

Chapter 1864 | Promise To Go With You

When the assassin observed Jasmine's unyielding demeanor, he fell silent, his anger simmering beneath the surface.

Jasmine was caught off guard by the swift action of the assassin. She strained to evade his blows, her voice trembling with a mix of fear and defiance as she retorted, 'How dare you harm me, a colonel? You won't leave this hospital today!"

The assassin responded with a cold snort and an unrelenting assault, each move carrying a lethal threat.

After all, Jasmine was merely an office clerk, her combat skills paling in comparison to the seasoned assassin's expertise.

Despite her resistance, she succumbed to his relentless attack, blood trickling from the corner of her mouth.

As he reveled in his impending triumph, the assassin advanced arrogantly, declaring, "Since you meddle, I'll let you pay the price today!"

His fist clenched again, hurtling towards Jasmine's face, accompanied by a chilling smile.

He derived perverse satisfaction from witnessing despair in others.

Just as his fist neared its target, the assassin was abruptly struck by a searing pain. He hastily withdrew his hand.

It was Trevor who arrived at the ward!

Trevor's countenance was contorted with anger. While washing his hands, his friend was attacked by an assailant.

"Go to hell!"

The assassin, skeptical of Trevor's strike, suspected it to be a sneak attack. He regarded Trevor icily and inquired, "Are you Raven? Come with me, or face the consequences."

Uttering these words, he launched a heavy punch at Trevor's face.

Trevor's fury was so intense that he didn't bother dodging; he countered with a direct punch at the assassin's fist.

Their fists collided with a resounding impact.

The assassin found himself confronting a rapid and forceful assault, his entire body propelled into the deepest recesses of the ward.

Trevor inquired with a simmering anger, "Did Lenard send you here? Humph! You all have to die!"

The assassin was taken aback, his expression serious as he contemplated.

I can hardly believe the strength he wields. It's no wonder the employer insisted I bring a firearm. The gun is my sole recourse.

Stepping back two paces, he retrieved the shotgun from his arms, aiming it menacingly at Trevor while shouting, "Don't move! So what? Go with me, or none of you will survive!"

Trevor's countenance darkened upon spotting the assassin's firearm.

He knew if he were alone, he'd be confident in his ability to evade harm.

But with Jasmine, Balfour, and Luisa here, they were all at risk of being shot.

Contemplating this, Trevor halted his actions, refraining from acting rashly.

In this tense moment, Balfour stepped forward fearlessly, his gaze locked onto the assassin as he berated him, "Fuck off! You've only got one gun with you. If you have the guts, go ahead and try to kill us all!"

Trevor regarded Balfour's courageous stance with mild surprise. He patted Balfour on the shoulder and whispered softly, "You've shown remarkable courage, but this situation is beyond your control. Take Luisa with you and look after her."

With those words, Trevor raised his hands toward the assassin, his expression devoid of emotion.

"I promise to go with you, but you must release them," he stated firmly.

The assassin, motivated solely by the completion of his mission and the

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Trevor cautiously advanced toward the assassin, who pressed the gun barrel against Trevor's back, a cold sense of relief washing over him.

"Go ahead of mel I'll take you to meet my employer," the assassin demanded.

With his back to the assassin, Trevor smirked inwardly.

He actually wanted to settle accounts with Lenard!

Subsequently, the assassin swiftly departed the hospital, keeping Trevor in his sights with the gun.

As the two figures disappeared, Jasmine regained her composure. She wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and, filled with anger, contacted Klein's Elite Action Team, declaring, "All of you, assemble!"



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