

## Chapter 1029 Trustworthy Antoni

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"What?" Hilliard's fingers trembled. His eyes were wide open in fear as he looked pitifully at Trevor. "Sir... My girlfriend... I really can't..."

Hilliard's fear was palpable.

Trevor had just complimented Hilliard's car, and Hilliard had no choice but to give Trevor his car.

And now Trevor complimented his girlfriend. Did this mean...?

Hilliard almost cried at the thought of this.

He wanted to refuse, but lacked the courage. He could still feel the dull pain in his stomach from Trevor beating him up at noon.

Trevor was taken aback when he saw Hilliard's sad expression.

Hilliard misunderstood the situation.

Trevor shook his head and pushed Hilliard lightly on the shoulder.

"I mean, you should take good care of her. Take her out of the car."

Hilliard heaved a sigh of relief and promised, "I will."

Trevor put his hands back into his pockets and said, "If you still want to stay in Barlowtown, you better restrain your men. Otherwise, you'll be in trouble if they offend the wrong person."

Trevor glanced meaningfully at the three bullies.

Hilliard promised, "Don't worry, sir. I'm going to teach these three brats a lesson. I promise they will behave better in the future!"

Trevor just nodded and indicated that Hilliard could leave.

Relieved, Hilliard left with the three bullies.

It was easy to imagine the three bullies would face Hilliard's wrath and get beaten up again.

Antoni was awestruck. He walked up in astonishment and said, "You're awesome. The matter is solved just like that!"

Trevor smiled. "Are you okay?"

Antoni took a deep breath, as realization finally settled in. "You've helped me a lot. Thank you very much."

Trevor leaned against the door of the Mustang and asked, "Why didn't you tell Nicholas about this?"

With a bitter expression, Antoni said, "Nicholas gave me a place to live and also helped me go to college. I'm eternally grateful to him, and I can't trouble him over such a trifle."

Trevor nodded thoughtfully. Antoni seemed trustworthy.

He was reliable, ambitious, and wasn't an ingrate.

"Well, if you have any other problems, you can call me," Trevor said with a smile as he patted Antoni on the shoulder. Then they exchanged contact and went their separate ways.

Trevor drove the black Mustang back to his apartment.

The apartment's furniture and appliances were mostly new. He lay on the soft big bed, his nose filled with the scent of the new quilt.

Trevor began to sort out his thoughts.

He had a place to call his own, and Nicolas' first treatment was successful. Everything was going right, and all he needed to do was maintain the pace.

The next thing on his list was to figure out how to deal with Xzavier. Trevor's eyes narrowed.

He sat up on the bed and opened the suitcase.

The most important thing was the information, not the money.

Trevor had gathered a lot of information on Xzavier before coming to Barlowtown.

According to Dooley, Xzavier had instigated Dooley to issue a wanted warrant against Trevor and take the Stevenson family's properties.

Trevor sorted out all the information. His eyes were fierce.

It wouldn't be wrong to say that Xzavier was the one that caused Trevor to lose his home. And Xzavier might have something to do with the mysterious organization. Trevor

clenched his fist at the thought of this.

He stared at the documents on the bed, lost in thought.

Xzavier Sanderson worked primarily in the entertainment industry. His entertainment group had a large following, and the stars he developed were well-known for TV shows, movies, and variety shows.

Dooley's company was small compared to Xzavier's. It wouldn't be easy for Trevor to handle Xzavier.

Trevor fell asleep while he ruminated. The day's trip had worn him out.

In the quiet room, some imperceptible red light shone on Trevor's face.