

Chapter 1811 The Little Bronze Statue

Upon receiving the money, Collen's face lit up with joy. He had never thought that a small sculpture would fetch so much money.

"Thank you for your generosity, Lenard. I'll definitely use this money to rebuild the Singh Group!" he said, grinning from ear to ear.

Collen was elated.

But even though Trevor was the one who earned the money for him, he was not grateful to him.

At this moment, he turned to Trevor and, with his voice dripping with sarcasm, said, "Raven, you're clever. Seems like you knew about the bankruptcy of the Singh Group and sold your shares just in time! I heard Dragon was probably behind this. Have you heard of him?"

Trevor looked back at Collen with raised eyebrows and feigned innocence. "What nonsense are you talking about? I have no idea who Dragon is. I sold my shares to help you control the Singh Group. How could you turn against me so quickly? By the way, you just earned 2.8 million dollars. You better deposit the money to the Sanderson family's bank account as soon as possible. I'll contact the bank and have them collect the money. Good luck with your debt!"

Collen's face darkened. He clenched his hands into fists and glared at Trevor with his teeth gritted in anger.

Lenard's expression mirrored Collen's dark mood.

As he stared at Collen, resentful thoughts clouded his mind.

How dared he feed me false information and trick me into giving him money? He swore to himself he would teach Collen a lesson!

At this moment, Lenard stamped his feet in frustration. He could not stay here another second and planned to leave.

At this moment, Trevor spotted a familiar figure in the crowd.

It was Nola.

His mind raced back to Cecelia's strange behavior after Mobius appeared in Dreles.

He wondered about the connection between the Wright family and Mobius.

At the thought of this, Trevor decided to inquire about it.

He stopped Lenard and, with a sense of urgency in his voice, whispered, "The Wright family might be linked to Mobius. Go greet her."

Lenard abruptly stopped in his tracks and asked with surprise, "Is the Wright family under Mobius' control?"

Trevor snorted and warned, "Don't ask too much about Mobius!"

With a forced smile, Lenard approached Nola and greeted her, "What a coincidence, Miss Wright. Are you also here for the antique fair?"

As he spoke, his eyes wandered over her.

Although the two had rarely interacted, he could not help but rave at her appearance and body.

Nola's face twisted in disgust, and she answered him curtly, "Yes."

Trevor wanted to talk with Nola, hoping to learn something about the Wright family.

Just then, Lenard gave Nola the little bronze statue and bragged, "Nola, this is a rare collection I spent millions of dollars on. If you like it, I'll give it to you!"

Trevor frowned.

Was Lenard courting death?

Nola used to fear antique radiation. But now, he was giving her a bronze antique?

Just as Trevor had expected, Lenard was slapped on the face.

Nola took a few steps away from Lenard and stared daggers at him. "Why are you giving me this bronze antique? Are you trying to kill me?!"

Lenard was stunned, unable to comprehend his mistake.

He wondered what he had done wrong. All he wanted was to give her something out of kindness.

Even after slapping Lenard, Nola's anger did not dissipate. She threw the bronze statue to the ground, causing it shatter into pieces.

It was at that moment that the interior was revealed to be a fake.

"It's a fake!" Nola screamed, livid. "How dare you say you spent a fortune on it? It's so humiliating!"


The commotion attracted the crowd's attention. They whispered to one another how stupid Lenard was.

Lenard's face turned a deep shade of red, and his body trembled with rage and embarrassment.

Some onlookers who witnessed the whole thing furtively pointed at Collen. They recognized the antique as the one that was brought from him.

Collen cleared his throat and defensively said, "I did sell the antique to Lenard. But everyone knows the rules of antique transactions. Once the deal's done, it's none of my business! It was real when I sold it to him. I won't be liable for it."



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