

Chapter 789 The Scam

The wolf head statue? Rudolph!

Trevor's eyes narrowed slightly and he asked, "Where are you right now? I'm going to see you."

Knowing that Bradley was in the street where antique stores were located, Trevor didn't care about his food anymore. He immediately set out.

Soon, he met Bradley in a corner.

"Mr. Sanderson, please follow me," Bradley said, looking around vigilantly.

No matter how prudent they were, they must be cautious about things related to a sinister and vicious person like Rudolph.

Trevor nodded and followed behind Bradley.

This place was a bit far from the city center, so the management was relatively lenient. Many vendors just laid a carpet on the ground and displayed the so-called antiques they were selling. But actually, most of them were fake.

Bradley took Trevor to a shabby stall.

Sure enough, Trevor saw a bronze statue that

was very similar to the wolf head statue he saw in the Ruiz family's house in Noorsy.

Based on the design and style, one could easily tell that they belonged to the same collection.

The corner of Trevor's mouth twitched. He leaned over and whispered to Bradly, "This one is fake."

Bradly was slightly surprised. He quickly asked in a low voice, "That animal head statue is a fake one?"

Trevor smiled confidently. After working for the Byrd Group for so long, he had learned a lot of skills in identifying antiques.

"Not only that one. There is no genuine product in this stall."

But for Trevor, it didn't matter whether the animal head statue was genuine or not.

His ultimate goal was to find some clues about Rudolph. So as long as the statue was from the same collection as the wolf head statue, it was very likely that it had something to do with Rudolph.

The owner of the stall was a burly man with a fat face, wearing a green sleeveless shirt. Even though the weather was gradually becoming cold, he still exposed his strong arms.

"Young man, you have good taste. All the goods I sell here are rare items."

The owner thought that Trevor and Bradly were interested in his items when he saw them whispering to each other. His eyes lit up, and he greeted them enthusiastically.

Trevor just nodded calmly and stared at the animal head statue.

This statue was just a fake. It seemed severely damaged, and its specific image could hardly be seen.

At this moment, a tall, thin man approached the stall with a surprised expression.

He reached out, picked up a framed oil painting, and said aloud, "This oil painting has strong color contrast, bold and bright. And the character shapes are unique. This must be Van Gogh's original work. I can't be wrong. This is absolutely a priceless treasure!"

Trevor raised his eyebrows upon hearing this. He almost burst into laughter.

Needless to say, the man who had just arrived must be an actor hired by the owner.

The man was eloquent. But no matter how hard he tried to praise a fake thing, it would never become genuine. He could only fool people who

didn't know about antiques, calligraphy, and paintings.

Besides, his lines were too blunt. How dare he pretend to be an antique collector?

But the show was not over yet.

Soon, another fat man ran over, pointed at the animal head statue, and asked in an enthusiastic tone, "Hey! I like this statue very much. Name your price. I'm willing to buy it no matter how much it will cost."

The tall, thin man who pretended to be a collector immediately put down the oil painting in his hand. It was as if he was attracted by the statue. He deliberately said aloud, "Oh my! This statue is at least one thousand years old, and its collection value is very high. I must buy this. Sir, name your price."

There was no doubt that these two men were hired by the owner. Their acting skills were slightly exaggerated.

Trevor didn't say anything and just smiled playfully. He wanted to see what kind of trick these people would play.