

Chapter 441 Shooting Training

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He went to the bathroom and freshened up before getting dressed.

He put on a cap and a black mask before heading out.

After all, those killers were still out there, so he still had to be vigilant.

But now he didn't have to worry as much since his father took charge of the matter.

He got up so early for one purpose.

By this time, Bradley had already prepared the car and was waiting for him in the parking lot.

Trevor greeted him when they met, and they drove to their destination.

They went to the Spade 6 Gun Club.

After what had happened in the house of the Burke family the day before, knowing that those killers were still around put a heavy psychological burden on Trevor.

It was good that he had the ability to fight.

But in dealing with these armed gangsters, his ability alone might not be enough to get him out of trouble.

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Within a short distance, a gun performed even better.

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If he were thrust into a dangerous situation in the future, he'd be more capable of dealing with the threat.

The Spade 6 Gun Club sprawled over a large area.

There were both indoor shooting and open-air shooting ranges.

Many types of guns were available there, so it was the perfect place for people of all skill levels to practice their shooting.

When Trevor went to the site, he saw the different prices for the training programs they offered.

But since he had a former spy, Bradly, with him, he didn't need to hire an instructor.

"Since you're a beginner, I think it's best if you start learning on one of those sports pistols from Sturm Ruger.

It's convenient to carry, and it's capable enough for you to fight back when you encounter danger,"

Bradly said, pointing to one of the guns.

"Okay."

It was the first time Trevor used a gun, so he toyed with it curiously.

The metal body of the pistol glistened under the cool light, and the matte finish of the handle was quite

comfortable.

But to Trevor's disappointment, he found the gun too light, and it was unstable in his hand.

Bradly briefly explained the proper posture of holding a pistol and some shooting skills.

However, according to him, everything should be based on actual application.

The two talked and soon went to the shooting range.

Looking at the moving shooting target at the other end of the field, Trevor asked Bradly curiously, "Bradly, don't I need to start with the fixed target first?"

Looking at him, Bradly shook his head. Now that he was teaching Trevor, he became very strict. He said indifferently, "Practicing that way has no practical use. If you want to be able to defend yourself, you should start practicing with moving targets."

Compared to the fixed targets, the moving target was undoubtedly more engaging.

When he heard how Bradly justified it, Trevor didn't object.

Instead, he confidently said, "Alright, let's go! I want to nail that bull's eye!"

In the moving shooting range, the targets were placed 20 meters, 30 meters, or 40 meters away from shooting guns.

There were also three speeds for him to choose from.

Although Trevor boasted just now, he didn't want to bite more than he could chew.

He carefully chose the 20-meter-away target and picked the slowest target moving speed.

As a beginner, he knew very well that it was the first time he had held a pistol, and he still didn't have the skills. ①

As he stood in the shooting position, Trevor corrected his grip and posture with Bradley's help. Then the training began.

Bang!

"No hit. It's okay. It's only your first try."

Bang! Bang!

"Your shooting posture isn't right. Adjust your body."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Grip the pistol firmly and keep your eyes level with the gun. Go ahead."

Trevor listened carefully to Bradley's instructions and shot at the same time.

He kept adjusting his form as he shot.

But to his embarrassment, he only hit the target once after ten shots.

That time, he didn't grip the pistol tightly. He only hit

the edge of the target unexpectedly because the muzzle jumped up when he fired.

It was really difficult to practice shooting! ⓘ



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