

Love Is Fair 40

Chapter 040 Get Lost, Imbecile! Matthew and Luca looked in the direction of Hailey in unison. Their hearts

skipped a beat when they saw her cold expression.

Was she angry?

Hailey was indeed a little angry. It was just that she had been used to putting on a disguise all these years and rarely showed her true emotions on her face. Nowadays, not many people could really get on her nerves. It was unnecessary to be annoyed over the men's childish actions. Due to the overwhelming sensation during the auction of the emerald necklace, not many were interested when it was the porcelain plates' turn. Of course, many of the attendees did not appreciate the plates. On the contrary, collectors like Hailey had been waiting for the plates to be

auctioned. The more valuable the item was, the calmer she looked.

The auctioneer called out a price of one million.

Hailey did not raise her sign. Instead, she ordered Chris to raise his sign and said, "1.1 million."

Many people present were still in a trance from being shocked by Chris's bid for the necklace. They weren't sure if it was simply a gullible act from him, but they knew that he was really rich.

They definitely couldn't compete with him in term of wealth, so when they saw Chris offer his price, those who were interested with the plates automatically put down their signs. This was the effect that Hailey wanted. When the auctioneer was going to call 1.1 million twice, she was anticipating that she could make the final call, but an unexpected surprise happened.

"1.2 million."

She turned her head slightly and glanced at Owen, who was raising his sign with a leisure expression.

She frowned in annoyance.

What was up with him tonight? Was he addicted to raising the sign and offering a higher price?

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She had never seen him like this before.

"1.3 million." Chris raised his sign again.

"1.4 million." Owen also raised his sign.

Chris glanced at Hailey, who closed her eyes at him. Chris then raised his sign again. "1.5 million."

Owen wanted to offer a higher bid again, but Matthew stopped him. "Hey, can't you tell that he's calling the price for Hailey?" "Yup, i can." Owen asked, "So?" Matthew was bewildered. "If you can tell, why are you competing with him?"

Owen explained lightly, "I am not. I like the plates too."

Matthew frowned and gasped, dumbstruck. He had never known what the headstrong and overly-logical straight man

looked like, but now he knew.

"1.5 million going once, 1.5 million going twice... Okay, this gentleman bids 1.6 million."

Brook glanced in Owen's direction and said to Hailey, "Hey, he goes all out to compete for the plates with you. Does he not know that Chris is calling the price for you?" "He knows." Hailey gritted her teeth. She wanted to take back what she had just thought about herself. He got on her nerves, and she was utterly pissed right now! Instead of ordering Chris, Hailey raised the sign herself and said, "2 million!"

He wanted to compete with her, didn't he? Alright, they should fight to the end. Owen did as she wished and raised the sign again. "2.1 million." Matthew couldn't help but rub his eyebrows and grunted, "Now I know why Hailey wants to divorce you. To have someone like you as a husband, she will die of enger sooner or later if she doesn't divorce you."

Owen was unmoved. He didn't think that there was any connection between their divorce and his desire to win the auction of the porcelain plates. Moreover, it was him who initiated the divorce, not Hailey.

The auction became the fighting ground between Hailey and Owen this time.

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They raised their signs one after another, but they didn't raise the bid much. only a hundred thousand at a time. They were determined to grind the other party's patience and test their limit.

As for the rest of the people present, they began to feel sleepy as they watched the two people sitting in the opposite end of each other fight like children and

listened to the auctioneer's incessant bidding.

Were they trying to raise the bid to one hundred million? The auctioneer began to feel his mouth dry as he was continuously calling the bid. When it came to five million, Hailey stopped. Brook said, "Huh, why do you stop? Are you tired? Don't worry, I'll help you. "It's okay. I'll pay for you when we get the highest bid. I won't let anyone bully

you in my territory."

Brook was about to raise his sign when Hailey stopped him and shook her

head. "Don't. It's only worth this much. It'll be meaningless to raise to a higher price."

Finally, Owen won the bid of the four porcelain plates with five million.

At this point of the auction, the donation was close to 30 million dollars, which was far beyond expectations. The organizer, "Zero Hour", was the happiest at

this point, and they knew that tonight's event would be the headline of all major news outlets tomorrow.

"Let's go."

Hailey left the venue with her assistant. Brook did not leave with her since

Vanessa wanted him to stay to deal with the auction items and funds.

Her car parked at the outermost of the parking lot, and Chris had to take a

longer time to retrieve the car. He asked Hailey to wait for him on the side of the road while he went to drive the car over.

The night breeze was a little cold. Hailey crossed her arms in front of her chest, and suddenly, she felt a weight draping over her shoulder. She turned her head and met Matthew's bright smile. "Cold, right? I'm a gentleman. I'll lend my jacket to you for a while."

Hailey raised her hand and was about to take the jacket off when the jacket was taken away.

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Owen threw the windbreaker into Matthew's arms, then took off his suit jacket and draped it over Hailey. "His jacket is smelly because he's been drinking. Wear mine." "Thanks, but no, thanks. Birds of a feather flock together. Your jacket is

similarly smelly."

Hailey shook her shoulders and returned his jacket. When she tilted her head slightly, she saw the four porcelain plates in Jose's hands. Her eyes darkened in the night, and her red lips pursed slightly.

Owen said frankly, "Sorry, I also like these plates."

"Congratulations." Hailey donned a diplomatic smile. "Do you like it?" Matthew couldn't help but ask, "Miss Newman, if you like it, I'm sure Owen will give it to you. Am I right?" "When did I say that?" Owen looked at him strangely. Matthew was dumbstruck.

Well, there was only so much he could do to help this ignorant imbecile. With a gentle smile, Hailey asserted, "You don't have to do that. I won't take

something that belongs to others. I'll fight for what I like. Since I have given up, it means that I don't have the luck to own them. There is nothing to feel sorry

of."

Chris drove the car over and got out of the car to open the door for Hailey. Hailey said lightly, "Goodbye."

She paused for a moment and turned to look at Owen. "Oh, I hope that this is the last time I meet you, Mr. Moore. You're not welcomed here."

Then, she got into the car, and the car drove off. "Is she angry?" Owen pondered over Hailey's last sentence and frowned. "Fuck! You don't say?!"

Frustrated, Matthew took a deep breath and sighed heavily. "Dude, I won't pity you even if you stay single forever. You deserve it. Keep it up. If you continue to work hard, Hailey will completely give up on you. Do your best!"