly dragging Kina down; she was making an already difficult situation even worse. Was she deliberately trying

to drive more hate toward Kina?

Bill, who enjoyed teaching overconfident youngsters a lesson, found particular satisfaction in targeting celebrities: They earned more from their good looks than literary scholars like him ever could, and this inequity always grated on him.

"Ms. Barron, please ask her to leave the stage," Bill demanded.

Just as Lindsay hesitated, the director's voice came through her earpiece. "The rules are about identifying forgeries, and Kina's team hasn't made a mistake."

The audience heard the announcement clearly, Wynter's relaxed demeanor suggested she had anticipated this outcome all along.

Bill grumbled, "Youngsters sure have all the luck."

In the audience, Shane felt a twinge of disappointment. He had hoped this would be the moment to eliminate Wynter, but the loophole in the rules had given her more time. Still, he believed it was only a matter of minutes before she was ousted with the revelation of the second item.

Everyone eagerly awaited the announcement about the authenticity of the second item. Interest in the third item, a supposed artifact from the Darythian era, was low since genuine Darythian artifacts were known to be housed in national museums and unlikely to be displayed at a place like this.

As a result, no one bid on the third item, and it remained unsold.

Lindsay, who was eager to maintain the audience's engagement, announced, "Before we bring out item number four, let's first reveal the authenticity of item number two. I know everyone is curious to find out if it's genuine or fake. But first, I would like to pose a question to Ms. Naomi, who is a cultural relic restorer.

Lindsay turned toward Naomi and continued, "Ms. Naomi, you examined the snuff bottle earlier but chose not to bid. Mr. Loft also seemed quite sure about his decision. For those of us who aren't experts, could

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you explain how you determined it wasn't worth bidding on?"

The camera panned to Naomi. This moment In the spotlight had been carefully orchestrated by Shane who had invested money to ensure his cherished adopted daughter had her chance to shine. His business partners also supported the move.

Shane exchanged a knowing glance with the Foplyans behind him. Wynter took notice and furrowed her

brows with disdain.

Naomi enjoyed the attention on her. Instead of giving a brief explanation, she turned it into a performance.

After walking to the artifact, Naomi said, "I've read extensively, thanks to my mentors. For our country, artifacts are a living history. These items carry the essence of their time.

"If this were truly antique, its colors wouldn't be so vibrant. Moreover, you can tell from the painting that it depicts a foreigner. Based on these observations, I believe it's a modern piece."

Chapter 815 Wynter Impresses

"Nonsense!" Haddon, who was seated in the VIP section, couldn't hold back any longer and sprang to his

feet.

“This is absurd!” he exclaimed. “Where did you find this so-called artifact restorer? Did you say she’s a rising star? Who taught her to identify artifacts by guessing the era based on appearances?”

The audience was unaware of the scene, but the cameras captured it all.

The director quickly tried to calm Haddon down. “Mr. Martinez, please, calm down. There are experts present. Kina’s team will explain everything clearly.”

It took several people to restrain Haddon from storming the stage. He clenched his fists. He felt that the young ones needed to be taught a lesson about humility.

On stage, Lindsay turned off the microphone and addressed Bill. “Mr. Loft, do you share this opinion?”

Bill replied confidently, “I’m supportive of Naomi’s opinion.”

“Very well. That’s your reason for not bidding.” Lindsay said with a smile. “Let’s hear the reason for bidding.

Bill scoffed, “What could she possibly say? It’s just a waste of time.”

The audience seemed to agree. They covered their mouths to stifle their laughter. They assumed Wynter wouldn’t respond. To their surprise, she smiled slightly and spoke calmly, “Mr. Loft, you seem a bit overconfident.”

Bill’s disdain for Wynter was evident as he didn’t even glance at her.

“Seems like not every ‘teacher’ has the right qualifications,” Wynter remarked casually while idly playing with the lucky token in her hand.

“What did you just say?” Bill demanded.

Wynter remained composed and replied, “My reason for bidding on item number 2 is simple. It’s an authentic treasure. After so many years in academia, can’t you see that, Mr. Loft? It’s quite amusing to assess artifacts based on people.”

Bill’s face darkened at her words. “You insolent brat! Do you have no respect for academia and your

elders? Is this how your family raised you? How dare you talk nonsense when you don’t know anything?”

Wynter looked up and said, “My family members are probably watching the television now.”

Indeed, everyone was tuning in, especially the devoted employees who were staunch fans of Wynter.

Outsiders might not understand her abilities, but as staff, they had witnessed her capabilities firsthand

“I bet a hundred bucks that Mr. Loft is in trouble.”

“Me too. I saw Mr. Albert’s expression turn cold while watching TV. He’s been back from abroad for days

and I never thought he’d show any emotions. If it weren’t for Mr. Quinnell Senlor’s order, I bet Mr. Albert. would’ve drafted a press release and made Bill Loft regret his actions.”

“Mr. Sebastian is already preparing a legal letter. It’s frightening.”

“Bill Loft went too far with his curt remarks. He’s clearly targeting Ms. Quinnell.”

Lindsay could see through the situation easily. She didn't want to witness Wynter being bullied. With a subtle smile, she intervened, "Mr. Loft, please calm down. Let our guests speak first. After all, we're here to exchange ideas, and you did mention that we should give young people a chance."

Bill snorted in response. "I'm curious to hear what she has to say!"

Wynter remained composed as she elaborated, "When authenticating artifacts, you should examine the patterns, colors, and texture. The vibrant hues of this piece suggest it dates back to the Lumier era.

"Historical records in the national museum discussed the color palettes and aesthetics of that time. In addition, it's well-known that during the Darythian era, our country had interactions with foreigners, let alone during the Lumier era."

The camera then shifted to Naomi, whose expression froze. She couldn't retort because it was indeed typical for items from the Lumier era to feature such color schemes.

Chapter 816 The Disgraced Academic

The guests' expressions would naturally be enhanced before the cameras. Bill was no exception, and his nervousness was on full display.

The audience exchanged glances and murmurs arose.

"Wait, could she be right?"

"Impossible! Why would a celebrity's family know anything about antiques? She's just making it up. How could such a valuable piece of antique from the Lumier era be undocumented?"

The stubborn will never admit their mistakes until confronted with the truth.

Naomi was also suspicious about Wynter's analysis and wanted to defend herself. However, it was too

late.

The large screen lit up once again. The snuff bottle was placed in the glass case. A swirling ink-splatter painting detailed its tale through unfolding scenes.

Legend had it that during the waning years of the Lumier era, a foreign envoy arrived to pay tribute. He was fascinated with the exquisite craftsmanship of Cascadia.

At that time, the craftsmanship of Cascadia was top-notch in the world. Hence, a skilled master made a snuff bottle with the envoy's appearance. It was indeed a product from the Lumier era!

A wave of murmurs swept through the crowd as everyone turned to Wynter. Those who had been mocking Wynter earlier were not silent.

Bill's expression darkened. He looked like he had been kicked in the stomach. Naomi clenched her fists and fumed internally. However, this didn't dampen the audience's enthusiasm in the least.

The camera zoomed in on Wynter while Lindsay exclaimed, "Wow! This is incredible." She turned to Wynter and continued, "item two is authentic!"

Wynter nodded and smirked in response. The Kina fans online were going wild in the comments section.

"Wynter is so cool!"

"Hell, yeah!"

The show's popularity had hit a record high.

Meanwhile, Shane clenched his jaw and glared at Bill. The silent demand for an explanation hung heavy in

the air.

he wasn't that

Before the show, Bill had promised Shane that everything would go smoothly. Shane knew he capable, but he never imagined such incompetence. Were all his accolades just a sham?

In truth, that was how society works. It wasn't always the most visible person who was talented; oftentimes, they were just good at building connections. Their expertise in antique appraisal might be mediocre, but they'd mastered the art of networking.

Connections could trump actual competence, as evidenced by Bill's meteoric rise. Even though he had a few missteps along the way, as long as he had the right connections, his reputation remained unscathed. Hence, Bill intended to make use of the Quinnell family to elevate his status.

In the past, there were reports of women using their charms to gain academic advantage.

Although Bill wasn't one of them, he was well aware of the industry's unspoken rules. He had gotten away with insulting many people before, so there was no way he was going to be embarrassed by a small-town girl. It didn't matter if things hadn't gone according to plan.

Bill knew he had to prevent things from spiraling out of control. If he didn't act, his reputation would be

toast.

Feigning nonchalance, Bill said, "It's hard to compete with the youngsters these days. They think a little theory is all they need to be experts. I never expected vibrant colors to be such a trend in the Lumier era.

"As veterans in the field, we need to take more caution with appraisals. We have to take responsibility for our words, unlike youngsters who can just take a wild guess."

Bill was clearly implying Wynter had been simply lucky.

Chapter 817 Disgrace

Wynter casually looked up. "Honestly, I wasn't planning on saying much, but Mr. Loft, your professorship seems to warrant further scrutiny, doesn't it?"

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Bill snapped.

Wynter smirked and responded, “Just take it at face value.”

Naomi intervened to smooth things over. “Wynter, please remember we’re on air. Let’s show some respect to our seniors.”

*Seniors? Whose, exactly? Yours? Well, that explains a lot. Birds of a feather flock together.”

“You’re utterly outrageous!” Bill turned to Lindsay while seething, “I won’t come on the show if she’s around. You better handle this. It’s absurd to invite such an ignorant youngster, who doesn’t even have a degree, just because her brother’s a celebrity! It’s laughable!”

Bill was confident that the production team would choose him over Wynter. After all, his credentials spoke for themselves.

Caught off guard by the turn of events, Lindsay was about to intervene when Wynter said, “Mr. Loft seems a bit touchy. Is he trying to throw his weight around?”

“There are detailed records of the second item. The famous collector, Mr. Matthew Mott, splurged five thousand dollars on a snuff bottle from the Tranquil Renaissance.

“It made its way to an auction in Havenia, changed hands a few times, and eventually found its way back to the national museum. Mr. Loft, you are a professor in the field. Haven’t you come across this?”

The more matter-of-factly Wynter spoke, the sourer Bill’s expression grew.

The crowd seemed to favor Bill earlier, but now they were beginning to form their own opinions.

Wynter had guessed the authenticity of the item accurately. However, Bill hadn’t shown any real expertise. thus far. He simply kept making sarcastic remarks.

Lindsay was planning to consult the production team. Before she could do so, Bill smacked his forehead. “Of course! How could I forget!”

Suddenly, Bill’s gaze toward Wynter changed to admiration. “You aren’t clueless at all. You’re practically

an expert!”

“I’ve read a few books, so I have a decent grasp of antiques,” Wynter responded with a smile. Then she looked at Bill quizzically and asked, “Mr. Loft, you still haven’t answered my question. Why do you keep glancing toward the audience?

”

Seeing the lack of response, Wynter continued, “Are you looking at Mr. Quinnell? If that’s the case, I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed. You may not be familiar with Mr. Quinnell, but I am. He won’t help anyone who’s worthless to him.

“Mr. Loft, why don’t you share with us how you managed to become an expert over these years?

“And as for the supposed rising star in cultural relic restoration by your side, does she really possess the skills? Or is she a sham who’s merely following your lead?”

“You... You!” Bill’s chest heaved as he pointed accusingly at Wynter. “I’ll sue you for slander!”

Wynter’s lips curved into a faint smile. “Be my guest.”

Bill had never encountered such an arrogant person. He had assumed he could easily defeat an insignificant girl like her.

How dare Wynter challenge him openly? And why wasn’t Shane coming to his defense?

Feeling confused, Bill blurted out, “Mr. Quinnell, are you going to let her tarnish my and Naomi’s reputation like this? Why not have the Quinnell family’s legal team teach her a lesson? She’s insulting you!”

Shane wished he could vanish into thin air. How could Bill be so foolish as to mention the Quinnell family's legal team? Did he even grasp the implications of what he was suggesting?

Upon hearing this, Wynter smirked. "Did you say the Quinnell family's legal team should teach me a lesson?*

Chapter 818 Embarrassing

Naomi reacted quickly and called out, "Mr. Loft!"

She couldn't risk Wynter exposing the truth as it would swiftly change the online narrative.

With a shrewd look, Naomi warned Bill, "We're here to assess artifacts. Let's stick to our professional roles without mentioning personal Identities. Expertise is what counts here."

Naomi's reproach managed to win her some sympathy. At least, she wouldn't be blamed for Bill's potential blunders.

Next, Naomi maintained her composure and said, "Let's continue, Ms. Barron. I have faith that Mr. Loft will prove himself in the subsequent assessments."

The audience agreed with Naomi's suggestion.

"That's right. It's only the fourth item. We should determine the winner after going through all ten items."

"Even though Mr. Loft's credentials are questionable, we shouldn't underestimate the rising star in cultural relic restoration. Her track record speaks volumes. I'd caution the person's sister to choose her words more carefully."

"Track record? What track record?"

"Don't you know? She worked with Mr. Martinez to appraise renowned paintings."

Naomi had undeniably benefited from Shane's substantial marketing investment. In the realm of cultural relics, any association with Haddon ensured a positive perception. Yet, he never expected Haddon's

presence at the event.

Despite the organizers' attempts to persuade him, Haddon refused to budge. He didn't snatch the microphone; instead, he promptly left the VIP seat.

It was awkward to have a tense atmosphere during the recording. Naomi's timely intervention to preserve Bill's reputation proved to be a saving grace for him, much to Shane's relief.

Meanwhile, Bill clenched his fists and glared at Wynter. He was adamant about making her pay the price.

for his humiliation.

Seeing Wynter's decision to go all in, Bill was determined to make her lose both reputation and credibility.

Nobody bid for the fourth auction item. When it came to the fifth item, Bill and Naomi exchanged glances, both sensing it was worth acquiring. Judging by Wynter's expression, it seemed she was also preparing to

bid.

Bill immediately called out, "We're going all-in for item five."

Naomi turned to Wynter and acted apologetically. "I'm sorry, but I really like the fifth item. Those who know me well are aware of my passion for calligraphy and paintings. Whenever I encounter genuine pieces, I can't resist going all out."

When the audience saw Wynter raising a brow, they thought she was expressing her dissatisfaction.

“Ms. Naomi really likes such items. Previously, she and Mr. Martinez collaborated on appraising calligraphy and paintings.”

Mr. Martinez? Wynter tilted her head to the side. It didn’t seem like he was involved.

Upon hearing his name, Haddon hastened his steps even further. The cameraman trailing behind him was shouting desperately. The audience remained oblivious to this unfolding drama.

Naomi observed Wynter’s thoughtful expression with a hint of satisfaction. “I’m sorry, but I bided first

this time.”

She hoped to elicit a reaction of resentment from Wynter. However, Wynter simply shrugged. “There’s no need to apologize. The fake item is all yours.”

Infuriated by her response, Bill snapped, “The organizers haven’t confirmed the item’s authenticity. How dare you claim that it’s fake? Can you stop being so arrogant?

“It doesn’t matter if you’re rude to me, but why are you acting this way to the Quinnell family’s adopted daughter? Do you even know who she worked with to appraise relics? It was with Mr. Haddon Martinez! Never mind, you won’t know who he is. You-”

Suddenly, a deep voice cut Bill off. “It looks like you people are the ones who need to stop being so arrogant!”

Chapter 819 Haddon Reveals the Truth

On camera, an elderly man clad in a white brocade robe emerged from the audience. His silvery hair and old age exuded an aura of refined elegance, yet his eyes bore an icy glare.

Haddon stared at Bill and Naomi with evident hostility. “What brings you here?” Regan exclaimed, rushing

to greet him.

In the world of relics, reputation reigned supreme. And where did one's reputation stem from? Often, it was from unearthing valuable treasures or authenticating rare artifacts.

Haddon, who was an expert in the field, had dedicated his life to recovering lost cultural relics, especially those belonging to his country. He commanded respect from everyone in the industry. Despite his stature, he remained humble and shunned the limelight.

In recent years, Haddon had voiced his belief that he still had much to learn and often immersed himself in fieldwork, spending extended periods in graveyards. He spent almost a year at each venue and lived under harsh conditions. With such a mindset, he stood unrivaled in his field.

In addition, Haddon had always been known to be caring and mentor others in the field. However, he suddenly appeared very serious. "What's your name?"

Feeling somewhat embarrassed under the audience's watchful eyes, Naomi maintained her polite smile and replied, "Hello, sir. My name is Naomi Quinnell."

"Addressing me as 'sir' only proves you don't know me. If you don't know me, how did you appraise famous paintings with me?"

The audience was taken aback by Haddon's words. Regan quickly intervened, "This is Mr. Martinez."

His words caused an uproar in the audience. Naomi's face drained of color instantly

"So, you've been lying all this time. You claimed to have appraised famous paintings with me. Now everyone knows your true colors."

Haddon's sudden appearance was mind-blowing and caused the show's popularity to soar. The audience covered their mouths in disbelief as they looked at Naomi. They never expected her to lie.

"What's the deal with this adopted daughter of the Quinnell family?"

"No wonder someone said she needs to be investigated. I've seen socialites, but never one who pretends

to be a cultured person.”

Naomi stood under the spotlight on the stage. At that moment, she felt utterly embarrassed.

If someone exaggerates in marketing, they should be prepared for potential backlash. No one anticipated that Haddon would confront Naomi directly..

This time, Naomi did not only face embarrassment within her social circle. She was also exposed to a nationwide audience.

Bill, who was caught off guard by the situation, was about to call out to Haddon when the elderly man

turned around. His stern demeanor was replaced with excitement.

Stepping forward, Haddon extended his hand and said, “I never expected to meet a respected senior like

In such circumstances. These people are ignorant; they don’t understand cultural relics or judge

character well.”

you

Senior? Who was Haddon referring to as a senior?.

Bill felt his heart pounding, and he felt faint. It couldn’t be. How could Haddon possibly consider her as

his senior? However, Wynter stood composed and dignified in front of the audience.

Chapter 820 Wynter Gains Fame

The audience erupted in excitement, and their eyes widened in disbelief. Even the director and host seemed taken aback. Staff members exchanged stunned looks and froze in place.

Could it be true? Could it really be what they had speculated?

The executive producer was the first to regain composure. He swiftly directed the cameramen.

“Focus all cameras on Kina’s sister’s face, quickly!”

Who cares about filming the Quinnell family’s adopted daughter? A girl whom Haddon considered a senior? This revelation could shake the entire cultural relic community!

The executive producer knew precisely what the audience wanted. The comment section exploded. Those who had criticized Wynter just moments ago and accused her of seeking fame because she came onto this show without respecting her seniors now sat in front of their screens in disbelief.

This couldn’t even be scripted. Haddon had referred to Wynter as a senior? The shocking news was trending on social media.

Each person’s expression told a different story. Bill wore the most troubled expression; his complexion paled and he was unsteady on his feet. If not

for the table behind him, he might have collapsed then and there.

Naomi’s face betrayed a mix of emotions. She was caught between embarrassment and a desire to vanish from the spotlight. However, leaving the show midway was out of the question.

The only person on stage who remained composed was Wynter. “It’s been quite some time. You seem to have lost weight since we last met. Please take care of yourself.”

Haddon felt genuine joy at Wynter’s concern. Unable to contain his smile, he replied, “Certainly, I’ll follow your prescription and take my medicine.”

Haddon’s profound respect for Wynter stemmed not just from her exceptional appraisal skills but also from her once saving his life.

Two years ago, Haddon had been diagnosed with a tumor. The doctors then urged him to undergo immediate treatment. They had warned him of potential cancerous developments. However, Haddon, who preferred the company of artifacts to hospital beds, couldn't bear the thought of being confined.

Haddon had asked the doctors for his chances of full recovery. Seeing the uncertainty in their responses, Haddon realized the potential gravity of his condition.

Rather than opting for surgery, Haddon ventured to explore a newly discovered tomb. Despite the concerns of his family and the hospital's recommendations, no one could ascertain the treatment outcomes.

During that period, Haddon was just taking each day as it came. He was hoping to do something meaningful in his final years. Thankfully, fate intervened, and he met Wynter.

Wynter administered acupuncture treatment and gave Haddon medicinal herbs for a week. Initially, he didn't take it seriously. However, upon returning to Kingbourne, Haddon decided to head to the hospital for a follow-up with his family.

The doctors were astounded. After confirming multiple times, they informed him that the tumor had vanished.

When the doctors asked if the artifacts excavated from the tomb had miraculous effects, Haddon truthfully recounted his experience. The doctors couldn't believe it and murmured in amazement, "This is Incredible!"

From their reactions, Haddon realized that Wynter was not only highly skilled in artifact appreciation but also in medicine. What's more, she was still underage at the time.

Even now, the doctors were still asking Haddon if he could locate Wynter so that they could learn her

treatment methods.

Haddon chuckled and looked at Wynter. “They are lucky to have someone as capable as you appear on