

Chapter 934 Pearce Martial Arts School

When Shark felt the blood oozing out from his wound, he was terrified. He was afraid that in the next second, Trevor would cut his throat with the knife.

As Trevor pressed the cold and sharp blade harder against his skin, he couldn't help trembling all over. He was so scared that his throat was dry and hoarse. But he didn't even dare to swallow his saliva.

He raised his hands in surrender and said in a trembling voice, "The ID card has no problem. I assure you, everything will be fine. No one can tell it's fake. As long as no one checks it specifically, there will be no problem."

Trevor didn't say a word anymore. He just let go of Shark and stabbed the knife into the wooden door frame. Then he turned around and left with the paper bag without looking back.

Shark's legs were so soft from fear that he collapsed to the floor. He didn't dare to say even a single word. All he could do was watch Trevor's receding figure.

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After walking out of the black market, Trevor didn't go to his next destination directly. He circled the area several times to ensure no one was following him. He only relaxed his vigilance a little when he didn't notice anything unusual around him.

Now that he had changed his appearance and got his fake ID

card for his new identity, he had to think carefully about his current situation.

His enemies were his own blood. Instead of getting support from them, they even accused him and issued a warrant of arrest for him. But unfortunately, he was too weak to fight against them at the moment.

Those people were powerful and influential in their respective industries.

Obviously, his strength was no match for them. He could not defeat them for the time being.

Besides, there were also those ruthless and mysterious men in black he had to face.

Every time Trevor recalled the horrifying strength of those men in black, his face darkened.

Bradly had excellent fighting skills. But still, he was no match for them. Trevor found it too inconceivable. Those men in black seemed to be battle robots.

Now, his top priority was to improve his combat skills if he wanted to deal with those men.

At the thought of this, Trevor suddenly remembered the three letters of recommendation that Elwood had given him. They could be of use to him.

He fumbled in his jacket pocket for a while. Fortunately, the three envelopes were still there. Although they were soaked

in seawater, he didn't lose them.

When Elwood handed these letters to him, he seriously reminded him to keep them well. That was why Trevor had put them in his pocket.

Since the envelopes were soaked in seawater, they became soft. But they were not fragile. It seemed that the envelopes were not ordinary.

When Trevor opened the envelopes, he found three metal cards.

Out of curiosity, Trevor read cards carefully. They contained the addresses of the three mysterious masters.

Upon checking them, he didn't find any signs of damage on the metal cards, so he put them back into the envelopes.

"I can only take the gamble."

Trevor could no longer rely on the Sanderson family. He even needed to hide from them. He considered this move a gamble because he was unsure if the people introduced in the letters were enemies or friends.

If these people Elwood recommended to him happened to be enemies, his life would be in danger.

But what else could he do? He had no other choice but to take a risk.

"I just hope everything goes well," Trevor murmured and walked towards the train station.

He successfully bought a train ticket with his fake ID card. He travelled for more than ten hours before he arrived at his destination.

According to the letter, the address of one of the masters was Pearce Martial Arts School. Trevor thought it must be a place to improve combat effectiveness.

This was what he needed the most, so he chose it first.

Trevor was now in Mayfield.

It was a small city, so it meant the population was not that big.

The influence of big international families like the Sanderson family was not strong in small cities. Perhaps the warrant of arrest of the Sanderson family had not yet reached here.

In Mayfield, Trevor was a total stranger.

Pearce Martial Arts School covered a large area, and its architectural style was totally different from the city.

The place was named after its owner.

It was not a reinforced concrete structure but a rare wooden building. It looked more like an ancient temple than a martial arts school.

"Fuck off! How dare you come here to challenge me with your poor fighting skills! You are overestimating yourselves!"

That was what Trevor heard when he arrived at the place.

Then he saw two burly men stride out of the place with anger and embarrassment.

Following them was a young man in a white training uniform. He walked out of the gym with his head held high. Behind him were several disciples in gray training uniforms, applauding and praising, "Mr. Jimenez, you are amazing! Those two men were powerless in front of you."

A beautiful woman in red stood behind Delgado with her arms crossed over her chest and didn't say anything.

Amidst the praises and compliments, Delgado Jimenez shrugged his shoulders and boasted, "They are losers. Well, all you need is constant practice. Be consistent in your training, and I assure you that you can be half as powerful as me five years from now."

As he spoke, he quietly glanced at the beautiful woman in red. Apparently, he was showing off in front of her.

"Mr. Jimenez, there is another person at the door," a disciple reminded Delgado.

It was only then that Delgado noticed Trevor. He looked at Trevor up and down as if scrutinizing him. He was not satisfied with the performance of those two burly men just now, so he wanted another opponent. He raised his eyebrows and asked Trevor, "Brat, are you here to challenge me too?"

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