

The Pinnacle of Life Chapter 270

Just then, an old man in traditional clothing walked into the manor with a smile while holding two bottles of wine.

“Hey Bardot! Your old pal is here to see you! Just look at what I’ve brought you, it’s the thirty-year-old Dalva tawny port!”

Upon hearing the old man’s voice, Aidan immediately rushed up to him while donning a bright smile. “Lawrence, didn’t you say that the Archaeological Society will be having a meeting today? Why did you rush over here then?”

This old man was Christopher Lawrence, he used to teach History back in the same school as Aidan. However, this old man joined the Archaeological Society later on. Now, he had a different position as an official in the archaeology industry. Naturally, Aidan was overjoyed to see him.

Christopher smiled as he said, “I came as soon as the meeting ended.”

Just then, he took a glance at the ground and noticed The Landscape that had been stomped by Claire. Although he could only see parts of the painting, he was able to identify it.

Christopher was shocked all of a sudden. After placing the wine on the ground, he picked up the painting. “Bardot, this is... Isn’t this, The Landscape?”

His heart sank with restlessness. The more he looked at the painting, the more upset he looked.

Aidan smiled and said, “Oh Lawrence, just look at how panicked you are over a fake painting of The Landscape. It’s just a faux given by a loser. You’re an archaeologist for god’s sake. Just look at the area

with the stamp, it has been burnt off. They are too clumsy and couldn't even get the stamp right, it's clearly the fakest of fakes."

"You're calling this a fake?" Christopher's eyes widened in anger, even his beards stood up.

Claire, who rushed over, pointed at the painting and said, "Mr. Lawrence, of course this is fake! It's a gift from my useless son-in-law. No wait, from my ex son-in-law! How dare he present a fake painting to my father? That's why I tore it apart and stomped on it twice in front of him, just so this can't be used to scam others."

"You tore it apart and even stomped on it twice?"

Grimaced in intense anger, Christopher slapped Claire across the face.

Claire was stunned. "Mr. Lawrence, why did you slap me?"

Christopher was heartbroken. "You dumbass! You absolute idiot! You've ruined a beautiful art piece! Who told you that this was a fake? This is the original copy of The Landscape by Jean Pucelli! It's one of his priceless works that has been passed down! It's priceless, you hear me?! How, how dare you tear it apart?! You'll be condemned through the ages!"

Tears started trickling down Christopher's face. For an archaeologist, nothing was more painful than seeing a priceless treasure getting ruined by fools.

Everyone's chest tightened in shock and thought, 'If this is the real copy of The Landscape, what about the one that Edison presented?'

Aidan frowned and said, "Lawrence, are you sure this is the original copy?"

Christopher replied, "Of course, there's no doubt about it! Do you think it's a fake because of this burnt area? I guess you're a fool too. That's because the painting had experienced a fire when it was passed down. It took tremendous effort to save the painting back then, I didn't expect it to get ruined by your daughter!"

Adrianna immediately snatched the drawing given by Edison. "Mr. Lawrence, you must be mistaken. Look, this is the original copy of The Landscape by Jean Pucelli. My son-in-law bought it with ten million dollars in an auction."

After taking a glance at the painting, Christopher spat on it. "This is a fake painting! There have been a few fake copies of Jean Pucelli's arts lurking in the counterfeit market lately. They are all cheap counterfeits, printed digitally. This is one of them, it costs a hundred dollars at most."

"What? A hundred dollars?!" Everyone was shocked.

Claire, who felt hard to breathe due to anxiety, immediately asked, "Mr. Lawrence, then how much does this original copy cost?"