

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 91

The boss answered solemnly, "5 million."

"5 million?" Cheryl stared at the painting in front of her and, deep down in her heart, she wanted nothing more than to take the painting home. Hence, she turned to Brandon. "Honey, why don't we bargain for the price and buy this painting?"

"But..." Brandon was hesitant. 5 million isn't a problem, but if I were to purchase a counterfeit, there's nowhere to get justice this time.

Just when the couple hesitated, a middle-aged woman appeared out of nowhere and spoke to the stall owner, "Boss, is this 5 million? I'll take it!"

Janet looked up when she heard that, noticing the middle-aged woman had a furtive look. The woman's sheepish expression alone was enough to reveal that she was guilty. She must be working with the stall owner and if my guess is correct, they are husband and wife.

Nevertheless, Cheryl was oblivious to it. Once she saw someone else trying to compete with her to purchase Master Nato's painting, she instantly lost her sense of judgment. "No way, I saw it first!"

The middle-aged woman glanced at her while commenting softly, "Have you paid for it? I noticed that you've been standing there for the longest time."

After that, Cheryl vehemently glared at Janet. If Janet hadn't stirred up trouble out of nowhere, I would have purchased the painting by now.

When the stall owner saw two people competing to buy the painting, he couldn't help but cackle evilly in secret. Soon, he went along with the flow. "Well, why don't we do this? You should each make an offer and the highest bidder gets the painting!"

The middle-aged woman agreed with the stall owner. "Boss, I'll offer you 6 million. Will you sell it to me?"

"Well..." The stall owner pretended to look as if he was caught between a rock and a hard place. "Why don't you ask the couple over there?"

Cheryl looked as if she was on the verge of tears when she spoke to Brandon, "Honey, let's offer 6.1 million."

Nevertheless, he did not immediately agree to it and instead spoke to the owner, "Boss, the agreed price was 5 million. You can't possibly increase the price just because someone else has showed up, can you? My wife loves this painting a lot, so why don't you just sell it to me?"

The stall owner snorted. "You can only blame yourself for being slow when the price of the painting was still at 5 million earlier. If you aren't interested, I'll sell this piece to the madam here."

Cheryl clutched her chest, as though she suffered and gazed at Janet. "It's your fault. I would have purchased it long ago if it weren't for you!"

The passersby's hearts went out for Cheryl when they saw her in such agony. Hence, they started to reprimand Janet. "You are a bearer of misfortune! Quickly get lost from the antique market!"

"You are too evil! This couple has been standing here for a very long time, but you showed up to cause trouble."

"I think you should pay the extra 1.1 million for her."

Janet snorted in disdain when she heard that and her reply was laced with sarcasm. “This is a low-quality imitation painting. Only fools would treat it like a piece of treasure!”

“Haha, low-quality imitation.” Cheryl cackled in frustration after listening to her comment. “What do you know about this? You should prove it!”

Janet wanted nothing more than to pry open her Aunt Cheryl’s skull to check whether her brain had been replaced with mush. She squatted down while using her slender and fair finger to brush across the watermark. Then, she chuckled quietly, “You, fool. Look at this—is this Noto or Nato?” The spelling ‘Noto’ and ‘Nato’ looked so similar that one would have missed it if they hadn’t paid attention to the details.

Cheryl went closer to have a better look, and true enough, it was ‘Noto’. “B-Boss, how could you cheat your customers?!”

The stall owner took a look and he confirmed it himself! Damn it, didn’t the middleman claim that this is a high-quality imitation? How can this be of high quality when they didn’t even get the name right?!

The crowd now shifted their attention to the stall owner and there was an uproar. “How could you cheat your customers?”

"Your asking price is 5 million!"

"How dare you claim that the little girl is accusing you!"

"This little girl has such a keen eye. I can't believe that she noticed such a minute detail!"

"I'll report you to the Trade and Industry Bureau tomorrow! How dare you lie to me!" Cheryl reprimanded the stall owner while pointing a finger at him.

Brandon was slightly shocked as well. Janet has such a keen eye and if it weren't for her, I would have been cheated once again today. It wasn't his first time to be taken advantage of, but he was even angrier. While looking at the heartbroken Cheryl, he picked up his phone to make a phone call to file a report.

The stall owner begged for mercy when he saw that. "Sir, I know you are a generous person, so please have mercy on me! Please don't report me! I have been deceived too, otherwise... Why don't I give you a pair of jade earrings?"