

Chapter 1755 Competition Of Shooting Skills

Cheetah's countenance was stiff as he greeted Trevor, "Raven! Long time no see. You've become the deputy leader!"

Noticing Cheetah's unconvinced expression and his lingering doubts, Trevor snorted, speaking in a hushed voice.

"What? You don't believe me? I have the information about all the members of the Wolf faction. Want to check it out?"

Cheetah held his breath. Even though he knew nobody would dare to impersonate the deputy leader, he still couldn't shake off his doubts.

Confronted with Trevor's strong stance, he gritted his teeth and said, "I believe you, but I wonder if our deputy leader possesses great strength. Strength is paramount in Mobius, after all. I hope you earned your position through merit and not through bribery or connections."

Cheetah's words were cutting, and his timid emotions were now replaced with determination. He locked eyes with Trevor, ready to compete.

Observing the shooting range around them, Trevor easily deduced Cheetah's intentions.

He grinned playfully and said in a nonchalant tone, "Oh? You want to challenge me in marksmanship, huh?"

Cheetah snorted and replied confidently, "Sure! My marksmanship is second only to the leader's in the Wolf faction. If you can beat me in shooting, I'll acknowledge you as the deputy leader!"

With that, Cheetah swiftly took action, grabbing the pistol and aiming at the moving target on the field, relying purely on his muscle memory without any additional aim adjustments.

With three gunshots, three bullet holes embedded in the center of the moving target.

He scored two 10 points and one nine points.

Cheetah couldn't help but show a complacent expression, seeing his exceptional performance, and said, "If you want to beat me, you have to shoot three ten points. Even the leader wouldn't have a 100% chance of doing that! I think you'd better admit defeat. I'm a better candidate for the deputy leader position, don't you think?"

Trevor sneered and ignored Cheetah.

He walked slowly to the target platform and carefully checked the pistol, pretending to mock unintentionally, "You're such a skilled shooter. So, why did you miss hitting the Sanderson family's eldest son, Trevor, at the old castle? Could it be you have a secret deal with the Sandersons?"

When Trevor's question reached Cheetah's ears, a jolt of shock froze his face as he pondered how did he find out.

Yet, that initial shock soon gave way to a tumult of anger and shame washing over him. He stood his ground and retorted stubbornly, "That's a load of bullshit! Failing to shoot the son of the Sanderson family was really an accident. There was something wrong with my gun, otherwise, I would have killed him!"

But Trevor's sneer didn't wane. He loaded the pistol and took aim at the target, yet he hesitated to pull the trigger.

Observing Trevor's prolonged hesitation, Cheetah couldn't resist taunting, "Why don't you shoot? Afraid you can't do it? It proves you don't deserve to be the deputy leader at all."

In an instant, Trevor swiftly shifted the muzzle of his gun. He no longer aimed at the target but rather at a corner beside it. With rapid succession, he fired six shots, emptying a cartridge holder.

Cheetah, on the verge of mocking Trevor again, suddenly froze as his eyes widened, and cold sweat trickled down his forehead.

The direction where Trevor had fired was the very hiding place of Cheetah's partner!

As the gunshots ceased, the individuals concealed in the corner swiftly emerged. The man possessed a robust physique with well-proportioned muscles, undoubtedly a skilled combatant.

Furious, he roared, "Cheetah! We've been working together in Zayden for so long, and you dare to try and kill me?"

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As Cheetah attempted to explain, he glanced at Trevor, who wore a mischievous expression and had discreetly stashed away his pistol.

Unfortunately for Cheetah, he still clutched the gun in his hand, and he had arranged for his partner's hiding place himself. Finding a plausible explanation now seemed impossible.

His face flushed red, and he cursed Trevor inwardly. Damn it! How did he know that position? Was it deliberate that he shot there?