

276: She Was Being Deliberately Tested

As the man walked onto the stage, the crowd finally recognized him.

It was Louis, the owner of Lisson Gallery.

His presence alone carried tremendous weight in the art world.

Having spent years immersed in fine art, his ability to distinguish authenticity was unquestionable.

If anyone could verify O'Brien's true identity, it was him.

After shaking hands with Zoe, Louis took the microphone.

"Thank you, Zoe, for inviting me to today's Luminary League charity event."

He spoke with a refined elegance, his artistic demeanor making him one of the most admired figures among the women present.

Given his status and credibility, his words would be difficult to dispute.

"Last time, Lisson Gallery encountered an imposter claiming to be O'Brien.

"At that time, the police intervened, and I personally traveled to S Country to investigate the truth.

"Through my research, I was able to uncover O'Brien's true identity. And just like you all, I was shocked.

"The truth is—Caitlin is O'Brien.

"To further confirm this, I sought verification from S Country's National

Art Association, their Fine Arts Museum, and even law enforcement authorities.

"They all validated the same conclusion.

"Here, I have photographic proof—images of Caitlin in S Country, donating her paintings to charity, as well as photographs of her with the President of the Art Association and the Director of the Fine Arts Museum."
"

Louis held up the photos, displaying them on the screen.

The proof was irrefutable.

Caitlin was O'Brien.

The room fell into stunned silence.

All eyes turned to Caitlin.

Even Zoe invited her onto the stage.

Ximena remained composed, unfazed—perhaps she had already suspected it.

But Zora?

She looked as if she had been struck by lightning.

What?!

The artist I idolized... is Caitlin?

The expensive O'Brien paintings she had proudly purchased...



Were created by her?

The realization was unbearable — as if she had swallowed a fly.

It left a sickening taste in her mouth. 1

Caitlin gracefully stepped onto the stage, shaking hands with Louis and Zoe before addressing the audience.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Caitlin... and I am O'Brien."

Zoe turned to the crowd.

"Now, do you see? Does anyone still have doubts?"

"Consider all of O'Brien's contributions to global charity efforts.

"Can anyone here claim to have done more?"

The crowd was left speechless.

Not a single person could refute it.

Even if all their philanthropic efforts combined, they still wouldn't compare to what Caitlin had achieved.

And the worst part?

She never even sought recognition.

Unlike many socialites who flaunted their charitable efforts, O'Brien never sought publicity.

Who knew how much more she had contributed without anyone realizing?



Yet, despite the overwhelming evidence, Zora refused to accept it.

She crossed her arms, her expression cold.

"You claim she's O'Brien. Fine.

"Then let her prove it.

"If Caitlin really is O'Brien, let her paint something right now.

"If she can do that, I'll believe it."

The crowd murmured.

It was an obvious challenge.

A deliberate test of her abilities.

Zoe turned to Caitlin.

"Would you be willing to paint on the spot?"

Caitlin nodded effortlessly.

"Of course. President, could you please prepare the materials?"

Louis immediately took action.

"I have painting supplies in my car. I'll have them brought over."

Minutes later, guards arrived with easels, brushes, and paints, setting everything up on stage.

All eyes were on Caitlin now.

The moment had arrived for her to silence her doubters.



A Master at Work

Louis and Zoe stepped back, leaving Caitlin at the center of attention.

With her back to the audience, she began to paint.

Her strokes were bold yet precise, her movements effortless.

At first, the canvas was a blur of dark tones, blending deep blues, blacks, and grays into an almost chaotic mix.

The colors seemed gloomy, as if depicting despair.

Zora smirked.

"Is that supposed to be art?"

The longer Caitlin painted, the more intricate her details became.

As she worked on the final touches, her brushstrokes slowed—each one deliberate and masterful.

Nearly half an hour later, she put down her brush.

With a sharp flick of her wrist, she tossed it perfectly into the cup beside her.

"Finished. Sorry to keep you all waiting."

She turned to the audience, wiping her hands with a towel.

But instead of applause —

Silence.

No one understood the painting.

Even Louis furrowed his brows, staring at the canvas.

"What... exactly is it?"

Zora burst into laughter.

"This? This is what she came up with?"

"I was expecting a masterpiece, but this is just a mess!"

"Honestly, even I could do better."

More whispers spread through the crowd.

Zoe stepped forward, concerned.

"Caitlin, could you explain your piece?"

Caitlin picked up the microphone.

"Of course.

"The inspiration behind this painting is 'Life.'

"Only by breaking free from the shackles of despair can one achieve true rebirth.

"So, I've named this piece —'Resurgence.'"

Then —

She turned to the staff.

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:



"Would you please rotate the painting?"

The assistants flipped the canvas 180 degrees.

The moment the image changed—

The audience gasped.

"Oh my God!"

"Unbelievable!"

The once-dark, chaotic mess transformed.

An awe-inspiring masterpiece emerged.

An intricate depiction of a figure rising from flames, shattering its chains—
—reborn.

The colors, the depth, the symbolism—breathtaking.

Even Zoe was left speechless.

"This... This is beyond brilliant."

Louis exhaled sharply, shaking his head in wonder.

"I never imagined Caitlin could paint in reverse... The way the image
transforms—this is nothing short of genius."

Everyone in the audience understood her message now.

Breaking free from suffering. Rising again. Finding a new beginning.

It was profound.



It was extraordinary.

And it was unquestionably O'Brien's work.

Zora?

Her face was as black as soot.

No matter how hard she tried to humiliate Caitlin—

Caitlin always shined brighter.

A Gesture of Generosity

Caitlin stepped forward once more.

"Since today is Luminary League's charity event, I will donate this painting for auction.

"All proceeds will go toward charitable causes."

The crowd fell silent again.

Zora laughed bitterly.

"Oh, please. No one is going to bid on this painting."

"Now that everyone knows O'Brien is just Caitlin, her paintings won't be worth anything anymore."