

Chapter 1994 This Guy's Got A Gun!

Out of nowhere, a hulking figure burst forth from the sewer, hurtling straight toward Luisa!

The sudden appearance stunned everyone, their faces frozen in shock.

Henrik, standing closest to Luisa, lunged to intercept the powerful intruder. His hand shot out, aiming to halt the man's advance. Unexpectedly, he effortlessly flung aside Henrik, who crashed heavily onto the grassy lawn.

Despite being thrown aside, Henrik's struggle gave Trevor a brief moment to react, a crucial second to protect Luisa.

In a split second, Trevor swiftly stood in front of Luisa, shielding her from the charging assailant.

Observing the man's direct threat to Luisa, Trevor's tone turned icy. "Planning to harm Luisa? Should've asked for my approval first."

His fists clenched, and he struck out, aiming at the intruder's chest.

However, the assailant, despite his imposing stature, moved with surprising speed and agility, sidestepping Trevor's blows as if he were a phantom.

"Well, well," Trevor remarked, a hint of amusement coloring his voice as he sized up the agile opponent.

It was only in that fleeting moment that Trevor noticed the man's distinctive hook nose, towering at an impressive 1.9 meters in height. A stark realization dawned on him.

These features were an uncanny match to Henrik's prior description of the suspicious individual.

But this silent figure wasn't about to offer Trevor any helpful insights. He remained tight-lipped, refusing to provide Trevor with any valuable information.

Taking a brief moment to readjust, the assailant lunged forward once again, his movements quick and determined.

Reacting swiftly, Trevor's leg swung out like a whip made of steel, aimed directly at the oncoming threat.

The intruder attempted to dodge Trevor's strike but was caught off guard by the sheer speed of the move.

All he could perceive was a blurred motion before an intense jolt of pain surged through his abdomen, a result of Trevor's precise and rapid attack.

"Come on!" Trevor goaded, his voice edged with determination. He beckoned the assailant, urging him to continue the fight, his confidence growing amid the intense combat.

With a taunting gesture, Trevor crooked his finger, inviting the assailant to make his move, displaying an air of calculated confidence despite the chaos.

Amidst the heated scuffle, Trevor had gradually gauged the strength and style of his opponent.

The burly man was a formidable fighter, rivaling the prowess of Mobius's most skilled killers.

However, when facing Trevor, the imposing figure seemed like a mere toddler trying to spar with a professional.

It was as clear as day—Trevor's opponent was an open book, his flaws starkly evident in every maneuver.

Despite his skills, the powerful man bore the marks of severe injury after enduring Trevor's relentless attacks.

Bruises littered his body, while Trevor, in stark contrast, stood composed, not a hint of strain in his breathing.

The discrepancy between them was glaringly obvious, apparent to anyone who glanced their way.

Realizing he couldn't break through Trevor's impenetrable defense, the strong man retreated a step, an intent to flee dawning in his eyes.

"Planning to make a run for it?" Trevor's voice dripped with disdain. With a sardonic smile, he remarked, "Too late for that now."

In a flash, Trevor closed the distance, swiftly positioning himself behind the retreating assailant.

With a swift, precise karate chop, Trevor struck the strong man's shoulder. The impact sapped strength from the man's arm, rendering it temporarily useless.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!"

Three dull thumps echoed from the back of the assailant's head.

The blows disoriented the man, causing him to sway and, within moments, collapse, knocked out cold by Trevor's skillful strikes.

A collective sigh of relief swept through Henrik, Cecelia, and Luisa as the threat subsided.

Cecelia, regaining her composure, rushed to Trevor's side, her concern palpable as she inspected his hand. "Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?"

Before Trevor could respond, Henrik, playfully clutching his side, joined them, teasing, "Guess I'm the outsider here. My sister's all worried about someone else first, not me." With a hint of a smile, Henrik gestured to Cecelia.

Trevor and Cecelia shared a laugh, and their spirits lifted despite the recent tension.

Amidst the laughter, Luisa stood somber, tears brimming in her eyes.

Concerned by her emotional state, Trevor assumed she might have been hurt in the scuffle. Rushing to her side, he asked with genuine concern, "Luisa, are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Luisa shook her head, her silence masking the real turmoil brewing within her.

After a moment of hesitation, memories flooded back—Cecelia's earlier concern for Trevor, the echoes of their late-night conversation. With a deep breath, Luisa found her resolve.

Gritting her teeth, she mustered the courage to voice her inner turmoil, aroused by her growing suspicion "Trevor, have you developed feelings for Cecelia?"

Her question hung heavy in the air, weighed down by the heaviness of her emotions.

Trevor was taken aback by her query.

"What? No! Luisa, it's not what you think. There's nothing between Cecelia and me," he clarified, hoping to dispel any misconceptions that had arisen.

Cecelia, sensing the potential for misunderstanding hurriedly stepped in, her words earnest, "Luisa, Trevor and I have always been close friends. There's nothing beyond that. He hasn't betrayed your trust."

Luisa's expression became more complex, on the verge of saying something in response.

Meanwhile, Henrik crouched by the subdued intruder, suddenly let out a horrified shout. "Oh, fuck! This guy's got a gun!"

Henrik's voice was laced with alarm, his eyes widening in realization.

Simultaneously, Trevor, with his acute perception, caught the faint but distinct sound of metallic clicks in the vicinity.

"That's..." Trevor's voice trailed off, a grim realization dawning upon him.

The click of loaded bullets sent a chilling tremor through the previously tense atmosphere, signaling an imminent threat.