

## To Be Yours Again by Taylor

### Chapter 26 We Aren't Close

Alec and Paul watched the drama unfold from the second floor.

"Seems like the woman who made you lose control has gotten into trouble. Aren't you going to help her?" Paul smirked as he glanced at the man beside him.

"Help?" Alec sneered. He seemed to be enjoying the drama. "Why should I help her? We aren't close anyway."

"If that's the case, why did you give her those 60-million-dollar earrings?" Paul chuckled.

Alec's expression shifted. Then, he replied, "I've already explained this. I wanted to thank her for saving Faye."

Paul didn't argue with him. Only Alec himself would know the true reason. Soon, the appraiser that Mr. Nelson had contacted arrived. While waiting for the appraisal, the people whispered to one another. Faye was also waiting to watch the mayhem ensue.

In the crowd's eyes, this was a fake painting. Jenny was just in denial. It didn't take long before the appraisal report was out.

"Let's see how you're going to deny it now!" someone roared as he looked at the appraiser. "Mr. Jones, this painting is fake, right?"

Mr. Jones didn't speak. He looked at Jenny, curious about this woman's identity.

"Dr. Walter, what else do you have to say for yourself? The appraisal report is already out," Faye couldn't help but say. She didn't understand why Jenny could be this calm.

Jenny shot her a glance as she answered calmly, "You're being noisy."

"You!" Faye got frustrated. Just as she was about to say something else, Jenny got up and walked up to Mr. Jones.

"Hello, Mr. Jones," she greeted elegantly with a smile.

Mr. Jones nodded before turning to the audience. "After finishing my appraisal, I conclude that this painting is authentic."

In an instant, the dining hall was filled with sounds of exclamation. Everybody was in disbelief.

"This is impossible!"

"Sir, are you doubting my skills?" Mr. Jones' face fell immediately. Even though he wasn't as famous as Mr. Birkett, he was still pretty well-known in the appraisal industry.

"That's not what I meant..." That person was tongue-tied. "I just feel like it's impossible. Why would she have Mr. Birkett's newest work?"

“More importantly, she even gave it away for charity. Does this woman know the value of this painting?” he thought.  
impossible?”

Suddenly, somebody pushed open the entrance door. A tall, huge figure walked in. out of place at this dinner event, but nobody dared say anything.

“James Windsor!” someone exclaimed. “That’s Mr. Birkett’s mentee. Why is he here?”

James directly walked up to Jenny and said in a somewhat accusing tone, “Why didn’t you contact me

when you got into trouble? Do you not take your senior seriously?”

The crowd was in absolute shock.

“James, don’t be mad. I just didn’t want to disturb you. It’s just a small issue. I can handle it myself,” She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. She didn’t expect her senior to be alarmed as well. James was annoyed, but he felt sorry for her more. Who dared to bully his junior? The audacity!

He looked at the crowd and said coldly, “I heard that someone doubted the authenticity of my junior’s painting?”

The crowd remained silent.

“What kind of joke is this? If you had told us earlier that this was your junior, who would have dared to do so?” they thought.

“This painting was specially painted by my mentor and gifted to my junior. Other than the value it’s worth, it’s also significant.” He scanned the crowd with a cold gaze before it landed on Mr. Nelson. “Jenny must have genuinely wanted to do charity. That’s why she sponsored it for the auction. Who knew it would cause such a huge misunderstanding!”