

Chapter 664 Admit Defeat

Although it looked easy to shoot a target thirty meters away with an air gun, it wasn't. Without proper training, no one could hit a target even if it was ten meters away.

Henrik proved to be a fair example of that.

But Cecelia was better than her brother.

Trevor and Cecelia chose the air guns they were comfortable with and began the competition.

The onlookers held their breath because they were afraid to disturb the two competitors.

Suddenly, the balloon thirty meters away exploded.

Cecelia was astonished.

She realized that Trevor had not only shot accurately, but he aimed quickly as well.

Even if a light breeze made the balloon sway, Trevor aimed and shot the balloon accurately.

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Now Cecelia was nervous, and a light layer of sweat appeared on her forehead.

She aimed and fired her gun.

However, the balloon thirty meters away didn't explode. It continued to sway in the breeze as if it was mocking her.

There was a sound of regret that went through the crowd. "Oh no, she missed!"

Cecelia bit her lip as she sighed and said frankly, "I lost."

She had not expected Trevor to be a better shooter than her. However, the truth was

ruthless.

Henrik's face turned pale in shock. "Cecelia?!"

"Enough! I lost, and that's the fact!" Cecelia said vehemently.

Trevor smiled and put down his gun. He said lightly, "In that case, according to the bet, all the jewelry now belongs to me."

Henrik trembled in anger.

Cecelia also huffed in frustration.

The Wright family's butler was frustrated and quietly sat in a chair.

He muttered to himself, "This is all so messed up, and I can't do anything about it."

Trevor was in a good mood because he won. He smiled and said teasingly, "Don't worry. So as to save the Wright family's reputation, I can rent the jewelry to you."

It was such a shame!

He won the jewelry and would rent it back to its original owner.

Logically, the Wright family would have to thank Trevor.

Henrik glared at Trevor furiously.

He said, "That means we have to thank you, right?"

Trevor raised his eyebrows and smiled at Henrik as one would smile at an angry child.

"I had a really good time. However, we should keep our word. Henrik, come on, hurry up and start your streaking."

The blood drained from Henrik's face. He suddenly remembered that he had said that the loser would have to run naked with paint on his body.

Henrik looked at the huge paint jars. These were supposed to have been for Trevor. Instead, he was the one who had to be covered in it.

Cecelia was shocked, too. She asked, "What do you mean?"

She had been so confident and challenged Trevor without knowing any details of the bet.

She wondered if she had to streak since she lost.

Trevor turned to look at her and saw the fear written all over her face. He then looked at her from top to bottom.

It would be a little inappropriate to force Cecelia to execute the bet.

"No, forget it! Anyway, it wasn't you who proposed it." Trevor smiled mischievously at her.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

But what Trevor said made her feel that she took advantage of it and was given charity out of pity.

Now Cecelia was even more ashamed and angry. She looked at her brother in anger.

Had Henrik not provoked Trevor, she wouldn't have been in this position right now.

"Henrik, be a man! A man should stick to his words!"

Cecelia went ahead and angrily poured a can of white paint over Henrik's head.