

## Chapter 2891 Shawn's Crisis

Shawn swiftly moved among his subordinates, finding shelter under their protection. Ahead lay a towering rock that could provide cover. If he could reach it, he might breach the enemy's lines. However, he knew the enemy had guns trained on the big tree where he sought cover.

Upon arrival at the scene, Shawn's five subordinates, who had charged alongside him, had been shot.

Even after being shot in the thigh, Evander remained the last man capable of fighting. However, the enemy's reinforcements were rapidly closing in.

"Screw it! If this is where I die, then so be it!" Shawn muttered as he took a few quick breaths before sprinting toward the towering rock.

At that moment, gunfire erupted as bullets rained down like a storm upon him. He skillfully dodged every shot with his nimble movements. Just a dozen feet away, his subordinates held their breath in tense anticipation.

However, just as Shawn was about to reach it and relief seemed imminent, the enemies caught wind of his intention. They redirected their weapons toward him. The bullets found their mark and painted the air with blood as he fell to the ground.

"Boss!"

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Had it not been for the subordinates restraining one another, they would have rushed to rescue Shawn. However, facing such ruthless opponents, even if they had reached Shawn, they would've shared his fate.

"Damn it," Shawn cursed under his breath, realizing he was just a few feet away from the towering rock he desperately needed to reach.

As he collapsed from the opposite side, the enemy swiftly aimed their guns at him. If they pulled the trigger, it would signal the end of his life.

Kasen swiftly swung his gun upon noticing Shawn's predicament. When he pulled the trigger, his face instantly turned pale and mumbled, F\*ck! I'm out of bullets!

"Don't hold me back; I must save the Prince!"

Shawn's subordinates shrugged off restraining arms and were ready to charge forward.

Suddenly, Shawn's voice thundered, "Fools, ensure Mrs. Larson's safety at all costs. I won't grant forgiveness if anything happens to her, not even in the afterlife." With these words spoken, he exerted himself to raise his head, his bloodshot eyes locking intensely onto his subordinates.

His subordinates could only watch in despair and reluctance as their eyes welled up with tears. Despite Shawn's stern demeanor, he had always treated them like family, being fair and willing to sacrifice for them. Now, with him on the verge of leaving them forever, how could they face their comrades upon their return?

Amidst the prevailing despair, sudden gunfire erupted, but it wasn't aimed at Shawn.

All eyes shifted upwards to behold a shadowy figure swiftly navigating through the enemy ranks, leaving defeated foes in its wake.

"Good job, Baldy," Shawn murmured before his vision blurred and his head drooped weakly.

When their convoy stopped earlier, Paintaker immediately broke away from his group and stealthily infiltrated the enemy's lines. Just as the enemies prepared to redirect their guns, Paintaker swiftly dodged aside, rendering it impossible for them to lock onto their target.

In this situation, he resembled a wolf amidst the sheep, choosing to incapacitate rather than take the enemy's lives. His timely intervention decisively altered the course of events.

Taking advantage of the disruption in the enemy formation, Fitz, Evander, and the others charged forward. With Paintaker's support, they efficiently neutralized the enemy before them.

By the time the enemy reinforcements arrived, the area was already strewn with their comrades, either unconscious or dead. Yet, there was no sign of Shawn and the others.

"What a bunch of useless fools! Go after them!"

The huge convoy set off again with that order, speeding toward the direction where Shawn and his companions had gone.