

When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0132

”What kind of nonsense are you going on about, huh? You good-for-nothing brat!” scolded the owner of the antique store as he peered down at Zayn rudely. He was seething with rage.

Mr. Smith had her brows furrowed as well as she glanced over at Zayn in equal puzzlement and indignation.

As she came from a wealthy family, she was raised to possess a refined palate and impeccable taste. She occasionally dabbled in the world of paintings and murals as well. From what she had to go off of, the Picasso painting looked like the real thing, and she was sure that it had not been tampered with at all. On the other hand, the man in front of her was claiming that it was a fake. Was he really challenging her expertise? In a certain sense, he was also trying to humiliate her.

Zayn kept a level head despite the many murderous gazes staring back at him. He casually circled the room, a relaxed smile playing on his lips. “I’m the one talking nonsense? You’re the ones who are asking me to pay 600 thousand dollars for a phoney painting that’s worth what three to four thousand dollars? You have some real nerve. That amount of money could land you in jail for years.”

The owner of the antique store became even more infuriated, though you could see a twinge of guilt in his eyes. Refusing to drop his act, he spat back coldly. “You’re crazy. You’re just here to stir up trouble, aren’t you? I’m starting to think that you’re a pathetic competitor of mine who can’t make a deal for his life, so instead you come over and harass me because you’re jealous I can make over 150 thousand dollars without getting on my knees and begging!”

Despite his untruthfulness, one had to acknowledge his quick thinking. The owner of the antique store had whipped up a lie on the spot by accusing Zayn of being a fellow competitor who was only here to stir up trouble because of his uncontrollable envy.

The tomboy nodded to herself, considering the possibility by the owner’s side of the story due to his rather convincing statement. Zayn was rendered speechless upon noticing her reaction. What was going on in that tomboy’s brain? How could she not see through such a poorly-crafted ruse? It did not take much for her to be swayed.

At the same time, a voice was heard shouting out from the crowd of onlookers. “Hey, I know him! Everyone in Waltz City knows him because he married into the Carters. What is he doing here anyways?”

“Is that so? Why haven’t I heard of him then? What is he even famous for?”

“He’s infamous for being a good-for-nothing deadbeat! Hah-hah-hah. You’re not from there, so you wouldn’t know. Everyone knows him for being a worthless loafer.”

“Hah-hah, now that you’ve said that, I have a rough idea. His wife is an absolute doll, isn’t she? He’s well-known for all the wrong reasons. I heard he’s close to useless, and that he just hides out in the Carter family home while relying on them for everything. He’s an embarrassment to all men!”

“Ain’t that right. That’s no way for a man to live. If I were him, I would’ve pulled the plug on myself a long time ago.”

“Speaking of which, if he’s hiding out at the Carters, why is he outside?”

Simply because someone had recognized Zayn, he was now being bombarded by an endless torrent of verbal abuse.

“Married into the Carters?” The tomboy, Mr. Smith, was rather surprised. Her glare was laced with spite as her eyes dug a hole into Zayn’s despicable face. She hated nothing more than when men who had no desire for self-improvement paraded their terrible attitude. A man who was willing to marry and live with his wife’s family, could there be anything more pathetic?

Zayn was unbothered. It was not due to a lack of dignity, but the many years of disrespect that had left him desensitized. Many people misunderstood him, and he had long given up on trying to change their many biased opinions of him.

The owner of the antique store breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing the crowd's unanimous discussion. It seemed like he had nothing to fear, Zayn was merely a good-for-nothing deadbeat who married into his wife's family. There was nothing threatening about him at all!

“Not so tough now, are you? P*ss off, get out of here and stop disturbing my paying customers!” cried the owner triumphantly.

At his command, two burly staff members marched over to escort Zayn outside.

The owner directed his attention to the tomboy, “Mr. Smith, he's a lunatic. Ignore him. You can swipe your card at the register, and I'll wrap the painting up personally. I know for a fact that your father-in-law will love this painting!”

The tomboy kept her hands on her credit card. She was starting to suspect that something was off. The owner was rushing her to make the transaction. Even if she had no concrete proof of the painting being forged, she recognized the owner's strange behavior.

“I'm not in a rush. How about we listen to his explanation?” The tomboy asked Zayn curiously. “What's the basis of your argument? Why do you think this painting's forged?”

There was a brief flicker of apprehension in the owner's expression, but he hid it well. His features darkened as he exchanged glances with the middle-aged man who stood before him. They sensed the hatred in each other's eyes, acknowledging they had a shared loathing for that freeloading deadbeat.

“Alright. Since you believe this painting's forged, what part of it is forged exactly? If you can't back up your claim, you've basically committed slander! Don't come crying to me when I stop going easy on you.” The owner sneered threateningly.

Zayn chuckled softly. Despite every pair of eyes being trained on him, he did not falter in his confidence. One would expect him to be overwhelmed with fear and dread, but in fact, it was the complete opposite. Noticing his cool demeanor, the tomboy could not help but wonder whether his behavior was expected of a deadbeat who married into his wife's family. She doubted so.

“Can you please hand the Picasso painting over? I need to take a closer look.” Zayn requested of the tomboy, a well meaning smile on his lips.

The tomboy considered for a moment, nodded, and passed the Picasso painting to Zayn obediently.