



### 107: Caitlin's Bold Disruption

O'Brien Master was still in a state of panic. "Stop! This is my painting! You're ruining my work!"

Having heard from Elder Xenos that his son, Felix, was a police officer, he called out from the stage, "Martin! Felix! Hurry up and arrest this crazy woman!"

Felix stood up and said, "Sorry, this type of case isn't under my jurisdiction."

His meaning was clear: Caitlin could do whatever she wanted, and he wouldn't interfere. He was also curious as to why she was acting this way.

"Shut up!" Caitlin snapped, her cold eyes glaring at him. "Now that I've signed the agreement, this painting belongs to me. I can do whatever I want with it."

Everyone immediately realized that Caitlin was intentionally causing a scene.

Louis, relieved that no reporters had been invited and that the situation hadn't escalated publicly, quickly stepped in to mediate. "Mrs. Vanderbilt, there must be some misunderstanding. How about we discuss this privately downstairs?"

"Louis, there's no need for discussion!" Caitlin's tone was calm yet filled with unyielding authority.

"Besides, I've already called the police. They should be here soon to handle the situation."

Sure enough, moments after she spoke, four police officers entered the



room. The leading officer displayed his badge.

"We received a report claiming that someone was impersonating O'Brien Master, engaging in fraudulent activities, and suspected of committing a large-scale scam. You need to come with us for questioning."

The officer waved his hand, and two colleagues quickly moved to apprehend O'Brien.

"No! I didn't commit fraud, let me go! Let me go!" O'Brien Master struggled.

"Stop yelling! Whatever you have to say, do it at the station!" one of the officers responded as they escorted him out of the venue.

The entire room was left in stunned silence. The sudden turn of events caught everyone off guard.

Louis could only apologize to the guests.

"Apologies for what happened. This was a lapse in oversight on the part of Lisson Gallery. We will fully cooperate with the police to investigate the matter. If it turns out to be a fraud case, we will void the auction agreement."

Caitlin, however, interjected, "Louis, even though the painting is ruined and the agreement can be voided, the donation will not change. The 50 million will still be donated to the Red Cross, along with another 50 million, in the same manner."

Louis was deeply impressed. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Vanderbilt, for your generosity and selflessness."

A round of applause broke out from the guests, many of whom, despite



their initial discomfort, couldn't help but admire Caitlin's actions. Martin and Felix, too, saw her actions as a noble gesture.

A woman who didn't take a backseat to any man!

The event shifted to a cocktail party, with Louis inviting everyone to the reception. "Once again, we thank all our guests for your support. We've arranged this cocktail reception to express our gratitude."

After Caitlin's earlier actions, she was the center of attention at the event. Louis, accompanied by several veteran artists, all sought to speak with her.

At this moment, Caitlin became the focal point of the evening.

Martin walked over and joined the conversation, "Mrs. Vanderbilt, I must admit, I had the chance to interact with O'Brien Master, but I never noticed anything unusual. How did you figure out he wasn't the real O'Brien?"

Felix, standing by, looked at Caitlin with admiration.

"Yes, Mrs. Vanderbilt, how did you realize?" Everyone was curious about her method of uncovering the fake artist.

Caitlin smiled faintly and explained, "It's actually quite simple. I've studied O'Brien's works, and her techniques and style are not that difficult to identify. The painting today was completely different from her usual work.

"Moreover, O'Brien is known for her secrecy and rarely makes public appearances, which allows people to exploit the situation.

"I've attended many art exhibitions in S country and have seen O'Brien's



work. I know her pieces are typically melancholy yet strikingly profound, carrying deep meaning.

"This painting, however, is all flash and no substance. It's a far cry from O'Brien's true style and intention."

Her analysis was met with nods of agreement from the surrounding people, all of whom felt that her explanation made perfect sense.

At this moment, Caitlin was surrounded by a group of artists, her confident demeanor and articulate speech drawing all attention. She had a presence that seemed to glow, attracting the gaze of all the men in the room.

Simon stood at the edge, silently watching her, as if observing the brightest star in the night sky. He could feel the vast difference between them and realized that, for the rest of his life, he would only be able to admire her from afar.

Tonight, Caitlin had become the center of attention, eclipsing all the women present. The jealousy in the eyes of women like Jasmine and Yasmin was palpable as they looked at her with disdain.

Caitlin was far too full of herself, wasn't she? She thought she was an artist? Wasn't she just relying on Sebastian's connections and his support?

Meanwhile, Sebastian remained in the car, waiting for Xavi to return.

"How did it go? Was the art exhibition finished?"

"It's done, now we're at the cocktail party."

Xavi took a seat, removed his wig, and excitedly said, "Mr. Vanderbilt,



you should have seen the exhibition today! It was amazing! What a shame you weren't there! If you had been, you would have been applauding Caitlin for sure!"

Sebastian looked at him, confused. "What did she do?"

"She spent 50 million to buy O'Brien Master's painting in your name, then donated another 50 million to the Red Cross in your name! In total, 100 million! Isn't that impressive?"

"..."

Sebastian was stunned. "She donated a billion in my name?"

"Yes, exactly!"

"..."

Sebastian didn't know how to respond. First, his reckless son had spent money on random things, now Caitlin was splurging a billion in a single move, without even blinking.

Why did he feel like he was being scammed?

Sebastian didn't care about the money—it was just a thing to him—but he was curious. What could Caitlin possibly want with that painting? Did she think it was some kind of good luck charm?

"Does she really like that painting? What does O'Brien look like? I heard she's a rising artist. Is she young and handsome?"

Sebastian wondered if Caitlin had bought the painting just to show her support for the artist. Maybe she had even developed a crush?



"No, no, Mr. Vanderbilt. That O'Brien Master is just a grumpy old man."

"An old man? And she's after him too?"

Sebastian's voice grew incredulous.

"She went after an old man?!"

Sebastian was completely shocked. He had no words for his disbelief.

"No, no, that's not it. After buying the painting for 50 million, guess what she did?"

"What did she do?"

"She took the painting and ripped it apart on the spot."

"Why?"

"Because it turns out O'Brien Master was a fraud. Caltlin exposed him right there and then, and the police took him away."

"Oh?"

Sebastian's mood lightened upon hearing that. He had been overthinking. As long as she wasn't causing trouble with some other man, everything was fine.

A billion for charity? That wasn't too much.

With that, his mood lifted. He grinned. "Tyler, take me to the cocktail party!"