

Chapter 1465 Balfour's Way Of Making Money

After a while, Trevor went back to his room and picked up the car keys, ready to go to work.

Luisa had already gone to work. As the head of the security department, he was responsible for her safety.

Just as Trevor was about to leave, Balfour came out of his room and stopped him.

"Wait a minute. My sister just went to work, and you are suddenly leaving too? Are you stalking her? It's clear you are up to something!"

Trevor's mouth twitched.

Yesterday, Balfour said he was keeping an eye on him. However, Trevor didn't think Balfour meant exactly that.

Trevor was helpless. "Dude, I have to go to work too. What do you want me to do?"

Balfour craned his neck and looked out. After making sure that Luisa's white Chevrolet had gone away, he said slowly, "You promised to protect me. Do you think I'll let you live in my place for free? I don't need you to pay me in cash. But you have to protect me. Ask for a half day off from work and accompany me today."

Trevor sighed helplessly. He peeped out and couldn't see a trace of Luisa's white Chevrolet.

If he wanted to live next to Luisa for long, he had no choice but to agree.

"Okay. Where are you going? I'll drive you there."

Chapter 1465 Balfour's Way Of Mak. 🎁 +120 Points at most

Balfour was excited and he happily sat in Trevor's car. He asked Trevor to take him to a small trade fair.

Trevor had been to this place before.

The fair was held in a small and famous trading block in the antique industry of Dreles. Almost every shop on the street sold and bought rare antiques.

Trevor used to come here when he worked in the company of the Byrd family.

In the antique trading industry, there were plenty of legends of people who got rich overnight.

One would often hear stories of someone buying a rare antique cheaply and auctioning it off at an incredibly high price.

However, no one had ever seen those people who were so lucky. Everyone, however, hoped to have such a fortune one day and also become a legend.

With a mysterious look, Balfour looked at Trevor and said, "Dragon, maybe I will become a legend today."

Trevor was stunned. Did Balfour really think he would be so lucky?

Balfour then got out of the car and entered a store with a glass door wide open.

Trevor shook his head silently and followed him to see what was going on.

In the shop, a middle-aged man wearing a brown hat smiled when he saw Balfour.

"You're finally here. Lots of people have come asking about the clock you last saw and they all want to buy it."

Balfour's face changed and he asked nervously, "Have you sold it already?"

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The middle-aged man, who was the owner of the antique shop, smiled and said, "Don't worry. Everyone here knows that I always stick to the rules when doing business. Since you were the first to appreciate it, I decided to keep it for you. I can't sell it to others so easily!"

Balfour was pleased by what the middle-aged man said. He rubbed his hands and asked the man to take out the antique clock.

The shop owner complied. The more Balfour looked at the clock, the more eager he was to get it. Satisfaction and excitement showed in his eyes. He whispered, "How much?"

The owner of the shop held his brown hat and said in a low voice, "One hundred thousand... To tell you the truth, if I hadn't been in urgent need of money lately, I wouldn't be selling it so easily. If it was before, its price would be at least double! If you take it to auction, you can make a lot of money as long as you pay an appraisal fee!"

Balfour was very excited and rubbed his hands again.

Trevor, who was standing behind him, raised his eyebrows.

How could a fake antique made by modern craftsmanship be worth one hundred thousand?

Seeing that Balfour was silent, the owner of the antique shop snickered and said on purpose, "Well, sir, if you don't want to buy it, I will have to sell it to someone else. I have no choice. I'm in an urgent need of money."

Chapter 1466 A Fake

The antique clock was a fake.

Trevor discovered it in a glance.

The owner of the antique shop could fool a layman just as easily, but Trevor wouldn't be fooled.

The heated negotiation between Balfour and the shop owner attracted many passers-by. Soon, the entrance to the shop was packed with people.

Most people walking down the antique street knew a little about antiques. When they heard the haggling, they all showed envious expressions.

"One hundred thousand dollars? He is really lucky to be able to buy an antique clock for only a hundred thousand dollars."

"Damn! That man's so lucky! Once this clock is auctioned, he will earn at least 5 times the purchase price."

"Apparently after today there will be another legend on this street."

Hearing the low-voiced comments from passers-by, Balfour couldn't help but smile complacently. At that moment, he didn't even feel like continuing to bargain. He feared that someone would offer a higher price and take the clock away.

"Okay! One hundred thousand! I'll pay by card!" Balfour said confidently, waving his hand impatiently.

He was certain that he would sell the clock at an auction and make a lot of money. Once he had made his fortune, he would finally earn his sister's respect. His parents would also be proud of him.

Thinking of this, Balfour was so excited his face turned red.

Just as he took out his credit card and was about to pay, Trevor grabbed his wrist.

"Don't act on impulse. This clock is not worth that price."

Trevor spoke in a low voice, but the shop owner, who was standing not far away, heard him clearly.

The middle-aged man's smiling face just now suddenly became gloomy. He glared at Trevor and snapped, "What are you talking about? Shut up if you don't know anything about antiques! Do you know what an antique is? You're so stupid that you'll only make a fool of yourself."

The shop owner had a very fierce reaction, which seemed odd to Balfour to say the least. The latter hesitated for a moment.

Trevor pointed at the antique clock and said, "Although the surface of your clock looks old, your used rather rough means to make it look old. The wear marks on the edge are too obvious. I guess you must have used a machine to age it, right? That wasn't really a smart move. Besides, the color of the top of the clock is almost the same as the color of the back. If it is a real antique clock, the color of the back will be very different from the top because the back is not often exposed to light. By the way, if my eyes are not deceiving me, I think your clock is battery powered, right?"

Without hesitation, Trevor exposed the lies of the shop owner, which caused an outcry among the on-lookers.

"What? No way? I don't think it's a fake."

"But what he said seems to make sense."

The on-lookers began to discuss aloud.

Seeing that the situation was turning to his disadvantage, the shop owner immediately shouted, "Nonsense! Everyone on this street knows that I always play by business rules. I'm running a shop here. How can I sell fake goods? I think you are here to

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make trouble!"

+120 Points at most

Balfour was at a loss. He didn't know who between Trevor and the shop owner was saying the truth.

He was just a layman. Of course, he didn't understand anything about making fake antiques.

Balfour looked at Trevor confusedly and asked, "Dragon..."

"It's fake!" Trevor said firmly.

He crouched down and groped on the back of the so-called antique clock. Sure enough, he felt an unnatural bulge.

Everyone present heard a clear "click." The next moment, Trevor pulled out two batteries from the clock.

"Wow! It's really a fake!"

"Luckily, this young man exposed the scam. Otherwise I would have made an offer too. Who could have thought that it was a fake?"

"Young man, you are awesome. You were able to see through this scam at a glance. You are even more competent than a professional appraiser!"

Balfour turned around and glared at the shop owner.

"You lied to me!"


Now that his scam was exposed, the shop owner was so angry that his face turned red.

He grabbed the batteries from Trevor's hand and shouted, "Get out! Get out! You are not welcome in my shop! I have a stomachache and I'm going to close the shop now! Get out!"

With a faint smile, Trevor cast a cold glance at the man and then left the antique shop with Balfour.

The shop owner closed the glass door and pulled the curtains

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 +120 Points at most

tight. But even so, he could still hear the laughter outside quite well.

He was so angry that he gritted his teeth. He came so close to getting a hundred thousand, but his whole plan was ruined.

Worse still, his reputation here was already compromised. Once what happened today was exposed, he would become the laughingstock of his peers. There was even little chance that anyone would come to his shop to buy antiques in the future.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. He gritted his teeth and muttered in anger, "Damn it! You ruined my livelihood! Just wait and see! This is far from over!"

Chapter 1467 Scram Away

Balfour stormed out of the antique shop with a scowl and went to the other ones.

After almost getting scammed in the first shop, he had become so doubtful of the authenticity of the items that he didn't purchase anything in the end.

Following Balfour, Trevor snickered.

The street was an established antique marketplace in Dreles, so not everything was fake.

Still, seeing Balfour be cautious of purchasing items he didn't know much about was a progress.

Letting out an exasperated sigh, Balfour said, "Forget it. I'm not in the mood anymore."

When Trevor and Balfour headed back to the parking lot, they ran into a group of goons with iron bars in their hands.

The man with a brown hat, leading the goons, was the owner of the first antique shop.

Trevor lifted an eyebrow, stopping in his tracks.

With a stern expression, the shop owner roared, "Do you think you can leave here unscathed after disrupting my business and ruining my reputation?"

After saying that, the shop owner spat on the floor and pointed the metal baseball bat in his hand at Trevor's nose.

The goons regarded Trevor coldly.

Facing the shop owner and recognizing the goons, Trevor almost cracked up.

Balfour, who gulped in fright, eventually breathed a sigh of relief after having a closer look at the goons.

They were the group who attacked Balfour the night before, and Trevor singlehandedly beat up and threw all of them into the stinking water.

Trevor shook his head with a sneer.

These goons were quite dedicated. They came to work despite being beaten up last night.

Oblivious of the encounter, the shop owner clubbed the metal baseball bat on the ground and scowled.

"I'll give you a chance. If you get on your knees and give me eight hundred thousand dollars as compensation, maybe I'll let what happened slide. If you don't, these guys will finish you!"

Raising his chin smugly, the shop owner waited for Trevor to show fear and comply, but he had no idea that the faces of the goons behind him had changed dramatically.

Facing Trevor, the goons finally realized why he looked familiar, and their knees trembled with fright.

He was the man who beat them up last night.

Why did they have to cross paths with him again?

Afraid to be beaten up by Trevor the second time, the goons exchanged horrified looks and turned on their heels, scrambling out of Trevor's sight like a pack of scared rats.

The shop owner was so absorbed in his arrogance that he didn't know the goons had left, leaving him behind.

Clenching his fists, he threatened Trevor, "You're still being stubborn? I'm telling you, these men are ruthless. Do as I say while I'm still being nice. Otherwise, you are asking for it! I'll give you three seconds. One, two..."

The shop owner suddenly stopped counting after noticing the

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+120 Points at most

looks on Trevor's and Balfour's faces.

His countdown was almost over, but the two still stood unafraid and smiling before him.

How could they still have the nerve to act smugly?

Seeing the confusion in the shop owner's eyes, Balfour broke into laughter.

"Are you here to make me laugh? You idiot! Why don't you look behind you?"

Puzzled, the shop owner touched his hat and looked over his shoulder.

His expression abruptly changed, and he felt a shiver run up his spine.

The goons behind him were gone!

The shop owner turned pale, dropping the metal baseball bat to the ground because of fright.

The notoriously ruthless goons had scrambled away, which meant one of these men standing opposite him was too powerful to deal with.

Fear sweeping over him, the shop owner hurriedly got on his knees and pleaded, "Please forgive me! I was wrong!"

Being able to read the room was the most fundamental thing in doing business, and the shop owner knew at least that to save himself.

Chapter 1468 You Are Fired

With his arms crossed over his chest, Trevor smiled without saying a word.

This man was just the owner of an antique shop. The worst he could do was hire thugs to cause trouble.

Trevor was used to dealing with more difficult situations, like Mobius. As a result, he wouldn't take such a trifle seriously.

Unlike Trevor, who was calm, Balfour was rather excited. He picked up a baseball bat from the ground and walked over to the shop owner with a sneer.

The shop owner had already been so frightened a while ago that he knelt and begged for mercy. Balfour's menacing look frightened him even more. He apologized several more times and did not dare raise his head.

"Sir, please don't hit me! Please spare me. Please!"

"Humph! Now you're begging for mercy! You'd better make sure I don't see you again. Otherwise, you'll regret it."

Balfour was so arrogant right now that he had forgotten that the man he was now threatening had almost tricked him into buying a fake antique.

The shop owner nodded several times. He dared not say anything more and ran away as fast as he could.

Balfour felt much better now. He turned to Trevor and said sincerely, "Dragon, thanks for beating up those hooligans yesterday. If you hadn't dealt with them, it would be hard to end this matter today."

Trevor smiled and said casually, "It's not a big deal. I have to go to work now. You can take a taxi home."

It was a little late when Trevor arrived at the company.

However, the other security guards had not waited for their captain to take up their post and ensure the security of the company.

When Trevor walked into his office, he saw an unfamiliar woman standing there with a serious face.

The security guards looked a little strange and kept winking at him.

The woman suddenly turned and looked at Trevor up and down. Then, she asked coldly, "Are you Dragon, the director of the security department?"

A look of surprise and confusion appeared on Trevor's face. He nodded nonetheless. "Yes, and you are?"

The woman said coldly, "I'm the new HR manager. Now I would like you to explain to me why you are late for work on my first day at the company. Is this the kind of laxity you have in this business? Or is it just you?"

New HR manager?

Trevor felt a little embarrassed.

He would have been on time for work today if he hadn't been delayed by Balfour.


Seeing that Trevor was silent, the HR manager sneered.

She had just joined the company and was eager to prove herself and assert her authority.

It was her first day at the company and she found that one of the employees was late. There was no way she was letting him go easily.

"Dragon, as a department director, you should do your best to make the company run better and prosper. And instead, you broke company rules just because you're a director. Does this

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 +120 Points at most

company even matter to you? You must know that this is a business place, not your home. You can't afford to behave as you please here. If you don't like being the director of the security department, someone else probably does."

Trevor frowned upon hearing what the woman said.

In the organization chart of the company, the HR manager was at the same level as the head of the security department. This woman therefore had no authority to reprimand him in this way.

However, Trevor didn't want to make drag this matter, so he admitted his mistake.

"I'm sorry. You're right I shouldn't have been late. I'll be more cautious with my time management in the future."

However, the HR manager was not satisfied with Trevor's apology.

If a mere apology could solve this matter, then how would she have affirmed her authority here?

Frowning, the woman said harshly, "Apologizing is useless. The only thing that matters is that you are late. What if someone came to the company to make trouble and damaged the company's property during your absence?"


The woman's endless berating exasperated Trevor, who pursed his lips.

However, the HR manager was insatiable. The more she spoke, the more excited she became. Seeing that Trevor didn't try to argue with her, she became even more arrogant.

"Why don't you say anything? What? Don't you dare to admit your fault? What if all the employees copy your example and start leaving work early or come late? How can the company survive then? How could the company's security be handed over to someone as irresponsible as you? I must fire you today!"

Upon hearing this, the security staff in the office were shocked. They didn't expect things to come to this.

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Trevor shook his head helplessly. Although he was wrong, it was not that bad, was it?

"Are you going to fire me?" Trevor asked casually.

Two days ago, he was only the director of the security department. But now, things were completely different.

He was a major shareholder of the company.

Did the HR manager really think she could fire the shareholder?

What a joke!

Exasperated by the woman's bad attitude, Trevor crossed his arms and said calmly, "As far as I know, when there is a dispute between department heads, it can only be decided by the CEO."

As soon as Trevor said so, the HR manager sneered and a glimmer of joy flashed through her eyes.

Of course, that was her hidden purpose. She wanted Luisa to know about this matter. That way, she would make a good impression on Luisa.

"Okay! Since that's what you want, let Luisa make the decision! There is no way I can't fire you today!"