

Chapter 662 Henrik's Scheme

Trevor aimed his air gun at the target once again. As Henrik watched Trevor, a sneer appeared on his face.

"A bullet costs fifty thousand dollars, Trevor. I hope you don't have shaky hands. Admit defeat now so you won't make a fool of yourself later."

He was in a good mood. The sneer on his face turned into a sarcastic grin.

Trevor might be good at fighting, but target shooting was every rich man's hobby. Henrik was confident he would win this game.

Apart from that, the air gun in Trevor's hand was tampered with. Once he lost, he would not only lose a lot of money but also make a fool of himself in front of everyone.

Henrik could already imagine the humiliation on Trevor's face. If Trevor lost, he would have

Trevor aimed his air gun at the target once again. As Henrik watched Trevor, a sneer appeared on his face.

"A bullet costs fifty thousand dollars, Trevor. I hope you don't have shaky hands. Admit defeat now so you won't make a fool of yourself later."

He was in a good mood. The sneer on his face turned into a sarcastic grin.

Trevor might be good at fighting, but target shooting was every rich man's hobby. Henrik was confident he would win this game.

Apart from that, the air gun in Trevor's hand was tampered with. Once he lost, he would not only lose a lot of money but also make a fool of himself in front of everyone.

Henrik could already imagine the humiliation on Trevor's face. If Trevor lost, he would have to run naked on campus while covered in paint.

The hideous image of the scene made him burst into laughter.

Just then, his laughter got drowned out by

Just then, his laughter got drowned out by the loud sound of the air gun being fired.

It was followed by popping of the balloon attached to the target from thirty meters away.

"What did you say, Henrik? Come again?" Trevor put down his air gun and smirked, turning to Henrik.

Even with a tampered air gun, he was able to hit the balloon.

Henrik was dumbfounded, and he cursed, "Damn it!"

According to the agreement, the farther the target, the higher the corresponding jewelry prize.

For the thirty-meter target, the prize was worth more than five hundred thousand.

That single prize already compensated the money Trevor had lost earlier for missing the target thrice, and he would still be left with a lot more.

Henrik managed to hide his disbelief and pretended to be unaffected. "Oh, don't be

cocky already. You just got lucky."

"You think so?"

Trevor didn't say anything more and raised the air gun into shooting position.

Bang! Another balloon from the thirty-meter target popped loudly.

Bang! The one from the twenty-meter target popped next.

Bang! Then, the ten-meter target last.

The audience were very much pleased by the flawless shots Trevor did.

Sure, scoring a hit once could be attributed to luck.

But continuous and accurate hits like what Trevor did were nothing but pure skill and talent.

Henrik opened his mouth wide, surprised and at a loss for words. He pointed at Trevor, wanting to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth.

Trevor continued to hit the targets, which had equivalent jewelry prize each. The more

he hit, the more prizes he acquired.

Henrik was so angry that he almost wanted to shout, "This is robbery!"

But the competition was still ongoing.

Trevor smiled and gestured his hand to the front, indicating it was Henrik's turn to shoot.

Henrik stepped forward and raised his air gun into shooting position. However, his hands began to tremble as he aimed.

He was not good at target shooting to begin with. He started to panic and missed all the targets.

Even the nearest target was unscathed.

"Well, that was fast." Trevor smiled. "So, it's my turn again?"

Henrik glared at the silly smile on Trevor's lips, which was like that of a devil.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With each loud and flawless shot Trevor made, Henrik felt his heart stop beating for a second, literally and figuratively.

The person in charge of the air gun booth,

however, had a cold look on his face.

He was the butler of the Wright family, but he was also in charge of the jewelry exhibition booth nearby.

He wasn't pleased by what was happening, and he had nothing but resentment in his heart at that moment.

When Henrik asked him to work with him on this plan, he assured him that nothing would go wrong.

But seeing how easily Trevor won the prizes, the butler couldn't help suspecting Henrik's intention.

Why did he choose to compete with someone who had excellent precision and skill at this game? Was he trying to lose on purpose?

If Trevor made a few more hits, he would bag all the displayed jewelry in the booth.

On the other hand, Henrik was getting so anxious that he couldn't stand it anymore. He grabbed his peaked cap and shouted, "Stop, stop! I think there's something wrong with your gun. We need to change it."

Henrik then winked at the butler, giving him the signal.

The butler had no choice but to take out another air gun and give it to Trevor.

Trevor took it and smiled faintly before turning to Henrik.

Just by the looks of it, Trevor could tell the trajectory of the gun was more broken in this gun than the last one.

At that moment, the disciplinary team of the student union was inspecting the campus celebration with Cecelia.

Cecelia was told many people had gathered at the venue, so she came to check the situation.

As soon as she got close, she found that the crowd was watching Henrik and Trevor.

Cecelia frowned.

She walked toward the two and snapped, "What are you doing here?"