

## Chapter 1662 Antiques Of Hammurabi Hotel

Affecting a casual stance in the middle of the venue, Jacques raised his chin arrogantly and said to Trevor, "Are you the friend of the ugly guy? The ugly brat offended my girlfriend. But fortunately for you, I'm willing to let this go if you pay for it. And by the way, you have to compensate me for your rude words as well."

Trevor's expression remained blank even as he unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt. Taking a fighting stance, he waved at Jacques in a come-on motion.

Compensation?

Of course he wouldn't pay the money.

If they were in a different city, Trevor could have made Vulture offer an apology after he sobered up.

However, he was in Glareder. Any show of politeness or kindness would only be perceived as being weak and incompetent.

For a second, Jacques was stunned at Trevor's posture. Then he burst out laughing.

"Guys, did you see?! This ignorant fool is actually daring me!"

The men around also laughed out loud, staring at Trevor with varying degrees of disdain.

They all echoed, "Jacques, beat him to death!"

"Ha ha. This is probably his first time in Glareder, so he has never heard of Jacques before."

"Go to hell!"

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The crowd booed, but Trevor's expression didn't change.

Jacques loosened his grip on his girlfriend, twisted his neck and grinned hideously.

"Since you are so blind, I will use you to practice boxing. Hey, you guys should keep an eye on him. Make sure he doesn't run away!"

Trevor just sneered and waved his hand. "Cut the crap."

Clenching his fists, Jacques said, "You're courting death, aren't you? I'll do you the favor!"

He roared loudly and pounced on Trevor like a fierce tiger. With his right fist, he aimed a punch at Trevor's stomach.

Just like a Matador, Trevor easily sidestepped the raging bull that was Jacques.

One second, Trevor was there, and the next, Jacques was charging at empty air. He managed to put on the brakes before he crashed into the wall. An angry growl escaped his lips as he rounded on Trevor again. Swiftly, he launched one attack after the other on Trevor.

But Trevor dodged each punch and kick without breaking a sweat.

As the fight went on, the laughter on the lips of the men Jacques brought with him died. They could all see that something was wrong. Obviously, this man was tricking Jacques!

After a lot of unsuccessful attempts to hit Trevor, Jacques also came to the same conclusion as the men. Something was very wrong.

Unfortunately, his ego wouldn't allow him to back away from the fight and examine the situation with a calmer mind. He roared and charged at Trevor once again with all his strength.

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Trevor smiled faintly and nimbly jumped to the side.

The goons standing behind Trevor also scattered in different directions. Since they were behind Trevor, they were afraid that their ribs would be broken by Jacques.

Due to the fact that Jacques had run at Trevor with full speed, he couldn't stop himself in time when Trevor jumped out of the way. Before he realized what was going on, he had crashed into the decorated wall of Hammurabi Hotel.

The wooden decoration wall shook violently from the impact.

There was a rattling sound.

Then something toppled off the pedestal.

In the blink of an eye, different kinds of ornaments placed on the wall fell down. Loud, ear-splitting sounds rent the air as the ornaments crashed and shattered.

There were a variety of ornaments, such as the enamel, the ship in a bottle, the music box...

Every single one of them was shattered into a million pieces.

Jacques' mind went blank and all he could do was stare at the floor in disbelief.

Trevor smirked and rumbled, "I don't think you are good at fighting either. You couldn't even land a single punch. But you did manage to break a lot of things though. Hmm... so what do we have here? Oh, they are even antiques! I think they should cost you seven hundred thousand in total... Actually, it's more like eight hundred thousand. Well, it looks like you are the one who will have to pay compensation after all."

Beneath his mocking words was a little surprise. Trevor didn't pay much attention to the ornaments when he

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checked in, so he hadn't expected them to be real antiques. They were all worth a mint.

Jacques shrank his neck and looked a little flustered.

He couldn't take out seven hundred thousand!

Even if he could afford it, Jacques didn't want to compensate for it like that.

Then it suddenly occurred to him that his uncle was the manager of the hotel. All he had to do was frame the brat in front of him for the damages and his uncle would back him up.

A triumphant sneer lit up Jacques' face as he took out his phone. Then he dialed his uncle's number.

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Seeing the sneer on Jacques' face as he was making a phone call, Trevor had the feeling that things would get worse.

However, the men around Trevor blocked his way, such that he was unable to stop Jacques.

Mikayla was extremely anxious at this moment. She whispered nervously, "How could things go like this? It's like we're in big trouble."

Patrice didn't say anything at all and just stood there with her arms crossed. Her face was also expressionless.

Soon a pot-bellied man in a casual suit approached. He asked in a loud voice, "What is going on?"

Jacques's eyes lit up when he saw the man and he hurried forward.

"Uncle! Uncle, you came in time. Look, that's the bastard who broke all the antiques in the hotel. Since you are the hotel manager, I wanted to help you teach him a lesson. I asked him to pay for the antiques he broke, but he refused."

As he spoke, Jacques winked at his men and made signs to them with his eyes.

The men quickly understood what Jacques meant and echoed at once, "That's right. That's what happened. We saw it with our own eyes."

"We have to teach this brat a good lesson! He can't get away with it!"

The crowd shouted in echo. It was like everyone was

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complaining about Trevor.

Hearing what the men said, Mikayla was so angry that she trembled all over. As for Patrice, her face became even colder.

If they hadn't witnessed with their own eyes Jacques breaking all the antiques, they too would have mistakenly thought that Trevor was responsible.

Mikayla couldn't stand it anymore and she shouted angrily, "Nonsense! You are distorting the truth! How dare you be so shameless? I even feel ashamed for you! Humph! Shame on you!"

Jacques glared ferociously at Mikayla and shouted, "Shut the hell up! You bitch! You have no right to speak here! Be careful not to piss me off or else I might rape you right outside the hotel entrance."

Trevor looked at the man in front of him for a while, then he looked at his uncle for a few seconds. Then he turned his gaze back to Jacques and asked coldly, "Do you have any evidence of what you say I did? Before you try to frame me like that, didn't you think I might have proof that would clear me?"

Jacques kept silent and looked at his uncle.

The pot-bellied man glanced at Jacques.

Of course the man knew his nephew was a troublemaker. It was very likely that Jacques was the one who broke the antiques.

However, the man wouldn't berate his nephew in public. So, he tidied up his casual suit and said coldly, "Do I need any evidence? Since Jacques said you are the one who broke the antiques, then you are the one! Do you want to argue? I don't want to see any evidence. In my territory, my word is final. Compensate me for the antiques you broke, or I guarantee you I have a lot of ways to make you regret!"

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As the man spoke, he waved his hand, and the hotel's security guards immediately surrounded Trevor.

Security guards and Jacques' henchmen crowded the hotel lobby. They looked so arrogant.

Trevor was really angry now.

It was unacceptable for anyone to be framed.

Trevor's face was as cold as ice. He clenched his fists and asked coldly, "You're really pushing my back against the wall!"

He was ready to make a scene in the hotel lobby.

Although Trevor was heavily outnumbered by those aggressive people, he could still defeat all of them.

But he didn't want to resort to fighting just yet. For the time being, he wanted to see how the hotel manager would deal with the matter which was getting out of hands.

Suddenly, the elevator door opened and then a surprised voice was heard.

"You... What? Raven?"

Trevor looked sideways and slightly raised a brow.

Of course he knew who it was!

It was Rupert, the same man he had met on the smuggling ship when coming to Glareder. They had also met once in a mobile phone store here in Glareder!

Trevor didn't expect to meet this man again, let alone here in Hammurabi Hotel.