

Chapter 54 The Auction

Becky had only come here to fulfill her end of the deal, so she had no interest in the items to be auctioned that night.

Devin, who was sitting next to her, didn't make any bids, as if nothing attracted him either.

When it became clear that Devin also had no interest in the auction, Becky turned to ask him, "Don't you like anything here?"

"I do."

Devin smiled slightly, picking up a bottle of water and taking a sip. He glanced at her and added, "The one I like can't be auctioned."

While his implication was clear as day, Becky smiled innocently and pretended not to understand what he meant. "Oh, that's too bad."

"How about you? Doesn't anything here tickle your fancy?" Devin asked Becky while he tinkered idly with the auction paddle in his hand.

Becky was about to shake her head when a picture of a snuff bottle on the big screen caught her attention.

"It's beautiful," she murmured.



Becky knew her father was fond of collecting snuff bottles, and she knew that he'd love this one.

Stevie was visiting Courtbush in a few days, so Becky figured the snuff bottle would make for a nice surprise when he came.

After all, she was a thoughtful daughter.

Hearing this, Devin asked curiously, "Do you like it?"

Becky glanced at Devin and explained briefly, "My father would."

"Oh, I see."

Devin nodded and fell silent.

The snuff bottle was a delicate antique, and its price started at 2.4 million dollars.

Only a few people were interested in it, and the price quickly climbed up to 2.6 million after several rounds of bidding.

After a while, Becky raised her paddle. The auctioneer glanced at her and announced, "This lady's offering 2.8 million!"

As the auctioneer was speaking, Rory suddenly raised his paddle. The auctioneer announced, "Three million dollars from the man over there!"

Devin narrowed his eyes and leaned closer to Becky, whispering, "Do you need help?"



Becky shook her head and smiled. "No, thanks."

Becky knew the true value of the snuff bottle. Going beyond 3 million dollars was too much.

But thinking about how Stevie didn't have a snuff bottle like this one, Becky was determined to get it. After thinking about it for a while, she raised her paddle again.

"3.1 million! For the lady in the black and blue dress!"

"3.2 million! For the gentleman over there."

Neither Becky nor Rory gave up bidding. Finally, the price reached 4 million.

Finally, Becky snorted and put down the paddle.

She figured she could just let Rory buy the snuff bottle at the unreasonably exorbitant price.

Devin frowned and offered, "Let me help you."

Becky quickly reached out to stop him from raising his paddle. "Never mind. Just let the idiot take it. It's not worth it."

Hearing this, Devin chuckled and put down his paddle.

"Whatever you say."

No one else made a bid for the snuff bottle. Finally, the auctioneer had to announce that the snuff bottle was sold for 4 million.

Aiken pursed his lips unhappily. "That snuff bottle isn't worth 4 million."

Rory glanced at Becky, who was sitting a couple of rows behind him. She was chatting with Devin, and the two of them were smiling.

Seeing this made Rory quite unhappy. Plus, annoyed by what Aiken said, Rory said irritably, "So what? I'm rich." Aiken clicked his tongue and shook his head wryly. "It's your money, so it's your choice."

But Rory and Aiken didn't come here for a random snuff bottle. They had come specifically for a painting.

Becky was surprised when she saw the last item of the auction: an excellent landscape painting from the 12th century. Its starting price was 3 million dollars. Devin confidently raised his paddle and set the bid price at 4 million.

But Devin wasn't the only one who came for this painting. Rory and Devin battled silently, each one taking turns raising their paddles. After mere minutes, the price skyrocketed to 7.5 million.

Rory was the last to bid. Becky thought Devin would raise his paddle again, but to her surprise, he sat in his seat motionlessly.

Becky was stunned. "Mr. Stanley?"

Devin turned to look at Becky with a mischievous smile. "It's not worth it. I'm going to let the idiot buy the painting." 🌀