

275: Everyone Questions Her Identity

Caitlin remained silent, exuding an aura that was neither aggressive nor submissive.

Her presence alone commanded attention.

Her gaze, sharp and unyielding, met Ximena's head-on, a silent but intense battle unfolding between them.

Zoe, unfazed by the growing tension, responded with measured authority.

"I understand Ximena's concerns. However, as the president of Luminary League, I have the authority to make executive appointments."

Her voice carried undeniable finality as she continued.

"Leah has been removed from her position as a standing board member. Effective immediately, I appoint Caitlin as her successor."

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

"Since she is now a board member, she is, by default, a full member of Luminary League. Unless, of course, you have an objection, Ximena?"

Ximena clenched her jaw, struggling to suppress her frustration.

She refused to accept Caitlin's sudden elevation—from an outsider to her equal in one swift move.

Her lips curled into a tight smile as she countered, "I just think making unilateral decisions like this will only breed resentment among our members. What happens when people start leaving Luminary League because of this?"

Zoe arched a brow, her smirk filled with amusement.

"Oh? Is that so? Does anyone here wish to leave?"

Her tone was mocking yet challenging.

"Luminary League has always respected personal choice. It's difficult to get in, but leaving? That's easy. If anyone wants to go, the door is open. We won't stop you."

A heavy silence fell over the room.

Everyone knew that leaving meant never being allowed back in.

No one was foolish enough to throw away such an exclusive privilege.

Ximena had nothing to say to that.

She wouldn't leave—she had worked too hard to become a board member.

But Caitlin being given the same rank as her?

Unacceptable.

Ximena took a deep breath before speaking again.

"Even if you force her into Luminary League, our membership isn't just about wealth. It's about impact. What exactly has she done for the advancement of women?"

A murmur of agreement spread through the crowd.

Zoe remained composed.

"Let's not go too far back. Let's talk about what Caitlin has done in recent

years."

She turned slightly, addressing the room with clarity.

"Before her divorce from Sebastian Vanderbilt, Caitlin personally donated \$100 million to charity through Lisson Gallery. She also funded an academic building at NYU. If that's not giving back to society, then what is?"

For a moment, the room fell into stunned silence.

But Zora laughed coldly.

"That money wasn't hers. She was using The Vanderbilt Family's wealth. The real contributor was Sebastian Vanderbilt, not her. What does that have to do with Caitlin?"

"Exactly. That was The Vanderbilt Family's donation!"

Several women nodded in agreement, dismissing Caitlin's contributions as meaningless.

Zoe, unfazed, responded smoothly.

"Fine. If my first example is 'questionable,' let me ask you all something else. Are you familiar with the world-renowned artist, O'Brien?"

"O'Brien? Of course!"

"Who doesn't know O'Brien?"

At the mere mention of his name, the energy in the room shifted instantly.

"I even own one of his paintings!"

"His works sell for millions, and all the proceeds go to helping underprivileged communities!"

"O'Brien is an artist with true integrity. He dedicates his art to charitable causes!"

"Yes! His paintings fund entire humanitarian projects! He's a role model!"

The name O'Brien held immense respect and admiration worldwide.

Even Luminary League members looked up to him.

Zora frowned. "What does O'Brien have to do with this?"

She crossed her arms, her posture dismissive.

"President, this is completely unrelated. Are you trying to distract us from the point?"

Zoe's gaze locked onto Zora's.

Her next words sent shockwaves through the room.

"It's not unrelated. In fact, it's the most important point of all."

She took a deliberate pause.

Then, with measured clarity, she declared:

"Because the real identity of O'Brien—the world-renowned artist—is Caitlin."

The room exploded.

"WHAT?!"

"No way!"

"Impossible!"

All eyes turned to Caitlin, their gazes filled with disbelief and shock.

"O'Brien is a man! How can Caitlin claim to be him?"

Zora let out a mocking laugh.

"Caitlin, you're seriously trying to pass yourself off as O'Brien just because he never publicly appears? That's pathetic!"

Others quickly followed suit.

"This is absurd! Didn't someone try to impersonate O'Brien before? That scam artist was arrested on the spot!"

"Exactly! If Caitlin is lying, she should be reported to the authorities immediately!"

The murmurs grew louder, suspicion and accusations swirling.

Some people even pulled out their phones, ready to call the police.

Ximena observed Caitlin closely.

She wasn't stupid.

Caitlin's connections to Shadow Moon Pavilion meant there was a real possibility she wasn't lying.

But if she was telling the truth, then...

Caitlin wasn't just powerful—she was untouchable.

Meanwhile, Zora smirked, waiting for Caitlin to be dragged away in handcuffs.

Zoe, standing tall, spoke again.

"I expected this reaction. I had the same doubts when I first heard it."

She swept her gaze across the skeptical crowd.

"But then I saw proof—video footage of Caitlin painting. She is O'Brien. And to further validate this, I've invited an industry authority to speak on the matter. He has the highest credentials and expertise in the field."

At that moment, the crowd turned toward the stage.

A tall, distinguished figure stepped forward, flanked by two bodyguards.