

Chapter 542 Vida Got Sick

When Trevor went back to his apartment, he couldn't help but recall Vida when he held her in his arms.

There was still a trace of her fragrance on his clothes, which made him somehow yearn for her presence.

Moreover, after talking to her several times, he couldn't help but feel like she was different from ordinary girls. She piqued his interest because she was so mysterious, and in a way, he also wanted to know more about her.

'I had no choice but to hold her in my arms so I could make Clarissa think we were a couple. I probably offended her, though,' Trevor thought with a sigh. 'I have to buy her a gift to apologize for that.'

After calming himself down, he went out to buy a gift for Vida and planned on visiting her soon after.

At dusk, Trevor went to the door of Vida's

room, holding a gift box. He couldn't help but feel a bit nervous as he stood there for a few moments.

Gathering his courage, he knocked on the door. He felt his heart race as he anticipated her presence.

Soon after, Vida opened the door.

Her eyes darted toward Trevor, causing her to slightly frown. "Is that woman coming again?"

Trevor shook his head. "Not really. She won't be coming for a while thanks to you. I bought you a gift." He extended his arms to show Vida the gift box. "Take this as a token of my gratitude."

Vida glanced at the box in his hand. "Do you think I'm one of those girls who like fluffy toys?"

The box that Trevor was carrying was the same size as the gift boxes that usually had stuffed toys in them, so Vida immediately assumed he had bought that for her. However, she couldn't be any more wrong.

"This isn't a stuffed toy," Trevor said as he

opened the box. "This is a box full of Givenchy le soin noir masque. It's enough to last a full year!"

Vida's eyes widened in surprise. She didn't expect Trevor to give her such an extravagant gift.

She knew those facial masks cost at least more than four hundred dollars for each piece. Using that would be like sticking gold on her face.

She saw it in a TV advertisement once, but she had never used it. She didn't think the value of that facial mask was worth the money.

Not to mention, she knew that a facial mask wouldn't be able to fill an empty stomach.

Vida helplessly shook her head and sighed.

"I appreciate your kindness, but you don't really need to buy me these things next time." She tilted her body to the side and extended her arm to show what the room looked like from the inside. "Would you like to come in and have a seat?"

Trevor walked forward and smiled. "Don't

mind if I do."

He hadn't been to Vida's house before, but since he had already paid her a visit, he figured he could spend some time with her after she helped him get Clarissa off his back for a moment.

As soon as he went inside the room, his eyes darted to the compound bow, which was placed in the most conspicuous position.

Beside the bow were several well-made daggers, as well as a unique kunai.

"Your hobby is quite unique," Trevor awkwardly stated.

There were a small number of girls who didn't like fluffy stuffed toys, but girls who liked collecting weapons were rare.

"I just display them for fun," Vida replied. Her tone was a bit dull—almost as if she had recalled something unhappy.

Hearing this, Trevor tilted his head to the side and noticed her sitting on the leather chair with her eyes closed.

He thought her so-called 'hobby' might be related to her privacy, so he didn't ask much.

But just when he turned around, his eyes caught sight of a porcelain vase that had a mix of the colors blue and white on it.

"Do you collect antiques too? This vase looks good," Trevor said as he walked up to the vase and carefully picked it up. "I bet this can sell for millions in the market."

The patterns and the glazes were rare, and the more he looked at it, the more awestruck he was while he observed every single detail of the vase.

"It's fake," Vida flatly replied as she opened her eyes. "I'm planning on selling it, though."

"It's fake?" Trevor asked in disbelief.

He learned some identification knowledge in the Byrd family's company, but he couldn't identify that the vase was fake.

All of a sudden, Vida suddenly felt a piercing pain in her forehead, causing her to grunt.

She covered her forehead with one hand and extended the other, trying to find something to support her.