

Chapter 661 A Tampered Air Gun

Henrik was ecstatic to see Trevor agree.

He gloated as he muttered under his breath, "It doesn't matter that I lost the fight that day. I'm sure to defeat you today!"

Excitedly, Henrik asked the students at the air gun stand to set up the balloon target. He then turned to Trevor and said, "Okay. The balloons will be placed at ten, twenty, and thirty meters. The farther the balloon, the more expensive the reward will be."

Henrik's stooges immediately started to flatter him. "Everyone knows your aim is unbeatable. We can easily compare you to a professional soldier. We're sure you'll win this."

Henrik puffed his chest and grew complacent when he heard this. He said, "It's nothing. My sister taught me well. She is

much better than me."

Henrik glanced at Trevor and said in a sarcastic tone, "But maybe even Trevor is a skilled shooter, and that's why he agreed to compete with me. Fifty thousand for a bullet, and no one dared to agree."

The crowd burst out laughing.

After the targets were set up, seven or eight jars of paint were also kept near them.

Henrik said, "Don't forget the loser needs to paint his entire body and streak down the campus."

He stepped forward and winked at the person in charge of the air gun stand.

That person smiled knowingly. He took out two air guns from under the table and handed them to the competitors.

Trevor narrowed his eyes. After his special training with Bradly, he was more alert to tricks.

And that was why he noticed the eye contact between the two people.

It seemed that the booth guy was hand in glove with Henrik.

"Here."

Henrik gave one of the air guns to Trevor, and quickly hurried over to the shooting line.

He took a deep breath.

He aimed at the nearest ten-meter balloon and pressed the trigger.

The bullet flew out of the muzzle and burst the balloon.

"Great!"

"Wow! That was awesome!"

"You're indeed a great marksman!"

Everyone around Henrik cheered and applauded.

He glanced at Trevor and smirked before adjusting his cap smugly.

Trevor raised his gun and shot at the twenty-meter balloon.

However, the bullet missed the target.

Trevor raised his eyebrows knowingly. He realized the gun had been tampered with.

He was quick to understand what went wrong.

There was a slight change in trajectory. However, it could still be within the range that could be corrected.

Henrik's stooges were quick to make fun of Trevor.

Trevor only smiled and didn't bother.

Henrik grew all the more complacent. He was confident that he would definitely beat Trevor this time.

They both took their turns to shoot as onlookers watched.

Henrik shot four times and hit two targets. Both were ten meters away.

Trevor shot three times and missed all the targets. He tried all three distances.

"Trevor, you missed all your targets. Are you upset that you spent so much money? You know what? Just throw in the towel already," Henrik said with a mocking smile as he turned his cap backward.

He was sure that he was winning. Because even though he hit only two targets, it was better than Trevor.

Trevor smiled and didn't bother to reply. He continued to calmly look at Henrik.

After three trials, he figured out the trajectory of the air gun.

Then, it was his turn.

Now, Trevor was confident that he would not miss a target again.