

Chapter 915 Conspiracy

Scratching his ear, Trevor eyed Nola up and down.

He was in no mood to talk to Nola when even her mere presence was agitating him.

Trevor narrowed his eyes as he mocked, "You think my taste is that bad? Do you think they are real?"

Nola got angry at his words. "What do you mean? These antiques are not fake! Isaias might be dumb at times, but he was sincere with me back then. I dumped him, or else he would have sacrificed his life to please me. I won't fall for your words. He would die before giving me fake antiques!"

Trevor raised his eyebrows as he observed Nola's boundless confidence.

He couldn't understand the reason behind her firm belief in Isaias. With a dry chuckle, he said, "Why don't we bet on it? Let's talk about the stake."

Nola's confidence didn't dwindle as she agreed, "Sure! Why not? I promise to do one thing if you

win. But if I win, I want you to leave my place right now!"

"Deal." Smirking because he knew he would win, Trevor took a hard iron rod from a shelf behind him.

Nola was still comprehending Trevor's next move when he swung the rod and hit it against a bronze statue.

A loud clanging sound tore through the silence. The head of the flimsy bronze statue fell off with its crumbling pieces.

"Here's your evidence. Its inside is hollow, just like its surface is corroded and replicated with chemicals. That's why the bronze is so fragile. It can be broken by a single blow."

Trevor smirked as he explained. Then he swung the iron rod and smashed it against another bronze statue.

As if her face was painted white in shock, Nola watched Trevor smash another statue. The blow wasn't just on the statue; it was a blow to her pride.

Trevor jerked the iron rod twice as flecks of rusted copper fell off it. A dry chuckle escaped his lips as he looked at Nola.

"What do you say now? Are you still not sure? Should I break some more statues?"

Rage and humiliation filled her up as Nola clenched her fists tightly, digging her nails into her palms.

She wanted to scream, to retaliate, but words failed her. She didn't know what to say. All she could do was stand there and let the humiliation make her face flush with shame.

Trevor put the rod back in its place. He cleaned his hands of the specks of dust and said, "Since you don't say anything, let's fulfill the bet then. What should I ask you to do? Well, I don't want you to tell Isaias about what happened today."

Trevor felt the need to stop her from telling Rudolph and Isaias about anything.

Nola stamped her foot, yelling at the top of her lungs, "You don't fucking need to tell me this! Isaias is a bastard. I won't talk to him for the rest of my life!"

Taking shallow, raged breaths, Nola glared at Trevor as she fumed with anger. She tightly gritted her teeth.

"Just wait and see! I will take revenge on you for humiliating me today, Trevor."

Throwing one last deathly glare toward him,

Nola turned on her heels and stomped out of the warehouse. Her heels clicked angrily against the floor.

"Take revenge on me?"

Trevor shook his head with a smile, thinking about the threat he had just gotten.

But what was worth his concern were the broken statues in front of him rather than Nola's threat.

He carefully examined the inner material of the statues. It wasn't ordinary soil that was used mostly to make imitations of artifacts.

What was the material?

Realization suddenly dawned over Trevor as his expression went empty. It seemed like he had gotten a clue about the conspiracy of the other party, and where it led was a dangerous direction.