

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 87

Henry awkwardly retracted his hands and laughed. "Young Master Mason, don't be selfish to the point where you won't even allow me to touch it. Is it really that valuable?"

Mason slowly rolled out Master Nato's painting. "I'm afraid that you can't afford to pay for it."

Upon hearing that, Henry withdrew his hands with a look of disbelief on his face. "Really?"

The reason why Master Nato's painting was highly regarded by the rich and famous was not only because of her exclusive method in color mixture, but also due to her realistic painting.

Everyone suspected that Master Nato could have been old with a weak body, which was why she never showed her face to the public and rarely painted after achieving fame.

Now, only the Lowry Family from Sandfort City could have her paint for them.

Anyone else besides them could never hire her, no matter how many billions were offered to her.

Upon hearing Mason's description, Janet pouted without knowing what to say.

Henry giggled and intentionally made fun of him. "Young Master Lowry, could it be that Old Madam Nato has his eyes on you, so she was willing to paint for your sake?"

Old Madam? I'm still an 18-year-old young lady! Janet secretly rolled her eyes at him.

Mason shot a cold stare at Henry. This is not something he should say in front of the young lady.

His gaze landed on the painting again. When the painting was completely revealed, he was inadvertently stunned.

The mountains and water looked unfamiliar, but he seemed to have seen the flowers somewhere.

"Young Master Mason, this p-painting is really stunning! The flowers are so realistic and the mountains look divine! Looking at this painting makes you feel that you are in it. What a leisure!"

Mason's dark eyes skimmed across the painting before he suddenly turned to Janet. "Is Master Nato your idol? I noticed that the flowers in this painting are quite similar to the painting you brought a few days ago."

Upon hearing that, Henry glanced at her in shock. "Janet, you can paint? That's surprising!"

Janet scratched her head. "I've told you before that I only know a little about it. Maybe I've seen Master Nato's painting before, so I naturally slightly imitated her style when I was painting."

"If that's the case... Hey, look at this stamp with Master Nato's name. Isn't it a little similar to Janet's?" Henry mumbled.

Mason squinted his deep eyes and suddenly looked at her. "The name looks quite similar."

"Yes! Janet, could it be that you are Old Madam Nato?"

She rolled her eyes at Henry. "I think you are the Old Madam instead. Our names aren't that special, so it's quite common to have similar names."

He fell silent, unable to reply. What she said was quite reasonable and irrefutable.

"Alright, I don't have the time to talk nonsense with you." She carried her bag beside her.

"Are you leaving?" Mason asked in a soft voice.

"Yeah, I'm going out to shop whether I can get anything for Old Madam Lowry as a gift."

"Okay, do you need me to ask Sean to take you there?"

Janet waved her hand. "No, thank you." With that, she quickened her steps. If I don't leave now, my secret may be revealed.

Mason stared at her disappearing figure until she completely vanished from his sight before returning to the watermark on the painting—Master Nato.

His dark eyes deepened. Some things are just getting more and more interesting...

Carrying her bag, she arrived at the largest antique market at Sandfort City again.

When she was in Markovia, she heard that Crystal Jade could cure sickness and heal wounds. It would be extremely beneficial to wear one over an extended period. However, its price was incredibly expensive, which caused it to be overlooked by many people for a period of time.

Old Madam Lowry had undergone surgery, so if she could wear a Crystal Jade on her, her body would definitely become stronger than before, especially when it was complemented with the medicine prescribed by Janet.

Perhaps, something like that could be found in Sandfort City.

She returned to the place, recalling the days where she spotted a valuable treasure amidst the trash. As she strolled, she saw the old man, who previously took the amber bracelet as scrap and sold it to her, working diligently to set up his stall. Her red lips curled upward as she couldn't suppress her laughter in her heart.

She also saw the foolish guy, who regarded the oriental jasper as garbage and threw it away.

"Hey, look at that young lady. Why is she staring at that old man without blinking?"