

Chapter 447 A Human Target

"Mr. Sanderson, could you please wait a moment. I'll get you the bullets!"

Calvert spoke with infinite politeness.

Actually, he had never used his Colt Python before, so there were no bullets inside.

He only used it to threaten people.

The Jensen family's Spade 6 Gun Club was teeming with firearms and ammunition. Calvert rushed to get some bullets for Trevor.

'If only this guy had any idea what I'm planning to do with this gun, he wouldn't be so eager to help.'

As Trevor thought of that, he stared at Calvert's retreating figure with a playful smile on his face.

Some three minutes later, Calvert was back. He seemed really happy.

He had brought ten bullets for Trevor. With the smile he wore, you would have thought he had just accomplished a very important mission.

He said in a flattering tone, "Here you are, Mr. Sanderson."


Trevor couldn't help laughing as he took the bullets Calvert handed him.

He then casually stuffed the bullets into the revolver's magazine.

Once done, he looked at Calvert strangely, as if he was plotting something against him.

Trevor's strange gaze frightened Calvert somewhat. With a creepy smile, Trevor said slowly, "Well, I'm going to do a little shooting practice now."

"Of course, Mr. Sanderson! Let me help you control the moving of the targets!"

Though Calvert looked very respectful right now, he was actually cursing Trevor in his heart. 

His initial fear had dissipated and he had slowly become bolder.

'You bastard! You aren't that special. You just happen to be from a richer family than mine. Even if I can't offend you directly, what can you do to me if I curse you in my heart?"

Just as Calvert was cursing Trevor in his heart, he heard Trevor's voice.

"Don't worry about that. Just go over there and help me raise the target."

"Okay..."

As soon as he nodded, Calvert suddenly realized something was wrong!

"Uh, Mr... Mr. Sanderson, did you say I should go over there to raise the target?"

Calvert was scared to death and looked back and forth between Trevor and the Colt Python in his hand.

Trevor nodded casually with that same scary smile on his face.

The deep look in Trevor's eyes made Calvert wonder if Trevor had heard him just now when he insulted him in his heart.

What Trevor asked him was completely unexpected. Calvert was so scared his legs wobbled.

Trevor was quite amused to see the terrified expression on Calvert's face. Seeing that the latter was frozen in place, Trevor abruptly raised his gun and urged him, "Come on, hurry up! I think you are the one who made fun of my poor shooting skill just now, right?"

After thinking about it, I thought to myself that certainly it is because I am not under great pressure at the moment that my shooting was so bad."

Trevor paused for a moment to let his words sink in Calvert's heart. Then with a slight smile, he continued, "I believe that with you holding the target, I would be afraid to miss my target and shoot you instead.

Such mental pressure would increase my shooting skills tenfold in no time."

A look of shock appeared on Calvert's face upon hearing what Trevor said. The fear he felt right now was indescribable.

At this point, he no longer had the heart to abuse Trevor in his heart. All he wanted was to beg for mercy.

What Trevor said next sent a cold shiver down Calvert's spine.

"I count to three!"

Hearing those words, Calvert swallowed hard and stared at the cold barrel of the revolver pointed at him.

Seeing that Trevor didn't look like he was joking at all, Calvert had to bite the bullet and bring a shooting target into the range.

He walked about ten meters away before Trevor finally asked him to stop. ⓘ

From where he was standing, Calvert couldn't see Trevor very well, which increased his nervousness significantly.

If Trevor was as bad a shot as he thought, then there was little chance Trevor could hit the target from such a distance. Calvert's heart was racing.

The Colt Python was so powerful that if one of the bullets hit him, he would be severely maimed or possibly even killed.

'Mr... Mr. Sanderson must just want to teach me a lesson.

He's actually joking and isn't really going to shoot.'

Calvert kept praying in his heart that this was all a big prank on Mr. Sanderson's part. He was so scared he almost peed in his pants. ⓘ



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