

Chapter 946 Secret Warehouse

After getting rid of Delgado, Trevor returned to the Pearce Martial Arts School to rest in preparation for tomorrow's training.

Later that evening

"It's time to get up!"

An old and hoarse voice came out of nowhere, startling Trevor, who had been sound asleep.

"Jeez!" He reflexively tensed up and threw a punch at the figure hovering over him.

However, the stranger seemed quite agile because he dodged Trevor's attack by taking half a step back.

"Master? You scared me half to death."

Only then did Trevor realize that the person standing by his bed was none other than Pearce.

When Trevor looked out the window, he saw that it was still dark. The cold air made him hesitate and he asked, "Do I have to get up now?"

Pearce tossed something at him in the dark as he replied,

Pearce tossed something at him in the dark as he replied, "We're going to the training ground."

Trevor was confused but he managed to catch what turned out to be car keys.

With Pearce leading the way, Trevor started the old Toyota that was parked by the gate of the martial arts school and drove them towards the countryside.

When they reached a strange village, Pearce said, "Keep going."

After driving through a deep forest, they arrived at a farm hidden in the valley and Pearce asked Trevor to stop the car.

The air smelled like dead grass and the temperature was lower here compared to the downtown area in Mayfield. It was cold enough that their breaths turned into fog.

Trevor looked around the dilapidated farm in confusion.

Had Pearce taken him here to do farm work?

"Don't just stand there. Get over here." The thin old man pushed open the heavy iron door of farm's warehouse with only one hand.

Trevor quickly made his way to the warehouse. When all the lights came on, he was stunned by what he saw.

Pearce dusted his hands and said casually, "Here's a little challenge for you. Run to the other end of this warehouse and back three times."

Trevor looked at the various mechanisms in the warehouse with a dumbfounded expression.

The warehouse looked normal on the outside, but on the inside, it was filled with traps and obstacles. Even though the traps had not been triggered yet, Trevor could tell that they were going to give him a hard time.

It seemed very likely that setting off one trap would trigger a series.

Pearce remarked, "See the rubber protective covers? The protective covers will be there only when you try passing the test for the first time. But if you fail, I'll be taking them down. That means if you're going to try for the second time, there will be no protective covers."

After mentioning this, he sneered, "It's not too late to back out now, Trevor. You'll suffer less this way. Without protective covers, those traps are quite deadly, you know?"

"Even if it's risky, I won't give up." Trevor's eyes were full of cool determination.

He shrugged off his coat and warmed up.

Because the memory of nearly getting killed by the men in black was still vivid in his mind, he had no plans of wimping out before he could get his revenge.

Trevor stepped on a plank of wood placed horizontally in the center of the warehouse and began his training.

However, he eventually realized that he couldn't avoid all of the traps.

Every time he moved to avoid a trap, he ended up triggering a new one.

Hanging from the ceiling were thick blocks of wood. A couple of them from both sides suddenly swung towards Trevor at the same time, nearly hitting him in the head and ankles.

Trevor saw the attack coming so he dodged it.

But in doing so, he didn't notice a slab of wood that popped out of nowhere and into his left side.

Trevor paled in shock, but he flexed his arm muscles and withstood the attack as much as he could.

Even though there were protective covers, it still hurt to get hit by the slab of wood.

He couldn't imagine how much worse it would be if the traps and obstacles didn't have that protective layer of rubber.


Even so, Trevor tried to keep moving forward.

All sorts of traps got triggered and attacked him from different angles. Before he could even run ten meters, he got hit by a wooden post that sent him sprawling to the floor.

Pearce stood expressionlessly with his hands behind his back and commented, "You have a good physique, but your slow reaction time and lack of awareness are disappointing. And you're not flexible enough. If the traps didn't have protective

covers on them, you would have died several times."



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