

## Blessed 183

### [Chapter 183 An Unexpected Result](#)

"Do you think you can get a number plate so easily? The number plate here is a status symbol!"

Even a boss with hundreds of millions of assets like Bentley was not qualified to get a plate. How could a poor loser get one? But, of course, he did not say that out loud.

"Selma, look at him. Isn't it embarrassing to bring a loser to an auction such as this one? Can he even get a number plate?" Hilda echoed in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Are you done talking? If you don't believe me, follow me and see for yourself if I can have one."

Trevor crooked his finger to them as he spoke.

He did not want to be a showoff, but that did not mean he would let them belittle him.

"Wow! Are you an actor? I didn't expect you'd be so good at pretending to be someone. Fine. I'd like to see how you humiliate yourself!"

A sneer tugged at the corners of Frey's mouth. In his eyes, Trevor was just being pretentious.

Seeing the disdain on the other party's face, Trevor raised his eyebrows and asked lightly, "Since you're so confident that I won't be able to get a number plate, how about we bet on it?"

"I'm in. Do you think I'm afraid of you?"

Complacent, Frey smiled widely, showing his straight, white teeth.

He did not believe that a loser like Trevor could prove them wrong.

More importantly, this was the perfect opportunity to show Selma that this pathetic man did not deserve her at all. Then, she would fall in love with Frey in the end, and Trevor would end up miserable.

With a cunning smile, Frey thought of a plan. "Trevor, if you fail to get a number plate, I want you to get the fuck out of here. Being with you in a yacht auction is embarrassing enough. Who knows what humiliating thing you'll do?"

Trevor was amused to see Frey so confident. "Sure. No problem. But if I win, I want you to seal your mouth with tape. I don't want to hear 'flies' buzzing by my ears while I'm participating in the auction."

Frey's eyes darkened upon hearing this.

However, he did not say anything more. He believed that it would not be long before Trevor ate his

words.

Everyone followed Trevor to the bidding number plate distribution room.

It looked luxurious from the outside, but it was even more extravagant inside.

There were colorful glass lamps and an antique mahogany counter. Behind it stood a beautiful receptionist.

As soon as they entered the room, Frey crossed his arms and urged Trevor, "Trevor, go get a number plate now."

Trevor merely glanced at him. Without a word, he confidently went straight to the counter.

He had never seen someone like Frey, who was so eager to embarrass himself.

At that moment, Trevor looked at the receptionist, nodded at her as a greeting, and then handed his ID to her. "Hi. I'd like to have a bidding number plate."

The receptionist looked at Trevor with hesitation. Although reluctant, she searched his name on the computer in front of her.

A few moments later, a frown appeared on the receptionist's face. Judging from the look on her face, there must have been a mistake. "Sir, I'm sorry to say but your name isn't on the list."

Trevor was confused. His sister had asked him to come here and get the number plate. What could have been the problem?

Something dawned on him all of a sudden. He figured that Evie must have registered her own name, not his.

Meanwhile, Frey took advantage of their bewilderment. He approached the counter with a smug smile and laughed sardonically. "Ha-ha! Miss receptionist, are you sure about that?"

Trevor here is quite sure that he can get a number plate. Just to be safe, can you check it again?"

But then, Trevor suddenly said, "Wait for me. I'll just make a quick phone call."

He returned to the counter five minutes later.

There he wrote down a new number and gave it to the receptionist.

The receptionist frowned, still skeptical. Nevertheless, she typed it into her computer.

Meanwhile, Frey was getting impatient. He glanced at Trevor with disdain and scoffed, "What's the matter? Do you really think that that phone call will make a difference? You know, it'll be less humiliating if you just admit defeat. You should leave now before you make a fool out of yourself."

"Yeah, Trevor! Why are you still standing there? Aren't you tired of pestering my cousin?"

Hilda echoed with her lips pursed.

However, something unexpected happened.

The expression of the receptionist, who had looked at Trevor with disgust, softened, and she now showed respect to him.

Under the stunned gazes of the crowd, she respectfully handed a number plate to Trevor.

"Sir, please don't lose your number plate. Should you have any concerns, please don't hesitate to call me," she said in a coquettish voice.

Then, she handed Trevor a tissue with a lipstick mark and her phone number.

Frey was utterly dumbfounded with what he had just seen.

'What the hell is going on? Trevor really got a number plate!'