

## Chapter 581 A Thief

After saying goodbye to the collectors, Tasha and Trevor headed out of the exhibition hall. However, as they were about to get past the gate, the security guard reported an emergency to Tasha.

"Miss Byrd, we caught a thief. What should we do about him?"

Tasha frowned and ordered, "Take me to him."

She then turned to Trevor. "Do you want to come with me?"

Trevor didn't have anything else to do, so he nodded and went to see the thief who dared to steal from the Byrd Group.

To his surprise, it was a kid. Sitting inside the security room was a teenage boy who was about 14 years old.

"Is he the thief? He's just a kid. Are you sure?" Trevor asked.

The security guard shrugged. "He sneaked around the car that was carrying the

antiques. We didn't pay attention to him at first since he is just a kid. When we caught him, he almost succeeded."

Tasha put on a thoughtful frown and asked Trevor, "What do you think about this?"

Trevor looked down at the kid who was crying.

"Please let me go! Don't hand me over to the police! I promise not to do it again! I just didn't have any choice...Please!"

The kid was so scared that his face was covered with tears.

Trevor's eyes bore at him for a couple of seconds. He had to admit the skills Bradley taught him were impressively helpful. <sup>1</sup>

He could easily tell from the kid's body language and the expression on his face that he wasn't lying.

It seemed like he wasn't sent by some certain person to steal or cause trouble in the event. Perhaps he didn't really have a choice but to steal.

Trevor felt sorry for him, so he decided to give him another chance. "What's your name?"

Why did you try to steal?"

"I... My name is Deandre Brown." The boy wiped his tears. "I didn't really want to steal, but my mother... She is very sick. I need money. A lot of it."

He burst into tears again. "Please, I can't go to the police station! I can't go to jail! My mother is waiting for me in the hospital! Please..."

Poor kid.

Trevor couldn't help but feel sorry for him. "Then don't steal again. If you want to have money, you have to find a job."

He then patted the kid's thin shoulder. "Now stand up and take me to your mother."

Deandre hastily wiped his tears dry, surprised that Trevor asked to see his mother. He hesitated.

"Sir... Are you going to tell my mother that I tried to steal?"

"I won't. I promise." Trevor gave him a serious look. "If you're telling the truth, maybe I can help you."

Deandre just looked at him, glad and moved

to meet such a kind person.

He couldn't help but admire Trevor.

Meanwhile, Tasha looked at Trevor in slight awe.

It was the first time she saw that side of him. She seemed to have known more about him at that moment.

Tasha had met a lot of young and wealthy men, and they all seemed the same to her. But Trevor was clearly different from them.

He was considerate and sympathetic. Instead of jumping to conclusions and showing indifference, he gave the kid the benefit of the doubt and empathized with him.

"Trevor, I'll come with you," Tasha said without thinking. She only realized how awkward that was after she had said it.

Her face flushed and her heart raced.

She cast a secret glance at Trevor.

Oh, no! She realized she had a crush on him!