

Chapter 81 The Painting's Donor

The matter had gone out of hand, so it couldn't be swept under the carpet.

The auctioneer looked at Loraine apologetically. It would be rude of them to put the painting through the authentication test after it was sold to Loraine.

However, if they didn't do that, the reputation of the organization would be dented. The rich attendees would take offense and probably cut ties with them.

"Do you mind, Miss Torres?" the auctioneer asked politely.

"No, I don't. Go ahead with it."

Loraine folded her arms, unfazed by the antagonism from most of the people in the hall.

A look of relief flitted across the auctioneer's face. He immediately invited the experts to evaluate the painting.

Several grey-haired men went up the stage.

It was a moment of truth, so everyone in the audience held their breath as the experts did their job.

Twenty minutes passed before the experts finally stopped looking at the painting.

"After examining the painting carefully, we have confirmed that it is actually Robert Andrew's work. The hidden signature and brushwork are enough proof. Just as Miss Torres said, Triumph and The Field, which was put up for sale at Boli Auction House, are works created by Sirloin and Robert. They are both very valuable."

All the other experts concurred with their colleague who spoke for them.

Astonished gasps came from the audience at this moment.

"Whoa! It turned out that an imitation could cost more than the original. Who would have thought?"

What made it even more surprising was that Loraine, an ordinary woman, knew such details. Everyone was amazed at her good eye. They moved towards her and tried to strike up

conversations.

Many top professionals in the industry offered Loraine a job in their antique companies. The salaries were mouthwatering.

In particular, a young man came closer and looked at Loraine with intense admiration.

"Hey, Miss Torres. I heard that you are an architectural designer. How come you know so much about artworks?"

Thinking of her uncle, Wesley, Loraine replied with a smile, "Oh, one of my family is a fan of artworks. I just picked up a thing or two from him."

She didn't say anything else.

At the sight of the people flanking his ex-wife, Marco's heart began to pound.

She knew about architecture, racing, dancing, and antique collection. What else did she have knowledge about?

Marco felt that Loraine was full of surprises.

Jimmie, who was standing next to him, watched Loraine's every move and became more and more suspicious. He tapped his chin as he was lost in thought.

Lorraine knew too much about antiques. This was a rich people thing. Was she really from the countryside?

Vickie was more surprised than everyone else. She was shocked that a middle school dropout could be this knowledgeable. She thought Lorraine was just a dumbo with a pretty face.

As for Curran, he wished the floor would open up and swallow him whole. 3

Not only did he fail to teach Lorraine a good lesson, but he also lost to her in the field that he had been a part of for decades. Such a priceless oil painting slipped through his fingers.

Curran's blood boiled as he looked at Lorraine.

He wanted to yell at her, but he couldn't since Marco was there. He vented his anger on Vickie instead.

"It's all your fault, bitch! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have offended Marco and missed the chance to acquire such a precious painting!"

The more Curran spoke, the angrier he became. He raised his strong hand and gave Vickie a hard slap.

Vickie's head instantly turned to the side.

Her slapped cheek became red and swollen.

Huge palm prints also appeared on it.

She had barely recovered from the first slap when Curran began to rain down slaps on her cheeks.

Vickie froze like a statue. She didn't cry out or dodge the slaps.

She depended on Curran for survival, and she feared he would abandon her if she went against him.

Vickie could only clench her teeth and close her eyes as the slaps came in close succession.

No one in the hall stepped in to help her. They felt that she deserved it for causing trouble here.

Despite the episode, the rest of the auction went on smoothly. Loraine was satisfied.

She had purchase some valuable items.

She got the rosewood walking stick for her grandfather, the artistic sculpture for Wesley, an oil painting for Rowan, and the crystal brooch for Cayson.

Just as she was leaving the hall with Jennie, a voice suddenly stopped her.

"Wait up, Miss Torres!"

Lorraine turned around, only to see a young man in a hoodie and pair of jeans running towards them.

Confused, she asked, "What can I do for you?"

The young man panted for a while before raising his head. He had brown curly hair and was so handsome. There were freckles on his nose and cheeks, making him look lovelier.

With a bright smile, he said, "Nice to meet you, Miss Torres. My name is Grady Cruz. I donated the painting that you bought."

Lorraine was stunned.

Why did the donor of the painting come to her? Did he want to take it back now that he knew its real value?