

Chapter 1597 Speed Shooting

When Jules heard Trevor's offer to compete in shooting, he couldn't help but grin.

Just moments ago, Trevor had challenged Esteban to a fight. Jules knew his fighting skills were not up to par with the instructor's standards, but he was confident in his shooting abilities.

Prior to joining the Mobius training camp for newcomers, Jules had been involved with street gangs where he honed his skills as a sharpshooter. He was a sharpshooter hiding in the shadows during gang fights.

Since joining the Mobius training camp, he had been the best shooter.

With a grin, Jules addressed Trevor, "I could never challenge you, our esteemed instructor. If you were to accidentally underperform and lose to me, it would be quite embarrassing for you."

Trevor gave Jules a cold glance, sensing the underlying tone of disrespect in Jules' words.

Although Jules said so, his facial expression betrayed his true feelings of contempt toward Trevor.

It was evident that he did not take the instructor seriously at all.

"Ah, confidence. I like that in a student," Trevor replied with a smirk. "You can set the rules."

At Trevor's words, Jules immediately lowered his head, a

hint of anger flashing in his eyes.

He was looked down upon by Trevor.

Jules suppressed his anger with two deep breaths before speaking in a hoarse voice.

"Since you're interested, I'll accept it. How about a speed shooting competition? We'll start by assembling the pistols, then shoot until we each score 100. Whoever gets there first wins. What do you say?"

Speed shooting was Jules's favorite competition because it tested both the competitors' familiarity with the pistols and their comprehensive shooting skills.

Trevor replied with a shrug of indifference, "Sure, let's do it."

He was confident of himself.

They headed to the shooting range and pushed past the other young men. The pistols were disassembled into parts and placed on the table.

Jules was thrilled upon seeing the pistols and introduced them to Trevor.

"This is the Beretta M92F pistol with a magazine capacity of 15 rounds and uses 9mm standard pistol ammunition. The effective shooting range is 50 meters, just like our target."

Trevor nodded in agreement, familiar with the firearm's specifications.

The pistol was a classic one that boasted high shooting accuracy, excellent adaptability to the environment, and reliable performance. It was no wonder that Trevor was fond of this firearm.

Jules couldn't help but show a provocative look and licked the corner of his lips before saying, "I'll count down from three. The competition will officially begin then."

Trevor nodded in agreement.

Jules shouted loudly, "Three, two, one, start!"

Jules quickly demonstrated a familiar posture to the pistol, and the various parts of the Beretta pistol flew through his hands as he quickly assembled them.

His movements were smooth and even dazzling.

Trevor, on the other hand, remained composed and unhurried, as if savoring a fine wine.

It was clear to anyone watching that Jules had gained a huge advantage at the beginning of the competition.

Jules took a quick glance at Trevor, and a triumphant grin spread across his face.

"Sir, I think I will win the competition. Sorry about that!"

Esteban clenched his fists and stood on the side, feeling frustrated.


If Trevor was defeated by Jules, it would prove that he, Esteban, was far inferior to Jules.

The young man's heart burned with a fierce desire to compete for first place in everything.

Esteban's frustration was visible as his face turned red, but he knew there was nothing he could do at that moment.

But Trevor remained calm and unfazed by Jules' words. As he assembled the Beretta pistol, he said slowly, "The

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 +120 Points at most

competition has just begun. It's too overconfident to claim victory so early, don't you think?"

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Chapter 1598 Only The Strong Would Be Respected

Jules' once-complacent demeanor faded, replaced by a steely resolve as his gaze turned frigid.

Due to Trevor's role as the instructor and a member of Mobius, Jules could only swallow his curses and seethe inwardly.

Biting down hard on his teeth, he deftly inserted the clip into his pistol and loaded the bullets with practiced ease. He quickly thumbed off the safety catch of his pistol.

He then held his breath, took aim and shot the gun.

Bang!

No one bothered with ear protection, and the gunshot reverberated, filling the air with a lingering smoke and a sharp tang of gunpowder.

All eyes were transfixed on the electronic light plate suspended above Jules' head, and the large number "8" blazing upon it.

One voice rose above the din, unable to contain their amazement.

"Eight points! His first shot scored eight points!"

"That's incredible!"

"Given how quickly he assembled the pistol and shot with such accuracy, it's clear who the victor will be."

The smug smile on Jules' lips returned as he exhaled, the smoke dissipating into the air.

His gaze slid to Trevor, a challenge in his eyes.

"Sir, have you assembled your pistol yet?"

Unperturbed, Trevor calmly fitted the final part into his pistol, took his time inserting the clip, loaded it methodically, and thumbed off the safety catch.

Ignoring Jules' taunts, he leveled his pistol toward the distant target.

The Beretta's range was a mere fifty meters, and hitting the target at that distance was a formidable task.

But with unerring precision, Trevor fired in a lightning-fast motion that took less than a second from aim to shot.

Bang!

A loud voice echoed, and the crowd was left speechless. They hadn't expected Trevor to be so quick, especially since he took his time assembling the pistol earlier.

"Look! Ten points! Unbelievable!" Esteban's eyes widened as he stared at the electronic display screen, his mouth agape in disbelief.

The others in the room followed his gaze, and their expressions turned to horror as they saw the impossible feat unfolding before them.

Fifty meters away, a pistol was fired at a target with no sighting telescope, and the first shot scored ten points.

How was this possible?

Jules, who moments ago had been smirking, found his

smile frozen in place.

"You have good luck—"

But before he could complete his words, a barrage of gunshots erupted around him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The gunshots were unrelenting, and the semi-automatic pistol transformed into a full-automatic pistol.

"Ten!"

"Nine!"

"Ten again! Oh my God!"

Exclamations and disbelief filled the air, while smoke and the pungent smell of gunpowder engulfed the scene.

Jules was in such shock that he forgot to shoot.

He couldn't believe that someone could shoot continuously with a pistol and hit the target fifty meters away. Not only did they never miss, but every shot scored higher than eight points!

Could this really be achieved by ordinary people?

Jules' hands and feet trembled, and his face turned pale.

His confidence shattered like a fragile glass doll, breaking apart in the sound of the gunshots.

Finally, after fifteen bullets were shot out of the clip, Trevor looked up at the electronic display screen.

The number "145" glowed in the total-points column.

Trevor let out a whistle of relief.

His score left no room for doubts as for who won.

Jules, on the other hand, could only stare at the lonely "8" on his own electronic screen in defeat.

He looked at the number "145" on Trevor's screen blankly, then back at his own score. After a long silence, he put down his pistol and uttered in a trembling voice, "I give up."

In the camp, even the most savage and cut-throat delinquent dared not so much as utter a whisper of disrespect in the presence of Trevor.

In Glareder, strength was the ultimate currency, the only way to gain even a shred of respect.

And in Mobius, the stakes were even higher.