

When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J

Chapter 13

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Chapter 13 Another Painting Underneath

Greyson thought, "She went all the way around here just to tell me that?"

"Seriously?"

"What did she mean by Rebecca is out of my league?"

"What would she think if she knew that Rebecca and I were down to the last step of intimacy?"

"Just forget it. The smug campus belle can feel free to feel good about herself as she pleases."

Greyson went to Treasure Land.

Seeing him, Aston excitedly said, "Hi, Greyson! Come here and take a seat."

"Let me introduce you to some of the biggest names in the antique world."

There were about seven people sitting inside, and they looked like big shots.

Some were well-dressed with bracelets on their wrists.

Some were with nice hairstyles, looking domineering.

Seeing Aston calling Greyson over, everyone was stunned and soon frowned. "Mr. Wallace, what do you mean?"

"You actually asked a brat to come here and take a look?"

“Are you kidding?”

“He’s nothing while we step into the business.”

They were dismissive.

Aston said, “Don’t say that.

“Age doesn’t matter when it comes to learning. Those with talents ought to be respected.

“Greyson is a top student at Ravero University. We may be early in the game, but he’s a pro!”

“Fine.

“For Mr. Wallace’s sake, let him take a look and see the world.”

A man in his fifties, wearing a long-sleeved shirt, replied dismissively.

He was dressed in an interesting way, wearing a long-sleeved shirt even on a hot day.

He looked old-fashioned.

On the table of Treasure Land was an antique, about 40 cm high.

“This is it.

“We observed it for a long time, and we had no discoveries. Take a look.”

Greyson glanced at it casually.

Immediately, he could tell that it was a fake, and it was made in the 1990s.

Greyson did not immediately jump to a conclusion, but picked up the jar and looked it over carefully.

He couldn’t see much of it, but to a layman, it looked real.

The whole jar looked simple as if it really existed for thousands of years.

Yet he trusted his eyes. This jar should have been worn out on purpose, and the maker was good at it, which fooled those people present.

Aston said, "Well? Do you see anything?"

Greyson shook his head. "It's a fake made in the 1990s."

"Are you kidding?"

The man in the long-sleeve shirt who spoke stood up and said, "There are many of us here, yet none of us can tell. What makes you say that it's a fake made in the 1990s?"

"Yes. What's your proof?"

Another man asked, gloomy.

Greyson claimed that it was a fake while none of them could tell.

"You believe in a brat? I bet that he knows nothing."

"Regardless of whether it's a fake or not, what makes him say that it was made in the 1990s? How can he be so accurate?"

"That's right."

Aston was confused, too.

Even the best people could only tell a rough time range, yet Greyson insisted that it was a 1990s imitation.

Greyson was in a dilemma. After all, he couldn't tell them that his eyes were special.

Seeing that everyone doubted him, he shook his head.

He figured that he might as well pull a stunt.

In this line of work, the more mysterious one was, the more convincing one was

He glanced at the crowd calmly. "I can only tell you that it is a replica coming from the 1990s. If you still want to treasure it, that's your business.

"It's not my loss anyway."

The scene fell silent.

They froze.

Greyson said, "You're all the best in the business. Do I really have to make something so clear?"

He pointed to a dozen antiques placed on the shelves of Treasure Land.

"This is from the 1990s.

"This is from the time before that.

"This is from a hundred years before that.

"And this is the oldest."

One by one, he told the origin of these antiques. Everyone was stunned.

They figured that Greyson was indeed capable. After all, he could tell after a simple glance.

The people here were all Aston's friends. They knew very well what Aston owned.

The antique circle wasn't exactly big. The news of anyone receiving a piece of treasure would spread fast.

Greyson was a hundred percent correct when telling the origin of these antiques. They started to wonder whether they had indeed made a mistake.

Suddenly, someone called Aston. He said, "Alright. I see."

As he hung up the phone, he told the crowd, "It has now been proved that it is indeed a modern imitation.

In order to be on the safe side, Aston specially sent the jar to the authorities for identification.

Authorities said that it was a modern imitation.

The exact time of production of this jar should have been around 1990, and no further details could be confirmed.

The people gawked at Greyson and thought, "He was right!"

They couldn't help admiring him when recalling that he told the origin of the antiques here after a glance.

After all, they had been studying the jar for so long, and Greyson was the only one who could tell.

"Good for you!"

The middle-aged man gave Greyson a thumbs-up.

"Come by sometime."

He passed a business card, inviting Greyson.

The man in the long-sleeve shirt said, "Welcome, too."

Gradually, the previously indifferent crowd became enthusiastic.

They passed their business cards, and Greyson, being humble, put their cards away carefully.

"See you, Mr. Wallace.

After they left, Aston excitedly said, "I have something else here, Greyson. Take a look."

Aston went upstairs and carried out a rectangular box.

It was a painting.

The box was plain, nothing special.

Aston opened the box and took out the long scroll.

It was a particularly delicate scroll, more than a meter long and about 80 cm wide.

Aston said, "I spent 1,300 dollars on it, yet something just didn't feel right. It's supposed to be the authentic one, but something feels wrong."

Greyson took a closer look and found that there was indeed something odd with the painting.

He used his power and found out that there were two signatures on the painting.

One was signed by Devon Paul, and another was signed by Mike Gracie.

Greyson didn't know who Devon was. He figured that Devon was probably just an unknown painter.

Yet he was startled by the name Mike Gracie, as it was the alias of the famous painter, Dominique Gracie.

Greyson opened the scroll, and it was just an ordinary landscape painting signed by Devon.

For a layman, it was a good painting

And there was another signature. Greyson was puzzled. After all, it was the first time he had encountered such a tricky thing since he had magical abilities.

"I have to take a closer look!"

Greyson leaned forward and observed carefully.