

## **Blessed 581**

### [Chapter 581 A Thief](#)

After saying goodbye to the collectors, Tasha and Trevor headed out of the exhibition hall.

However, as they were about to get past the gate, the security guard reported an emergency to Tasha.

"Miss Byrd, we caught a thief. What should we do about him?"

Tasha frowned and ordered, "Take me to him."

She then turned to Trevor. "Do you want to come with me?"

Trevor didn't have anything else to do, so he nodded and went to see the thief who dared to steal from the Byrd Group.

To his surprise, it was a kid. Sitting inside the security room was a teenage boy who was about 14 years old.

"Is he the thief? He's just a kid. Are you sure?" Trevor asked.

The security guard shrugged. "He sneaked around the car that was carrying the antiques. We didn't pay attention to him at first since he is just a kid. When we caught him, he almost succeeded."

Tasha put on a thoughtful frown and asked Trevor, "What do you think about this?"

Trevor looked down at the kid who was crying.

"Please let me go! Don't hand me over to the police! I promise not to do it again! I just didn't have any choice...Please!"

The kid was so scared that his face was covered with tears.

Trevor's eyes bore at him for a couple of seconds. He had to admit the skills Bradley taught him were impressively helpful.

He could easily tell from the kid's body language and the expression on his face that he wasn't lying.

It seemed like he wasn't sent by some certain person to steal or cause trouble in the event.

Perhaps he didn't really have a choice but to steal.

Trevor felt sorry for him, so he decided to give him another chance. "What's your name? Why did you try to steal?"

"I... My name is Deandre Brown." The boy wiped his tears. "I didn't really want to steal, but my mother... She is very sick. I need money. A lot of it."

He burst into tears again. "Please, I can't go to the police station! I can't go to jail! My mother is waiting for me in the hospital! Please..."

Poor kid.

Trevor couldn't help but feel sorry for him. "Then don't steal again. If you want to have money, you have to find a job."

He then patted the kid's thin shoulder. "Now stand up and take me to your mother."

Deandre hastily wiped his tears dry, surprised that Trevor asked to see his mother. He hesitated.

"Sir... Are you going to tell my mother that I tried to steal?"

"I won't. I promise." Trevor gave him a serious look. "If you're telling the truth, maybe I can help you."

Deandre just looked at him, glad and moved to meet such a kind person.

He couldn't help but admire Trevor.

Meanwhile, Tasha looked at Trevor in slight awe.

It was the first time she saw that side of him. She seemed to have known more about him at that moment.

Tasha had met a lot of young and wealthy men, and they all seemed the same to her. But Trevor was clearly different from them.

He was considerate and sympathetic. Instead of jumping to conclusions and showing indifference, he gave the kid the benefit of the doubt and empathized with him.

"Trevor, I'll come with you," Tasha said without thinking. She only realized how awkward that was after she had said it.

Her face flushed and her heart raced.

She cast a secret glance at Trevor.

Oh, no! She realized she had a crush on him!

[Chapter 582 Get Out Of Here](#)

In Tasha's luxury car, the three of them headed to the hospital where Deandre's mother was hospitalized. It didn't take long for them to reach the place.

The hospital wasn't far from Bella University. However, it was located in a remote area.

The paint on the exterior wall of the hospital was somewhat mottled.

It seemed that Deandre wasn't lying when he said that he had no money.

Just as the three of them walked into the inpatient department, they were met with the sight of the security guards pushing a middle-aged woman away.

A frown appeared on Trevor's face. All of a sudden, Deandre rushed over towards the woman. "Mom!"

"So, she is Deandre's mother?" Tasha frowned.

If Deandre was saying the truth, how could this hospital kick a seriously-ill patient out like this?

"Let's go and have a look."

After saying that, Trevor walked quickly in that direction.

Before they got closer to Deandre and his mother, a strong man in a security uniform roared at Deandre, "If you can't afford her medical bills, get out of here right now. This is a hospital, not a charity center!"

Tasha's frown deepened when she heard the mean words of the security guard.

Was this how the hospital treated patients? People said that doctors were kind. Wasn't it true?

In desperation, Deandre hugged the security guard's leg and begged, "Please, sir! I am begging you. I've been trying to raise money. Please give me a few more days! I'll give you the money."

"Where is the money then? You and your mother can stay here if you give me ten thousand dollars right now!"

The man spread his hand and asked for money from Deandre.

His name was Coleman Haywood and he was the leader of the security guards of this hospital.

Deandre's face turned pale. In fact, this was the reason why he had to steal.

Waving his hand dismissively, Coleman said, "Sure enough, you are just bluffing. Get them out of here!"

Immediately, three security guards behind him surrounded Deandre and his mother to drive them out of

here.

At that time, Deandre stood defensively in front of his mother and shouted, "Don't touch my mother!"

Hearing this, Coleman frowned and kicked Deandre, causing him to fall onto the floor.

"I'm so sorry, my son. This is all my fault. I make you suffer like this." Deandre's mother struggled to help Deandre up with teary eyes.

On the other hand, Trevor couldn't stand it anymore. With an angry look, he stood in front of Deandre and his mother.

Then, he stared at Coleman before saying coldly, "I can't believe this hospital hired a rude security guard like you!"

Hearing his words, Coleman glared at Trevor and said arrogantly, "Who the hell are you? Mind your own business if you don't want to get into trouble!"

In a cold voice, Trevor said, "What if your family are ill and hospitalized? Do you want them to be treated this way?"

Pointing at his own chest, Coleman said angrily, "My uncle is the director of this hospital. So, that will never happen to me!"

In fact, if his uncle wasn't the director of this hospital, someone who wasn't educated like Coleman wouldn't become the leader of the security guards. He would only be a mere security guard.

Just as Trevor expected, people who were so arrogant had their backers. He narrowed his eyes at that thought.

However, the director of a hospital wasn't someone he couldn't deal with.

Thinking about it, Trevor said lightly, "Well, what if people find out that you drove away a seriously-ill patient? When that happens, not only you but also your uncle will get into big trouble!"

"How dare you threaten me!" Coleman became angry and red-faced. He reached out his hand to push Trevor!

In his eyes, Trevor was a poor loser like Deandre since he came here with him.

However, Coleman instantly regretted for trying to push Trevor.

Trevor grabbed Coleman's wrist and kicked him in the shin, making him kneel on the floor.

"Ah!" With cold sweat on his forehead, Coleman screamed in pain.

"Go and tell my uncle that someone is making trouble here!" Coleman realized that Trevor wasn't someone he could mess with.

Therefore, he had no choice but to ask for help from his uncle.

Hearing the order, the three security guards quickly left to find the director.

After all, if Trevor could subdue Coleman at once, they wouldn't be able to deal with him.

Looking at the backs of his subordinates, Coleman gritted his teeth and shouted, "Let's see if you can still act all mighty when my uncle comes! He will kick all of you out of the hospital today!"

Trevor looked at him indifferently and said slowly, "Okay. Let's wait and see!"

### [Chapter 583 Who Hurt My Nephew](#)

Seeing that the conflict was escalating, Deandre said to Trevor apologetically, "I'm sorry. I got you in trouble again."

Trevor waved his hand and said calmly, "It's okay. It's not your fault."

Deandre introduced Trevor and Tasha to his mother, Edna, and the two of them greeted her.

At that moment, a somewhat bald old man wearing a doctor's uniform rushed over.

He said in an angry voice, "Who hurt my nephew?"

Seeing Gaylord, Coleman pretended to be miserable. He complained, "Uncle, come and save me! These bastards had the nerve to beat me at the hospital!"

Gaylord was the director of the hospital. Hearing what his nephew said, he rushed angrily to Trevor and his friends.

However, the moment he saw Tasha, he suddenly froze, unable to move a muscle.

At this moment, he wished he could pretend he didn't know Coleman.

Gaylord rubbed his hands and said to Tasha in a flattering tone, "Miss Byrd, it's my honor to have you here!"

Anyone who lived in the city knew Toby and his favorite granddaughter, Tasha.

"Honor?" Hearing what Gaylord said, Tasha raised her eyebrows and sneered. "You really should be

honored, but not because of my presence. This is Trevor Sanderson. You should know that the Sanderson family is much more powerful than the Byrd family!"

When Gaylord heard what Tasha said, a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Tasha had no reason to lie to him.

Gaylord swallowed hard and said nervously, "Well... It's all my stupid nephew's fault. How dare he offend Mr. Sanderson? I'll make sure he apologizes to Mr. Sanderson right now!"

After saying those words, he raised his foot angrily and kicked Coleman's butt hard.

"I... I'm sorry!" Coleman apologized. He realized how powerful the man he had offended must be, so he was too scared to speak fluently.

"An apology isn't enough. What did you do wrong?" Gaylord scolded his nephew again and kicked his shin hard.

"I shouldn't have kicked Mr. Sanderson's friends out of the hospital!" Coleman apologized profusely, his face pressed to the floor and his forehead dripping with sweat.

"It has nothing to do with them knowing me. How can you kick such a seriously-ill patient out of the hospital like that?" Trevor said coldly.

Upon hearing what Trevor just said, Gaylord took a deep breath.

Earlier, the security guards only told him that his nephew had been beaten up, but they didn't give him the reason at all.

Such a thing happened at the hospital under his management! Worse still, the culprit was his own nephew. He would certainly suffer serious repercussions.

Gaylord finally looked at Trevor and said seriously, "Mr. Sanderson, I promise that such a thing won't happen again! What's more, my useless nephew will pay for all of that patient's care."

Hearing this, Coleman wanted to cry. The medical bill must be very expensive.

But he was even more afraid that Trevor would punish him, so he quickly nodded.

He deeply regretted his recklessness now. How could he offend someone even his uncle seemed afraid of?

"In this case, you should send the patient back and take good care of her. Otherwise, you can say goodbye to your hospital!" Trevor said calmly.

"We'll do just that!" Gaylord nodded and bowed. He then personally took Edna back to the ward.

"Deandre, now that the problem has been solved, you should focus on taking care of your mother. If there is any problem, just contact me," Trevor said with a smile.

"Trevor, I really don't know how to thank you. I will find a way to repay you in the future. I can do everything for you!"

Deandre was overwhelmed with gratitude and he had a hard time holding back his tears. He bowed to Trevor, almost choking with sobs.

Thanks to Trevor, his mother was finally saved.

Trevor gently helped Deandre up and patted his shoulder to comfort him.

"I don't need you to pay me back in any way. The only thing I want you to do is to stay away from illegal activities in the future. Everyone is equal before the law."

"I will heed to your advice," Deandre promised sincerely.

"Great." Trevor nodded and turned to look at Tasha. "Well, let's go."

Tasha nodded slightly, and bit her red lip unconsciously.

Once again, Trevor's image in her eyes improved a lot.

However, such a great man wasn't her boyfriend.

#### [Chapter 584 Antique Exhibition](#)

The antique exhibition held by the Byrd family officially began the next day.

As one of the organizers, Trevor came to the venue early in the morning.

Today, Tasha specially requested him to act as the temporary leader of the security system of the venue.

After putting on his armband, Trevor started patrolling the venue.

As it was early in the morning, it was quite peaceful.

However, the peaceful atmosphere didn't last long. When it was almost lunch time, Trevor met people he didn't want to see.

They were none other than Terrance and Darrell Castillo!

Moreover, there were several followers behind them.

Of course, Trevor didn't want to talk to them. Therefore, he wanted to go away as soon as he saw them.

However, since Darrell was humiliated by Trevor yesterday, he wanted revenge.

With a sneer, he walked forward and said, "Oh, isn't this Trevor? I can't believe you really think of yourself as an employee of Byrd Group! I mean this is so ridiculous. Both Terrance and you are from the Sanderson family. But Terrance is here as a distinguished guest while you are here as a humble employee. I'm afraid people will make fun of you when they hear about it."

Hearing this, Trevor looked at him calmly and retorted, "Well, I don't think there is any shame in being an employee. I think of it as an experience that can enrich my capability. Someone buying a fake antique at ten times of the original price yesterday was a real eye-opener for me."

Immediately, Darrell's face turned pale. After all, what happened yesterday was a great humiliation for him.

Trevor didn't let him go and continued with a smile, "As this matter is so educational, I even asked someone to make a video overnight and added teaching contents to remind the visitors about the fakes. I put it on a booth today. How about I take you there? You can have a look."

Pointing at Trevor, Darrell's fingers were trembling as he said, "You bastard!" His heart felt heavy and his blood pressure raised higher.

At that time, Terrance frowned and scolded Trevor, "Trevor, don't go too far. Remember that Darrell is my friend!"

Glancing at Terrance, Trevor replied coldly, "Oh Terrance, so now you speak. Why didn't you say anything when your friend mocked me at first? As a member of the Sanderson family, you should have defended me."

While talking, Trevor was secretly observing the expression on Terrance's face.

In fact, Trevor wanted to know whether Terrance was the manipulator behind the several assassination attempts against him.

"Trevor!" Terrance gnashed his teeth and turned his head away gloomily.

As a result, Trevor was unable to read the subtle expression on his face.

What a pity!

Nonetheless, Trevor succeeded in making the two guys speechless.



Therefore, he didn't want to say anything more to them as he didn't want to ruin his good mood.

He was about to leave when several visitors came out of the exhibition hall happily.

They were surprised when they saw Darrell.

At that time, one of the men said cheerfully, "Mr. Castillo, it's really you. I thought you looked familiar when I saw you from behind. My friend and I just looked around here. The collections you displayed are the most precious ones in this whole exhibition. They are worth at least ten million! You are so awesome!"

He even gave Darrell a thumbs up.

Hearing the praise, Darrell became happy.

Only then did he regain his confidence. In order to show off in front of Trevor, he raised his chin and said, "Ha-ha, it's nothing actually. I just have good taste and eyesight. I mean if it was someone else, I'm afraid that these treasures would remain unseen to the outside world."

#### [Chapter 585 An Antique Was Stolen](#)

Darrell was shameless enough to say that he had good taste; he spent one million dollars on a fake antique yesterday.

Looking at Darrell, Trevor was about to expose this.

At that time, a security guard rushed over with a panic look on his face.

Seeing him, Trevor frowned and pulled the man before asking, "What's wrong?"

Licking his lips, the man said anxiously, "One of the antiques was stolen and we are going to check the surveillance video. Some people from our department are patrolling the venue to find the suspicious person!"

Trevor was shocked when he heard the news. After all, this was obviously not a small matter.

"Whose item was stolen?"

Gulping, the security guard reported, "The exhibitor written on the display tag is Darrell Castillo."

As soon as the security guard said that, Darrell shouted furiously, "What? Did you just say that my item was stolen? What is wrong with you? I can't believe the thief stole it in broad daylight!"

In fact, Trevor was shocked to hear that it was Darrell's item that was stolen. What a coincidence!

However, he didn't lose his calm and quickly ordered the security guard, "Lock all the entrances and exits. From now on, no one is allowed to come in or get out! I believe the thief hasn't transferred the item yet. As long as the thief is still in the hall, we have a chance to find him!"

While talking, Trevor took out his mobile phone and called Tasha to come over and discuss countermeasures.

As the exhibition was held by the Byrd family, any problems in the exhibition would have a great impact on the Byrd family's reputation.

A case where the exhibiting item was stolen was extremely serious.

Not long after, the clattering sound of high heels came.

Tasha walked quickly towards Trevor and asked, "How is the situation now?"

Immediately, Trevor replied, "I have ordered our men to lock all the entrances and exits. So, no one can come in or go out right now. But we won't be able to hide it for a long time. The item that is stolen is Darrell's."

Now, Tasha had no choice but to apologize to Darrell. Taking a deep breath, she said, "Mr. Castillo, it's our fault. We will try our best to find the item!"

However, Darrell didn't appreciate her apology. Instead, he glared at Trevor and said angrily, "If you can't find the item, you have to pay double for my loss. Plus, he has to apologize on behalf of your company!"

Hearing this, Tasha defended Trevor and said, "Actually, this is Byrd family's mistake. It has nothing to do with Trevor. How about I apologize to you, Mr. Castillo?"

Before Tasha could lower her head to apologize, Trevor stopped her.

Of course, he knew that Darrell was just making trouble for him.

Squinting his eyes at Darrell, Trevor said coldly, "It's not like we can't find your item. You don't need to ask for compensation from the Byrd family so soon. But, if you really want me to compensate for it, I won't even bat an eye."

His words caused an uproar among the onlookers.

In particular, the people who praised Darrell just now were shocked.

How could a mere employee afford an antique that was worth nearly ten million?

What kind of nonsense was it?

After all, they all thought that Trevor was an employee of Byrd Group. How could he have the ability to compensate?

Trevor ignored what other people were thinking.

At that time, the security guard who discovered Deandre's attempt to steal yesterday came over and told Trevor in a low voice, "That guy who tried to steal yesterday appeared again. He has been wandering around our exhibition hall. I had taken him to the security room now."

A frown appeared on Trevor's face when he heard that.

After all, Deandre promised that he wouldn't steal anymore. But why was he here again today?

After thinking for a while, Trevor said to the security guard, "Lead me the way."

#### [Chapter 586 Trevor Must Be Behind This](#)

Seeing Deandre again in the security room, Trevor frowned.

To Trevor, Deandre's mother's medical bills were nothing and he would have no trouble paying them. He just didn't want Deandre lying to him.

"Deandre, why aren't you at the hospital to take care of your mother? What are you doing here?"

Deandre was about to explain when Darrell and Terrance suddenly burst into the room with a group of people, which surprised him.

At this moment, Tasha also walked in, frowning.

"What are you doing here, Darrell?" Trevor asked coldly.

Darrell ignored Trevor and pointed at Deandre with a sneer. "Brat, I guess you are the one who stole my antique, right? You certainly did not act on your own. Tell me who made you do it!"

Deandre was already a little nervous when he was brought here again.

Darrell's loud voice frightened him further, causing him to involuntarily back away. He unconsciously looked at Trevor.

Seeing the look Deandre gave Trevor, Darrell narrowed his eyes and pointed at Trevor. "He is looking at you. Did you order him to do it?"

Terrance sneered. He raised his head and said arrogantly, "Trevor, if you need money, you can ask me for a loan. Asking that thief to steal for you dishonors our Sanderson family!"

Trevor had been slandered before, but he had never been as angry as he was now.

Those two bastards were just twisting the facts!

Trevor looked coldly at Darrell and Terrance for a moment. Then he took a deep breath to keep his cool.

Bearing his anger, Trevor turned to look at Deandre and asked softly, "Deandre, what are you doing here?"

However, Deandre was still nervous and kept looking in Darrell's direction. He hesitated and did not dare to speak. He could only turn to look at Trevor for help.

At that moment, one of Terrance's henchmen, who had been standing behind Terrance the whole time, stepped forward. The man was tall and thin with short hair. He shouted angrily, "Where did you hide it, you little loser? Give it to me now!"

He didn't just threaten Deandre with words, but also reached out to grab Deandre's collar.

Seeing this, Trevor frowned.

He realized that Deandre looked particularly scared when facing this guy.

"Back off! I'm not done interrogating him yet," Trevor said coldly, pushing away the henchman.

At this moment, Darrell roared, "Trevor, how dare you cover up a thief? It must be you who asked him to steal my item!"

"Shut up!" Trevor said coldly. His powerful aura instantly made everyone keep quiet.

After all he had been through, he had learned to deal with most situations calmly.

He knew that he had to lead the investigation.

If he let Darrell and his men take the matters in their hands, the situation would get out of hand.

Now that everybody was quiet, Trevor turned to look at Deandre.

He patted Deandre on the shoulder and said softly, "You can talk freely now. If you're scared, you can tell me first."

Finally, Deandre gathered his courage and whispered in Trevor's ear for a moment. Hearing what

Deandre was saying to him, Trevor narrowed his eyes.

"Are you telling the truth?" Trevor asked seriously.

Deandre nodded. He wouldn't dare to lie to Trevor!

Trevor looked at the people in front of him coldly. No wonder he felt something wrong just now.

In fact, this was all a plot orchestrated and acted by these people.

According to what Deandre told him, the tall thin man who just came out from behind Terrance was actually a thief and worked for a gang.

It was this gang that made Deandre come here last time to steal.

Today, he accidentally found that they were coming to steal again, so he specially came to inform Trevor.

But Deandre didn't expect the antique to be stolen before he had the chance to inform Trevor.

Now that Trevor knew the whole truth, a smirk appeared on his mouth.

No wonder Darrell didn't seem in any hurry when he learned that his item was missing. Instead, he was more eager to provoke Trevor and make trouble for him.

Fortunately, the theft was noticed in time. In such a short time, Derrell and his people couldn't have transferred the stolen item.

### [Chapter 587 It Was All A Plo](#)

"Calm down, everyone. I know what's going on. The thief is someone else!" Trevor said with a confident smile.

Darrell didn't know his plan had come out, so he kept yelling, "Stop talking nonsense. You made the boy do this. Return me my item right away and compensate me according to the market price!"

Terrance sneered, "Trevor, you really brought shame to our family this time!"

However, Trevor didn't care about what Terrance said. He grabbed the collar of the tall, thin henchman who accused Deandre earlier.

"Here is the thief. In such a short time, I doubt he could have taken the antique out of the hall. It must still be in this place."

"Nonsense! Why would I steal my boss's item?" The henchman fought with all his might to break free. However, Trevor held him tight.

Observing the man's expression carefully, Trevor could tell he felt guilty.

Now he was more certain that Darrell was behind this.

If Deandre hadn't come to inform him, Trevor might have been deceived by their acting this time.

"Trevor, don't try to whitewash yourself by framing my people!" Darrell shouted, his heart racing.

He was afraid that Trevor would find out that this man was just a thief he had hired to work for him.

If his plot was discovered, he would be in big trouble today.

Unfortunately for Darrell, the more he talked, the more he gave himself away.

Trevor raised his eyebrows seeing how flustered Darrell looked. Maybe it would be easy to guess the place where the item was hid.

Thinking of that, he sneered and said tentatively, "Since we can't convince each other, let's search each other's belongings. You can search all the places I've been to today and I'll check your belongings too. If I can't find the lost item, I will reimburse you according to the market price!"

No sooner had Trevor said these words than Darrell's back was soaked in cold sweat.

After a moment of stillness, he pretended to be angry and said, "Why the hell should I allow you to check my belongings? My antique was stolen and you want to search me? Humph, I don't have time to waste! Expect legal action from me. Guys, let's go."

After saying that, he turned and walked away without looking back.

At this time, Tasha also noticed that something was wrong.

There was a huge difference in Darrell's attitude before and after being accused by Trevor. At first, he insisted on finding out the truth.

However, when Trevor said they were going to search each other's belongings, Darrell's attitude changed drastically and he wanted to leave right away. That was very weird.

Tasha hurriedly stopped Darrell and his companions before they could walk out.

"Mr. Castillo, you can't leave like that. A theft occurred during the exhibition organized by my family. I can't let an innocent person be wrongfully accused, nor can I let the thief off the hook. Please cooperate

with the search! If we find nothing, we promise to compensate you five million dollars for this reckless behavior."

At this moment, Darrell's face turned ghastly pale, and beads of sweat fell down his forehead.

Under such pressure, they had no other choice but to hand over all their belongings for inspection.

Trevor started by searching Darrell's bag and sure enough, he pulled out the priceless antique from it.

Trevor couldn't help but smile. He had guessed that Darrell might be afraid his precious item would be damaged by his men, so he carried it himself.

But because of that, Darrell couldn't claim now that this plan was orchestrated by his subordinates and he knew nothing about it.

Unlike Trevor who was smiling, Tasha's face was cold. "Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Castillo, you're really actors. I think you owe me an explanation!"

Terrance's face was stiff and he was eager to blame it all on someone else and get away with it. "It's his own idea. I didn't know about it!" he said, pointing at Darrell.

Trevor snorted and said coldly, "Terrance, do you really think we would believe you? You are really a shame to our family!"

Trevor returned those same mocking words to Terrance.

Terrance's eyes darkened, and he asked curtly, "What do you want?"

Trevor and Tasha looked at each other before he said, "Anyway, you came with Darrell. We're not going to hold you responsible for any of this alone. You will have to compensate us for having tried to sully our reputation and that will be according to the price of this antique!"

The antique was worth ten million dollars!

Terrance was so angry that he gritted his teeth. He had already lost a lot of money because of Trevor.

But since the people around were watching the scene intently, he quickly pull out a checkbook and wrote out a check for ten million. He threw the check at Trevor and then left the exhibition in shame.

Of course, Trevor saw the resentment in Terrance's eyes, but he didn't care. After all, this was not the right time to take revenge on Terrance.

On the other hand, Darrell, whom Tasha forced to stay, was not that lucky.

He collapsed to the floor with a depressed face, and his eyes were glassy.

Darrell knew he was doomed this time. The revenge of the Byrd family alone was enough to doom him.

### [Chapter 588 Terrance's Plo](#)

After they turned Darrell over to the police, the antique show went on smoothly without any further incident.

"Trevor, I will drive you to the party!" Tasha said with a smile. She was in a good mood.

She gently leaned on the door of her car, with one hand resting on the hood of the car. In such a posture, her sexy figure was perfectly highlighted.

A beautiful young woman leaning against a sports car—the picture was worthy of magazine covers.

Trevor himself couldn't help looking at Tasha a few times.

However, he declined her offer with a smile.

"Some other time. I have something else to do today."

Terrance had suffered such a big loss today. If he really was the one who hired the assassin the last time, there was no way he wouldn't try to get to Trevor some other way.

Trevor had called Bradley and asked him to keep an eye on Terrance.

Trevor was also planning to keep an eye on Terrance personally tonight.

Tasha pouted and said with a sad face, "Well, okay. You can't refuse me next time."

"Okay, okay. See you next time."

With a faint smile, Trevor quickly left the exhibition venue.

About half an hour later, he arrived at a strange apartment where Bradley was waiting for him.

Bradley had been watching Terrance for quite a while now from this apartment. When Trevor arrived, he handed him a pair of binoculars and said, "Mr. Sanderson, the big villa opposite us is Terrance's."

Trevor took the binoculars Bradley handed him.

Although it was getting late, Trevor could still see the villa clearly. There was a large swimming pool in the front of the villa and the maids walked in and out of a well lit room. Trevor could tell that Terrance



lived lavishly in this villa.

"This guy really knows how to enjoy life," Trevor mumbled.

Just then, he spotted an acquaintance in the villa.

Grady!

Grady walked straight into Terrance's villa.

He was not alone. There were several tall and burly men going in with him.

"As I expected, he's planning another move."

Trevor's eyes narrowed and a smirk tugged the corner of his mouth. Meanwhile, Bradly started taking pictures.

About forty minutes later, Grady and his men walked out of the villa.

Compared to when he came to the villa earlier, Grady was visibly more excited as he left.

As he walked, he waved his fists arrogantly.

Occasionally, he would even put his arms around the shoulders of the tough guys next to him.

Seeing Grady's excited demeanor, Trevor was even more certain they were up to something.

He and his men had been in Terrance's villa for almost an hour. There was no doubt that their plan was aimed at Trevor.

Why else would this man who had been beaten up by Trevor twice in a row be so happy?

It was dark at this time.

With the exception of Grady, whom Trevor knew well, it was difficult for Trevor to recognize the men who were with him.

Even in the photos Bradly was able to take, their faces were blurred from the low light.

Frowning, Trevor asked, "Bradly, do you have any other way to find out the identities of these men?"

He wanted to know what Terrance asked these people to do.

"Count on me, Mr. Sanderson. I'll give you a result tomorrow evening at the latest!" Bradly replied

confidently.

Trevor had never doubted Bradley's resourcefulness.

Sure enough, the next day after class, he got a call from Bradley. It was still in the afternoon.

"Mr. Sanderson, I investigated the people who were with Grady yesterday. They are your schoolmates and members of the Taekwondo club."

Hearing what Bradley said, Trevor couldn't help smiling.

He expected better from Terrance.

Now, Trevor was an outstanding fighter. Very few people could beat him, so he didn't need Bradley to protect him constantly.

Trevor was confident that these Taekwondo club members were no match for him.

Trevor hung up the phone and waited for these men to come to him.

However, Darrion suddenly rushed over to him.

"Something bad happened, Trevor! Trey is detained by Grady!"

[Chapter 589 Get Your Ass Up Here](#)

Trevor could sense the anxiety in Darrion's tone. But he couldn't understand why Grady would go after Trey.

He looked at Darrion and said, "Calm down and tell me what happened."

Out of breath, Darrion said, "On the way, we met Grady who led several people from the Taekwondo club. They were looking for you and it was clear their intentions were hostile. Trey wanted to stop them from finding you, but he got caught and taken away forcibly."

Trevor's eyes turned cold.

So that was Grady's plan to get to him.

It was a conflict between Trevor and them. Why would they involve innocent people?

Grady had just crossed the line by doing such a thing!

"Darrion, lead the way. Let's go and save Trey!" Trevor said with a cold expression.

Trey and other roommates treated Trevor so nicely, and Trevor grew fond of them. There was no way he was letting anything bad happen to them.

"But... Will we be any match to these ferocious Taekwondo practitioners?"

Although Darrion was very worried about Trey, he was also worried about Trevor.

But after quickly analyzing the situation, Darrion understood the urgency. So he didn't argue further and led Trevor to the Taekwondo gym.

If they wasted any more time, no one knew what those people would do to Trey.

When Darrion and Trevor arrived at the Taekwondo gym, they saw Grady and his companions surrounding a fighting ring.

In the fight ring, a boy in a Taekwondo uniform with a ponytail knocked Trey to the floor.

The men surrounding the ring burst into laughter.

To the applause of his friends, the boy grew more arrogant and kicked Trey further.

Trey was no match for such a seasoned fighter and he could only cover his head and abdomen with his arms as the blows rained down on his body.

His body was covered in bruises and blood seeped out from his mouth.

As the boy with a ponytail hit Trey, he scolded him harshly.

"What a fool you are! You wanted to be a hero saving Trevor, but did you really think you were any match for us? I'll beat you first just for fun."

Trevor couldn't stand it for even a second.

"Stop!" he shouted angrily.

When Grady and the others heard Trevor's voice, they turned around with excitement.

Upon seeing their excited faces, Trevor became more annoyed.

"Grady, you should attack me directly. How dare you use such a despicable method?"

In the crowd, a scantily clad, fair-skinned girl sneered, "Are you Trevor? Why do you say Marcel is despicable? It was Trey who wanted to fight against him. In a fighting ring, the weakest has only himself to blame for the blows he receives."

"Babe, don't talk too much with such a loser."

Standing on the edge of the fighting ring, Marcel smiled impishly. He pointed at Trevor and said, "Come on, if you want to save him, get your ass up here. I promise you'll be in a sorrier state than him."

This time, the best fighter Grady had found to help him in his feud against Trevor was Marcel.

Grady had told him that Trevor was pretty good at fighting, but Marcel didn't take him seriously.

As president of the Taekwondo club, he was the strongest. How could he lose to a transfer student?

Trevor glanced at Marcel coldly and said, "I don't know what Grady promised you, but since you hurt my roommate, you can't get away with an apology!"

After saying that, Trevor slowly made his way to the ring, with a cold face.

"I just hurt your roommate. So what?" Marcel didn't take Trevor's warning seriously at all. With a grim smile, he turned and kicked Trevor again. "I'll kick him in front of you. What can you do to me? Don't waste my time. Come here and I'll give you a one-way ticket to hell."

#### [Chapter 590 Fight Fire With Fire](#)

Trevor got even more furious when he saw this scene. He grabbed the rope at the edge of the battle ring and jumped up.

However, Marcel didn't really care about ethics. Before Trevor could even land in the ring, he rushed over.

He swung his leg horizontally and planned to hit Trevor's forehead.

"Trevor, watch out!" Darrion, who was standing below the ring, shouted nervously.

The people on Grady's side shouted excitedly, "Beat him up! Take that bastard down!"

Trevor's eyes became cold, and he bent down to avoid the attack.

Then, he took advantage of the opportunity when Marcel hadn't gained his balance. He grabbed Marcel's ankle.

"Let go of me!" Marcel shouted. He couldn't withdraw his foot, and he was in an awkward position.

It was only then that he realized that he had underestimated Trevor's strength.

"You must have kicked Trevor with this foot, right?"

Trevor glared at Marcel coldly, clenched his fist, and slammed into Marcel's knee joint.

"Ahhh!" Marcel screamed in pain. Trevor dislocated his knee joint.

But Marcel must be grateful that Trevor didn't have a weapon at this time. Because if he had, he wouldn't simply dislocate Marcel's knee joint. Marcel's leg would have been broken into pieces!

He pushed Marcel hard again.

Since Marcel could only stand on one foot, it was difficult for him to maintain his balance. He jumped backward twice and fell to the floor.

"Ouch!"

Marcel screamed, holding his leg.

However, Trevor just ignored Marcel's miserable situation. He turned to Trey and asked, "Which hand did he use to hit you?"

Trey took a few deep breaths. There were multiple bruises on his body, and the pain made him groan.

When he heard Trevor's question, he knew that Trevor would help him vent his anger. He felt a little bit of pleasure despite his painful situation.

Trey covered his head, pretending to be miserable. "I seem to have lost some memories because of the beating. That bastard must have used both hands."

"If he used both hands, then I have to break them both." Trevor snorted coldly and walked towards Marcel.

"You are lying! I didn't use my hands just now. Trevor, don't come near me!"

Marcel was angry and scared at the same time. He moved backward with his hands trembling.

He was angry because he knew Trey was taking revenge. Everyone knew that people who practiced Taekwondo used their legs mostly. He didn't punch Trey even once.

Trevor was much more ruthless than him. He might really break his hands.

Trevor noticed that Marcel wanted to run away. He dragged Marcel back to the center of the battle ring.

"Who says you are allowed to leave? I haven't broken your hands yet." Trevor snorted and stepped on Marcel.

Annot could see that Marcel was no match for Trevor, so she shouted anxiously, "How dare you hit him so hard? After breaking his leg, you still want to break his hands now?"

Trevor looked at her condescendingly, frowned, and said, "You just said, in a fighting ring, the weakest has only himself to blame for the blows he receives. Now that he is weaker than me, he deserves to be beaten by me."

Annot was so pissed off by Trevor's words that her face turned livid. She said without remorse, "Then we admit defeat. You can't beat him anymore if he admits defeat."

"Yes, yes! I admit defeat," Marcel said hurriedly as if he had grabbed a life-saving straw. He never knew that admitting defeat was such a happy thing.

Trevor turned to Trey and asked, "Trey, did you admit defeat just now?"

Trey immediately understood what Trevor meant. "They didn't allow me to admit defeat."

Trevor turned to Marcel again and smiled playfully. "Since you didn't allow my friend to admit defeat, how can I let you admit defeat now?"

"But he didn't say he would admit defeat just now," Marcel shouted in a trembling voice.

But Trevor didn't want to talk nonsense with Marcel anymore. He broke Marcel's hands in a snap.

Marcel let out a shrill howl and passed out.