

# When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0131

Mr. Smith stood up straight and said, “I don’t care then. I’m the one who had my eyes on the painting first, and I hadn’t declared precisely that I’m not buying earlier.”

The middle-aged man on the side was displeased as he said, “Boss, here’s 500 thousand dollars. Sell me the Picasso piece. Your original price was 460 thousand dollars, and now I’m making you a higher offer, so there’s no need for you to prioritize the first- come, first -serve basis anymore, is there?”

The sound of people gasping in shock could be heard coming from the crowd at once. “Whoa! 500 thousand dollars is enough to buy a luxury villa. He’s filthy rich!”

“This shows that this really is a genuine artwork of Picasso’s. He is a renowned painter after all. If he is so famous, it seems that 500 thousand dollars isn’t considered expensive.”

“It’s not considered pricey, of course. Look at the painting. It’s impressive. Hanging it on display in one’s home will taint the home with its artistic value, and perhaps it can even boost the family’s impressiveness. Sigh, what a waste that I’m poor. Otherwise, I would’ve bought it too!”

“That’s right. If you have friends over at your house, they’d be really impressed to see Picasso’s original work too.”

Mr. Smith heard the audience’s remarks and felt even more determined. She clenched her teeth and said, “600 thousand dollars! Boss, I’ll get it for 600 thousand dollars and I’ll make the payment now.”

600 thousand dollars!

Upon hearing the number, the joy in the owner’s gaze could not be concealed anymore. Moreover, he looked straight into the eyes of the middle-aged man and they exchanged glances. He had already come up with an idea.

The painting was actually a forgery, and its cost price was only about 4,600 dollars. If the painting could be sold at 600 thousand dollars, it would be a hefty profit! Moreover, judging by the buyer's foolish behavior, the person would not be able to do anything even if he were to discover that it was a forgery.

"Hey, you, you must be trying to compete with me to see who's richer, aren't you?!" The middle-aged man feigned anger.

Mr. Smith immediately said, "Sir, I really need this painting. Please just let me have it, alright?"

Noticing the person's sincerity, the middle-aged man hesitated for a long time before he said with great difficulty, "Alright, I can see that you're a nice person, so I shall let you have it then. Boss, sell it to him. 600 thousand dollars is a steal, sigh..."

The crowd was discussing how it was a good price in a timely manner too, which pleased Mr. Smith very much upon hearing that. She felt as if he had truly gotten herself a huge bargain.

"Boss, do you accept card payment here? I don't have that much cash on me now."

"Yes, we do!" The owner hastily took out the POS terminal.

Just as Mr. Smith took out her credit card and he was about to make the payment, Zayn could not bear to watch anymore. He stepped forward and clapped while laughing. "Impressive, impressive. It's been a long time since I've witnessed a fraud that involves so many people."

In an instant, everyone looked toward him.

Apart from the owner of the antique store and the middle-aged man from earlier looking at him with a hostile gaze, most of the crowd was also gazing at him with murderous intent.

Mr. Smith froze in the midst of swiping her card subconsciously.

