

Blessed 541

[Chapter 541 The Sexy Fake Girlfriend](#)

Vida was charming, good-looking, and had a curvaceous figure. Not to mention, she and Trevor had a near-death experience while they were on the island.

'Maybe I can ask her for help,' Trevor thought.

He looked at Clarissa and said, "Please have a seat. I'll ask my girlfriend to come over so you can see her."

After pouring a glass of water for Clarissa, Trevor knocked on the door of Vida's house.

Vida happened to be at home, so she quickly opened the door. She was slightly taken aback when she saw him. "Trevor? What's the matter?"

She wore a yoga vest at that moment, which made her look even more attractive.

The red vest hugged her curvy figure perfectly, especially her breasts and buttocks. Her long hair was tied in a slightly messy bun, and her exposed skin looked smooth to the touch.

A few strands of hair stuck to her forehead as sweat continued to drip down. Her cheeks were also slightly red because of the exercise.

Vida seemed so alluring at that moment, but Trevor tried to keep his composure.

His face flushed as he shyly replied, "I'm in trouble. I want you to pretend to be my girlfriend and help me deal with a woman who's chasing after me."

Vida hesitated for a moment, but eventually, she nodded.

Thus, Trevor led her to his house.

"Clarissa, this is my girlfriend," Trevor announced as he sat on the sofa, pretending to be calm.

Clarissa eyed Vida from head to toe.

She thought Vida really was beautiful, but she still couldn't help but feel like something was wrong.

"Why are you guys sitting so far away from each other?" Clarissa asked as she crossed her arms. "Trevor, did you ask her to pretend to be your girlfriend so you can deceive me?"

When Trevor looked at Vida, he instantly realized that they didn't have a tacit understanding. They simply sat on the sofa and kept their distance from each other.

He braced himself to sit close to Vida. Then, he looked at Clarissa and forced a smile. "It was a little hot outside, so we didn't sit next to each other."

Vida just nodded in agreement.

Clarissa raised an eyebrow and gave them a doubtful look. "Aren't couples supposed to have some kind of intimate interaction? Both of you seem like complete strangers to each other. Are you really a couple?"

Trevor pressed his lips into a thin line as he put his arm around Vida's waist.

Vida's body stiffened a little, but she masked her discomfort by leaning on Trevor's shoulder.

She felt Trevor's rapid heartbeat as soon as she did so.

Trevor breathed a sigh of relief when he noticed that Vida was willing to cooperate. Then, he shifted his gaze to Clarissa and narrowed his eyes at her. "Of course, we are. This is how we hold each other when we're together."

Clarissa grimaced. "I won't believe it unless you two kiss and—"

"That's enough, Clarissa!" Trevor interrupted. "We're not here to perform for you!"

Clarissa huffed. Then, she picked up the glass of water and drank it in one gulp before putting it back on the table. She still wasn't willing to give up.

When she stood up, she locked eyes with Trevor and announced, "Trevor, I really like you. Even though you have a girlfriend, I won't give up. I still have a chance as long as you're not married!"

After saying that, she turned around and left in despair.

'Finally,' Trevor thought as he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Trevor..." Vida whispered, shyly looking down.

Trevor looked at her. Only then did he realize that his arm was still wrapped around her waist while she leaned against his shoulder.

Both of them hurriedly backed away from each other.

"I-I'm sorry," Trevor stammered as he sat on the other side of the sofa—his face flushing bright red.

"Thank you so much for helping me."

Vida took a deep breath and sighed before she smoothed her hair and sat up straight. "It's alright. I'll go back now."

Trevor couldn't figure out what was on Vida's mind at that moment, but he still decided to sincerely express his gratitude to her.

[Chapter 542 Vida Got Sick](#)

When Trevor went back to his apartment, he couldn't help but recall Vida when he held her in his arms.

There was still a trace of her fragrance on his clothes, which made him somehow yearn for her presence.

Moreover, after talking to her several times, he couldn't help but feel like she was different from ordinary girls. She piqued his interest because she was so mysterious, and in a way, he also wanted to know more about her.

'I had no choice but to hold her in my arms so I could make Clarissa think we were a couple. I probably offended her, though,' Trevor thought with a sigh. 'I have to buy her a gift to apologize for that.'

After calming himself down, he went out to buy a gift for Vida and planned on visiting her soon after.

At dusk, Trevor went to the door of Vida's room, holding a gift box. He couldn't help but feel a bit nervous as he stood there for a few moments.

Gathering his courage, he knocked on the door. He felt his heart race as he anticipated her presence.

Soon after, Vida opened the door.

Her eyes darted toward Trevor, causing her to slightly frown. "Is that woman coming again?"

Trevor shook his head. "Not really. She won't be coming for a while thanks to you. I bought you a gift." He extended his arms to show Vida the gift box. "Take this as a token of my gratitude."

Vida glanced at the box in his hand. "Do you think I'm one of those girls who like fluffy toys?"

The box that Trevor was carrying was the same size as the gift boxes that usually had stuffed toys in them, so Vida immediately assumed he had bought that for her. However, she couldn't be any more wrong.

"This isn't a stuffed toy," Trevor said as he opened the box. "This is a box full of Givenchy le soin noir masque. It's enough to last a full year!"

Vida's eyes widened in surprise. She didn't expect Trevor to give her such an extravagant gift.

She knew those facial masks cost at least more than four hundred dollars for each piece. Using that would be like sticking gold on her face.

She saw it in a TV advertisement once, but she had never used it. She didn't think the value of that facial mask was worth the money.

Not to mention, she knew that a facial mask wouldn't be able to fill an empty stomach.

Vida helplessly shook her head and sighed.

"I appreciate your kindness, but you don't really need to buy me these things next time." She tilted her body to the side and extended her arm to show what the room looked like from the inside. "Would you like to come in and have a seat?"

Trevor walked forward and smiled. "Don't mind if I do."

He hadn't been to Vida's house before, but since he had already paid her a visit, he figured he could spend some time with her after she helped him get Clarissa off his back for a moment.

As soon as he went inside the room, his eyes darted to the compound bow, which was placed in the most conspicuous position.

Beside the bow were several well-made daggers, as well as a unique kunai.

"Your hobby is quite unique," Trevor awkwardly stated.

There were a small number of girls who didn't like fluffy stuffed toys, but girls who liked collecting weapons were rare.

"I just display them for fun," Vida replied. Her tone was a bit dull—almost as if she had recalled something unhappy.

Hearing this, Trevor tilted his head to the side and noticed her sitting on the leather chair with her eyes closed.

He thought her so-called 'hobby' might be related to her privacy, so he didn't ask much. But just when he turned around, his eyes caught sight of a porcelain vase that had a mix of the colors blue and white on it.

"Do you collect antiques too? This vase looks good," Trevor said as he walked up to the vase and carefully picked it up. "I bet this can sell for millions in the market."

The patterns and the glazes were rare, and the more he looked at it, the more awestruck he was while he observed every single detail of the vase.

"It's fake," Vida flatly replied as she opened her eyes. "I'm planning on selling it, though."

"It's fake?" Trevor asked in disbelief.

He learned some identification knowledge in the Byrd family's company, but he couldn't identify that the vase was fake.

All of a sudden, Vida suddenly felt a piercing pain in her forehead, causing her to grunt.

She covered her forehead with one hand and extended the other, trying to find something to support her.

[Chapter 543 An Ambiguous Acciden](#)

Trevor was taken aback and quickly supported Vida. "Are you okay? You don't look good. Do you want me to take you to the hospital?"

"No, it's okay. I don't want to go to the hospital."

Vida's face became even paler, and she almost collapsed in Trevor's arms. She said weakly, "It's a chronic disease. I'm just having a headache now."

Her arms were shaking. Obviously, she was in great pain.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Trevor couldn't understand why she still insisted on not going to the hospital.

Vida shook her head with difficulty. Her soft hair stroked his arm.

"Trevor, can you please take me to my bedroom? I'll just get some sleep, and I'll be fine."

How could Trevor refuse such a simple request?

He helped Vida walk to her room.

However, she seemed to be getting weaker and weaker. After taking just a few steps, she could barely stand still. And she leaned her whole body against Trevor.

Although they were dressed, Trevor still felt her soft breasts clinging to his chest, making him feel a bit embarrassed.

He gritted his teeth. Then he picked her up and held her in his arms.

"Hmm..." Vida groaned uncomfortably but didn't refuse.

So Trevor carried her to her bedroom.

The faint fragrance from her body lingered on the tip of his nose. She smelled like lavender. But when he smelled it carefully, he realized it was a cool woody fragrance.

Trevor couldn't help thinking that Vida's fragrance was as mysterious and elegant as she was.

The soft body in his arms seemed full of charm, making people want to explore.

Thinking of this, Trevor couldn't help blushing.

He got so distracted that he didn't notice he stepped on something. He slipped and instantly lost his balance.

He and Vida were thrown into the soft bed in the bedroom.

"I'm sorry... Are you okay?"

Trevor raised his head in a panic. But unexpectedly, Vida also struggled to raise her head.

Their lips accidentally touched, making him kiss her red, soft, and delicate lips.

They were both startled and quickly moved away from each other.

"Sorry... I'm sorry..." Trevor stood up, wanting to leave the bed.

But he felt a little strange.

When he looked, he found that he was actually pressing Vida's full breast with one hand.

Due to the fall, a large piece of delicate skin was exposed from her neckline, showing in front of him.

She had delicate and supple skin, emitting an amazing temptation.

Her pale complexion made her look even more pitiful and frail, arousing people's desire to protect and possess her at once.

"You..." Vida's pale face suddenly turned red. She was at a loss for words.

"Sorry... I... I slipped when I stepped on something," Trevor quickly explained, trying to change the topic.

He looked down, hurriedly picked up the thing hanging on his shoes, and said, "Look, this is what made me fall..."

His voice trailed off when he saw the thing in his hand. Then he was stunned.

It was a small piece of shiny, smooth cloth with a golden lace pattern.

It turned out to be Vida's underwear.

Trevor immediately threw the sexy underwear away. It was as if he touched a hot iron.

He wanted to explain to prove that he was actually a decent man.

But a series of embarrassing events left him at a loss as to what to say next.

Vida's face was as red as a flame. She hid under the quilt and was speechless for a while.

[Chapter 544 A Strange Deal](#)

The bedroom was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

The atmosphere around them was extremely awkward.

"If there's nothing else I can do here, I..." Trevor opened his mouth to speak but found his throat was dry, and his voice was hoarse. So he cleared his throat.

He hid his hands behind his back, still feeling the soft touch and warmth of Vida's breast on his palms.

Vida shyly hid under the quilt, short of breath. Then she said to change the topic, "Please help me sell the fake antique I showed you just now."

Trevor didn't know why she suddenly brought it up, but he was not in the mood to ask now. He just agreed without hesitation, "Okay, it's all on me."

He immediately edited the information and took pictures with his phone. Then he sent them to a website selling secondhand items with a marked price of ten thousand dollars.

Generally, after the information was uploaded, the buyers had to bid.

The person who bid the highest would get the item.

In less than ten minutes after the information was uploaded, someone directly bid fifty thousand dollars.

The buyer even sent a message to Trevor. "I'm willing to buy the antique five times higher than your marked price. Please reserve it for me."

"Is this item so popular?"

Trevor was a little surprised.

Vida frowned and said, "It's actually quite strange. It's beyond my expectation that it can sell for fifty thousand dollars.

Let's not wait anymore. Ask for his address and send it to him."

Trevor replied to the buyer, and the other party said that he would transfer the money immediately.

After this, Trevor and Vida fell into silence again. The room was suddenly filled with embarrassment.

Trevor cleared his throat and said, "Well, I'll go now. Call me if you need anything." Then he smiled awkwardly and quickly left the bedroom.

"Why does he have to run?" Vida murmured in confusion, shaking her head. She didn't understand his sudden strange behavior.

But she couldn't help thinking of the intimate contact between them just now. And her face suddenly became hot.

"What's wrong with me? Why is my face so red? Am I sick again?"

Vida felt strange, staring at herself in the mirror.

She felt that what happened just now was sweet, sour, and somewhat enjoyable.

After Trevor fled into his home, the embarrassment on his face slowly faded away.

He raised his hand and felt that the residual warmth of Vida's breast was still there.

"I feel so guilty. Luisa, I'm sorry," he sighed.

At this time, his phone suddenly rang. It was Tasha.

"Hey, what's up?" Trevor greeted as soon as he answered the call.

"Go with me to collect an antique next Friday. I'll pick you up," Tasha said with a smile.

Trevor didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "I still have classes on Friday."

Tasha said helplessly, "With your family background, do you really need to care about a diploma?"

There was a long silence before Trevor said, "You may not care, but I do."

Once upon a time, he struggled for eighteen years before going to a university. Getting a chance to study at a university was the only way for him to change his fate.

So it had become his wish to graduate and get a diploma.

"I don't care about it. See you at the company gate on Friday."

There was a hint of coquetry in Tasha's tone.

And before Trevor could respond, she had already hung up the phone.

Trevor could only shake his head helplessly and accept that he had to accompany Tasha on Friday.

Then Friday came. Trevor went to the company to meet Tasha. It was only then that he found out an old man was going with them.

The old man's name was Rowell Bates, and he was a treasure appraiser in the company of the Byrd family. Trevor didn't know him before.

They were only introduced to each other by Tasha before they set off.

When Rowell heard Trevor's name, he shook his head, and a trace of disdain and disgust appeared on his face.

He snorted coldly, "Miss Byrd, Trevor is not a good man.

I heard from my son-in-law that he likes to cheat and play tricks in the office. He bullies some senior employees.

This acquisition is of great importance. You'd better not take this person with bad morals with you."

[Chapter 545 Private Auction](#)

Tasha looked at Rowell seriously.

"Mr. Bates, Trevor isn't the kind of person you think he is. I know him well. It must be just an understanding."

Rowell snorted.

"Flies don't infest a seamless egg! If he was a decent man, he wouldn't have been slandered. I'm telling you. People will look down on you if you take this boy there!"

He seemed vehemently opposed to the idea.

Trevor's eyes bored sharply at Rowell.

He was sensing something else with the way Rowell detested the idea of him coming with them.

If that was the case, then he must really have to go.

Trevor scoffed. It was pretty obvious what Rowell was trying to do.

"Mr. Bates, I respect you as a senior employee of the company.

But I'm afraid you're not a very good judge of what is right and wrong.

You seem to easily believe rumors.

Hope it doesn't reflect well on your reputation as a treasure appraiser."

Rowell's eyes widened in anger. "Who do you think you are to question my credibility and reputation in this field?!"

Tasha was losing her temper as well. "Mr. Bates, I have a reason for taking Trevor, and you will have to just do your job once we got there."

Rowell still wanted to insist, "But this boy is not..."

It finally broke off Tasha's last string of patience. "I said I will take him with me, Mr. Bates!

If you don't want him to go with us, then you stay here.

I'll take others with us instead."

Rowell shut his mouth at once.

Although Tasha had no official position in the company, no one could go against her, especially because she was Toby's favorite granddaughter.

Since he didn't want to upset Tasha, Rowell took out his frustration on Trevor and glared at him.

Clenching his fists, he cursed inwardly.

'This brat is really getting in my way!

If the rest of the plan goes wrong, I'll beat the crap out of him!

Trevor ignored him and followed Tasha to the car.

Rowell had no choice but to come with them. He got into the backseat and sat in the corner with a long face.

The driver took them to a small manor around the affluent neighborhood in the city.

Trevor could see a considerable number of people gathered inside. If it weren't for the formal clothing everyone wore, he would think a party was being held.

Tasha noticed the confusion on his face and explained, "We couldn't contact the seller of the antique we intended to buy. Turns out they've already decided to auction the item."

Trevor got off the car. "So, this is an auction?"

Tasha nodded. "Yes, a private one. Though we can't guarantee that the items here are all real. They might've included some fake ones."

Trevor had figured.

It must be the reason why she still brought Rowell with them.

"Humph!" Rowell grunted as he got off the car. Then, straightening his collar, he stepped into the private auction hall, still pissed off.

"Mr. Bates, long time no see! Of course, you'd be here today. An event like this requires your professional expertise."

A young man with a huge smile on his face came up to Rowell and shook his hand.

Trevor could tell from the young man's custom-made designer suit and Patek Philippe wristwatch that he was from an affluent family.

Rowell was pleased by the young man's words. "Well, of course. Antiques are of extraordinary value, so one should be discerning before taking any deals. Having a rich experience is the most important when it comes to this field."

While speaking, Rowell glanced at Trevor.

It was obvious he was taunting the latter's inexperience with his last sentence.

The young man followed Rowell's gaze and saw Trevor. Then, understanding what Rowell was implying,

he gave Trevor a scornful look and said rather loudly, enough for others close by to hear, "Certainly, Mr. Bates. You are a respectable expert in this field, given your years of experience and achievements that proved your credibility. I'm afraid no one could compare to you, especially not some ordinary man with an apparent inadequacy of skills and knowledge."

[Chapter 546 Don't Buy It!](#)

Trevor didn't take the mockery into account.

"Come with me, Trevor," Tasha commanded with a frown.

Trevor simply shrugged and followed her.

Both of them looked like a perfect match as they walked along.

For a moment, the young, rich man got even more jealous. The others who didn't pay attention to them also couldn't help sneaking a glance from time to time.

Rowell still wanted to mock Trevor at that time, but since the professional auctioneer began announcing the beginning of the auction, he decided against it.

Everyone immediately took their seats.

However, the first antique provoked uproar from people who were interested in it.

It was a long blade with two obvious notches on the edge.

It looked like scrap metal, but the auctioneer claimed that the minimum price was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This time around, Rowell stood up with a proud smile on his face. Then, he looked at the crowd and said, "Don't underestimate it. That blade is genuine. It's actually a saber for the commanders in the hot weapons era."

"Look at the handle." He pointed at the blade. "It's not made of stone. It's supposed to be made out of ivory. That means this is a genuine saber from a general. This artifact is extraordinary!"

The auctioneer nodded in response to Rowell's explanation.

Because of that, people fiercely began bidding for the blade, causing the price to continuously rise.

Rowell gave Trevor a complacent look and snorted.

Soon after, the fifth auction item appeared.

It was difficult for everyone to evaluate whether it was genuine or not, but Rowell asserted that the antique was a fake.

According to the verification method he mentioned, the antique proved to be a fake product that was pieced together by glue.

The enthusiasm of the crowd ran high.

Rowell already had a good reputation by that time, so his statement caused all the rich people to applaud and praise him for knowing so much about antiques.

"Mr. Bates, you're so awesome!"

"It's no wonder you're a professional. You can see fake antiques like this at a glance!"

"You're one of a kind, Mr. Bates! Your evaluations are wonderful!"

Rowell gave them a smug smile.

Then, he turned around and winked at Trevor as if implying that he was the best among all the other professionals out there.

It didn't take long for the last item to appear.

As Tasha held a glass of champagne, she fixed her gaze on the stage, waiting in anticipation.

The last item was a double dragon pattern vase that had a mix of blue and white colors.

The only reason she attended the private auction was to see that piece of treasure.

Now that she saw it with her own two eyes, she felt that the porcelain's quality truly was excellent.

Especially since the vase was shining brilliantly.

After taking a deep breath, Tasha gave Rowell an inquisitive look.

Rowell glanced at the vase for a moment. Then, he looked back at Tasha and nodded. "It's genuine. You can bid for it if you want."

However, Trevor's eyebrows furrowed as soon as he saw the vase.

Tasha's eyes immediately lit up. She was secretly overjoyed that the vase was genuine. She then picked up a glass of champagne and stood from her seat before announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Byrd family is very interested in this porcelain. I hope all of you can do us a favor and let us purchase it."

The Byrd family was quite prestigious in the antique industry, and the rich people in the auction had transacted with them in the past.

Thus, all of them agreed with Tasha's request.

"Of course, Miss Byrd since the Byrd family is interested."

"Even if your family isn't interested in purchasing it, we don't mind giving it to you, Miss Byrd."

"We're willing to give up the vase just for you."

Not every rich man was willing to get a porcelain for a minimum price of two million dollars, so they gave up the idea of competing with Tasha.

Tasha grinned from ear to ear when she heard that. Then, she took a sip of champagne, fully confident that the vase would be hers.

Everyone waited for her to bid, but just when she was about to do so, Trevor suddenly grabbed her wrist and said, "Don't buy it."

[Chapter 547 A Fake](#)

All the guests, including Tasha and Rowell, were stunned.

As the Byrd family was targeting the final auction piece, everyone reluctantly gave in and made a concession. They were about to complete the final bid.

However, at that critical moment, it was stopped by someone.

With a look of determination on his face, Trevor repeated in a firm voice, "Don't buy it."

After hesitating for a while, Tasha asked in a low voice, "Why? Can you tell me the reason? I mean even though the upset price of two million dollars for that piece is expensive, the Byrd family can afford it."

With the excellent quality of this porcelain, it wouldn't be a problem even if the Byrd family would sell the twice of its upset price!

In a low voice, Trevor muttered, "That is fake."

In fact, the reason why Trevor was so sure was because it was the antique that Vida had asked him to sell!

He had even personally mailed it!

The first time Trevor saw it in Vida's house, he thought it was a genuine one.

The quality of it was so good that it could confuse most of the examiners.

Even if one observed it carefully at a close distance, he would be amazed by its appearance and pattern. Moreover, the heavy sense of history in it was even more astonishing.

However, it was fake!

If Tasha bought it, she would be doing a business that would definitely lose money!

Even if it were to be sold later, and the news broke that it was a fake, the reputation of the Byrd family would be damaged!

In a firm voice, Trevor said, "Anyway, just listen to me and don't buy it." It's fake!"

Trevor didn't expect that the fake porcelain that he had mailed a few days ago would appear in such a wonderful form in front of him.

He couldn't help but sigh at the wonder of fate.

However, now, everyone's attention was on Tasha. It was unreasonable for her not to buy it as Trevor said.

All the rich people started whispering.

At that time, Rowell, who was sitting next to Trevor, glared at him.

Obviously, he had just personally guaranteed that the item was a real one. Therefore, Trevor was doubting his authority by saying that it was a fake.

Clenching his fist, Rowell pounded the chair which made a loud noise.

Then, he stood up and shouted at Trevor, "Don't talk nonsense if you don't understand! An outsider like you should only sit and watch. Do you think you can point fingers like that?"

Hearing this, all the guests around also laughed.

"How can it be fake when Mr. Bates said that it's real?"

"Mr. Bates was right in identifying a real item and a fake one earlier. It's enough to prove his authority in this field."

"I think this young man is doing this to attract Miss Byrd's attention."

"Ha-ha, it's just an old way to chase girls."

"I know right. Let's see who Miss Byrd will believe."

Looking at Tasha firmly, Trevor said seriously, "Trust me. I'm not lying."

For a while, Tasha felt a little embarrassed as she was standing.

After all, she got the chance to buy the vase by asking all the guests to show respect to the Byrd family.

Therefore, it wouldn't be easy to solve this problem unless she gave everyone a clear explanation.

When Rowell saw Tasha's hesitation, he patted his chest anxiously and said, "Miss, I can swear on my career that it is real. I won't make a mistake this time!

As you can see, the appearance and quality of this antique is excellent. People will buy it even if it is four million dollars!

Miss, please trust me on this. I'm more professional than this young man."

Hearing this, the rich people around nodded and started discussing.

"He's right. Actually, I also want to bid."

"Yes, it's really beautiful. Although I know little about blue and white porcelains, I'm very interested in it at first glance."

"If the Byrd family gives up on the acquisition, I am happy to participate in the bidding."

"Mr. Rates is right."

Trevor's eyes were sharp. It didn't take long for him to notice that something was wrong.

[Chapter 548 The Evidence Is Irrefutable!](#)

Staring at Rowell's face and hands, Trevor said calmly, "Rowell is lying!"

This whole time, Rowell had shown a lot of body languages.

At first, he scratched his neck in a nervous manner. When he put down his hand, he shrugged his shoulders and stared at Tasha.

Because of the micro expression analysis taught by Bradly, Trevor could tell that Rowell was lying!

If it weren't for the Byrd family and Tasha, Trevor wouldn't care about what Rowell and other rich people thought.

At that time, Trevor stood up and said helplessly, "Tasha, trust me. I have a way to prove that it is a fake!"

When Rowell heard Trevor's words, his face changed. However, he still pretended to be calm and said with a sneer, "Stop talking nonsense! You are just an outsider. You are just doing this to attract Miss Byrd's attention!"

Casting a sidelong glance at Rowell, Trevor ignored him. Instead, he looked at Tasha and said, "On the vase, there is a small crack near the head of the dragon, which shows that it is copied.

A real one won't have a flaw in its appearance!"

However, Trevor didn't mention about the words imprinted at the bottom of the vase.

What if the porcelain was broken when it was turned over? When that happened, the organizer might claim a compensation at the original price to the Byrd family!

It would definitely be hard to prove it clearly by that time and Trevor couldn't let that happen!

After thinking for a while, Tasha decided to verify according to what Trevor said.

In fact, Trevor's attitude was so firm and influential that people couldn't help but believe in him.

Then, Tasha looked at the auctioneer, who was standing on the stage, and said, "I want to have a look!"

The moment Rowell heard Tasha's words, he turned pale. His eyes were erratic and his expression was gloomy.

Seeing this, Trevor was sure that Rowell was hiding something.

With the auctioneer's consent, Tasha walked onto the stage and verified it according to the method Trevor had said.

She began to examine it carefully.

To watch the fun, the rich people sitting in the front row craned their necks while the people who were sitting in the back row stood up. It was as if they were helping her examine the item.

All of a sudden, Tasha froze.

In fact, Tasha found an unremarkable crack near the dragon head just as Trevor said!

With a long look on her face, Tasha took off the white gloves and said, "It's a fake!"

Her words caused an uproar among the rich people and people started to murmur, "It's fake! That young man is right!"

After saying that, Tasha stepped down from the stage.

At that time, Rowell said hesitantly, "This...I was wrong... I didn't know..."

With a sneer, Trevor said, "You said it before that you can guarantee with your career! Now that it's fake, don't you think you should quit the appraisal industry?"

Hearing this, Rowell was so scared that he took a step back speechlessly.

Seeing his reaction, Tasha's heart softened. In a low voice, she said to Trevor, "Forget about it. Rowell has served the Byrd family for many years. I'm sure it was a mistake."

Touching his chin, Trevor asserted, "No, it's not a mistake. I'm afraid it's intentional. He did it on purpose."

As soon as those words came out, all the rich people around held their breath and listened carefully.

After that, Trevor asked Tasha, "Think about it carefully. Don't you think all the items at the auction are quite rare?"

At first, Tasha wasn't sure about it. Then, she thought about it carefully. From the first ivory commander blade to the last blue and white porcelain vase, all the items were indeed rare.

After thinking for a while, Tasha replied with hesitation, "I think they are indeed rare!"

With a nod, Trevor said, "Actually, I noticed that Rowell was behaving weirdly. That's why I was suspicious.

He is the only professional appraiser on the spot and this is a special auction for rare items. So, no one would be able to tell even if it is a fake.

If I guessed it right, this whole auction is a trick to swindle money! In order to gain everyone's trust, they must have colluded with Rowell by making him verify whether it is real or not.

In conclusion, all the auction items are actually fakes! They are just acting to swindle the rich's money!

If you guys don't believe me, you can interrogate the organizer!"

By the time he finished saying, all the rich people, including Tasha, were shocked!

[Chapter 549 Hostage-taking](#)

Because of Trevor, they found something wrong. After thinking about it carefully, they immediately cursed.

"Who's the organizer here? Come out and explain it to me.

If you don't explain it clearly, our family will not let you off."

"How dare you play tricks on me! Are you tired of your life?"

"You must be courting death!"

The young tycoons present had a bad temper, and their combined anger was not something anyone could bear.

The accusations were so full of pressure that a man came out from behind, trembling.

He said in a voice that seemed to cry, "I'm sorry, I'm very sorry. My company has been trapped in a broken capital chain, so I really have no choice but to cooperate with Rowell to come up with such an idea.

But this is all Rowell's scheme. I just cooperate with him to carry out his plan."

Everyone turned their eyes to Rowell at once.

He was standing beside his seat and staring at Trevor with a livid face.

His scheme was about to succeed, and he would defraud tens of millions of wealth.

But unfortunately, the last item to be auctioned was seen through by Trevor. Thus, it ended up a failure.

Rowell kicked the chair away angrily and cursed, "Damn you! You deserve to die!"

He pulled a dagger out of his pocket and quickly attacked Trevor, aiming it at Trevor's chest.

Obviously, he wanted to kill Trevor.

Such an upheaval happened in the blink of an eye.

Even Trevor was also shocked.

However, thanks to Bradly's training, he reacted quickly and dodged the dagger subconsciously.

In a fit of fury, Rowell turned to Tasha before she could dodge.

He put an arm around her waist, and pressed the dagger against her slender neck.

"Ahhh!"

It was only then that the rich people around reacted. They screamed in horror and quickly retreated.

"Let her go," Trevor said through clenched teeth when he recovered from the shock.

He wanted to grab the dagger from Rowell to save Tasha, but he was worried that she would be hurt.

"You shut up!" Rowell shouted crazily, his eyes turning red. "If it weren't for you, how could I end up like this? Now you want me to let her go? You wish!"

Tasha was enraged and scared at the same time. She asked in a trembling voice, "Why did you do that? The Byrd family treated you well. And I always treat you as my senior. Why this?"

Rowell sneered and shouted, "What's the use of treating me as your senior? What I want is money. In this world, those who don't have money are nothing.

Do you think I want to be an appraiser? That's bullshit! What I want is to sit on the VIP seats at the auction and bid for anything I want. I'm sick and tired of identifying items for you."

Rowell was so agitated that he was panting. His eyes were red, and he exerted some strength on the dagger against Tasha's neck.

This time, Trevor stepped forward and said, "Just relax. Let go of Tasha and let's talk about your conditions slowly."

"Don't you dare get close to me!" Rowell snapped and took a step back, keeping a distance from Trevor.

Then he sneered and ordered, "Trevor, call the CEO and ask him to prepare a helicopter to take me to the airport. And book me at least ten plane tickets to different destinations all over the world."

Trevor noticed that the cup Tasha used earlier had fallen to the floor behind Rowell. If Rowell accidentally stepped on it, he could let go of Tasha.

Trevor slowly stepped forward and said, "No problem. We can immediately prepare the helicopter for you. But release Tasha first. If she gets hurt, the Byrd family will not let you go, even if they have to hunt you down to the ends of the earth."

Rowell sneered coldly, "Do you think I'm stupid? If I let go of Tasha, I will definitely die. So stop talking nonsense. Just call the CEO now.

And don't dare to get any closer, you brat! Take one more step closer, and I will kill her."

After saying this, Rowell took a step back.

And what Trevor had been praying for happened. Rowell stepped on the cup on the floor.

The round cup made Rowell lose his balance. He staggered and almost fell.

This was Trevor's opportunity.

[Chapter 550 The Promotion Issue](#)

Trevor was quick on his feet.

Dashing forward at top speed, he grabbed Tasha by the wrist.

Tasha staggered backward and fell into his arms.

Trevor held her tightly and kicked Rowell on the leg.

Rowell fell to the ground, dropping the dagger in his hand, and it slipped into the distance.

Scared-shitless for being busted, he stood up and tried to run away.

Before he could do so, however, Trevor gave him another kick. He fell to the ground again, unable to get back on his feet this time.

After making sure Rowell was knocked down, Trevor checked on Tasha.

"Are you okay?"

Other than her pale face, Tasha was fortunately unharmed.

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine," Tasha said though she was still in a state of shock. She couldn't stand properly on her own and had to lean on Trevor for support.

Loud applause suddenly erupted from the crowd.

All the rich guests who hid away out of fear came out and cheered when Rowell got knocked down.

One of the guests came forward with a huge smile on his face. "That was awesome! Good job, young

man!"

Another one came over. "Trevor, right? Well done!"

"Yes! We should really thank you for helping us avoid a huge loss for buying a fake," the other one said.

Trevor simply nodded politely in response to the crowd's expressions of gratitude.

A few people looked for a rope and tied Rowell with it until the police arrived and took him to the police station.

"I can't thank you enough for what you did, Trevor."

Tasha looked at him earnestly as they sat in the car on their way back to the company.

She continued, "If it weren't for you, we would have suffered a huge economic loss, and our reputation in this field would have been greatly damaged."

"And I..." she paused and hesitated for a moment before she added, "I would have been killed by Rowell if you didn't pull me away."

Mentioning Rowell made her sad and scared once again.

Trevor tried to reassure her. "Hey, it's over now. Take a good rest tonight. If something comes up, you can call me."

Tasha smiled briefly and nodded. She had decided. She would give Trevor a promotion once they returned to the company.

Trevor was a huge help to them this time. It would be absurd if he didn't get a promotion after what he did at the auction.

The driver drove all the way back to the company and stopped the car at the entrance.

They got out of the car and walked into the building. Tasha was about to personally give notice to the publicity department about Trevor's promotion when the police called.

She needed to be interviewed about Rowell since he was their employee.

Preoccupied, she gave her secretary the task to prepare the notice for Trevor's promotion.

However, the secretary didn't get her instructions clearly.

In an email addressed to Jovanni, the publicity department director, the secretary simply wrote, "We

would like to inform you that the head office allocated a promotion opportunity in your department. If you can, please arrange one for Trevor."

After reading it, Jovanni's eyes immediately darted at Trevor, sitting behind his desk and working on some documents.

Although the email specifically stated Trevor's promotion, Jovanni thought it was just a regular promotion opportunity for everyone under him because it was written so casually.

A sneer flashed on his face at the thought.

Since it was only sent through email and not as an official notice, he was the only one who knew the promotion was intended for Trevor. Moreover, as the department director, he had the authority to replace the candidate for the promotion and give it to someone else.

Jovanni stood up and gathered everyone's attention. "I have good news, guys!"

Everyone stopped what they were doing and waited for his announcement.

Jovanni smiled and turned to Alex. "Alex, you've been working hard lately. You've shown excellent work all these years that the company has decided to give you a promotion. Congratulations! You are now a group leader. Trevor and Valery will be your team members."

Alex couldn't hide his surprise. He stood up right away and hugged Jovanni. "Thank you so much for your trust, Director! I promise to work even harder for the company!"

Jovanni smiled and patted Alex on the back, but didn't say anything more.

Alex was his loyal underling. He always obeyed him. Jovanni thought it was just right that he got the promotion instead of Trevor.

Trevor couldn't help but sneer.

He knew the promotion was intended for him because of what he did at the auction earlier, but Jovanni decided against it and gave it to someone else instead.

It wasn't hard to see that Jovanni corrupted the promotion to his favor.

Although Trevor could care less about the promotion and salary rise in the company, he could never accept being cheated away like this. No one could take away what rightfully belonged to him!

He stood up assertively from his seat, catching everyone's attention.

"As far as I know, Alex hasn't recently taken on any projects," he started to say.

Looking Jovanni straight in the eye, he continued asking, "Now, can you tell us why he was eligible for the promotion, Director?"