

## Chapter 443 A Bet

There were always rich, arrogant men who tried to get on Trevor's nerves. He thought that they were pretty annoying and reckless.

He sneered and touched the brim of his cap.

He had thought that no one from Jork's upper class would try to mess with him after what happened at the party hosted by his father last time.

Nothing, however, seemed to have changed.

Perhaps he was just good at disguising his identity.

Because of those assassins, Trevor tried to keep a low profile whenever he went out.

He usually wore a cap and mask to hide his face.

It was expected that other people wouldn't recognize him.

But somehow, he always seemed to get into trouble.

He wondered if he was just so unlucky that he always came across annoying rich people.

"Hey, are you embarrassed because of your poor skill?"

Calvert asked in a provoking voice.

The red-haired man complacently flipped his bangs to one side.

The several men and women around heaped praises on

him.

"Calvert is a great shooter. He never fails to hit the target!"

"Haha! You're nothing but a rookie. I think you should give up this hobby so you won't make a fool of yourself."

Calvert was a bit embarrassed by the compliments of his group of friends around him.

Since he was so thick-skinned, he didn't bat an eye.

But Calvert knew his level of skill. He usually just went target shooting to impress girls. His usual trick was to shoot at fixed targets to impress girls who weren't very familiar with shooting. ①

As for Trevor, he had poor skill, and he only hit the target three times out of ten.

Calvert acted confidently, and he whistled triumphantly as he kept on mocking Trevor.

He was confident that he would easily beat a rookie with no skill.

Looking at him, Trevor frowned.

Since Calvert was so arrogant, he believed it was his job to teach him a lesson.

He felt that he was more and more skillful in dealing with this kind of situation.

Trevor didn't hesitate anymore. He replied in a provoking voice, "Are you sure? A nobody like you wants to

compete with me? We won't even bother wasting our time with you without a bet." ②

Trevor patted Bradly on the shoulder, indicating that Bradly was on his side.

The corner of Trevor's mouth raised slightly as he thought about what was happening.

He was just a beginner with a few days of training. By the looks of it, Calvert's eagerness to compete with him might mean that he wouldn't be able to defeat Calvert.

However, as long as Bradly was on his side, he would never lose!

Calvert had a bad temper, and Trevor's arrogant words infuriated him.

He felt like he was being looked down upon.

Bang!

Suddenly, he took off the holster from his waist and slammed it on the table, shouting, "This is my bet! It's a customized version of the Colt Python. Are you two sure you're still up for this?"

"Why not?"

Seeing that Calvert agreed, Trevor chuckled and looked at the large-caliber revolver curiously.


Through the exposed part of the barrel, he could see that the special sea-blue metal shell was very well polished.

It shone brilliantly under the light.

Bradly asked Trevor for permission, regardless of Calvert's words.

He pulled out the Colt Python from its sheath and said, "This is a nice gun, I'll tell you that. It might be worth around 3, 000 dollars."

Hearing the praise for his gun, Calvert was quite pleased, and he smiled proudly.

It seemed that he doubted if Trevor could afford the money for the bet. 

Trevor didn't want to waste any more time talking. He asked Bradly to take out 3, 000 dollars in cash and put the money on the table.

Now that the bets were settled, the game was on. 

