Chapter 662 Henrik's Scheme

Trevor aimed his air gun at the target once again. As Henrik watched Trevor, a sneer appeared on his face.

"A bullet costs fifty thousand dollars, Trevor.

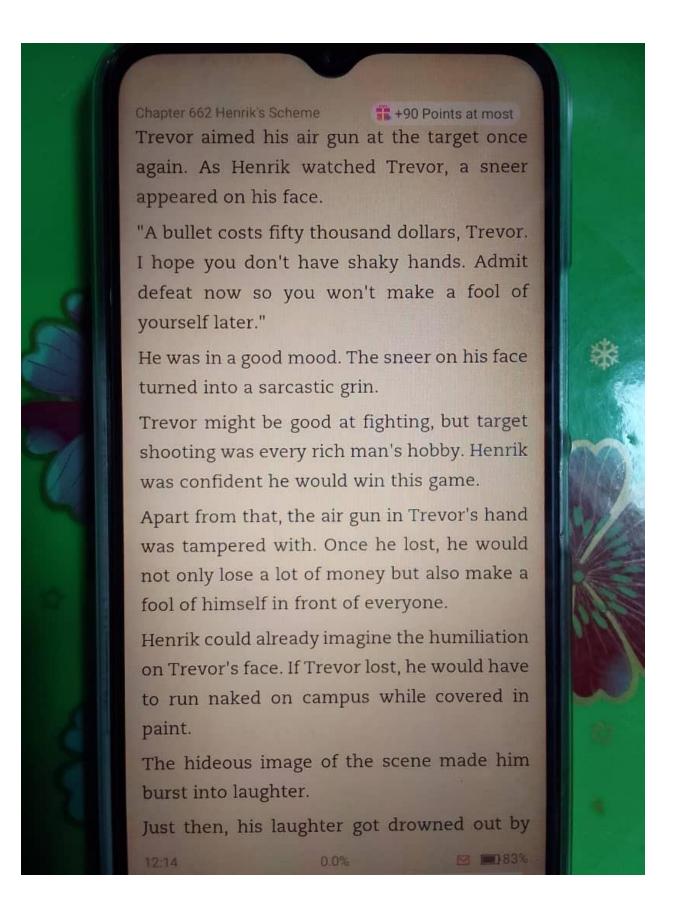
I hope you don't have shaky hands. Admit defeat now so you won't make a fool of yourself later."

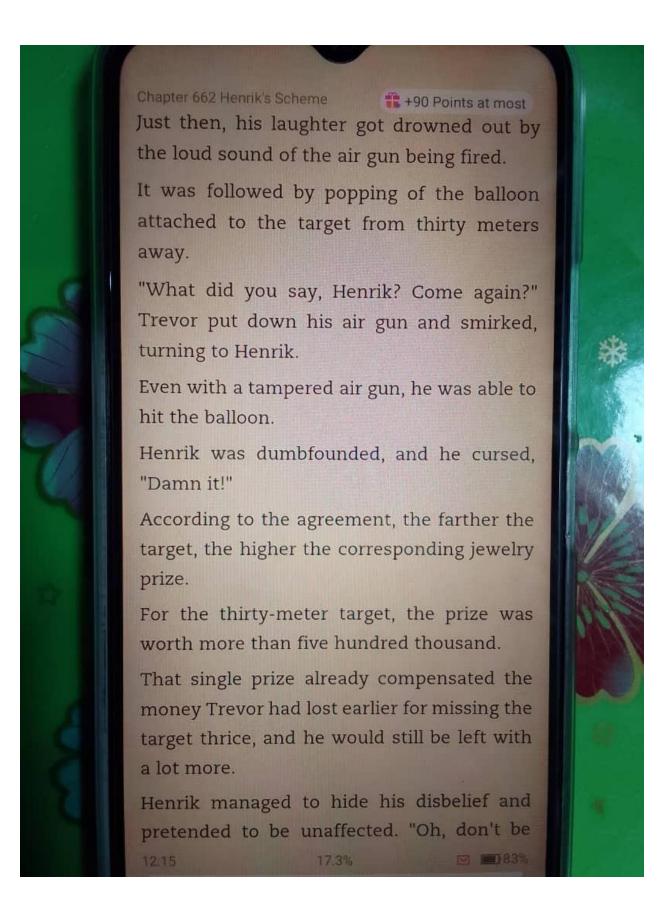
He was in a good mood. The sneer on his face turned into a sarcastic grin.

Trevor might be good at fighting, but target shooting was every rich man's hobby. Henrik was confident he would win this game.

Apart from that, the air gun in Trevor's hand was tampered with. Once he lost, he would not only lose a lot of money but also make a fool of himself in front of everyone.

Henrik could already imagine the humiliation on Trevor's face. If Trevor lost, he would have





Chapter 662 Henrik's Scheme ## +90 Points at most cocky already. You just got lucky." "You think so?" Trevor didn't say anything more and raised the air gun into shooting position. Bang! Another balloon from the thirty-meter target popped loudly. Bang! The one from the twenty-meter target popped next. Bang! Then, the ten-meter target last. The audience were very much pleased by the flawless shots Trevor did. Sure, scoring a hit once could be attributed to luck. But continuous and accurate hits like what Trevor did were nothing but pure skill and talent. Henrik opened his mouth wide, surprised and at a loss for words. He pointed at Trevor, wanting to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth. Trevor continued to hit the targets, which had equivalent jewelry prize each. The more E 100 83%

Chapter 662 Henrik's Scheme # +90 Points at most he hit, the more prizes he acquired. Henrik was so angry that he almost wanted to shout, "This is robbery!" But the competition was still ongoing. Trevor smiled and gestured his hand to the front, indicating it was Henrik's turn to shoot. Henrik stepped forward and raised his air gun into shooting position. However, his hands began to tremble as he aimed. He was not good at target shooting to begin with. He started to panic and missed all the targets. Even the nearest target was unscathed. "Well, that was fast." Trevor smiled. "So, it's my turn again?" Henrik glared at the silly smile on Trevor's lips, which was like that of a devil. Bang! Bang! Bang! With each loud and flawless shot Trevor made, Henrik felt his heart stop beating for a second, literally and figuratively. The person in charge of the air gun booth,

