

When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0135

Just as he was about to leave, someone called out from behind him. He turned around to find that it was the tomboy, Mr. Smith.

Zayn stopped in his tracks. “Anything else?”

The tomboy had very delicate features, and her complexion resembled the pure, driven snow. She was a very beautiful woman, and anyone could make that conclusion in just a glance, which was why she dressed the way that she did. Ironically enough, she was far more attractive than most of the young male artistes on the entertainment scene.

As she walked over, Zayn noticed a faint scent radiating off of her body. Zayn was curious, was she unaware of how masculine she appeared in the mirror before leaving the house?

“Thank you for your help earlier. If it wasn’t for your timely rescue, I would’ve gone home with a fake painting.” The tomboy thanked Zayn sincerely, expressing her heartfelt gratitude to him for his assistance.

Zayn said, “Don’t mention it, it’s no trouble to me at all.”

The tomboy continued sheepishly, “Goodness, it’s all my fault for jumping the gun like that. I had no idea that they were con artists. By the way, I hope you don’t mind me asking, are you a connoisseur? How could you tell that painting was a counterfeit? I didn’t suspect a thing, and I was looking at it for quite some time.”

It was something that the tomboy could not wrap her head around. From what she had heard from the crowd, Zayn was a married man who lived with his wife’s family. Plus, he was apparently notorious for being unable to hold a stable job. He acted nothing like the man the crowd was claiming him to be.

In fact, Zayn’s confidence and sensibility was something that many successful young men had yet to master.

Zayn responded, “I was only throwing out wild guesses, I’m not whatever connoisseur you think I am.”

Realizing that Zayn refused to entertain any of her further queries, the tomboy was slightly displeased, but she respected his wishes. After all, they barely knew each other if at all.

“Please, allow me to introduce myself. Call me Alex Smith,” said the tomboy amicably as she offered a handshake. In truth, her birth name was Alexandra Smith, but she went by a more androgynous contraction of her name when she was masculine presenting. She was rather proud of herself, as she believed that no one could see through her carefully crafted guise.

Who would have thought that Zayn saw right through her.

Faced with a gorgeous, confident woman who was masculine presenting, Zayn had no idea what to feel about her frankly, he found her rather strange. It took a moment of consideration before he accepted her handshake as he introduced himself as well. “I’m Zayn Larson, pleasure to meet you.”

“Zayn Larson, what a nice name.” Alexandra spoke in an impressively deep and resonant voice that easily fooled most people. “Hey, dude. I bet you’re starving too, aren’t you? I could go for some good food right about now. Maybe we could have a beer or two, so what do you say? Hah-hah-hah...”

Zayn felt uncomfortable. She was fully committing to her identity, and while admirable, it was starting to feel slightly off putting.

He shook his head as he politely declined, “No thanks, I’m actually quite full...”

However, his stomach betrayed him. Before he could even finish his sentence, his stomach growled in protest. To say that it was awkward would have been an understatement.

Alexandra punched his chest playfully as she burst into a fit of laughter. “Hey, dude. What? Do you think you’re too good for me? Come on, there’s a Hadesian restaurant nearby that serves killer food. Who knows when I might see you again, so let’s celebrate and bond over a good meal!”

Zayn insisted helplessly, “There’s really no need, I still have to...”

“Yikes! If you decline my invitation one more time... We’re both men, we’re supposed to be open! We’re supposed to be reckless!” Alexandra just could not help herself. She pounded at her chest as she boasted rather haughtily. “Otherwise, what makes us different from the women?”

Zayn’s jaw almost dropped. “Woman, you do realize you’re a woman too, right?”

Alexandra was doing everything in her power to prevent Zayn from getting away. She had actually wrapped her arm around Zayn’s shoulder, and dragged him forcefully along with her.

She was four inches shorter than Zayn, so when she clung onto him, she was practically hanging off of Zayn’s body. It made Zayn unbelievably tense.