

Blessed 182

[Chapter 182 The Number Plate Of The Auction](#)

Hearing it, Hilda's eyes lit up. Immediately, she flattered Frey by insulting Trevor. "Wow, you are so knowledgeable, Frey.

Unlike someone, whose eyes are fixed on something yet he doesn't know anything about it. He even has the nerve to come to the auction!"

Unfortunately, Trevor, who was standing beside them, wasn't affected by their words at all!

In fact, he was totally attracted by the appearance of the luxury yacht.

In his heart, Trevor thought, 'Wow, I am going to buy this yacht? It's so spectacular!'

At the same time, Trevor was a little excited. After all, this yacht would become their family's property in the future, which meant he could be able to drive it for a trip.

Thinking about it, Trevor became very excited.

Not knowing anything, Frey and the others only thought that Trevor was just a loser who had never seen or experienced the outside world.

Not long after, many people came to the auction and all the rich businessmen and billionaires formed their own small circle to chat.

When Frey met his acquaintances, he greeted them politely.

"Mr. Sugden, you are also here. My father misses you a lot. He even said that he was going to invite you to have a drink at home."

Hearing his words, a healthy middle-aged man turned around and said with a smile, "Oh, you must be Frey. I heard that you came back from abroad this time to develop your family business in Jork. You are so young and promising!"

The middle-aged man's name was Bentlee Sugden. His family was engaged in the wholesale in food business and it was developing really good. He was cooperating with Frey's family for a long time.

Looking at the girls behind Frey, he teased him, "Although I quit drinking, I might drink some in the wedding feast. When are you getting married, Frey?"

Without denying anything, Frey said ambiguously, "Ha-ha, Mr. Sudgen, I'm still young.

This is Selma, the daughter of the owner of Cloud Technology Company. The one standing behind her is

her cousin, Hilda."

Once Bentley heard the name and identity of Selma, his eyelids twitched and he said sincerely, "Frey, you have to seize the chance well. If you miss the important people, you won't be able to win their favor again."

With a cold look on her face, Selma explained truthfully, "Sir, I just met Frey today. Please don't talk nonsense."

If it weren't for the fact that she had to maintain her image in front of Trevor, she would have lost her temper by now.

Although Bentley was a little embarrassed, he was cheeky enough to shake hands with the two girls.

As the man had talked nonsense, Selma didn't like him at all!

On the contrary, Hilda was satisfied to hear his words. Therefore, she tried to ease the atmosphere so that the interaction between them wasn't so bad.

Finally, Bentley greeted everyone, except for Trevor.

In his eyes, the ordinary clothes that Trevor wore didn't match the people at the scene. So, he guessed that Trevor was here just for fun.

At that time, Hilda couldn't help but burst out laughing. Then, she teased, "Hey, the guy who had the surname Sanderson, can you see? No one thinks you come with us because you are dressed like a poor loser."

Squinting his eyes, Bentley asked, "Oh, he came with you guys?"

Who is he?"

Of course, Frey took this as an opportunity to mock as he said, "Mr. Sugden, this guy is just a poor student. We brought him here to see and experience the outside world."

Trevor didn't care a bit about what he just said. Seeing that Bentley was looking at him, Trevor thought he should show a symbolic etiquette. With that thought in mind, Trevor gave him a nod and stretched out his hand.

However, Bentley just looked at Trevor with disdain and looked away.

"Well, if that is the case, I don't want you to hang out with those kind of poor people in the future, Frey. Our standards aren't the same. We are at a height where he can't reach at all."

Gritting her teeth, Selma spat angrily, "You!"

Although Selma wanted to say something more, Trevor waved his hand to stop her.

After that, he withdrew his hand calmly and glanced at Frey and Bentley.

Then, he looked around the dock. At that time, he found the place that he had been looking for.

In a distance, there was a small room which was built temporarily and it was decorated luxuriously. There were even two jade carvings in front of the door, and a banner hung on the door with the words "Auction Number Plate Distribution Room" written on it.

Since the auction price was high, not all the rich people were qualified enough to participate in the auction.

This morning, Evie had told him that anyone who wanted to bid needed to get a number plate first.

Pointing at the small room, Trevor said to Selma, "Selma, I'll go over there first."

When Frey looked at the direction Trevor was pointing, his eyes widened.

"Wait, are you here to make a fool out of yourself, Trevor?"

Then, he continued, "Do you even know what that place is for or why do people go there?"

Shrugging, Trevor said lightly, "Isn't that the place where the bidding number plates are distributed?"

I am going to get one."

Hearing such a calm voice, both Frey and Bentley sneered. Then Bentley said, "Young man, it is okay for you to come and see. But don't get involved in the things you don't know!"