

## Chapter 442 Competition Of Shooting Skills!

In the next few days, the Burke family members left Jork, according to Ronald's arrangement.

Right now, it was the only way to avoid the killers' pursuit.

Therefore, Luisa and Trevor were the ones who were left at the Season Hotel.

After some investigation, they found out that those killers were indeed from Dark Thorns.

Ronald was planning to clean up all the killers sent by the other party to Jork. It would take him quite some time to figure out a meticulous plan.

For that reason, Trevor couldn't go and visit his grandfather, whom he hadn't seen for many years.

Nonetheless, he wasn't just sitting idly in the meantime. Every day, he would spend some time practicing shooting skills in the Spade 6 Gun Club.

It could be said that the intensity of the training was amazing.


Among everything, the great improvement in the marksmanship made Trevor happy. Now, he was really

fond of this activity.

Most of the time, Luisa trained with him. However, she didn't come that day.

Since Trevor arrived early, there weren't many people in the shooting range.

Therefore, their conversation was the only thing he could hear in the whole shooting range.

As the training went, Bradly became even more motivated in training Trevor. 

Under his guidance, Trevor's shooting skills improved drastically which made Bradly feel a sense of accomplishment as a coach.

Now, Trevor could even shoot the moving targets more than eight out of ten shots!

As time passed, the difficulty level of the training increased.

When Trevor arrived at the shooting range that day, he took out his gun and prepared to shoot some targets as a warm-up.

The targets started moving once he turned on the switch.

Before he could shoot, Bradly turned off the switch and asked, "Are you always going to shoot with both hands?"

Hearing this, Trevor was stunned. After all, Bradly had only taught him how to shoot with both hands.



Did this mean he had to shoot with only one hand? ⓘ

Seeing the confused look on Trevor's face, Bradley shook his head and said seriously, "I am going to increase the difficulty level today. This method is more suitable for the actual combat.

When there is emergency, we have to start from drawing the gun.

From now on, whenever you practice shooting, we have to start from this step."

With a frown on his face, Trevor listened to Bradley's words carefully.

Then, Bradley continued, "When we shoot from a close place, there is a high probability of hitting each other. At times like this, speed is the main key to survive and drawing out the gun is the first step of shooting."

With a nod, Trevor said, "Okay, I see." After saying that, he put the gun into the holster and pressed the button to make the targets move.

Immediately, he drew his gun and aimed at the target before shooting!

A loud voice sounded. Bang! Bang!

Bradley observed Trevor carefully and said, "Okay, keep shooting like that. Don't stop. Your life depends on your shooting speed. So, speed up!"

Under the guidance of Bradly, Trevor shot several shots.

The strict supervision from Bradly made Trevor speed up his shootings, which made it more difficult for him to aim at the targets.

Therefore, the accuracy rate fell drastically.

However, there was no trace of emotion on Bradly's face as he said calmly, "Well done. Even though your scores aren't high, your method is right. Just keep practicing like this."

On the other hand, Trevor wasn't satisfied with his own performance.

He was about to try again when he heard noises from the direction of the entrance of the shooting range.

Obviously, the people who came were men. They came in with their female companions and many bodyguards.

Hearing the noises, Trevor took a glance at the people.

When he didn't see familiar faces like Gavin and the others, he decided not to pay attention to them.

After that, he focused his attention back on practicing his shooting skills and tried to start the process from drawing the gun to shooting several times.

Not long after, these people came to his back and watched his actions. They even talked about him loudly as if he wasn't there.

At that time, one of the girls said, "Wow, he looks so handsome when he draws his gun."

However, her praise seemed to become a trigger for the boys.

A boy with red hair snorted in jealousy and looked at Trevor up and down unhappily.

While looking around, something caught his eyes. It was none other than the score list of the shots. After looking at it carefully, he exaggerated in a grating voice, "At first, I also thought that he was awesome, but take a look at the score. He only hit three of the ten targets. I can't believe he dares to show off here!"

In fact, the red-haired boy had some prestige among the group because several boys started laughing at Trevor, following his lead.

"Hey, I don't think he can even hit a fixed target, let alone moving ones. This is really ridiculous!"

"I know right. I mean everyone can strike a pose like that!"

When Trevor heard their words, he frowned and turned to look at them.

Then, he said in a cold voice, "I've rented this whole shooting spot. So, I can practice as I like. You guys should stay away from here!"

He felt strange that a group of people were jealous of him

suddenly.

It seemed that the boy with red hair wanted to show off his strength in front of the girls.

After that, he continued to provoke Trevor.

"I, Calvert Jensen, really hate those kind of fake people! If you are so confident, why don't you come and compete with me in marksmanship?"



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