

## Chapter 709 A Fighting Master

At Mervin's command, a man stepped out from among the bodyguards with a cold smile.

He untied his suit jacket and threw it aside.

He tore his white shirt with his bare hands, as if it were a simple piece of paper.

He now stood shirtless. He had an athletic build with strong shoulders and tanned skin.

"Mr. Moore, help me teach this brat a lesson. You can be sure that I will thank you graciously afterwards." Mervin pointed at Trevor as he spoke with a broad smile.

Mr. Moore smiled hideously.

He took off his shoes and tossed them aside. Then, he jumped twice.

In a gesture of intimidation, Mr. Moore tensed his muscles and hopped on the spot.

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He didn't seem in any rush to attack Trevor. He suddenly put his hands on the floor, and performed the spinning top like a street dancer.

"Oh, the capoeira!"

Trevor was confused by all the fancy movements this man was performing when

"Capoeira is an Afro-Brazilian art form that makes a ritual of movements from martial arts, games, and dance. Fighters who use it can defeat an opponent by surprise, with both strength and skills. But for a fighter to use the full power of capoeira, he must have incredible endurance, excellent physical condition and he must have practiced it for many years."

As soon as he finished speaking, Mr. Moore let out a strange cry and swung his leg to attack Trevor.

His face seemed to show a bit of fierce complacency now that Bradly recognized his moves.

In his eyes, now that Bradly and Trevor knew that he was good at fighting, they would resign themselves to their fate and would not fight back.

With a raised eyebrow, Trevor watched Mr. Moore rush towards them, then looked at the calm expression on Bradly's face.

Trevor smiled and nodded to Bradly.

Bradly immediately took Trevor's order and rushed forward. He sent out his right fist, striking like lightning.

Bang!

Mr. Moore was still spinning quickly.

The next moment, Mr. Moore staggered a few steps and fell heavily to the floor.

Bradly's punch was so stiff that his opponent fell into a coma.

Trevor smiled with satisfaction. He then looked at Mervin and sneered, "Well, is this the fighting master you hired?"

Seeing his trump card being dealt with so quickly, Mervin looked scared.

How could the fighting master he hired be beaten so easily? Mervin was so scared that his legs wobbled.

The presence of all these bodyguards didn't reassure him at all.

The expression on Landen's face also changed. There was no way he would let Trevor and the others go.

A trace of cruelty crossed his face. Then, in a quick move, he reached into his jacket to pull out a gun.

However, Bradley was vigilant and didn't give Landen a chance to shoot.

As soon as Landen pulled the gun out of his jacket, Landen grabbed the guard next to him and threw him fiercely in Landen's direction. The guard's body hit Landen and made him drop the gun.

At this time, Mervin came to his senses.

He knew he couldn't let Trevor go.

He gathered his courage, pulled an Arabia machete from the wall and slammed hard at Trevor.

Trevor was unfazed and just stood in front of Tasha to protect her. Mervin was too weak to pose a threat.

When Mervin struck the machete a second time, Trevor quickly grabbed his hand holding the machete.

In one smooth, quick motion, he twisted

Mervin's wrist, making him drop the machete. Mervin backed off and screamed in pain.

He thought he could deal with Trevor, but Trevor easily disarmed him.

"How dare you play with a machete before me?" Trevor snorted, pressing the machete against Mervin's neck.

Mervin was so scared that his whole body was shaking. He didn't dare to move.

"I hope you guys have excellent lawyers!"

As he spoke, Trevor kicked the back of Mervin's knee, forcing him to kneel down.

The confrontation didn't last five minutes and both Mervin and Landen were captured.

Now that the very powerful Mr. Moore was easily knocked unconscious by Bradly, the other bodyguards and servants dared not act rashly. The whole mansion was quickly under control.

Now that the storm had passed, Trevor heaved a light sigh.

He couldn't help but be shocked at how far

people would go for power. The Ruiz family was not as powerful or wealthy as the Sanderson family, but its members were still willing to kill for wealth and power.

This reminded him of Rudolph. Trevor shook his head helplessly.


The police soon arrived and took away everyone who was involved in the assassination plot. During interrogation, Landen wept bitterly and quickly confessed.

He had obtained the bronze wolf head statue from a black market merchant. That person probably had a whole host of deadly antiquities.

Landen and his son were taken to prison and the statue was sealed in police custody.

The next day, Carson seemed to be in better health. The fact that there was no longer this radioactive object which undermined his health certainly had a lot to do with it. He personally signed the cooperation contract with Tasha and cut his profit to express his gratitude to Tasha and Trevor.

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 +90 Points at most

"I want to thank you for your help," Carson said sincerely, holding the hands of Trevor and Tasha. The old man's eyes were filled with tears at this moment. "If it weren't for you, the Ruiz family would be destroyed by my own son and I would be killed soon."