

Chapter 1885 Antique Mask

Just as Connie seemed on the verge of being swayed, Trevor stepped forward with a sardonic smile and pointed at the mask.

"The mask looks like a counterfeit. Is this kind of gift something a young master from the Craig family would give to Miss Archer?"

Ewing's anger flared up instantly. He shot daggers at Trevor and confronted him, "One might make a mess while eating, but words should never be spilled carelessly! I paid a lot of money for that antique. Are you suggesting it's counterfeit?"

Trevor's smirk deepened, and he confidently stated, "I'm not speaking recklessly. I have quite some knowledge of antique appraisal. After examining the mask closely, my expertise tells me it's a fake."

Connie started having doubts. She turned to Ewing and questioned him, "Did you really give me a fake antique?"

Ewing shot a sharp glance at Trevor and cursed him inwardly for causing trouble to him again.

At this moment, he turned to Connie and rushed to defend himself. "Connie, listen to me. How could I buy a fake antique to deceive you? This person is holding a grudge against me. We had a minor spat on a flight earlier. And now, he's using this moment to retaliate and ruin our relationship. Connie, don't fall for his nonsense!"

Pretending to be magnanimous, Ewing patted Trevor on the shoulder and added, "Pal, don't be so petty. You're holding a grudge over such a trivial matter? That's just ridiculous!"

Connie eased slightly and began examining the mask.

Trevor paid Ewing no attention and leaned in to study the mask. After a brief examination, he met Ewing's eyes and challenged him, "I'm not seeking personal vendetta. I just want Miss Archer to know the truth. You know what? If you're so confident that the mask is genuine, let's make a bet!"

Ewing, infuriated by Trevor's confidence, fumed internally.

He had bought the mask at such an exorbitant price. It could not possibly be a fake.

This man must only be trying to frighten him.

"Let's do it then," Ewing asserted. "Let's see who's afraid of whom. But let's set the stakes first. If you lose, you'll kneel in front of everyone and beg for my forgiveness. But if you win, I'll let you off and even treat you as an honored guest of my family. My offer isn't that bad, is it? So, shall we bet?"

Connie, being Ewing's girlfriend, jumped in, "That guy's just a regular doctor. What could he possibly know about evaluating antiques? And quite honestly, he's not worthy of being an honored guest of your family."

"Don't worry. There's no way he's going to win. How could he ever be an esteemed guest in our prestigious Craig family?"

Even Braden looked at Trevor with concern. Trevor was pretty young, after all. It was hard to believe that he was an expert in appraising antiques.

Mastery in that field often took years and years of learning and practice.

To everyone's surprise, Trevor confidently said, "You said it yourself. I'll take you up on that bet. No backing out now!"

"Whoever backs out is a coward," Ewing replied with apparent disdain. "Enough with the act. Show us what you've got!"

With a cold snort, Trevor grabbed the antique mask from Connie's hand and pointed out the two distinct patterns. "Look here. These two designs are from entirely different eras. The technique in the first one has been gone for ages. What's even more absurd is that the material used for the second pattern only came around recently. If this isn't a fake, what is it?"

As Trevor confidently pointed out so many inconsistencies, Ewing's face went as white as a sheet.

Deep down, he knew that he had bought a fake.