

Chapter 1105 Ambush

Outside Trevor's apartment, three killers from the Hidden Assassins were already in position. They tried to pass the time by whispering to each other.

"Can you believe this guy? How can someone allegedly powerful live in such a shabby place? What a bore! Even if he's a decent fighter, I don't think he deserves to have elite killers like us dealing with him."

It was a young man wearing a peaked cap who spoke. He tore off the small advertisement sticker on the door of the apartment out of boredom.

The killer named Iron Thorn was an old man whose face was battered with old and new scars. He frowned and scolded his companion, "Quit whining. Someone paid us to do this job, and we won't walk away until we finish it. He didn't pay us to think about anything else. Even if our employer asked us to kill a dog, as long as we get a handsome pay, we will do it—no questions asked. Now, hurry up and put that sticker back!"

The young killer with a peaked cap raised his hands helplessly and shrugged. "Okay, okay. I can't help it, okay? Every time I go with you on an errand like this, I get bored. You're overly cautious!"

Iron Thorn sighed and didn't say anything. He stubbed out his cigarette and looked ahead.

The third killer, who stayed silent during the other two's exchange, took out two thin iron threads and inserted them into the keyhole. The door opened with a soft click.

"Get ready. It's time," Iron Thorn said in a low voice. He was looking left and right.

The young man with a peaked cap followed Iron Thorn into the apartment. He silently but deftly took out three daggers and

sandwiched them between his fingers. He said, "I'm ready. The moment the target appears, I'll cut his throat!"

The two closed the door and hid in the room, staring at the door.

The third man, who kept silent, remained outside the apartment. However, he was known for his stealth, and he seemed to have disappeared, blending easily with the darkness.

The apartment fell into silence, almost as if no one was there. The only sound they could hear was the ticking of the clock.

About twenty minutes later, Trevor came back to the apartment with Bess.

The two of them talked and laughed. The atmosphere between them was relaxed and happy.

Bess was still warm toward Trevor though the latter refused her.

When Trevor inserted the key into the lock, he paused, and his smile disappeared.

Trevor narrowed his eyes and turned to look at the small advertisement sticker on the door. He observed it carefully.

He looked at his neighbors' doors and his entire body tensed.

"Le..."

Bess barely noticed the change in Trevor, and she wanted to ask something. Trevor moved swiftly, covering her mouth and shushing her.

The sticker on the door was positioned differently compared to those stuck on his neighbors' doors.

It wasn't unusual for him to find several stickers on his door. He often came home and saw them scattered.

Trevor was eagle-eyed, and after living here for a period of time, he eventually came to know the habit of the part-time worker who was tasked to distribute the stickers.

The said worker had a bit of an OCD and usually stuck the stickers in the same direction. It was something that amused Trevor, but now, it told him something was amiss.

Today, the sticker was in the opposite direction! It was a small thing, but it nagged at him.

It was odd.

Trevor took his hand off Bess' mouth before he squatted down and found some ashes on the floor.

He reached out and crushed the ashes, fairly certain that it was from a cigarette. The lingering smell confirmed his suspicion. Someone was smoking at his door, which meant that he was here for a while.

Trevor remembered Xzavier's vicious expression and knew that the ruthless businessman had something to do with this.

That bastard wasn't going to give up so easily. Trevor knew he would exact his revenge on him.

Trevor's heart skipped a beat. He looked up at Bess, waved his hand, and pointed to the stairs, signaling her to retreat and find a safe place to hide.

He stood up and found the electricity switch box. He opened the box quietly.

Chapter 1106 Subdue The Killer

Click! Click!

Trevor turned off the power switch and winked at Bess, telling her to go into hiding as quickly as possible.

Not making a sound, he went close to the door and listened carefully to what was happening on the other side.

Even though it looked like nothing was going on inside, there was a faint sound of something colliding.

In the room, Iron Thorn was nervous when he realized the power had been turned off.

He wondered if they were discovered.

The target of their assassination was very perceptive and was giving them a hard time.

Since Iron Thorn was a professional killer, he did not panic and made a few gestures silently.

The killer wearing a peaked cap instantly grasped the hint of Iron Thorn. He gazed at the window with the three daggers, anticipating that Trevor would surprise them.

The darkness in the room forced Iron Thorn to concentrate. He squinted his eyes, counted seconds, and considered his options carefully.

The target turned off the power but their companion didn't alert them. This could only mean that the target hadn't left the premises yet. He guessed the target should be very confident and want to attack them.

As a professional killer for many years, the old man made a nasty smile on his face.

He was triggered by this arrogant target and would ensure that the target would be severely punished.

If that Levi guy dared to sneak up on them, he would have his neck slit the second he made it through the window.

The killers made a few gestures without speaking a word to make a plan.

Bang!

The killers of the Hidden Assassins felt they had the perfect plan, but Trevor suddenly kicked the door in.

They were both startled by the sudden noise, and Trevor quickly moved toward Iron Thorn.

However, the two of them had outstanding psychological talent as skilled killers of the Hidden Assassins.

Even after seeing Trevor kick the door in, they were unfazed and thought he was asking to be killed.

"Kill him!" Iron Thorn gave a frightening command amid the darkness.

He initially planned on surprising and killing him quickly, but he had not accounted for Trevor's ability to anticipate his every move.

However, Iron Thorn was okay with putting in a little effort because of the large reward at stake.

The killer with a peaked hat smirked as he tossed the three daggers he was holding and scoffed. "Go to hell!"

Trevor's instinct kicked in, and he instantly rolled to dodge those daggers.

"No way!" The killer's eyes widened. He didn't expect Trevor to be able to dodge the three daggers inside a dark room.

The sofa where the daggers were stuck was shaking slightly.

Narrowing his eyes, Iron Thorn also understood that he had underestimated Trevor. Without hesitation, he shouted, "Shoot! Shoot!"

At this point, Iron Thorn could not afford to think about whether or not the gunshot would alert anybody nearby. All he cared about was killing Trevor immediately in case anything unexpected happened.

They had guns!

Trevor saw the guy pull out a gun in the darkness and took a step forward without thinking. He struck the young man's hand holding the weapon, knocking it to the floor before he could fire.

"Fuck!" When the gun fell off, the killer muttered a curse. He had no other choice but to resort to a fistfight with Trevor. They would be in danger if Trevor picked up the gun.

Trevor was a master in fighting.

Inside the dark room, Trevor snickered and started to beat up the killer.

Iron Thorn immediately stepped up to help his companion to subdue Trevor.

Even when the two killers joined hands to kill Trevor, they were still no match for him.

"Get down on your knees!" Trevor shouted and hit the young killer with his knee so hard it made the killer spew blood. Following this, he stepped on him, rendering him powerless.

Before Iron Thorn could do anything, Trevor twisted his arm, forcing him to kneel on the floor.

The young killer got scared and yelled, "Please don't kill me. Don't kill me!"

With a scoff, Trevor questioned, "Did Xzavier send you here?"

Iron Thorn kept his mouth shut. It was unprofessional for him to

reveal his employer's name. Although Trevor might have predicted it, he refused to say it.

The young killer just kept on coughing up blood.

Trevor's eyes were cold, and he increased the tightness of his grip. The bones in Iron Thorn's arm squeaked in Trevor's hold as if they were going to snap.

While enduring the pain, Iron Thorn looked behind to see Trevor and said with a savage smile, "Boy, do you think you've won?"