

## **Born Winner 231**

Chapter 231 Prisoner?!

“Howl~”

“Howl~”

The coldness was piercing fiercely.

Jack bent his body and wrapped his hands around his chest. He was struggling forward.

The air breathed out from the mouth and nose immediately condensed into white mist.

The packet of rations and pot of water freed him from hunger and provided him the energy to struggle for survival.

The ice below him was slippery and he might have fallen to the ground if he did not pay attention.

Everything that he could see was only a piece of white scenery.

Even the reflection of sunlight made the whitish ice layers dazzling.

He could not feel any warmth but only endless coldness on his entire body.

Currently, Haya was extremely hot and Jack was wearing a shirt with short sleeves and shorts only when he was caught. But in this icy world now, he had no difference with people who wore nothing.

“Survive... I must survive...”

He muttered with his lips that had turned blue to show his determination.

“Amber... mom... Brent...”

He read aloud the name of his loved ones repeatedly because it seemed like it was the only way to

bring Jack the desire of survival.

The piercing wind was like knives.

It was devastating in this white icy world.

Jack walked slowly and struggled to move forward.

Looking down from a height, he looked like an abandoned ant that was struggling for survival. He was

only as small as a tiny black dot in this white icy ground.

Jack had no idea where to go.

However, he confirmed that Madam Hughes and the Quinn family did not have the intention to kill him.

But they treated him as trash and abandoned him at this frozen land. The punishment that he might

face afterwards could be more terrifying than death.

If they just wanted to kill him, he had already become a corpse.

But, for survival.

Jack simply did not care about what was Madam Hughes and the Quinn family's next plan.

What he terrified the most was that he had frozen and died on this icy land before reaching their plan.

If he survived, there were chances for him to make a reverse.

But if he died, it would be the end.

He did not care about how pitiful he was living, because since young, he had been relying on his

mother for life. But, had he ever been pitiful?

Yes!

He was like stray dogs at the roadside, walking step by step from darkness to light.

And now, he just went back to the darkness.

His persistence made him let go of everything and even survived in any ways.

Amber was waiting for him to go back for the wedding.

Because of the three years waiting, he should not disappoint her.

His mom was still waiting for him to go back and to accompany her till old.

Because of twenty over years of nurture, he should accompany her.

...

Boom...

The ground was trembling.

There was a thunderous roar in the distance.

Jack stopped abruptly and stood rooted to the ground and he narrowed his eyes to look far away while ignoring the dazzling reflection of icy ground.

The overwhelming ice and snow rushed towards him.

The sky which was originally clear was dyed into plain white colour.

As if it was the beast escaping from a cage.

“Avalanche?!”

Jack’s heart twitched fiercely. Damn, how could there be an avalanche in such place?

How could the avalanche happen at this frozen ground without the accumulation of snow and this endless icy land?

Looking at the rushing of snow waves in the distance, Jack seemed to be pressed into the abyss of

despair by an invisible hand.

Escaped?

Of course, he needed to escape!

But where could he escape?

Jack did not think much but turned around and ran towards the direction that he came from.

He was like a directionless fly but he did not plan to stop.

He would never wait for death to come.

Boom...

The ground was trembling stronger and stronger.

The overwhelming ice fragments were rolling towards him.

“I must not die! I must escape! If I get buried at such damn place, then everything is over!”

Jack looked fierce and his eyes were full of red blood capillaries.

But, the ground in front of him was already covered with black shadows.

It was like big mouth in dark that was going to swallow him.

He knew that the overwhelming ice fragments had reached the sky above him.

Damn!

Jack smiled bitterly and he was in despair at this moment.

Bump!

Suddenly, there was a gunshot among the rumbling sound.

It was even more deafening than the rumbling sound of the ice fragments.

“Gunshots? Was there someone behind?”

Jack’s pupil enlarged because it was unbelievable.

“The person in front, stop!”

There was a roaring sound through a loudspeaker suddenly.

Someone was there!

Jack was relieved and ecstatic.

He turned around immediately and faced the overwhelming ice fragments.

There was someone in the ice and he did not care about the person’s motive. Perhaps... This was the

arrangement planned by Madam Hughes and the Quinn family.

Even if it was a devil and let him crawl under the feet of the devil.

He would accept it.

It is because... he could live!

Boom...

A deafening roar.

Gradually, a few huge shadows appeared in the snow-white ice.

When the shadows rushed out, Jack could only see clearly that they were a few specially modified snowmobiles.

Or it was more appropriate to call them snow fortresses.

Each of them was nearly two storey high and the dark steel plate all over the vehicle was like a battle armor. The engines with high horsepower drove the track forward, rolling up ice debris in the sky.

It gave people an extremely powerful and almost oppressive visual impact.

There were three snow fortresses there!

They came in a line, producing a visual impact which was similar to an avalanche.

With the rumbling sound.

Three snow fortresses reduced their speed slowly and when they came to a halt, they surrounded Jack who was in the middle.

The overwhelming ice debris and cold wind raged past Jack, causing Jack to fall directly to the ground with his stiff body.

“Damn, how long has it been? How long has it been since the last people came to this damn place?”

“It is a forgotten land. Finally, there is a new prisoner on this icy land forgotten by the world.”

“Hahaha... I never dreamed that I would meet a new prisoner during the patrol tonight. That group of people did not even notice us before leaving the new prisoner here and it is such a big surprise for us.”

...

There were a few cheerful sounds coming from the snow fortresses in the ice.

Jack was paralyzed on the ground, his body was too stiff and unable to move but his mind was still working.

He quickly sorted out some of the key information from those cheerful sounds.

Prisoner!



A place forgotten by the world!

Tonight!

He was astonished when he knew that he was abandoned at a forgotten land. Was him a prisoner?

He looked at the sky. There was no bright sun but it was also cloudless.

Was this... night?

Soon.

Jack saw the people who made those cheerful sounds.

The men were sturdy and each of them was at least 1.8 meters tall. They walked slowly out of the icy wind.

They were tightly wrapped in thick mattresses made of animal skin like an Eskimo, which made their figures even more burly.

And everyone was fully equipped with weapons.

But, they were from different races. Some of them had blond hair and blue eyes, dark skin and black eyes and some were the same as Jack.

One of the bearded middle-aged men directly shook the charge in his hand.

He laughed.

“Dude, since you are a new prisoner, follow us then. If not, I will give you a shot and drag you away.”

Chapter 232 Black Hell

Jack did not resist. In reality, he didn't have the right to resist in his current state. Of course he also didn't think of resisting. When a stray dog was on the verge of death, he will not be picky about who took him in.

The only hope was... to survive.

By his ear was the roar of the engine of a heavy-duty military vehicle. Outside the window was snow-covered grounds. It was warm and comfortable inside the vehicle. The heat radiated from the heater and began to warm Jack's body.

There was melodious music. Over ten burly men were raising their wine mugs, laughing and dancing.

The air was filled with pungent alcohol. Alcohol could drive away the cold in such places.

But Jack was kept in a corner. He didn't move and didn't look around because he remembered what these people said. That he was a prisoner! And as a prisoner... he should behave like one. Only then

could he ensure that he had the maximum chance of surviving.

“Guy, you are really very strange.” A bearded man with an assault rifle walked towards Jack. He looked down on him and was curious about Jack.

“Strange?” Jack raised his eyebrows.

The bearded man handed his wine mug to Jack. Jack did not reject and took a mouthful. The wine was strong and he immediately choked and his face flushed red. His body also warmed up significantly.

“Guy, this is 96 proof nectar of the Gods. Aren’t you afraid of burning your stomach with a mouthful?”

The bearded man sat beside Jack and smiled, “Seeing that we are the same race, let’s get to know each other. I’m Demeter, leader of this patrol unit. They are my men.”

“I’m Jack.” Jack placed down the mug, shook Demeter’s hand and asked weakly, “Why do you say that I’m strange?”

Demeter laughed heartily, “In the past, whenever we captured a prisoner, they will struggle and scream and think that they had all the might in the world to fight us. Unless we tame them like a dog, they will not be quiet. You are the first one that did not cause any problems.”

Dog? Jack raised his eyebrows and laughed bitterly. This... perhaps it was being aware of the

situation.

“Hey! Leader, what are you talking to the prisoner about?” A laughing and dancing Caucasian man yelled at Demeter.

Demeter raised his middle finger and pointed at him to signal him not to ask further. That scene caused Jack to be speechless.

“Jack, did you see that? As long as you’re strong enough, you can communicate with those who don’t speak your language.”

Demeter looked weirdly at Jack, “Guy, I like your character but let me remind you that there are no rules here. The only rule is you must be strong enough!”

“On this vehicle I’m the leader and I can still chat with you. Once we reach the destination, only you can help yourself.”

“Where is this place?” Jack asked.

“Black hell!” Demeter poured a mug of the nectar of the Gods for himself, “A place that is abandoned by the world. A place for those who threatened social order or extreme criminals.”

Which category did Jack fall under? Jack was depressed and felt agonized.

The so-called social order disturbance and extreme criminals must also be determined by real strength.

“If you want to survive longer in the black hell, if you want to live comfortably, you must be more ruthless and stronger than the rest. Otherwise you will have to learn to endure those things that others are unable to tolerate.”

Demeter’s gaze looked strange, “Those who were locked up at the black hell are those who will never be released. Over time, their interests change. To them a new person is a strong attraction.”

Jack’s eyes twitched. He understood Demeter’s hint. He was unable to accept such form of treatment!

Demeter gently patted on Jack’s shoulder and got up to dance with his men.

Jack suddenly asked, “Demeter, is there no way to get out after being locked inside?”

“No way.” Demeter simply answered.

Jack wasn’t ready to give up and asked, “No one successfully escaped?”

A simple question but Demeter paused and shivered.

After a couple of seconds, he lowered his voice and said solemnly, “There was one who managed to ten years ago and he was the only one that I know about since I was posted here.”

Demeter laughed, "Of course, if you can escape from the black hell, then they will not continue to pursue you. But guy, I advise you to just remain inside the black hell. You are looking for death if you try to escape!"

Jack grinned as he looked at Demeter's back. His dark eyes started to rage with the desire to fight. To spend his days idly like a dog was so that he could leave the place alive.

Even if there was a minuscule chance of escaping, even if the chance was one in a billion, he would also try.

In death, seek life. He was willing to bet his life in order to live.

Rumble...

The engine roared while the snow fell. It was worlds apart from the cold winter day outside. Music filled the vehicle. What Demeter told Jack was very useful but the information was too little.

For instance, who built the black hell? Where was this place? And so on...

But when Jack looked outside, what was supposed to be daytime was actually dark. This place was covered in snow and should be close to either the north or south pole. Only such locations could you

experience Polar day and night.

Vroom!

The vehicle drove for half an hour and slowed down. It stopped after a roar.

“Jack, we’ve arrived!” Demeter walked to Jack and supported him up. He smiled and reminded him,

“You can only depend on yourself once you enter here. Seek your own fortunes, I wish you well.”

“Thanks.” Jack gratefully thanked Demeter.

At least Demeter’s attitude was good to him and from their chat, he now was mentally prepared for what was going to happen. When the door opened, the bone chilling cold wind blew in. It was so cold that Jack couldn’t help but shivered and goosebumps covered his body.

When Jack overcame the initial shock of the bitter cold, he was totally bewildered. At that instance, he forgot the cold around him. A city stood amidst the ice and snow. The city was dark and the city wall was tens of meters high. It was grand and impregnable giving a person an immense sense of oppression. It looked like an enormous head of a black beast sticking out of the ice.

Just as Demeter said, the city was like an abandoned project forsaken by men.

“This... this is the black hell?” Jack was dumbstruck and could only mumble those words.

Smack!

A large hand pushed him from behind. Jack stumbled forward a couple of steps and almost fell onto the ice.

“Dragon, why did you do that?” At that moment, Jack heard Demeter call out. Clearly the person who pushed him was upset.

“Calm down leader, this is only a prisoner.”

He joked, “I’m already very courteous to him. Once he is inside, no one will be so friendly to him.

Perhaps he will very quickly become a dead man.”

Chapter 233 Submit Or Die?

Under the escort of the patrol team, Jack staggered towards the black hell.

The warmth from Demeter’s nectar of Gods had all but faded. His hands and legs were getting stiff from the cold. His eyes were fixated on the approaching black hell and his spirit was ready for the fight ahead.

“Survive... since someone managed to escape ten years ago, why can’t I do it ten years later?”

“Mom, Amber, Brent, Mr. Ward, wait for me, I’m coming home!”



“Madam Hughes, Quinns, your schemes will come to naught. I will stand in front of you once again.”

...

Alarm bells kept ringing in his head. As he approached the black hell, it was as if Jack was being swallowed by the shadows of the city. It looked like the clear skies turned gloomy with ominous clouds above him.

Clunk...

The huge gate doors slowly raised mechanically. The gates were close to a meter thick! The high walls and the thick door were clearly not to block the wind. It was to prevent the people within the black hell from escaping.

“Demeter, it’s so unexpected that you have a catch! Whose prisoner is this?” Someone joked.

Jack saw a 1.7m beautiful blond wearing animal skin robe walking slowly out of the black hell. She smiled radiantly and very charming.

“Alice, I’m sorry, I don’t know who sent him. But at this forsaken place, apart from us are only the prisoners.”

Demeter went over to hug her and grinned. The blond Alice dodged Demeter and walked to Jack as if

she had seen a rare treasure and was full of curiosity.

Jack stood in place and looked uneasily at Alice.

After a while.

Alice used her slim finger and pointed on Jack's chest and gently glide it downwards. She remarked with praise, "Oh my god! Is he a gift to me? He is so delicate and yummy. I've not seen such a man for a long time!"

Jack was speechless and unconsciously took a step back.

Alice was stunned and turned to look at Demeter, "Demeter, can you send him to my room and let me spend a night with him before he goes into the prison?"

"Obviously not!" Demeter shook his head and teased, "I, on the other hand, can!"

"You're too old." Alice rolled her eyes and waved her hand in disappointment, "Okay then, send him to the black hell."

Under the patrol team's escort, Jack walked slowly towards the black hell.

As they passed Alice, she shook her head and sighed, "Sigh... such tender meat, will soon be ravaged."

What a waste.”

Jack frowned deeply and was furious.

Alice turned and said, “Take care of yourself, I hope to spend a beautiful night with you one day.”

He was furious for several seconds before composing himself and continued on his path. A forsaken place, a forsaken black hell. He couldn’t hope for the rules here to protect him. The words “man-eat-man” should be enough to describe this place!

They walked through a path that led to the prison. Under the escort of Demeter and the patrol team, they walked into a dark alley.

They continued along the path. Only foot steps could be heard along the alley. It was extremely terrifying. Even Demeter who had joked with Jack in the vehicle was serious and silent. It was as if every one who entered the black hell became terrified.

There was some light in front.

“Guy, we’re almost there. Remember, survival of the fittest. You will die quickly if you are weak.”

Demeter finally spoke but his tone was serious.

Jack suddenly laughed and looked at Demeter with determination, “I will walk out of here.”

Demeter's bearded face was clearly startled, shrugged his shoulders and smiled, "Although I know that it's impossible, I believe in you."

Once they walked into the lighted area, Jack unconsciously narrowed his eyes. Before he could adjust to the light, shouts were heard from all around.

"He's here! There's a newbie! Oh my god, how many years had it been already!"

"Nashatov, you must not fight with me for this fresh lamb. He is mine!"

"Fuck off! How many battlefields have I crossed? I can give you his head but his body is mine!"

...

Slowly Jack's sight recovered and he frowned deeply. There were rows of prison cells and each cell was large with several prisoners in each cell. There was many prisoners in that prison sector.

He was standing in the middle of the prison cells which looked like an activity area. On top was tampered glass covering the sky above. But to his surprise, amidst the yells, although the accent was rather strange, he was able to understand what they said.

"Specially arranged for you, I hope that this would be your blessing." Demeter could see Jack's doubts,

smiled and said, "Ten years ago, that guy managed to escape from this sector. I forgot to tell you that he, you and I are the same type of people. Because he was strong, that's why the people in this sector learnt our language."

Jack smiled, "Thanks."

At Demeter's orders, Jack was led by two of his men towards a cell.

"God, Demeter, why are you sending the fresh lamb to Nashatov's cell? He is a beast, he is ruthless and had killed hundreds!" Someone yelled in discontent.

Inside the cell, a blond bearded strongman with his hair tied in a ponytail yelled viciously, "Fuck off! You scum!"

"Quiet!" Demeter yelled and the entire prison fell silent.

Following that, the patrol team opened the cell door. Jack walked slowly into the cell. The burly

Nashatov looked intently at Jack like he had seen a precious treasure. The other four prisoners stood behind Nashatov staring hungrily at Jack.

Clunk! The cell door was locked again.

Nashatov finally erupted and laughed, "Submit or die!"

Without saying more than necessary, the cold laughter gave meaning to the words 'survival of the fittest'.

The rest of the prisoners started to yell and holler. It was like an outdoor concert.

Jack turned and straightened his back. At this moment, his stance was abrupt and sharp as if he was drawing out a sword ready to fight. The sudden desire to fight immediately chilled the atmosphere of the cell. He no longer displayed the weakness a moment ago.

The expressions of Nashatov and the other four men changed immediately.

Jack laughed devilishly, "Submit or die?"

Chapter 234 The Arrogant Jack

"FUCK!"

Nashatov shouted a hideous curse.

In this prison, he was the boss.

Such words had always been shouted to others by him.

And now a newcomer had provoked and questioned his authority.

In an instant.

Like a tiger out of its cage, Nashatov rushed directly towards Jack in a rage.

Bang!

This sudden assault had caused a powerful impact.

It instantly sent Jack flying and hitting the cell wall hard.

Rumble!

There was shouting and screaming in the prison area.

“Nashatov, are you a damn girl? That didn’t kill him?”

“My goodness, looks like Nashtov met an arrogant prick. Be careful Nashtov, don’t lose your title of the bloodthirsty fierce wolf!”

“Kill him, Nashtov, beat him till death!”

There were cheers, chants and banter filling the air.

The whole prison was abuzz as if it was a party.

With his first blow, Nashtov was hyped and battle-hardened. He raised both fists in triumph, moving in front of the cell door and erupted a beastly roar.

Jack’s expression was cold, and his eyes were filled with battle spirit.

He raised his hand and wiped the blood off at the corner of his mouth.

The evil cold smile, however, was even more apparent.

The law of the jungle, the survival of the fittest?

He remembered Demeter's reminder. The laws of survival were simple, either others consume you or you consume others, and Jack wanted the latter.

Brent's strenuous training had long made his physical strength and fighting skills far superior to ordinary people.

If he had followed this law of survival, Jack wouldn't have been afraid at all.

Jack took a deep breath.

Jack slowly arched his back and raised his hands. His left palm in front and his right fist close to him.

And his right foot was backed up against the wall.

Nashatov, who was roaring with glee, suddenly stopped.

He turned around and looked at Jack.

His eyebrows were slightly furrowed.



In the meantime.

At the entrance of the prison area.

Demeter and the police squad hadn't left.

They were watching the rapturous prison area.

Demeter's brows were knitted tightly, feeling helpless, "I thought you were a man of patience, but I didn't expect you to be impulsive and irritable. Pre-emptive action is indeed advantageous, but without knowing your opponent, it's just like a suicide."

"Demeter, Nashatov was one of the strongest god of war back in the days, that new guy is dead." A member of the squad laughed.

In black hell, no one cared if someone died.

Life here was worthless.

When one stepped into this prison of forsaken, his life was also abandoned.

"Sigh..."

Demeter sighed, the strength of Nashatov was evident to him.

He had even foreseen the scene of Jack's tragic death.

With a sigh, Demeter slowly looked towards the cell where Jack was.

From his angle, he could clearly see Jack inside the cell.

“Huh! This is...”

Demeter’s pupils contracted as from what he saw he was in disbelief.

And inside the cell.

Nashatov suddenly let out an explosive roar and, like a wild bear, he blatantly charged towards Jack.

Nashatov’s colossal fist, striking with a terrifying strong wind, came blasting directly towards Jack.

In a flash, Jack slammed his right foot against the wall, using it to push himself to dodge.

Wham!

Nashatov’s fist left a crater in the wall, and brick chips slid off.

But Nashatov was too fast when Jack was dodging, his right fist swung towards Jack.

One was dodging, the other was attacking.

Jack was also fast, prancing and dodging. He narrowly avoided every Nashatov’s attack.

And Nashatov was like a raging bear, swung his fists and feet and attacked with lightning speed.

Such a brawl had enraged all of the prisoners in the cell area.

“Fight! Are you a man, you little prick.”

“Oh my God! Why are you guys fighting like that? That little prick only knows how to dodge?”

“Come on Nashatov! Kill him in one blow. Why are you letting him go on like that?”

...

The roar of the prisoner.

Had thoroughly enraged Nashatov.

Once he was the best god of war. The man who was invincible and whose hands were stained with blood.

Now, in a small prison cell, he couldn't even kill a newcomer!

“Die!”

With a sudden roar, Nashatov's tall body lunged forward, muscles gnarled and graced in his right arm, building up all his strength to deliver his most potent punch.

It even made an ear-splitting humming sound as he blasted his punch towards Jack.

This one punch was enough to kill Jack!

In a flash.

The whole prison area went quiet.

All eyes were on them and eagerly awaiting what would happen.

And Jack's pupils shrunk.

Like a hawk, Jack focused on the oncoming fist.

Just moments before it would hit Jack's face.

Jack's body sprung into action and dove down, just enough to dodge Nashatov's jab.

And then.

Thump!

A jab landed to Nashatov's lower parts.

The punch was powerful.

It was a one-hit knockout.

"Ah!"

Nashatov's body trembled and gave a painful roar. He quickly covered his lower parts, and his face

went pale as he fell to the ground, unable to move.

Silence.

The whole prison area was silent.

Nashatov's painful screams, was like wailing of a dying animal, sent chills down everyone's spine.

All the prisoners were dumbfounded.

No one expected that the battle would be decided in an instant.

And the winner was the newcomer!

Jack slowly got up and planted his foot on Nashatov's chest.

A cold voice came from Jack's mouth, "Submit or die?"

"I, I submit..."

Nashatov's face was ashen. He was frightened and shocked as he replied in a panic.

Jack knew that killing someone in black hell had no consequences.

At least, he never got any punishment from the ones he killed before.

Jack smiled.

Raising his head, he swept over the four remaining prisoners.

He asked in an overbearing and arrogant manner, "Submit or die?"

Ba-dam!

All four prisoners were on their knees at the same time.

They followed and worshipped Nashatov.

But now even Nashatov chose to submit himself, as his followers, they didn't have a choice.

With that, Jack walked up to the cell door.

He stretched his back, feeling unassailable.

His eyes swept over the dazed prisoners in each cell.

With extreme bravado, he said, "I welcome any challengers, I wouldn't mind beating all of you to death!"

Jack's words instantly caused dumbfounded prisoners to be too furious.

In an instant, angry roars and cries echoed throughout the prison area.

The whole prison area was like a colosseum where wild beasts gathered.

"Whew..." Demeter exhaled heavily, "He got some strength."

...

In the meantime.

Amber was still confused, and her thoughts were in turmoil, for the past two days since her return.

The last night of Haya was always in the back of her mind.

The unsettling feeling and wasn't easy to have peace in her mind.

Had Jack... really changed?

Towards noon.

Amber received a WeChat message from Jack.

"Amber, are you free at noon? Shall we go and see Yael together?"

Amber hesitated for a moment before replying.

"Okay, I'll pick you up at noon."

"No need, I've bought a car, I'll pick you up at EnRich building materials company."

Looking at his reply, Amber's eyes shone.

Had this stingy landlord finally given in on buying a car?

When she first came back, she was the one who went and bought a Porsche 911 to get out of the rain.

Even though Jack at that time was already wealthy.

Although Jack kept saying that he would purchase a new car.

Yet every time he drove Mr. Ward's Rolls Royce or the company car?

He always talked like he would buy a car soon, but he was always using their cars.

Thinking about it, Amber asked curiously, "What kind of car did you buy?"

"Bugatti Veyron, not that expensive though."

This reply caused Amber's pupils to contract and gave a deep frown.

Chapter 235 Jack, You Never Would've Said That, Right?

Amber knew that Jack was rich.

He was never stingy with her or those around him, either.

But someone who always talked about buying a car, but never did and always drive someone else's

car.

Would suddenly buy a Bugatti Veyron?

That car costs 25 million for the lowest spec!

Although he was rich, he wouldn't have bought such an expensive car from what she knew about Jack.



Because money was actually quite crucial in Jack's mind.

He could be generous to Amber, and those around him were more important than money.

Jack was only stingy to himself.

Amber's mind was filling up with doubts, disbelief, and confusion.

When Amber walked downstairs from the company.

A deafening roar filled the entire street.

The Bugatti Veyron was like a lightning bolt, caught everyone's attention on the street, and finally stopped in front of Amber.

"Amber, what do you think about my new car?"

Jack got out of the car and opened the door for Amber like a gentleman.

"It's great."

Amber eyes flashed as she got into the car.

When the Bugatti Veyron's engine roared again, Amber then asked, "This isn't like you, what made you spend so much on this expensive car?"

"When you earn money you also have to spend it."

Jack responded with a smile as he drove on.

Amber's gaze shifted, staring straight at Jack.

At this moment, there was a strange feeling inside her.

Even if Jack was looking the same as the Jack she remembered in front of her.

She felt that the person in front of him was like a stranger to her.

"What's wrong?"

Noticing Amber's gaze, Jack asked suspiciously.

"Nothing I'm fine."

Amber shook her head and smiled as she digressed, "Right, have you prepared anything for Yael?"

After being away for so long, she had to bring something when visiting Yael. After all, it was a respect of her regard.

"I've brought it," Jack said it with a smile.

At LJ hospital.

Yael was lying on the bed, with bandage still wrapped around him.

However, he was much better. He can at least get off the bed for a short while.

But lying in bed , he was eating an apple peeled by Vinna.

Yael was feeling bad for Vinna beside him, he had no mood to eat it.

Vinna had been accompanying Yael in the hospital for the past few days. And she couldn't have any good rest.

Her fair and gorgeous face was haggard, and she had dark eye circles.

"Vinna, take a rest," Yael said gently.

"I'm not tired." Vinna shook her head and gave a warm smile. But for her, the look of exhaustion was apparent.

She handed Yael a piece of peeled apple, "You need more vitamin C, it's good for your health."

Yael didn't take it.

He instead shook his head and gave a bitter smile, "Actually, I don't deserve you to be so nice to me."

"Why?" Vinna was shocked.

"There's no reason, it's just not worth it anyway."

Yael shook his head with a solemn expression, "Go back, I don't need you to take care of me now."

“But...”

Vinna was aggrieved, and her eyes were red.

Yael sudden change in attitude took her by surprise.

Looking at Yael that showed a cold expression, she felt an intense feeling inside her chest.

However.

“You’d better leave before I have to chuck you out. By then, please don’t blame me.”

Yael rested his hands behind his head, and gave a stern and cold smile, “Why do you want to serve me so well, I have killed my own father?”

“Yael...” Vinna was aggrieved to the core.

During this period, she barely slept to take care of Yael. She wiped his body, paid attention to the infusion and even helped Yael go to the toilet.

Either Yael’s or Vinna’s family has the money to simply hire a few caregivers.

But Vinna was concerned that the caregivers wouldn’t be able to take care of Yael wholeheartedly, so she took the role of caregiving herself.

It was the first time in her life that she was so tired.

The pampered and spoiled Vaughn family's daughter was actually doing the work of a servant. No one would believe it.

Yet, Vinna just did it!

It was all because the person she was taking care of was Yael.

"Go away!"

Yael ended Vinna's words with a cold face and a single word.

Vinna's body trembled, her facial expression changed again.

Eventually, she placed down the apple and fruit knife in her hands. She forced a gentle smile, "You get some rest, I'll see you tomorrow."

Looking at Vinna as she was leaving, Yael's expression was cold. But his eyes had long become wild.

When the door was closed.

Slap!

Yael suddenly slapped himself with his hand.

"Shit, this time I've done too much!"

At the hospital corridor.

After leaving the ward, Vinna's suppressed emotion suddenly loose.

Her eyes were red and his face was full of tears.

She kept her head down, she didn't want to attract others' attention. She quickly headed outside.

The sudden change in Yael's attitude had aggravated her to the core.

As if it was a sharp red-hot knife that had stabbed her in the heart.

At that very moment.

"Vinna, what's wrong?"

Amber and Jack walked towards the ward when they met Vinna, who was sullenly walking forward.

Although the Vaughn family and the Hughes family had some misunderstanding.

But since Yael had chosen Vinna, neither Amber nor Jack wouldn't care about this little

misunderstanding of the past.

Vinna panicked a little when she looked up and saw Jack and Amber. As she was so aggrieved to the

core that she sobbed, even her body was trembling.

She immediately turned around, while wiping the tears from the corner of her eyes, she replied, “No, it’s nothing, I’m fine.”

Amber and Jack looked at each other.

Followed by that, Vinna turned around and forced a smile with the exhausted expression and red eyes.

“You guys are here to visit Yael, right? He’s in the ward, and I’m leaving first. Sorry.”

After saying that, she ran away.

“Yael must have bullied Vinna.”

Amber frowned a bit, somewhat displeased.

“We’ll just ask later, and we’ll see.” Jack shrugged his shoulders.

Both of them walked into the ward.

Yael was staring blankly out of the window. And his hand was holding a mobile phone that was playing ‘

Life Long Love’.

“Yael, Vinna was crying, yet you still have the mood to listen to songs?”

Amber was a little annoyed. She put down the gift and said in a deep voice, “She has taken care of you

for so long, and you just bully her?”

“I even dare to kill my father, why can't I bully someone?”

Yael twisted his head and gave Amber a sidelong glance.

Amber's face turned red after hearing it, and she was dumbfounded.

Jack also put down his gift and sat down.

“You're a man, what's wrong with giving in to a woman? You two decided to be together, then why did you do this?”

Yael's eyes flashed, and he glanced at Jack, “Jack, are you serious?”

Jack was shocked.

He nodded afterwards, “Why am I not serious?”

Yael snorted and pillowed his head, “Forget it, how can I be serious when I'm a brute who killed my own father?”

“Although patricide is wrong, not everything has to be connected to it,” Jack said comfortingly.

Yael's eyes twitched.

He suddenly gave Jack a deep look and asked with a puzzled face, “Jack, you never would've said



that, right?”

It was a simple question.

But it made Jack’s expression change slightly.

The ward was extremely quiet.

Chapter 236 Trust Me! He Isn’t Jack!

The air seemed to congeal instantly in the patient room.

Yael looked at Jack suspiciously. Although it’s wrong to kill one’s father? He really couldn’t understand

how could Jack say something like this. From the moment he knew Jack, Jack had never commented

on him killing his father. Furthermore, from Jack’s words and deeds, it appeared that Jack understood

Yael’s reasons for what he did.

So why did he comment on this now?

Amber’s eyes also lit up and was rather shocked.

She knew that Yael killed his father but she also knew that there must be some reasons behind it. She

also never heard from Jack what he thought. If Jack felt that what Yael did was wrong, he would never

have brought Yael to his side. Additionally, He would definitely not save Yael from the Quinn family!

Jack murmured and suddenly laughed, “Please don’t mind. I just said in passing. Since ancient times

we've been taught that we should always be filial, that's all." He explained simply.

Yael lowered his head and pondered deeply.

Amber quickly changed the topic and asked, "Yael, how are your injuries?"

"Oh, not bad," Yael answered calmly.

Was he angry?

Amber smiled helplessly and said, "That's great. You'll be discharged just in time for Jack and my wedding."

After hearing this, Yael looked at Amber. His expression was very strange but he smiled and nodded,

"I'm finally able to attend your wedding!"

Amber's felt much better and asked, "What did you do to Vinna just now? She cried bitterly just now."

Yael was stunned and laughed bitterly, "Amber, I think I've overdone it this time. I initially wanted to just play with her and now it involved feelings."

Amber, "..."

Jack seemed unsettled when he saw that Yael and Amber started to chat.

“I’m going to the restroom.” Jack suddenly stood up and went to the restroom.

As Jack reached the door, Yael called out to him, “Jack, although I killed my father, but we are the same. Just like initially when I agreed to follow you.” His voice was low and it seemed like an explanation but yet sounded very profound.

“Ah?” Jack remarked in surprise but very quickly replied, “Okay.” Thereafter he entered the restroom.

Yael frowned deeply as he stared at the restroom door. His expression was cold as if it was covered with frost. Amber could feel Yael’s change and her heart jumped a beat. Could it be that Yael also felt something?

Time ticked on steadily. Yael’s expression didn’t change while Amber became even more perturbed.

“Amber, can you bring me some paper napkins?” Jack’s voice came from the restroom.

“Oh, alright!” Amber stood up and took some paper napkins to the toilet. She placed them down and then returned to Yael’s bedside.

“Amber.” Yael suddenly yelled and smiled, “Give me your hand.”

Amber was stunned. At this moment a flush could be heard from the toilet.

Before Amber could come to her senses, Yael forced himself up with no concern for his own injuries.

He endured his pain and grabbed Amber's hand. Amber was shocked and almost screamed. She then felt something placed into her palm.

Clank! The toilet door opened and Jack walked out.

Yael also laid back onto the bed. Amber remained stunned as she stood in the room.

"Yael, have a good rest. We have to plan for the wedding and need to leave now." Jack smiled and said.

"No worries, go and do your thing. Don't come to visit me anymore. I'll make sure that I'll be nice and pretty for your wedding." Yael waved his hand and smiled.

"Then have a good rest." Amber came to her senses and said before leaving with Jack.

Once the door was closed, Yael frowned and took a deep breath. The wound on this chest started to bleed and fresh blood seeped through the bandages. His wound split open when he stood up just now.

Pressing down on his wound, Yael laughed bitterly, "I hope that I'm right, otherwise I'd bleed in vain."

Although he was laughing, his eyes were full of chill. It was like the deep freeze of winter.

Outside the hospital.

Amber felt as if she was in a trance. Her hand held tightly onto whatever was given to her by Yael. Yael was not rude but he wanted to give something to her.

“Amber, are you alright?” Jack frowned and his expression darkened.

“No, I’m fine.” Amber shook her head, “Let’s go.”

Jack nodded and opened the door for Amber. He closed the door after Amber got into the car and walked over to the driver's side.

Using this time, Amber quickly opened her hand and in her palm was a note. She quickly opened the note and was shocked to see its message.

**Boom!**

A loud sound roared in Amber’s mind and it went blank immediately. What was scribbled on the note was like a clear day lightning bolt.

The message was simple, He is not Jack! Trust me!

Was this really written by Yael? At that moment Amber was hesitating. The doubt in her had peaked following Yael’s message which was so certain. It was clear that she was not the only one who felt that way! Furthermore, compared to her doubt, Yael’s feeling was even more certain and definite!

Clunk.

The car door closed.

Amber pretended to be calm her right hand rested on the car window sill and threw out the note. All

these were done without Jack noticing.

“Amber, I’ll send you back to the office after lunch.” Jack smiled and looked at her tenderly.

Amber nodded and looked deeply into Jack’s eyes. That was clearly Jack but then how come he wasn’t

Jack?

The Bugatti engine roared and drove quickly on the roads. It was very quiet inside the car. Amber

lowered her head and felt very perturbed. Jack looked calm as he focused on driving the car. Even

Amber did not notice a slight grin on Jack’s smile.

Just at this moment, two BMWs caught up to the Bugatti. They were along the city roads and Jack

didn’t drive too fast. The Bugatti was sandwiched by the two BMWs.

The BMWs suddenly swerved inwards towards the Bugatti at the same time.

Kaboom!

The sudden impact and the momentum of the car amplified the collision. The loud crash and boom terrified Amber and she screamed in fear. Suddenly, the three cars headed towards the side of the road.

“Amber, look out!” At that moment, Jack quickly dove onto Amber to protect her. He held tightly onto the

terrified Amber in his arms.

Bang!

The three cars stopped on impact. Shattered glass and pieces of the car were scattered all over the ground.

Thick smoke started to billow from the cars!

Chapter 237 I Want to Protect You

The smoke billowed.

Broken parts and glasses were over the floor.

It was in a mess.

Even the gasoline was leaking, very pungent.

"Ah... Jack!"

Amber turned pale with fear and screamed.

Just now, she clearly felt a strong inertia that made her dash forward.

And Jack, holding her, smashed the windshield of Bugatti.

Jack suffered all the pain!

At this point, Jack had released Amber.

The terrible collision made Jack's mouth and nose bleed, and now his face was covered with blood.

This made Amber panic, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"I'm fine..."

Jack forced a smile.

At this time,

Two BMW cars nearby opened the doors at the same time.

Jack, with a solemn look, quickly reminded Amber, "Amber, run. They must be from the Quinn family.

Leave me alone."

With that, Jack kicked away the windshield of Bugatti with his foot, took the lead in getting out, and then



pulled Amber out of the car.

Amber had been scared out of her wits.

As soon as she got out of the car, she saw eight masked men in suits rushing towards them.

"Amber, run!"

The injured Jack shouted and rushed to the eight people to fight with them.

"Jack..."

Amber covered her mouth, tears running down her face, and slowly retreated.

She wanted to ask for help, but she found that it was a remote road with few vehicles and people

passing by.

In panic, she wanted to take out her cell phone to call for someone.

But she found that her cell phone fell into the car because of the collision just now.

"Jack..."

Jack was fighting with the eight people in front of the car. It was impossible for Amber to go back to the

car and take out her cell phone.

But,

It was obvious that Jack was at a disadvantage.

"Ah!"

Jack roared and kicked one of them out.

Then he pounced on the other two people and turned around and yelled, "Amber, run!"

Amber trembled.

Amber became tearful and panicked.

Run?

If Amber ran away, what should Jack do?

But, if she didn't run...

But Amber didn't have time to think about it.

Two men had come to her fiercely.

There was a flash of light in the air.

A man took a dagger from his waist.

"Jack..."

Amber screamed in fright and stepped back, only to find that she had hit the wall and had no way to retreat.

"Go to hell!"

The man holding the dagger raised the dagger to stab Amber.

The situation was very critical.

Amber screamed, extremely desperate.

In fear, she closed her eyes, like a kitten, waiting for death to come.

But,

"Pu!"

It was the sound of a dagger stabbing into the body.

Amber was stunned.

She didn't feel painful.

"Hum!"

There was a familiar sound in Amber's ear. It was a painful groan.

Amber trembled as if she had been struck by lightning.

She opened her eyes and saw a face covered with blood.

"Why don't you run away?"

Jack forced a smile.

Amber's mind went blank, his face wet with tears. She pursed her lips, but she couldn't make a sound at this moment.

"Go to hell!"

The man who stabbed Jack roared again.

"If you hurt my woman, I want you to die!"

Jack's face was distorted, like a bloodthirsty beast, suddenly turned around.

As he turned around, Jack held the dagger in his back and jerked it out.

Then,

"Pu!"

Jack poked the dagger straight into the man's belly.

"Go to hell!"

Jack crazily held the dagger and took a few steps forward against the man.

In the end, he let go of that man.

With the dagger in his belly, the man fell to the ground with horror in his eyes.

The sudden change alarmed all the other seven people.

Ignoring Jack and Amber, the seven quickly carried that man back to the BMW, and then drove away in

two broken BMW cars.

Soon,

On this remote street, there were only Amber and Jack, and a broken Bugatti.

"Plop!"

Jack shook and fell to the ground.

The wound in the back was bleeding.

The impact of the car accident and the wound made Jack look extremely terrible and pale.

Amber stood still, dumbfounded.

Amber covered her red lips tightly to keep from screaming.

In her sight, Jack was covered with blood, and the terrible wound in his back, like a heavy hammer, hit

her eyeball hard.

Her previous suspicions about Jack were gone now.

If he was not Jack, why was he trying to protect me?

Amber staggered slowly to Jack.

"Jack, why did you save me? You, you are a fool..."

Amber burst into tears, feeling guilty and remorseful.

In the face of the death, Jack came forward to save her, smashing all the suspicions in Amber's heart!

"I, I want to protect you..."

Jack forced a smile, closed his eyes and fainted in Amber's arms.

.....

In the Black hell,

There was no sunshine in the dark cell.

It was the activity time of the Black hell.

In the activity field, it was crowded.

The shouts were deafening.

In the center of the playground was a high platform.

With the shouts of the onlookers, the battle on the high platform had reached a white-hot stage.

"Bang!"

Jack caught the opportunity and knocked his opponent down with a blow.

Then,

Thunderous cheers and applause reverberated in the prison.

Jack stood on the high platform, scanning all those present coldly.

This was his 17th battle!

With 17 victories in 17 battles, now he occupied the position of champion.

The big fish ate up the small ones.

If he wanted to live longer and better, he needed to be stronger and fiercer than anyone else!

He kept Demeter's advice in mind. So he would not refuse any challenger in this prison.

"It's the third day..."

Jack whispered, and his cold eyes finally lit up.

He roared again, "Who else is going to challenge me?"

A roar made all those present quiet.

At the gate of the Black hell,

Demeter stood erect in silence, like a rock.

But, Demeter was staring at the huge figure on the challenge arena.

"Three days, 17th battles, 17th victories!"

In a whisper, Demeter suddenly stepped forward.

"Demeter, what are you going to do?"

A member of the team was surprised and said, "It's activity time for the prisoners. We can't go in."

When he said this, the team members looked at the activity field of the prison with fear in their eyes.

Black hell had its own rules.

Normally, Black hell's management members could direct prisoners at will.

But during the activity time, if the management members interfered with the activities of the prisoners,

they would definitely get all the prisoners furious!



In Black hell, there was no one who was easy to be bullied!

There were a lot of people who were good at fighting here.

The riot in a prison would definitely have a devastating impact on their team leader.

Demeter kept walking, with his eyes full of cruelty, "How about I challenge Jack?"

"Boom!"

The team members behind him were shocked.

Then Demeter roared,

"Jack, I will challenge you!"

Chapter 238 Did He Teach You That

After he finished his words,

The quiet activity field suddenly burst out thunderous shouts.

"Well done! Demeter, you must kill this arrogant boy! "

"Ha! Ha! Demeter is going to challenge Jack. Jack is over!"

"My God, I didn't expect the lofty Demeter to challenge Jack!"

.....

Black hell ruled that management members should not interfere with prisoners' activity time.

However, if the management members wanted to challenge prisoners, the prisoners would not reject it.

On the contrary, prisoners were more willing to see such a situation.

Normally, the management members were superior, while the prisoners were suppressed by them.

The people who imprisoned in Black hell were not good people. Who didn't want to seize the opportunity to revenge?

But the reason why Black hell could hold all prisoners was that the management members had powerful and cruel means.

This led to the resentments of all the prisoners, but they couldn't find an opportunity to get revenge.

Now Demeter was going to challenge Jack. In the eyes of the other prisoners, it was a good time for revenge!

However, they preferred to see the arrogant newcomer on the platform beaten and even killed by

Demeter!

On the platform, Jack was also shocked.

He looked at Demeter who was walking slowly, a little confused.

It was after listening to Demeter that Jack decided to challenge everyone in the prison.

Now, Demeter came to challenge Jack in person?

In Jack's sight,

Demeter walked slowly among the prisoners, but the excitement in his eyes was stronger.

As Demeter slowly moved forward, all the prisoners were scattered with excitement and cheers,

making a way to the high platform.

"Do you accept my challenge?"

Demeter stood in front of the platform and looked at Jack with a strange smile.

Jack's eyes twinkled.

He was a little hesitant.

"Hey! Jack, aren't you arrogant? Are you afraid now? "

"My God, this arrogant newcomer is afraid now. What a shame."

"Demeter is going to be disappointed. Jack doesn't dare to accept his challenge at all."

.....

All kinds of joking and sarcastic words echoed in Jack's ear.

Jack burst out laughing.

He looked at Demeter with bright eyes.

Jack said slowly, "If you can promise me a condition, I will accept your challenge!"

"What?" Demeter asked.

"Tell me what the date is today!"

Demeter's eyes twinkled and his pupils contracted.

Did Jack still want to go out?

"Well, I promise you!"

Demeter jumped onto the platform.

In a flash, the whole audience was shouting.

The cheers were deafening.

At the gate of the prison, the team members had mixed feelings about this, but they didn't stop

Demeter.

On the high platform,

Demeter stared at Jack and sneered, "Do you really think you're going to be the second person who can go out of Black hell after ten years?"

"Yes!"

Jack nodded firmly and his tone was sonorous. He was very determined.

"What if you can't get out? After all, no one is that person!" Demeter shrugged and laughed jokingly.

"I can go out!"

Jack said slowly and firmly, "My mother and my wife are still waiting for me to go back home!"

This sentence made Demeter frown.

Demeter's expression changed.

"Well, let me see if you have the ability to go out!"

Demeter burst out laughing, but soon his expression turned gloomy and was showing killing intention.

The shouts were deafening.

Demeter, whose body was as tall and big as the iron tower, rushed to Jack.

"His figure is very similar to Brent."

Jack adjusted his mood and made a fighting gesture.

It was a simple gesture.

This simple gesture made Demeter's pupils contract. His eyes became very strange.

"Hum!"

In a flash, Demeter rushed to Jack, raised his leg and kicked Jack hard.

Jack supported the ground with both feet, retreated quickly, then changed his gesture, and directly pounced on Demeter like a tiger.

In a flash, the fight became very fierce.

"Bang Bang..."

Every punch hit the body.

Their fighting was loud.

The fight instantly pushed the atmosphere of the whole prison to a more fiery level.

A prisoner and a management member were fighting.

This was a very rare situation in prison.

The shouts were deafening.

All the prisoners were in high spirits and blushed.

On the high platform,

Jack and Demeter were fighting fiercely.

Every attack aroused the passion of all prisoners.

Jack was not short and thin. Actually, Jack was strong.

But compared with Demeter's figure, Jack looked small.

With a huge body, Demeter's every attack made Jack feel stressful.

Demeter was really powerful!

Jack didn't dare fight head-to-head with Demeter.

According to the fighting skills taught by Brent, Jack could only keep dodging and seize the opportunity to attack.

During the high-speed movement, Jack constantly adjusted his breathing to keep himself calm.

Brent told him before.

Only with extreme calm could he catch a chance to win.

Kung Fu was a kind of killing skill. It was enough to defeat the enemy with one movement!

But Demeter's defense was so perfect that Jack was almost desperate.

At this moment, facing Demeter, Jack suddenly felt helpless.

Every time Jack found Demeter's defense flaw, Demeter would quickly react to defend before Jack could attack him.

Demeter had perfect defense and terrible attacks.

Jack knew that Demeter's ability was much better than those people Jack had beaten.

No wonder Demeter was the leader of a patrol team of Black hell!

Demeter had such a strong ability that he could be the king of battlefield everywhere!

As the battle progressed, Demeter's eyes became brighter.

Demeter had a fast switch between attack and defense.

But he kept an eye on Jack's feet.

Gradually, a smile appeared on Demeter's indifferent face.

"Next, you're going to attack my left waist!"

Suddenly, Demeter said this.



Jack, who just dodged, was shocked and stunned.

He looked at Demeter in a daze. How did he know?

Demeter laughed more excitedly.

When Jack was stunned, Demeter's eyes twinkled.

Demeter rushed forward and grabbed Jack's belt with his big hand.

"In a life-and-death struggle, being absent-minded is bound to die. Didn't anyone tell you this?"

"Ouch!"

Jack's expression changed and he shouted.

Demeter's other hand pressed directly on Jack's shoulder.

With a roar, Jack was lifted directly into the air by Demeter and his body was spinning.

"Well done! Demeter, kill him!"

"Good job! Demeter, kill him. What are you waiting for?"

"Ha! Ha! The newcomer is going to die soon!"

.....

The cheers were deafening.

At the same time,

Jack's expression became gloomy.

He put his hands around Demeter's arms, and his feet wrapped around Demeter's neck.

If Jack used this movement well, he could beat Demeter.

However, Demeter's reaction made Jack completely forget to continue to attack as if Jack was struck by lightning.

"Did he teach you that?"

Demeter asked Jack, laughing.

Chapter 239 It's Him!

In a blink of an eye.

Jack looked dumbfounded, Demeter's words were so shocking that he couldn't snap out of it for a long time.

As if the loud shouts and cheers in the prison disappeared without any trace.

At that time, Jack could only see Demeter's arrogant smiling face.

They looked each other, Jack felt a sense of panic because Demeter could see him through.

"You're staring blankly again."

Demeter suddenly sneered.

Roar!

In the arena, Jack heard the prisoners' loud shouts and cheers...

Jack's body trembled as he glared in anger.

Before he could start...

Both of Demeter's arm's muscles bulged up.

"Dual jab!"

Bam!

Along with the roar, Demeter's arms suddenly swung outwards.

Jack's expression changed drastically as he felt a strong hit on both of his legs, it was so strong that it was unbearable.

Almost in an instant.

Demeter broke up Jack's posture by force.

Soon after, both of Demeter's arms wrapped around Jack's waist like a python.

Oh no!

Jack's heart was beating hard.

He felt his waist tightening as Demeter wrapped him.

His head spun and his vision became blurry

Bang!

Demeter caught Jack with both hands and slammed him to the floor.

Rumble!

Prisoners in the arena cried out in surprise.

In a blink of an eye...

Demeter didn't stop attacking as he pounced on Jack.

In an extremely weird posture, he locked Jack's neck and four limbs in a flash.

Just like a photon that wrapped around his prey.

In an instant, Jack was suffocated until his face turned blue, he could even feel the air in his lungs

quickly getting squeezed out.

Jack wanted to struggle but Demeter firmly confined his body, so he had no strength at all.

He opened his mouth widely and gaped but it couldn't resist the air from getting squeezed out.

Jack could hear Demeter's laugh beside his ear.

"This move combines the Brazilian jujitsu, he didn't teach you this?"

Below the ring, prisoners were excited.

They were cheering and shouting.

Demeter turned his defeat into victory, which made everybody enthusiastic in an instant.

Their shouts were so loud that it could make people go deaf...

But Jack kept hearing Demeter's laugh instead, which was ear piercing for him.

All his battle skills were taught by Brent.

Each of Demeter's sentence clearly showed that he knew Jack's battle skills.

Could Demeter be acquainted to Brent?

Jack was getting more and more suffocated.

While Jack was distracted, he seemingly could hear his waist making sounds because of Demeter's

strong legs.

“Break free from my attack!”

Demeter suddenly sounded so strict.

Jack's face was already extremely blue.

Jack tried his best to struggle, but as if he was confined by iron chains, he couldn't move at all.

How could he break free?

Even when he remembered that Brent taught him to maintain his rationality and calmness at all times.

He couldn't help feeling flustered at that time.

“Kill him, Demeter! Terminate him quickly!”

“Twist his head! Demeter, quick twist his head!”

“The leader of the police team is still so impressive! Teach that boy a lesson!”

...

The prisoners were excited, they screamed while waving their fists.

However, right when Jack was going to suffocate...

He suddenly felt the wrap around his body loosening up.

Right at that time...

Jack's eyes looked fierce.

One decision could decide life and death!

He suddenly gripped Demeter's left wrist and broke it.

Demeter immediately screamed, his legs that wrapped around Jack's body also loosened up at the same time.

Jack took advantage of the situation to break free, he staggered two steps back, making more distance between him and Demeter.

The sudden scene made the arena become dead silent.

All the prisoners were dumbfounded.

That was... Real?

Demeter had used the dual jab, but he still couldn't win?

One must know that all the prisoners in the black hell weren't easy to deal with, they were all battle experts.

There were only three people in that prison who were as good as Demeter!

Even those three people wouldn't be as relaxed as Jack after Demeter's continuous "dual jab"!

"Huff..."

Jack gaped for breath once he broke free, his lungs could finally get some oxygen after all that.

Jack also became quite relaxed.

But he looked at Demeter with a gentle and thankful gaze.

Jack clearly knew that Demeter was being lenient!

Otherwise, he would not be able to break free.

Jack didn't consider that Demeter might be out of strength.

In such a short time, let alone Demeter, it was impossible for Jack too!

"Next, take a good look!"

Demeter suddenly bowed and got into a posture for attacking.

Jack was so surprised that his head buzzed.

Demeter's posture for attacking was exactly the same as his!

"Brent..."



Jack asked it almost instinctively.

Buzz!

The strong wind blew to his face, he even felt quite painful.

Demeter was so fast like a lightning, he quickly closed in on Jack without giving him any chance to ask.

Jack shouted as he pushed Demeter away, after easing Demeter's attack momentum, they started fighting again.

The sounds of punches made the quiet arena became enthusiastic again.

All the prisoners were very enthusiastic and their eyes looked bloodthirsty.

Meanwhile, at the prison gate.

A bunch of team members looked at each other.

"What happened to our leader today? Why is he playing with the new guy?"

"I don't know, but don't you see it? Since the new guy appeared, Demeter has been treating him differently."

Bam, bam...

A new round a fighting was showing.

They were launching punches and kicks quickly, there were no other tricks.

There were a lot of sweats on Jack's forehead, the more he fought, the more he became frightened.

In that battle, both Jack and Demeter were wounded.

They seemed to be an equal match, but Jack knew clearly that Demeter was controlling the whole fight.

While Jack was just passively defending the area set by Demeter!

No matter how Jack attacked, Demeter could receive it all as he wanted and even fight back with the same skills.

“That's all you can do?”

Demeter's laugh ridiculed him.

In fact, the whole fight was ridiculous to Jack.

Blue veins on the corners of Jack's eyes bulged as he sped up his fists and punches... Along with a roar, he kept attacking Demeter.

“What the hell is your relationship with him?”

With the doubts suppressed deep inside, he shouted angrily.

Buzz!

Demeter's body abruptly stopped, he didn't dodge Jack's fist.

Jack's fist also abruptly stopped in front of Demeter, causing a strong wind blow.

"You won!"

Demeter smiled, shrugged, turned around, and walked to the ring.

The noisy arena went silent again.

Even Jack was completely stunned.

Soon after.

Demeter said, "Aren't you curious who was the guy that walked out of here ten years ago? It's him!"

Chapter 240 The Only Way To Leave Black Hell

Brent?!

Jack was completely dumbfounded.

In that moment, he felt as if the whole prison area fell into a dead silence.

All the screaming, hooting and catcalling noises abruptly disappeared.

Still shocked, Jack watched Demeter leaving the platform in awe.

He actually had a feeling about this when he saw Demeter's fighting style just a while ago.

But he still felt a sense of trance when Demeter confirmed his hypothesis.

It was Brent who got out of Black Hell ten years ago?

What was his relationship with Demeter?

Why did Demeter's martial arts resemble Brent's?

And it was in fact more powerful than the one Jack learned from Brent.

Layers and layers of confusion clouded Jack's mind.

Then suddenly, Demeter's voice sounded.

"Oh, it's the first day of the month today!"

Boom!

As if a thunder, this remark struck Jack out of his confused trance state.

It was the first day of the month?!

There were 14 days left until the 15th?

At this moment, he felt so agitated he couldn't breathe.

There were only 14 days left until his marriage with Amber!

The guy from the Jour family was by Amber's side right now while he was trapped in the Black Hell!

Amber would be marrying that guy instead of him if he didn't manage to make it back by 15th.

If that happened, that guy would be replacing him for good!

Jack's heart crushed in as if pressed by something very heavy. An extreme grim aura encompassed him.

No, he had to go back!

He must go back!

But in just 14 days...

Jack felt more despair the more he thought about it.

At this moment, he felt the whole world was spinning around, everything around him was rickety and buzzing hard into his ears.

Images of Amber, his mother and Brent flashed across his mind.

"No, I won't let that happen. I will marry Amber. I will take care of my mom until her last breath. I am

Jack Hughes, who will not be replaced by anyone!"

"Ah!"

Abruptly, Jack lifted his head and roared.

It sounded like a beast.

And it immediately overwhelmed the scene.

All the prisoners looked at Jack in shock.

In that moment, every single one of them could clearly sense the killing intention from Jack.

It sent chills running down their back.

Unhurriedly, Demeter turned around and stared at Jack.

The corner of his lips curled up into a smirk.

“Tell me, how long did it take for Brent to get out of here?”

With a hoarse voice, Jack sounded like an angry beast.

“One year.”

Demeter told him the answer calmly. And Jack felt as if pushed into the abyss by an invisible force.

It took even Brent a full year.

And he had only 14 days left!

No, the time he had was actually shorter considering the time he needed to travel there from the Black Hell.

10 days?

Then he thought of the fact Amber was about to get married to someone else.

Jack became resolute like never before. With a passionate spirit, his eyes were shooting daggers.

“All right! I will surpass Brent and get out of this damn place!”

“Pfft!”

Demeter gave out a chuckle and turned around to leave.

While he left, he waved his hand in the air, “There’s only one way to get out of Black Hell. Even Brent took one year to accomplish it. You will take longer than that!”

Jack was stunned.

And then exhilarated.

Demeter’s remark was indeed dismayful.

But he heard a keyword in it.

There was a way to get out of Black Hell!

This was not a place where there was no turning back!

Even though the way out might be extremely difficult.

But it was better than a complete despair.

The “sentry” time was soon over.

All prisoners returned to their cells.

With a cold expression, Jack got back to his cell and sat on his bed with his legs folded.

His bed was just a thin bed sheet laid on the icy cold stone platform.

It could only bring some imperceptible warmth in this abandoned place where everything was frozen.

Nashatov and the other four cellmates gathered near the doorway of their cell, trying to stay away from

Jack.

Anyone sophisticated enough in martial arts would’ve understood what was really going on with the

fight between Jack and Demeter a while ago.

However, Jack was undeniably strong.

To say the least, he was at the level where no one in this cell could match up with.



In this environment where the law of the jungle rules, people became animals who bowed to those stronger than themselves.

“Nashatov.”

Jack suddenly opened his closed eyes.

His sharp gaze sent shivers down Nashatov’s body. Nashatov was scared.

Nashatov looked at him in fidgety. “Yes? Anything, Mr. Hughes?”

“Mr. Hughes” was the way they addressed him as a sign of respect.

“Come here,” Jack said.

A hint of horror flashed in Nashatov’s eyes. Nonetheless, he walked up to Jack obediently.

He was crippling as he hadn’t yet recovered from the injuries Jack gave him. The corner of his lip twitched out of the pain.

“Mr. Hughes.”

Nashatov stood in front of Jack deferentially.

Jack asked, “What is the way to get out of Black Hell?”

Boom!

Nashatov felt as if struck by a thunder.

So as the other four prisoners at the cell's doorway.

"Mr. Hughes, one will definitely die trying to get out of Black Hell. Because no one can make it!"

Nashatov reminded hurriedly, "I'll advise Mr. Hughes to stop thinking about this. We can at least stay alive in the Black Hell."

"I'm asking you, how to get out of Black Hell?!"

Jack's voice was stone cold and menacing.

If there was a way, he would do anything he could to make it happen.

If Brent could make it out of Black Hell, he could do it too!

Even if it was an off chance, he would have to fight for it for the sake of Amber and his mother!

Nashatov's expression turned dead pale at this moment.

Struggling in hesitation under Jack's glare, he left out a sigh in the end.

"Mr. Hughes, there are a total of 10 prison areas in Black Hell."

Gradually, Nashatov's gaze turned deep and he said slowly, "There's an Alpha Wolf in every prison

area, and they are the strongest, most prestigious and supported king in their respective units.”

With that said, Nashatov took a pause.

“Continue,” Jack said coldly.

“To leave Black Hell, one has to fight every Alpha Wolf in a deathmatch. Ten prison areas, which means ten deathmatches. One can only step out of Black Hell after winning all the deathmatches, receiving acknowledgement and respect from all ten Alpha Wolves.”

There was a dead silence in the cell.

After finish explaining, Nashatov stared at Jack, observing his expression changes.

Jack’s cool stern face turned dead grim at this moment. He lowered his head in contemplation.

Ten alphas from each prison area, ten deathmatches.

And he had to win every single one of them!

No wonder Demeter remarked it would take him longer than Brent to get out of here.

After fighting seventeen battles in the past three days, Jack was clearly aware of the strength of prisoners in this prison.

It would be extremely risky and hazardous trying to win a fight against an Alpha Wolf.

It was simply impossible to leave any one of those battles unscathed.

It took Brent one year, which meant he had enough time to recover between matches.

But he only had 14 days. No, actually just 10 days!

In other words, he would have to fight incessantly. His injuries were going to stack along every match and made it more and more hazardous.

After all, there wouldn't be enough time for him to recover even if he only took one battle per day.

Nashatov saw Jack's gloomy expression.

He tried sincerely to talk some sense into him, "Mr. Hughes, this is not a way to leave Black Hell but a suicide mission. There are dozens of reckless fighters challenging the ten Alpha Wolves every single year, and all of them ended up turning into frozen corpses, so..."

"All right, I'll do it."

Jack suddenly said.

Nashatov was taken aback. He thought he just misheard him, "Mr. Hughes, what... what did you say?"

Jack stood up from his bed with a smirk flashed on his face. "I said, I'll do the deathmatches!"