

Chapter 2015 The Assailant Was Dead

"Trevor, answer me! You have to hang in there. You can't die!" When he didn't get a response, Henrik clenched his teeth.

He cast a bloodshot glare at the assailant and stood up to charge forward.

But before Henrik could move, Trevor pressed his hand to stop him.

Henrik immediately turned around, perplexed to see Trevor awake and rolling his eyes nonchalantly as if unhurt.

Simmering down from the shock, Henrik finally noticed that Trevor wasn't bleeding out, which would have been the result if he were truly shot.

Moreover, Trevor didn't look in pain or on the verge of death.

Instead, there was nothing but fury in his eyes.

Just then, the assailant approached the table with a pistol in his hand.

He leaned over with a sinister smile. "Stop struggling Trevor. Crawl out of here and accept death. If you do, I could consider making the other three suffer less. Come out—"

The assailant's speech was intercepted by a figure that suddenly appeared before him, startling him to silence.

It was Trevor!

The assailant widened his eyes in shock. It happened so fast that he had no time to react.

Without a word, Trevor smacked him hard in the abdomen.

The blow was so strong that the assailant contorted his body and whimpered in pain.

The pistol fell of his hand as he staggered backward.

With his weapon gone, the assailant turned pale. He held up his clenched fists into a sparring position.

However, he only managed to swing his arms thrice before they went numb.

Not giving the assailant a chance to retaliate, Trevor punched him down to the ground.

The assailant seethed with rage. He tried to pull out another weapon tucked in his waist, but Trevor stepped on his arm before he could even reach out.

"You... Why are you still alive?" Enduring the grueling pain from his broken arm, the assailant bit his lower lip until it bled out.

Trevor sneered. "Do you really think I'd come here unprepared? I knew something was up, so I wore a bulletproof vest under my tuxedo. The bullets from your tiny pistol didn't even dent it."

The assailant glared at him. "You bastard!"

"It's called self-defense, idiot," Trevor retorted, scanning the crowd and squatting down. "So, tell me. Who's your boss?"

The assailant closed his eyes and growled, "You might as well kill me. I won't tell you a thing."

Trevor jeered, "Mobius usually works in a team of two. Why are you alone? Where's your partner?"

The assailant's eyes flew open with horror at Trevor's words.

How could Trevor know that information?

Thinking of the failed mission, the assailant suddenly looked at Kenny with bloodshot eyes.

Trevor followed the assailant's gaze, only to find Kenny already pointing the pistol in his direction.

Trevor cursed inwardly.

Without a word, Kenny pulled the trigger.

A loud gunshot rang out, evoking terrified shrills from the crowd.

The assailant dropped to the ground, his head bleeding from the shot.

Trevor's eyes widened in shock before something clicked in his mind.

After the shot, Kenny dropped the pistol in a panic, looking both shocked and horrified. "Trevor, are you... Are you okay?"

Seeing the lifeless assailant, Henrik emerged from behind the table and reprimanded Kenny, "Why did you shoot him, uncle? We haven't gotten any information about the mastermind yet!"

Seemingly flustered, Kenny reasoned, "I'm sorry I panicked. All I thought was to protect everyone, so I shot him. Oh, God. What have I done?"

Trevor's brows knitted as he studied Kenny, who looked flustered but had calm eyes.

He stepped back and checked Luisa and Cecelia. After seeing them safe, he breathed a sigh of relief and told Kenny, "Call the police."

Kenny nodded and said sternly, "We'll increase the security in the house. You and Luisa shouldn't stay here any longer. You can come back later if you want to meet with Henrik. For now, you should think of your safety."

The horrified guests also scurried out of the house after the shoot-out.

Reading into Kenny's motive for sending him home, Trevor patted Henrik's shoulder and whispered in his ear, "This place is no longer safe. For your own safety, you and Cecelia will have to move out."

Henrik's brows knitted, but he nodded.

Trevor left the Wrights' house with Luisa after that.

With worry written all over her face, Luisa checked Trevor's back.

Only when she saw the bulletproof vest intact did she sigh in relief.

But Trevor didn't mirror the relief she felt. A frown was covering his face, as if something was troubling him.

"Is something wrong, Trevor?" Luis couldn't help but ask.

Trevor looked at her and said pensively, "I think Henrik and Cecelia are in danger."