

## Chapter 545 Private Auction

Tasha looked at Rowell seriously.

"Mr. Bates, Trevor isn't the kind of person you think he is. I know him well. It must be just an understanding."

Rowell snorted.

"Flies don't infest a seamless egg! If he was a decent man, he wouldn't have been slandered. I'm telling you. People will look down on you if you take this boy there!"

He seemed vehemently opposed to the idea.

Trevor's eyes bored sharply at Rowell.

He was sensing something else with the way Rowell detested the idea of him coming with them.

If that was the case, then he must really have to go.

Trevor scoffed. It was pretty obvious what Rowell was trying to do.

"Mr. Bates, I respect you as a senior employee

of the company.

But I'm afraid you're not a very good judge of what is right and wrong.

You seem to easily believe rumors.

Hope it doesn't reflect well on your reputation as a treasure appraiser."

Rowell's eyes widened in anger. "Who do you think you are to question my credibility and reputation in this field?!"

Tasha was losing her temper as well. "Mr. Bates, I have a reason for taking Trevor, and you will have to just do your job once we got there."

Rowell still wanted to insist, "But this boy is not..."

It finally broke off Tasha's last string of patience. "I said I will take him with me, Mr. Bates!

If you don't want him to go with us, then you stay here.

I'll take others with us instead."

Rowell shut his mouth at once.

Although Tasha had no official position in the

company, no one could go against her, especially because she was Toby's favorite granddaughter.

Since he didn't want to upset Tasha, Rowell took out his frustration on Trevor and glared at him.

Clenching his fists, he cursed inwardly.

'This brat is really getting in my way!

If the rest of the plan goes wrong, I'll beat the crap out of him!'

Trevor ignored him and followed Tasha to the car.

Rowell had no choice but to come with them. He got into the backseat and sat in the corner with a long face.

The driver took them to a small manor around the affluent neighborhood in the city.

Trevor could see a considerable number of people gathered inside. If it weren't for the formal clothing everyone wore, he would think a party was being held.

Tasha noticed the confusion on his face and explained, "We couldn't contact the seller of the antique we intended to buy. Turns out

they've already decided to auction the item."

Trevor got off the car. "So, this is an auction?"

Tasha nodded. "Yes, a private one. Though we can't guarantee that the items here are all real. They might've included some fake ones."

Trevor had figured.

It must be the reason why she still brought Rowell with them.

"Humph!" Rowell grunted as he got off the car. Then, straightening his collar, he stepped into the private auction hall, still pissed off.

"Mr. Bates, long time no see! Of course, you'd be here today. An event like this requires your professional expertise."

A young man with a huge smile on his face came up to Rowell and shook his hand.

Trevor could tell from the young man's custom-made designer suit and Patek Philippe wristwatch that he was from an affluent family.

Rowell was pleased by the young man's words. "Well, of course. Antiques are of extraordinary value, so one should be

discerning before taking any deals. Having a rich experience is the most important when it comes to this field."

While speaking, Rowell glanced at Trevor.

It was obvious he was taunting the latter's inexperience with his last sentence.

The young man followed Rowell's gaze and saw Trevor. Then, understanding what Rowell was implying, he gave Trevor a scornful look and said rather loudly, enough for others close by to hear, "Certainly, Mr. Bates. You are a respectable expert in this field, given your years of experience and achievements that proved your credibility. I'm afraid no one could compare to you, especially not some ordinary man with an apparent inadequacy of skills and knowledge."