

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 90

Janet moved closer when she heard their conversation before coming to a halt when she saw the man. Isn't that Uncle Brandon from Leaping Dragon Hotel? It turns out that he enjoys antique so much!

Nevertheless, I'm not sure whether Uncle Brandon has been discouraged after being deceived. I can't believe he still has the courage to check out the antique market, which is filled with a mixture of authentic and fake pieces.

Her lips curled into a smirk upon glancing at the so-called authentic painting by 'Master Nato'.

What the heck? If they wanted to imitate, why can't they do a better job? This is humiliating my name.

Just when she looked over, Brandon noticed her from the corner of his eyes. Janet? Why is she here?

She crouched down to peruse the painting before glancing up at the stall owner. "Boss, where did you get this painting from?"

The owner gave Janet an once-over, immediately judging her as someone who couldn't possibly afford the painting. Therefore, he made a perfunctory comment, "I personally bought it from Master Nato!"

"Oh? I see!" The corners of Janet's ruby red lips curled into a faint smile.

"Are you guys buying this?" The stall owner glanced at the couple in annoyance.

Although Cheryl couldn't be sure that the painting was authentic, she knew that she would have procured something precious if it turned out to be genuine.

She turned to face the man. "Honey, let's buy it!"

"Well..." Brandon was obviously hesitant.

Janet squinted at them, warning out of kindness. "Uncle Brandon, you shouldn't buy that if you trust me. This painting is a fake, without a doubt!"

Cheryl was rendered speechless when she heard that.

Then, she turned to look at him. "Honey, did she call you uncle?"

He nodded. "She is the daughter whom Megan has been reunited with, not too long ago."

Once she heard that, Cheryl started to observe Janet. She does resemble Megan, but she has a cold and distant temperament unlike the former.

The stall owner panicked when he heard Janet announcing that he sold counterfeits. "Little girl, what are you saying? Do you know that I can sue you for making such accusations?"

Brandon looked at her while asking, "Why are you here? Do you have proof?"

Janet tiptoed and looked around before commenting casually, "Well, it's just a fake; there's no need for proof."

"Whoa, is it a fake just because you claim it is? Who would believe you? Tell me—are you planning to purchase this painting? Is that the reason why you are preventing this couple from buying it? Are you trying to buy it at a lower price?"

The stall owner was hinting that she was merely being jealous, so she was trying to prevent the couple from purchasing the painting. After that, she would buy it at a lower price once they left.

Cheryl was alarmed when she heard the owner's remark. "Honey, let's buy it! We can't let someone else purchase it!"

Janet jeered in disdain when she heard Cheryl's unfounded statement. "Such a fool!"

"How dare you!" Brandon was furious. "Janet, why are you so rude? You might have helped me the last time, but that doesn't mean you are well-versed in everything, isn't it?"

His loud outburst attracted the attention of other owners and random passersby.

Chery tugged against Brandon's sleeve. "Honey, didn't you say that Megan's daughter is from the village? How could she possibly be well-versed in such matters?"

Upon hearing that, the stall owner grasped onto the vital piece of information while pointing a finger at Janet. "Everybody, please judge fairly on my behalf. This little girl from the village is deliberately causing trouble here by accusing me for selling counterfeits! However, she can't prove herself! You are from the village, so how could you possibly be well-versed in such matters?" he thundered.

It was chaos in that instant.

"Little girl, it's not easy to have business nowadays. You shouldn't create problems unnecessarily—let the owner off the hook."

"The key here is that she doesn't have proof and she's claiming that it's a fake. Would she be the one to compensate if the painting can't be sold due to her comment?"

"Honestly, just look at her; she looks like a student. She doesn't look like she's at the antique market to purchase items. I'm sure she's here to cause trouble!"

"That's right, just leave. Don't hinder other people's businesses!"

Brandon was at a loss for words when he glanced at Janet, gesturing for her to head home with his gaze instead of embarrassing herself.

"Boss, how much is this painting?" Cheryl asked the stall owner.