

Blessed 441

[Chapter 441 Shooting Training](#)

Trevor got up early the next day.

He went to the bathroom and freshened up before getting dressed.

He put on a cap and a black mask before heading out.

After all, those killers were still out there, so he still had to be vigilant.

But now he didn't have to worry as much since his father took charge of the matter.

He got up so early for one purpose.

By this time, Bradly had already prepared the car and was waiting for him in the parking lot.

Trevor greeted him when they met, and they drove to their destination.

They went to the Spade 6 Gun Club.

After what had happened in the house of the Burke family the day before, knowing that those killers were still around put a heavy psychological burden on Trevor.

It was good that he had the ability to fight.

But in dealing with these armed gangsters, his ability alone might not be enough to get him out of trouble.

Guns worked well from a distance.

Within a short distance, a gun performed even better.

Knowing this, Trevor thought it might be a good idea to buy a pistol for self-defense and learn how to shoot.

If he were thrust into a dangerous situation in the future, he'd be more capable of dealing with the threat.

The Spade 6 Gun Club sprawled over a large area.

There were both indoor shooting and open-air shooting ranges.

Many types of guns were available there, so it was the perfect place for people of all skill levels to

practice their shooting.

When Trevor went to the site, he saw the different prices for the training programs they offered.

But since he had a former spy, Bradly, with him, he didn't need to hire an instructor.

"Since you're a beginner, I think it's best if you start learning on one of those sports pistols from Sturm Ruger.

It's convenient to carry, and it's capable enough for you to fight back when you encounter danger,"

Bradly said, pointing to one of the guns.

"Okay."

It was the first time Trevor used a gun, so he toyed with it curiously.

The metal body of the pistol glistened under the cool light, and the matte finish of the handle was quite comfortable.

But to Trevor's disappointment, he found the gun too light, and it was unstable in his hand.

Bradly briefly explained the proper posture of holding a pistol and some shooting skills.

However, according to him, everything should be based on actual application.

The two talked and soon went to the shooting range.

Looking at the moving shooting target at the other end of the field, Trevor asked Bradly curiously, "Bradly, don't I need to start with the fixed target first?"

Looking at him, Bradly shook his head. Now that he was teaching Trevor, he became very strict. He said indifferently, "Practicing that way has no practical use. If you want to be able to defend yourself, you should start practicing with moving targets."

Compared to the fixed targets, the moving target was undoubtedly more engaging.

When he heard how Bradly justified it, Trevor didn't object.

Instead, he confidently said, "Alright, let's go! I want to nail that bull's eye!"

In the moving shooting range, the targets were placed 20 meters, 30 meters, or 40 meters away from shooting guns.

There were also three speeds for him to choose from.

Although Trevor boasted just now, he didn't want to bite more than he could chew.

He carefully chose the 20-meter-away target and picked the slowest target moving speed.

As a beginner, he knew very well that it was the first time he had held a pistol, and he still didn't have the skills.

As he stood in the shooting position, Trevor corrected his grip and posture with Bradley's help. Then the training began.

Bang!

"No hit. It's okay. It's only your first try."

Bang! Bang!

"Your shooting posture isn't right. Adjust your body."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Grip the pistol firmly and keep your eyes level with the gun. Go ahead."

Trevor listened carefully to Bradley's instructions and shot at the same time.

He kept adjusting his form as he shot.

But to his embarrassment, he only hit the target once after ten shots.

That time, he didn't grip the pistol tightly. He only hit the edge of the target unexpectedly because the muzzle jumped up when he fired.

It was really difficult to practice shooting!

[Chapter 442 Competition Of Shooting Skills!](#)

In the next few days, the Burke family members left Jork, according to Ronald's arrangement.

Right now, it was the only way to avoid the killers' pursuit.

Therefore, Luisa and Trevor were the ones who were left at the Season Hotel.

After some investigation, they found out that those killers were indeed from Dark Thorns.

Ronald was planning to clean up all the killers sent by the other party to Jork. It would take him quite some time to figure out a meticulous plan.

For that reason, Trevor couldn't go and visit his grandfather, whom he hadn't seen for many years.

Nonetheless, he wasn't just sitting idly in the meantime.

Every day, he would spend some time practicing shooting skills in the Spade 6 Gun Club.

It could be said that the intensity of the training was amazing.

Among everything, the great improvement in the marksmanship made Trevor happy. Now, he was really fond of this activity.

Most of the time, Luisa trained with him. However, she didn't come that day.

Since Trevor arrived early, there weren't many people in the shooting range.

Therefore, their conversation was the only thing he could hear in the whole shooting range.

As the training went, Bradly became even more motivated in training Trevor.

Under his guidance, Trevor's shooting skills improved drastically which made Bradly feel a sense of accomplishment as a coach.

Now, Trevor could even shoot the moving targets more than eight out of ten shots!

As time passed, the difficulty level of the training increased.

When Trevor arrived at the shooting range that day, he took out his gun and prepared to shoot some targets as a warm-up.

The targets started moving once he turned on the switch.

Before he could shoot, Bradly turned off the switch and asked, "Are you always going to shoot with both hands?"

Hearing this, Trevor was stunned. After all, Bradly had only taught him how to shoot with both hands.

Did this mean he had to shoot with only one hand?

Seeing the confused look on Trevor's face, Bradly shook his head and said seriously, "I am going to increase the difficulty level today. This method is more suitable for the actual combat.

When there is emergency, we have to start from drawing the gun.

From now on, whenever you practice shooting, we have to start from this step."

With a frown on his face, Trevor listened to Bradley's words carefully.

Then, Bradley continued, "When we shoot from a close place, there is a high probability of hitting each other. At times like this, speed is the main key to survive and drawing out the gun is the first step of shooting."

With a nod, Trevor said, "Okay, I see." After saying that, he put the gun into the holster and pressed the button to make the targets move.

Immediately, he drew his gun and aimed at the target before shooting!

A loud voice sounded. Bang! Bang!

Bradley observed Trevor carefully and said, "Okay, keep shooting like that. Don't stop. Your life depends on your shooting speed. So, speed up!"

Under the guidance of Bradley, Trevor shot several shots.

The strict supervision from Bradley made Trevor speed up his shootings, which made it more difficult for him to aim at the targets.

Therefore, the accuracy rate fell drastically.

However, there was no trace of emotion on Bradley's face as he said calmly, "Well done. Even though your scores aren't high, your method is right. Just keep practicing like this."

On the other hand, Trevor wasn't satisfied with his own performance.

He was about to try again when he heard noises from the direction of the entrance of the shooting range.

Obviously, the people who came were men. They came in with their female companions and many bodyguards.

Hearing the noises, Trevor took a glance at the people.

When he didn't see familiar faces like Gavin and the others, he decided not to pay attention to them.

After that, he focused his attention back on practicing his shooting skills and tried to start the process from drawing the gun to shooting several times.

Not long after, these people came to his back and watched his actions. They even talked about him loudly as if he wasn't there.

At that time, one of the girls said, "Wow, he looks so handsome when he draws his gun."

However, her praise seemed to become a trigger for the boys.

A boy with red hair snorted in jealousy and looked at Trevor up and down unhappily.

While looking around, something caught his eyes. It was none other than the score list of the shots. After looking at it carefully, he exaggerated in a grating voice, "At first, I also thought that he was awesome, but take a look at the score. He only hit three of the ten targets. I can't believe he dares to show off here!"

In fact, the red-haired boy had some prestige among the group because several boys started laughing at Trevor, following his lead.

"Hey, I don't think he can even hit a fixed target, let alone moving ones. This is really ridiculous!"

"I know right. I mean everyone can strike a pose like that!"

When Trevor heard their words, he frowned and turned to look at them.

Then, he said in a cold voice, "I've rented this whole shooting spot. So, I can practice as I like. You guys should stay away from here!"

He felt strange that a group of people were jealous of him suddenly.

It seemed that the boy with red hair wanted to show off his strength in front of the girls.

After that, he continued to provoke Trevor.

"I, Calvert Jensen, really hate those kind of fake people! If you are so confident, why don't you come and compete with me in marksmanship?"

[Chapter 443 A Be](#)

There were always rich, arrogant men who tried to get on Trevor's nerves. He thought that they were pretty annoying and reckless.

He sneered and touched the brim of his cap.

He had thought that no one from Jork's upper class would try to mess with him after what happened at the party hosted by his father last time.

Nothing, however, seemed to have changed.

Perhaps he was just good at disguising his identity.

Because of those assassins, Trevor tried to keep a low profile whenever he went out.

He usually wore a cap and mask to hide his face.

It was expected that other people wouldn't recognize him. But somehow, he always seemed to get into trouble.

He wondered if he was just so unlucky that he always came across annoying rich people.

"Hey, are you embarrassed because of your poor skill?"

Calvert asked in a provoking voice.

The red-haired man complacently flipped his bangs to one side.

The several men and women around heaped praises on him.

"Calvert is a great shooter. He never fails to hit the target!"

"Haha! You're nothing but a rookie. I think you should give up this hobby so you won't make a fool of yourself."

Calvert was a bit embarrassed by the compliments of his group of friends around him.

Since he was so thick-skinned, he didn't bat an eye.

But Calvert knew his level of skill. He usually just went target shooting to impress girls. His usual trick was to shoot at fixed targets to impress girls who weren't very familiar with shooting.

As for Trevor, he had poor skill, and he only hit the target three times out of ten.

Calvert acted confidently, and he whistled triumphantly as he kept on mocking Trevor.

He was confident that he would easily beat a rookie with no skill.

Looking at him, Trevor frowned.

Since Calvert was so arrogant, he believed it was his job to teach him a lesson.

He felt that he was more and more skillful in dealing with this kind of situation.

Trevor didn't hesitate anymore. He replied in a provoking voice, "Are you sure? A nobody like you wants to compete with me? We won't even bother wasting our time with you without a bet."

Trevor patted Bradley on the shoulder, indicating that Bradley was on his side.

The corner of Trevor's mouth raised slightly as he thought about what was happening.

He was just a beginner with a few days of training. By the looks of it, Calvert's eagerness to compete with him might mean that he wouldn't be able to defeat Calvert.

However, as long as Bradley was on his side, he would never lose!

Calvert had a bad temper, and Trevor's arrogant words infuriated him.

He felt like he was being looked down upon.

Bang!

Suddenly, he took off the holster from his waist and slammed it on the table, shouting, "This is my bet! It's a customized version of the Colt Python. Are you two sure you're still up for this?"

"Why not?"

Seeing that Calvert agreed, Trevor chuckled and looked at the large-caliber revolver curiously.

Through the exposed part of the barrel, he could see that the special sea-blue metal shell was very well polished. It shone brilliantly under the light.

Bradley asked Trevor for permission, regardless of Calvert's words.

He pulled out the Colt Python from its sheath and said, "This is a nice gun, I'll tell you that. It might be worth around 3,000 dollars."

Hearing the praise for his gun, Calvert was quite pleased, and he smiled proudly.

It seemed that he doubted if Trevor could afford the money for the bet.

Trevor didn't want to waste any more time talking. He asked Bradley to take out 3,000 dollars in cash and put the money on the table.

Now that the bets were settled, the game was on.

[Chapter 444 Overwhelm The Opponen](#)

Hearing all his female companions screaming excitedly, Calvert felt more confident right now.

He stepped forward decisively and stood at the firing position. Then, he set the moving target mode.

He chose the target 30 meters away and set the target to a medium moving speed.

Calvert took a beautiful pose under the gaze of his admirers, and then began to shoot.

Bang!

Alas, he missed his target! Either way, it didn't matter since he was still finding his feet.

He then went for a second attempt. Bang!

He wasn't more successful this time either. Perhaps he still hadn't found his feet yet!

Then he fired a third shot!

What to say this time since he had missed his target again? Maybe it was because of the air conditioning freezing his fingers...

In the end, Calvert fired ten shots in a row. At this point, he was very embarrassed.

It was his first time shooting at moving targets and he was only able to hit his target five times out of the ten shots he fired. It wasn't what one would call an "impressive" result.

Even those five shots only narrowly hit the target.

In view of this mediocre result, the people around Calvert tried to flatter him.

"Either way, Mr. Jensen all we have to do is just outdo these two idiots!"

"That's right. I think the three shots they had just now might be their best result ever."

"That's right. I also guess that they must have chosen to shoot at the slowest moving target."

Calvert's entourage competed with insults and mockery towards Trevor.

Their words didn't bother Trevor at all. In fact, it even made him want to laugh.

At first, he thought Calvert was really a badass in shooting and therefore took the challenge seriously.

However, after seeing what Calvert was truly capable of, Trevor felt like laughing.

If Trevor hadn't wanted to simulate the scene of real combat training to quickly draw his gun, his result would have been much better than Calvert's.

Trevor smirked. Determined to tease his opponent, he got into a shooting position.

He pretended not to be at all good at shooting and aimed at the target without too much attention.

In this casual posture, he too fired ten shots. Six of those shots hit the target, which was better than Calvert's result.

"Am I really fucking good or is this game too easy?"

Trevor teased Calvert after getting down from the shooting position.

Of course, Calvert was really pissed off!

Calvert gritted his teeth and his expression became furious. His appearance was both angry and funny that the people around wanted to laugh.

"Damn it! There's nothing to be complacent about!

You said you were together, right? The guy next to you hasn't tried yet!"

After glaring at Trevor for quite a while, Calvert started making rash requests.

Hearing Calvert ask Bradley to shoot too, Trevor laughed heartily.

Bradley stood calmly, his face expressionless, and casually fired ten rounds as well.

When he was done, everyone was speechless.

Not only did he hit the target but every shot hit the bull's eye.

Trevor couldn't hold back his laughter at this point.

"Damn! To think he just shot casually. Do you want to ask someone else to have a try?" Trevor said sarcastically, Calvert was seething.

The fact that Trevor and Bradley both outshot him was very humiliating for him.

Although Trevor just seemed to have been lucky, it was clear that Bradley was a true master!

All his shots hit the eye of the damn bull! How could he have only shot casually? It was a real humiliation.

Calvert looked like a complete fool right now.

He was so embarrassed right now that his face turned red. He said angrily, "You're just a fucking cheater. Your buddy is clearly a shooting ace and you did all this on purpose to humiliate us!

Get out of here! We don't want you here anymore!"

At this moment, the bodyguards who were standing aside all this while immediately surrounded Trevor.

They seemed to be just waiting for one order from Calvert to kick Trevor and his partner out of the shooting field.

Although the bodyguards looked really aggressive, Trevor still maintained his legendary composure.

After all, he had been in far more perilous situations before. Compared to the killers he had had to face recently, the people in front of him didn't seem intimidating at all.

Besides he was with Bradley, so he didn't fear anything.

Trevor was actually a little angry and even laughed.

It was the first time he had seen someone so confident and asshole at the same time. So this man would roughly kick out competitors who would dare to beat him at his game?

Trevor gave Calvert a cold look and asked coldly, "You're really an asshole, you know that? So you want to drive me away only because you lost the bet. What a shameless person you are!"

Of course, Trevor's words pissed off Calvert all the more. He cursed, "Fuck you! My father is the owner of this club. So, I can kick you out of here if I want to!"

Calvert was furious and that was understandable. After all, Trevor had just humiliated him in front of all his friends.

The worst part was that among these people, there were several girls he was trying to impress. Therefore, it was but normal that he felt extremely embarrassed.

With a casual wave of his hand, he signaled his bodyguards to go after Trevor.

"Give him the beating of his life. How dare such an idiot provoke me?"

[Chapter 445 You Want A One-On-One Battle](#)

All the bodyguards started doing warm-ups. Even the bone-cracking sound could be heard.

Step by step, they approached towards Trevor and Bradly as if the two of them were their prey.

Seeing such kind of scene, an ordinary person would have been scared to death.

Now, the anger in Calvert's eyes dissipated and a hint of banter flashed in his eyes.

This was what would happen when someone dared to go against him. In his eyes, he thought that Trevor would be beaten so miserably and that he would be begging for mercy in the end.

When his bodyguards completely surrounded the two of them, Calvert became excited.

In order to listen to the beautiful wails of Trevor and his partner, he closed his eyes.

At that time, a first scream sounded, "Oww!"

Damn, he must be hurt!

Hearing the wails, Calvert felt smug in his heart.

"Ahh!"

Smirking, he thought to himself, 'Haha, let me see how my bodyguards will torture you two losers!'

"Woo..." At that time, someone coughed.

Did their voice change because his men beat them so much?

A frown appeared on his face instantly.

Just like that, scream after scream sounded. However, each scream was different.

Only then did he realize that something was wrong.

When Calvert opened his eyes, the sight in front of him shocked him to the core.

At that time, more than ten bodyguards assigned by him were lying on the ground, wailing in pain.

It was a horrible sight!

As he watched, Bradly hit one of his last bodyguards on the back of the neck.

Not long after, the strong man fell to the ground and he didn't even have time to scream.

After knocking down the last bodyguard, Bradly stared directly at Calvert.

Seeing the scene, Calvert's legs became so weak and he subconsciously stepped back.

In a trembling voice, he said, "You... D-Don't come over!"

Regardless of what he said, Bradly approached him step by step. On the other hand, Trevor stood behind with a relaxed expression on his face.

At that time, Calvert got so flustered that he blurted out without thinking, "Hey, don't hide behind others. If you are a man, fight one-on-one with me!"

Facing such kind of coward who pretended to be tough, Trevor sneered.

Of course, he knew exactly what Calvert was thinking.

In fact, he was just afraid of being beaten by Bradly who looked really powerful.

He made up an excuse to fight against Trevor one-on-one because he didn't dare to fight Bradly.

Since Calvert wanted to teach him a lesson, Trevor was willing to accept his offer.

These days, he had been practicing shooting. So, he didn't have much training in wrestling.

Now that there was a human sandbag standing in front of him, he wasn't going to miss this chance!

Without hesitation, he agreed, "Okay."

Then, he approached to Calvert directly.

When Calvert heard his words, he was shocked. After all, he just blurted out on impulse.

In fact, he wasn't different from many young men from rich families.

Just like others, he was spoiled. Whenever he got into trouble, he would call his bodyguards to fight. So, how on earth could he have fighting experience?

Of course, Trevor also knew that Calvert couldn't fight at all.

Thinking about it, Trevor couldn't help but shake his head with a sneer. Without warning, he threw a punch which landed directly on Calvert's face.

Then, he gritted his teeth and said, "You want one-on-one fight, right?"

In an instant, a red palm print appeared on Calvert's face.

As a record, even though it didn't hurt much, it was definitely an insult.

His punch was enough to make Calvert dizzy.

Holding his burning cheek, he said, "H-How dare you..."

However, he couldn't finish his words.

He didn't get a chance to do so.

It was because Trevor hit the other side of Calvert's face with the back of his hand.

With a smug look on his face, he said, "Actually, you look good with the palm prints on both sides of your face!"

This time, Calvert was burning with anger. However, he didn't have any strength to resist at all.

Moreover, he knew that Trevor didn't hit him that much.

It made him feel even more ashamed and angry. He clenched his fists and prepared to fight back.

However, what he saw next made him unable to move!

Without caring about the pain on his face, he shouted, "This is one-on-one battle! Don't let that guy come over here!"

Seeing the frightened look on his face, Trevor smirked and turned to look at Bradly, who was walking towards them slowly.

Then, he teased, "You are the one who want one-on-one fight. I didn't agree."

Why should he agree on one-on-one fight when Calvert called a group of bodyguards to attack them?

At that time, a piercing scream rang out in the whole shooting range.

Hearing this, some regular customers couldn't help but wonder if the shooting club changed into a boxing club.

[Chapter 446 See The Power Of Colt Python](#)

"Ah, ah, ah, you... You are a dead meat! I'll call my dad to teach you a good lesson!"

You bastards! There's no way you're getting out of this club alive!"

Calvert, whose body was covered in bruises, cried and swore fiercely.

His face was swollen and he was bleeding profusely from his nose.

Several girls handed him handkerchiefs for him to wipe off. Calvert took them and wiped the blood from his nostrils while still cursing.

Trevor frowned. After the beating they had given to Calvert, he still had the audacity to threaten them?

He and Bradley had really restrained themselves when beating up this jerk and his hounds, otherwise he wouldn't even have the strength to curse again.

This idiot was really ungrateful!

Calvert's threats only angered Trevor further. His face suddenly turned cold and fierce.

He decided that he was no longer going to hide his identity.

"Do you know who I am?" Trevor asked coldly.

"I don't give a damn who you are..."

He leaned on a young boy nearby and stood up.

However, as soon as Trevor took off the black mask he was wearing, Calvert was seized with fear.

"Mr. Sanderson!" he exclaimed in a shaky voice.

Calvert was one of the privileged few to have attended the Season Hotel banquet last time. That day he saw with his own eyes what Ronald had done to those who had dared to slander his son. Ronald was so furious that he made Noelle and her family to go bankrupt.

Reckless as he was, he too had just provoked Trevor... rather, Mr. Sanderson.

Calvert was so frightened that his limbs staggered and he soon found himself face the ground.

How come he didn't recognize Trevor earlier?

Calvert bitterly regretted his earlier imprudence. At this point, he didn't care that he was bleeding. He crawled up to Trevor and begged, "Mr. Sanderson, I really didn't know it was you. If I had known it earlier..."

Trevor sneered and cut him off.

"So if it had been an ordinary person you would have had no qualms about killing him because your family is powerful, right?"

Although he was an idiot, Calvert still knew that Trevor was seriously upset with him, so he hurriedly apologized, "No, no, no, Mr. Sanderson! I-I really know I was wrong. Please forgive me this time. I'm willing to do anything!"

By this time, Calvert had lost his earlier arrogant and even rude attitude.

Calvert's friends watched in amazement, wondering what was going on.

Although among these people there were young people from wealthy families, none of them had been able to attend the banquet at Season Hotel. So they didn't know who Trevor was.

However, they all could notice that as soon as Calvert saw Trevor's true face, he immediately became humble.

Apparently, his name was Mr. Sanderson! These young people quickly made their deductions and decided that Trevor must be someone really special. At this point, some of the girls even started winking suggestively at Trevor.

However, Trevor simply ignored them.

He looked around and then his gaze fell once again on Calvert who was still kneeling in front of him. A faint smile appeared on Trevor's lips as he said, "You said that you are willing to do anything, right?"

Since the beatings couldn't bring Calvert back to common sense, Trevor decided to change methods so as to leave an unforgettable memory for Calvert!

Calvert on the other hand thought that his pleas had worked and that Mr. Sanderson was willing to let him go.

That was a good thing.

He nodded excitedly and said, "Yes yes! I'll do anything if you'll just let me go, Mr. Sanderson! I'll do anything you ask me to do. I'm even ready to be your footman if it makes you happy!"

Hearing what Calvert said, his friends couldn't help but laugh at him in their hearts.

'Look how miserable you are now. You bend over backwards to flatter him! Seems like being his footman isn't a punishment but an honor after all!'

Of course, Trevor also knew what Calvert was up to.

Trevor didn't agree to his suggestion but said casually, "I understand you brought the Colt Python, right? You know, I'm pretty dumb about guns. How about you first tell me about its advantages?"

Hearing this, Calvert was really excited and relieved. He was sure he had already guessed what Trevor had in mind. He actually thought Trevor had taken a liking to that classic gun.

The Colt Python was a revolver worth three thousand dollars. As far as Calvert was concerned, if it could make Trevor happy, he wouldn't hesitate to give it to him. The price of the gun was not worth his life.

Calvert replied with a broad smile, "Mr. Sanderson, I think this revolver is really suitable for you!

You really look great with that Colt Python in your hand. In fact, you look like a movie hero! As for the advantages of this revolver, it is powerful enough to allow you to take down a large beast at close range."

Trevor seemed interested in what Calvert was saying, though he ignored all the crummy attempts at flattery in the long speech.

He looked at Calvert intently for a while, and then said with a deeper smile, "Well, how about letting me try the power of this 'Python'?"

[Chapter 447 A Human Targe](#)

"Mr. Sanderson, could you please wait a moment. I'll get you the bullets!"

Calvert spoke with infinite politeness.

Actually, he had never used his Colt Python before, so there were no bullets inside.

He only used it to threaten people.

The Jensen family's Spade 6 Gun Club was teeming with firearms and ammunition. Calvert rushed to get some bullets for Trevor.

'If only this guy had any idea what I'm planning to do with this gun, he wouldn't be so eager to help.'

As Trevor thought of that, he stared at Calvert's retreating figure with a playful smile on his face.

Some three minutes later, Calvert was back. He seemed really happy.

He had brought ten bullets for Trevor. With the smile he wore, you would have thought he had just accomplished a very important mission.

He said in a flattering tone, "Here you are, Mr. Sanderson."

Trevor couldn't help laughing as he took the bullets Calvert handed him.

He then casually stuffed the bullets into the revolver's magazine.

Once done, he looked at Calvert strangely, as if he was plotting something against him.

Trevor's strange gaze frightened Calvert somewhat. With a creepy smile, Trevor said slowly, "Well, I'm going to do a little shooting practice now."

"Of course, Mr. Sanderson! Let me help you control the moving of the targets!"

Though Calvert looked very respectful right now, he was actually cursing Trevor in his heart.

His initial fear had dissipated and he had slowly become bolder.

'You bastard! You aren't that special. You just happen to be from a richer family than mine. Even if I can't offend you directly, what can you do to me if I curse you in my heart?'

Just as Calvert was cursing Trevor in his heart, he heard Trevor's voice.

"Don't worry about that. Just go over there and help me raise the target."

"Okay..."

As soon as he nodded, Calvert suddenly realized something was wrong!

"Uh, Mr... Mr. Sanderson, did you say I should go over there to raise the target?"

Calvert was scared to death and looked back and forth between Trevor and the Colt Python in his hand.

Trevor nodded casually with that same scary smile on his face.

The deep look in Trevor's eyes made Calvert wonder if Trevor had heard him just now when he insulted him in his heart.

What Trevor asked him was completely unexpected. Calvert was so scared his legs wobbled.

Trevor was quite amused to see the terrified expression on Calvert's face. Seeing that the latter was frozen in place, Trevor abruptly raised his gun and urged him, "Come on, hurry up! I think you are the one who made fun of my poor shooting skill just now, right?"

After thinking about it, I thought to myself that certainly it is because I am not under great pressure at the moment that my shooting was so bad."

Trevor paused for a moment to let his words sink in Calvert's heart. Then with a slight smile, he continued, "I believe that with you holding the target, I would be afraid to miss my target and shoot you instead.

Such mental pressure would increase my shooting skills tenfold in no time."

A look of shock appeared on Calvert's face upon hearing what Trevor said. The fear he felt right now was indescribable.

At this point, he no longer had the heart to abuse Trevor in his heart. All he wanted was to beg for mercy.

What Trevor said next sent a cold shiver down Calvert's spine.

"I count to three!"

Hearing those words, Calvert swallowed hard and stared at the cold barrel of the revolver pointed at him.

Seeing that Trevor didn't look like he was joking at all, Calvert had to bite the bullet and bring a shooting target into the range.

He walked about ten meters away before Trevor finally asked him to stop.

From where he was standing, Calvert couldn't see Trevor very well, which increased his nervousness significantly.

If Trevor was as bad a shot as he thought, then there was little chance Trevor could hit the target from such a distance. Calvert's heart was racing.

The Colt Python was so powerful that if one of the bullets hit him, he would be severely maimed or possibly even killed.

'Mr... Mr. Sanderson must just want to teach me a lesson. He's actually joking and isn't really going to shoot.'

Calvert kept praying in his heart that this was all a big prank on Mr. Sanderson's part. He was so scared he almost peed in his pants.

[Chapter 448 Scared Him With An Empty Shot!](#)

Even though Trevor saw that Calvert was already at the distance he wanted, he wasn't in a hurry to take the next step.

Then, he looked at Calvert's trembling body with his eyes filled with interest.

He was thinking of letting Calvert stand there for a while as he wanted him to have a taste of what fear was.

As time passed, Calvert's anxiety and uneasiness grew. His legs were trembling and his face was pale.

Seeing that Calvert couldn't even stand steadily, Trevor smiled and shouted from the distance, "Oh wait, I forgot to take out something. It's an eye patch!"

Upon hearing this, Calvert's eyes widened in shock.

Suddenly, he became even more anxious than before. Now, his teeth were trembling like his legs.

Once he put on the patch, Trevor wouldn't be able to see anything which made things even more terrifying.

He could be shot at any time in the darkness.

That thought alone made him go crazy although he was only standing there.

At that moment, he thought to himself, 'Mr. Sanderson is a devil!'

No tears came out even though he wanted to cry.

If only he had known that Mr. Sanderson would be this terrifying, he wouldn't have act arrogant like that.

Now, he was regretting everything.

However, it was too late and there was nothing he could do.

Right now, he could only pray that this was all a play that Trevor was acting just to frighten him.

At that time, all the young girls and boys, who came to the shooting range with Calvert, were so frightened that they couldn't do anything.

They had been trembling in fear ever since Trevor told Calvert to hold the target while he practiced shooting.

Therefore, when they heard that Trevor wanted an eye patch, they also thought the same with Calvert.

However, in their hearts, they felt lucky that they weren't in Calvert's shoes.

They were glad that they didn't offend this ruthless man in front of them. Or else...

With a smile on his face, Trevor fumbled for an eye patch from his pocket.

In fact, he prepared it to use when he took a nap in the gun club after practicing for a whole day.

After hesitating for a while, Calvert swallowed and said softly, "Mr. Sanderson, I will come over to take the patch by myself."

Raising his eyebrows, Trevor asked, "Who said it is for you?"

A frown appeared on Calvert's face.

Then, he asked, "What do you mean, Mr. Sanderson?"

What Trevor said next made his heart stop beating.

Trevor simply pointed at himself and said casually, "It's for me because I feel dizzy at the sight of blood."

At that time, Calvert thought his head was going to explode.

This was more terrifying than he had expected.

In fact, he thought that Trevor got lucky and hit the target before. So, he still thought that his shooting skill was ordinary.

Why was he planning to shoot with his eyes covered? He wasn't that good at shooting!

Even if he had nine lives, he wouldn't be able to survive this time.

Thinking about it, Calvert became extremely terrified. If he didn't run away, he would really die.

However, even though his brain was telling him to run, his hands and feet weren't listening. His legs were shaking so hard that he couldn't even move.

He was petrified when he saw that Trevor had already put on his eye patch and slowly raising his gun with both hands.

He could see that the black muzzle of the Colt Python was aiming at him!

Bang!

A warm liquid instantly spread from his lower part.

Was that blood?

That was Calvert's last thought before he fainted due to extreme fear.

On the other side, everyone saw the scene clearly.

In fact, it wasn't blood!

The truth was, Calvert just peed himself.

Trevor slowly took off his blind fold. When he saw the scene in front of him, he smirked and said, "I guess you won't forget this lesson in the future."

As he said, he spread out the fist that he had been clenching this whole time, revealing several yellow orange bullets.

It turned out that he shot without any bullets in his gun!

[Chapter 449 A Little Surprise Between Lovers](#)

On the third day after teaching Calvert a lesson, Trevor and Luisa quietly left the Season Hotel.

Escorted by Bradly, the young couple arrived at the large port of Kisas, the neighboring town. Their plan was to take the Platinum luxury cruise to Hawaii first.

Once at Hawaii, they would take the Sanderson family's private jet to the island where Trevor's grandfather lived.

Over the past two days, Trevor had worked on his marksmanship a lot. Now he could quickly draw and shoot with around 70% accuracy.

Bradly himself admitted that Trevor's marksmanship was outstanding. After all, he had reached such a level with just a few days of practice.

Trevor also got his very first licensed automatic pistol. It was a Colt M2000.

Trevor was so proud of it that even while discussing with Luisa in the car, he kept touching the gun hidden in his handbag.

It was true that the customized version of the Colt Python he won in his bet with Calvert wasn't bad.

However, in terms of usefulness for self-defense, the Colt M2000 was far better.

It was not only more convenient to carry but on top of that it could hold a lot more bullets.

"Mr. Sanderson, here we are."

Bradly parked the car in the nearest lot. Then he got off first and opened the door for Trevor and Luisa.

Trevor and Luisa got out of the car in turn, hand in hand. They were immediately struck by the magnificent seaside view.

High white waves were rolling in from afar and there was nothing but water as far as the eye could see.

The strong sea wind mixed with the slightly salty taste of the humid air gave people a much needed coolness during the hot summer.

High in the sky, a few seagulls were flying merrily near the clouds.

Most of the gulls congregated near a very large harbor.

"Wow, Trevor, are we going to sail on that cruise?"

Luisa asked, looking excited. The huge cruise ship she pointed at was the 'Platinum'.

For the past few days, they had enjoyed a peaceful life to the point where they forgot the sword of Damocles that hovered above their heads through these killers.

Luisa had spent several days cloistered in the luxurious hotel. So, now that she could have a breath of fresh air, she was very energetic.

Trevor looked in the direction Luisa pointed and his eyes also shone with excitement.

"Wow! Judging by the logo on it, this should indeed be the cruise ship we're taking. It's really beautiful!"

The huge ship was painted red white.

The striking contrast between the two colors only made the ship even more prestigious.

The ship had been carefully constructed so that its entire hull, large as it was, was smooth and aesthetically pleasing.

The figures that stood on the deck of the big ship looked shockingly tiny.

Trevor couldn't help but make a quick comparison between this boat and the Pearl yacht he had purchased some time ago.

"Damn! Pearl pales in comparison with this majestic cruise ship! And I thought the Pearl was very big! It would look like a damn canoe in front of this huge ship!"

However, if he had a choice, Trevor would have preferred to sail his yacht with Luisa.

He would have loved a romantic trip that was specially prepared for him and Luisa. That would be a dream cruise.

Unfortunately, they had to keep a low profile lest they be noticed by those lurking killers.

For that reason, they had to try their best to avoid using the resources of the Sanderson family as long as they were in Jork.

That way they could use the private plane as bait to get those killers!

It was Ronald who personally arranged for his son's trip. He just told them to get ready to go on the luxury cruise.

'I really hope that all our efforts bear fruit!'

Trevor thought with a faint smile.

He held Luisa's hand firmly. But all of a sudden, he lifted her in his arms, smiling brightly.

"Let's go. I have prepared a surprise for you!" Trevor said lovingly.

[Chapter 450 Close Your Eyes](#)

A lovely couple was strolling hand in hand on the deck of the Platinum cruise ship.

The guy was handsome and charming, while the lady was as pretty as a picture.

Their appearance, as well as their affectionate gazes at each other, caught the passengers' eye.

The couple was Trevor and Luisa.

As the sea breeze blew, the two gazed at the rolling waves on the blue, boundless sea.

Luisa was resting her head on Trevor's shoulder when, all of a sudden, she let go of the handrail.

She did a finger walk with her index and middle finger, which looked like a little girl jumping up and down on the railing.

When her right hand reached Trevor's left one, they interlocked their fingers and held hands.

"Trevor, what surprise did you prepare for me?"

Luisa asked with a sweet smile.

Her face was flushed, still giddy from being carried by Trevor.

At that moment, her mind was blank, and the only thing she could feel was her heart fluttering in her chest.

She only realized that Trevor was carrying her after he had taken a few steps. And when she did, she tried to get down from his arms in embarrassment.

A mysterious smile appeared on Trevor's face.

He pinched Luisa's nose and jokingly said, "Well, you didn't let me carry you all the way to the deck, so I won't tell you my surprise just yet."

Luisa pretended to be sulky, but her face turned redder in excitement.

The two of them chatted happily for a while.

A few moments later, Luisa remembered something again.

"Oh no. I just remembered how many surprises you've prepared for me. And yet, I haven't returned the favor."

Trevor smiled and smoothed the frown on Luisa's forehead with his thumb. "Isn't being with you the best reward you've given me?"

His words not only dispelled Luisa's anxiety but also made her sheepish.

Trevor tucked Luisa's hair behind her ear and gazed at the setting sun. Then, he glanced at his watch, which, by the way, was a Patek Philippe he only wore on special occasions.

It was almost time.

Without further ado, Trevor took Luisa to the room they had booked.

The Platinum could accommodate 5000 passengers. There were more than 20 restaurants and bars to accommodate everyone.

What was more, there were other amenities, including a cinema, dancehall, fishing ring, casino, and many more.

Even golf courses, basketball courts, and sports venues were available as well.

There was even a spiral viewing platform that towered into the sky, from which one could overlook the entire cruise and the sea.

The cruise ship was so enormous that it was like a city on the sea whenever it sailed.

The rooms on the cruise had a grading so guests could enjoy different services based on their budget and needs.

When Trevor and Luisa arrived at the room, the former smiled and said, "Luisa, close your eyes."

Once she did as told, he took out the room card and opened the door. He then led her inside.

"You can open your eyes now."

"Wow!" Luisa gasped in surprise the moment she opened her eyes.

The room before her was breathtaking. There were two large goose down feather beds, which looked very comfortable to sleep in.

Moreover, on one side of the room was a large French window that was covered by a curtain.

They could enjoy the magnificent view of the sea while lying on the bed.

However, it was not the best room on the cruise.

In order to keep a low profile, Trevor and his companions did not book the best and most expensive room.

Bradly's room was next to theirs. So, in case anything happened, they could call him right away.

But even though Trevor could not book the nicest room, it did not stop him from being romantic. In fact, he did a lot of arrangements so that he and Luisa could have the best time of their lives.

He had prepared a scrumptious feast, which they would eat in the candlelight dinner.

Lobster, tuna, caviar, and other seafood were on the table. All were fresh and delicious.

The candlelight swayed as the ship did, and it made the atmosphere more pleasant and romantic.

Luisa looked at Trevor, her eyes filled with affection and gratitude.

Her heart was pounding wildly in her chest.

'How could he be so good at flirting?'

He kept on surprising her since they confirmed their relationship.

Because of his surprises and sweet gestures, she became more and more attracted to him. How could she not?

The two of them enjoyed the candlelight dinner and had a wonderful conversation.

After dinner, Trevor pulled the curtains open again.

Golden light shone through the window and into the room.

The sunset reflected on the sea, covering it with mesmerizing golden light.

Even the ships nearby glinted under the light as if they were made out of gold. Needless to say, the scenery outside looked like a fairyland.

The two stood in front of the French window and enjoyed the beautiful view.

Trevor put his arms around Luisa's waist. His mood, the view, and most importantly, the woman beside him were amazing. What a beautiful life!

Luisa, too, was fascinated by the beautiful scenery in front of her.

She leaned against Trevor's arms, and they stared at the beautiful sunset with dreamy eyes.

It was getting dark.

Soon, the sun had set, and stars filled the sky overhead. And now, the room was filled with an amorous atmosphere.

Luisa broke away from Trevor's arms and popped a plum candy into her mouth.

Then, she stood on tiptoe and flipped her hair to conceal her shyness.

"Trevor, close your eyes..."