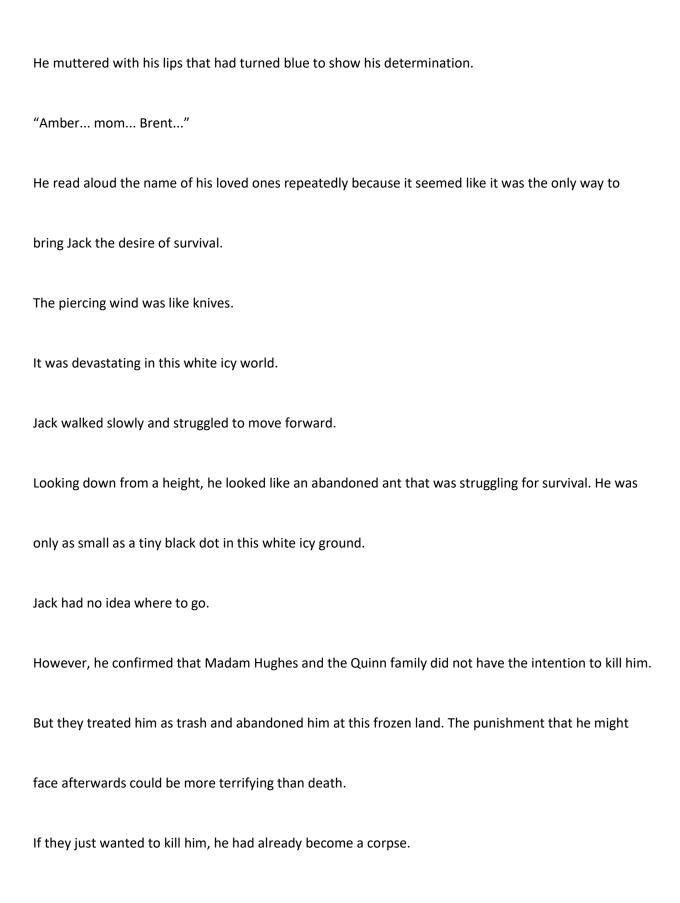
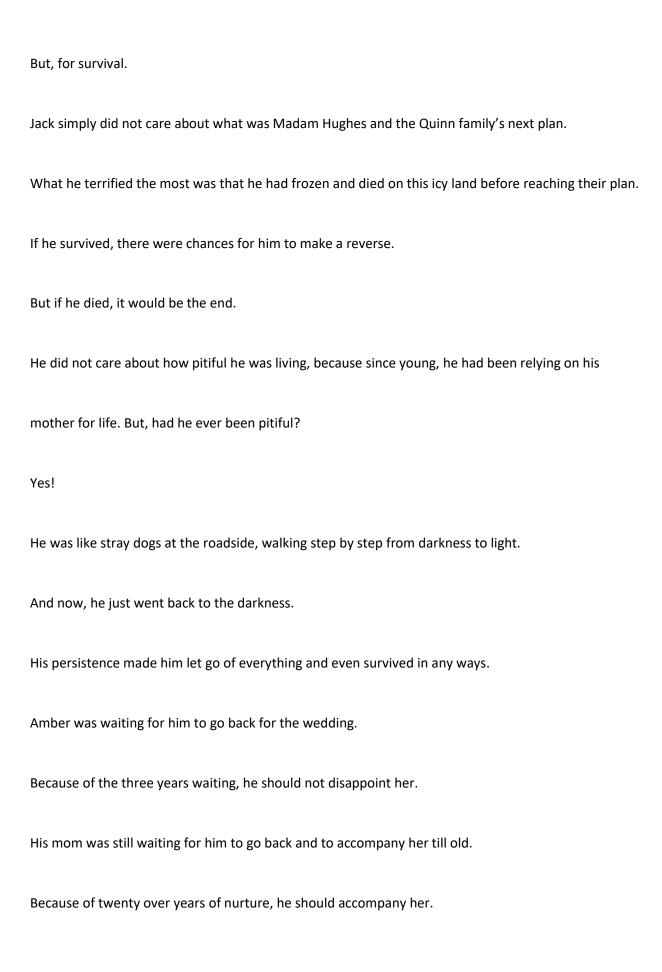
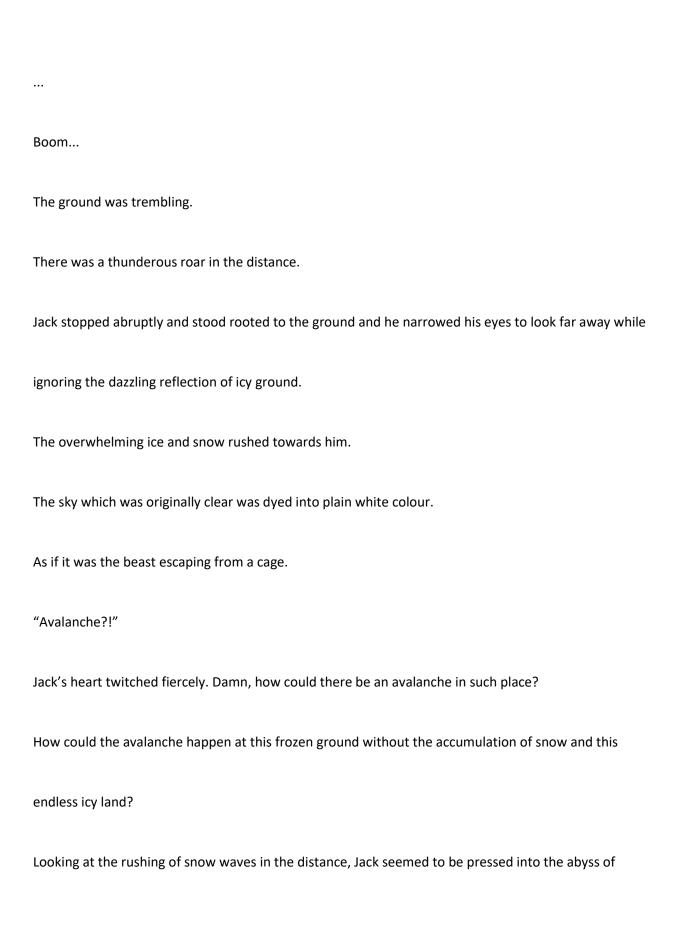
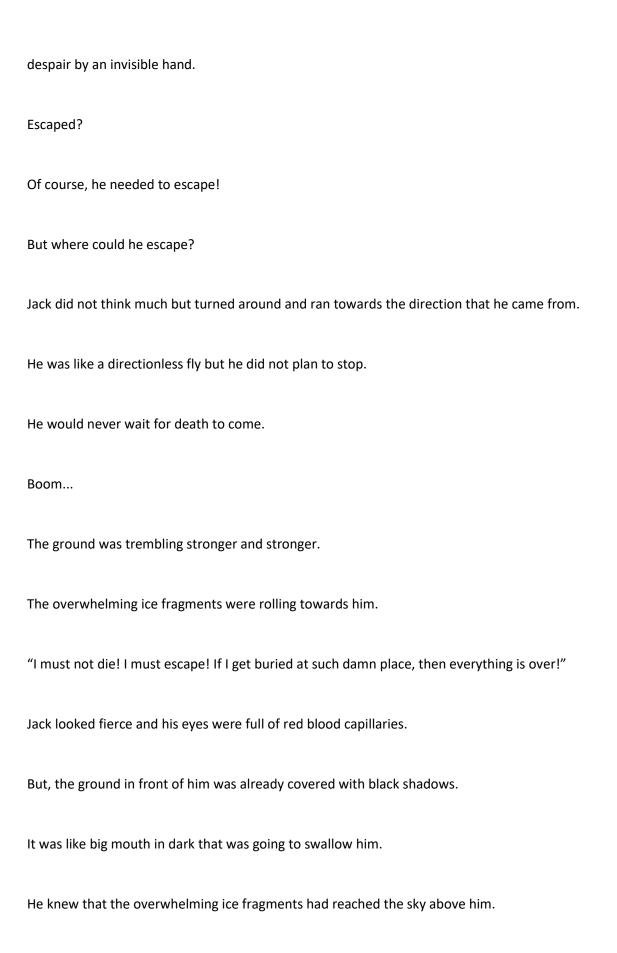
## **Born Winner 231** Chapter 231 Prisoner?! "Howl~" "Howl~" The coldness was piercing fiercely. Jack bent his body and wrapped his hands around his chest. He was struggling forward. The air breathed out from the mouth and nose immediately condensed into white mist. The packet of rations and pot of 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..."

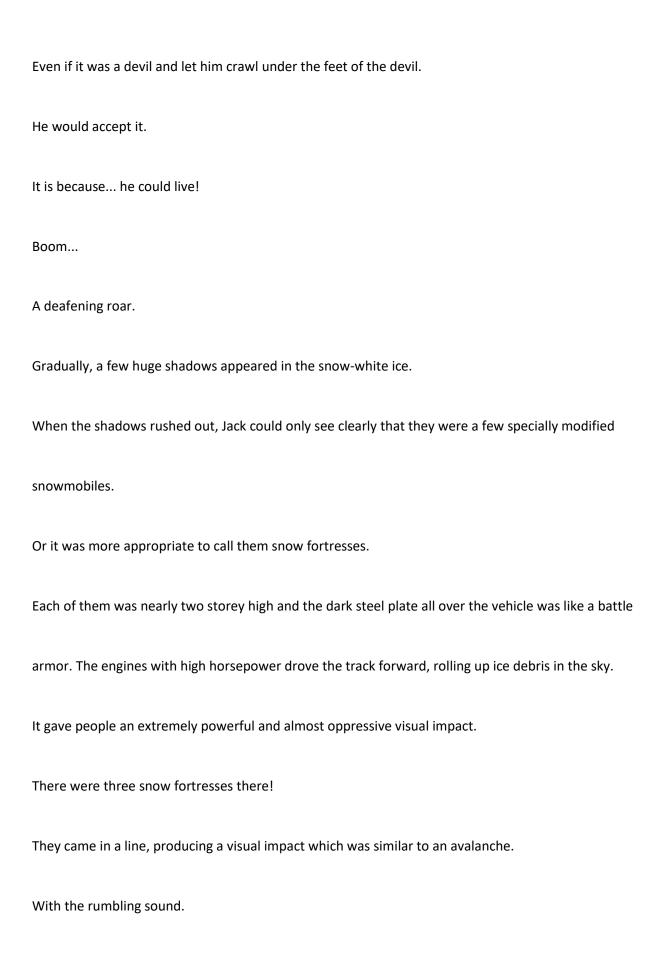




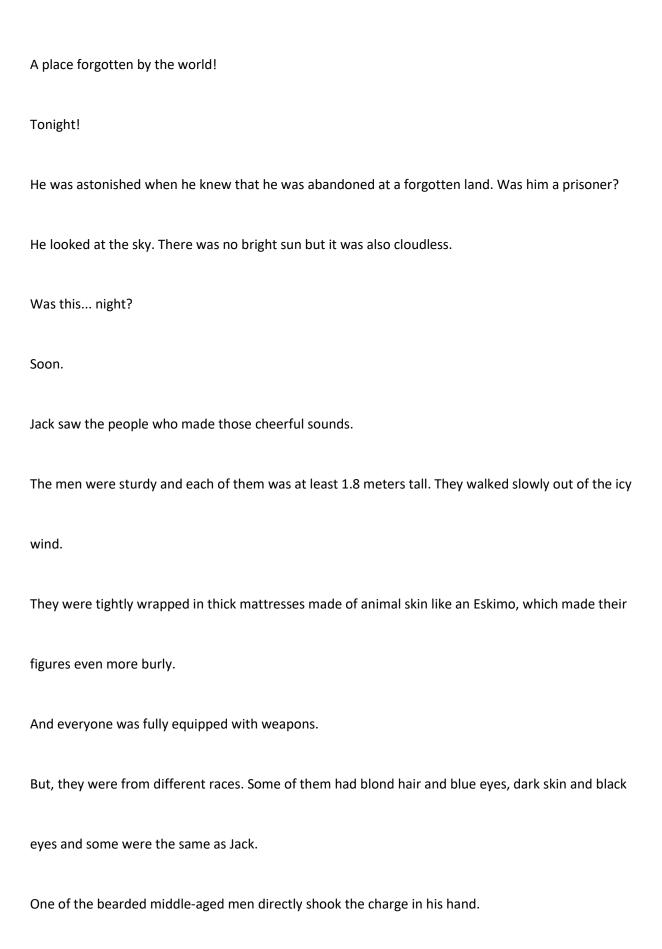








Three snow fortresses reduced their speed slowly and when they came to a halt, they surrounded Jack	
who was in the middle.	
The overwhelming ice debris and cold wind raged past Jack, causing Jack to fall directly to the ground	
with his stiff body.	
"Damn, how long has it been? How long has it been 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!	



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



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.

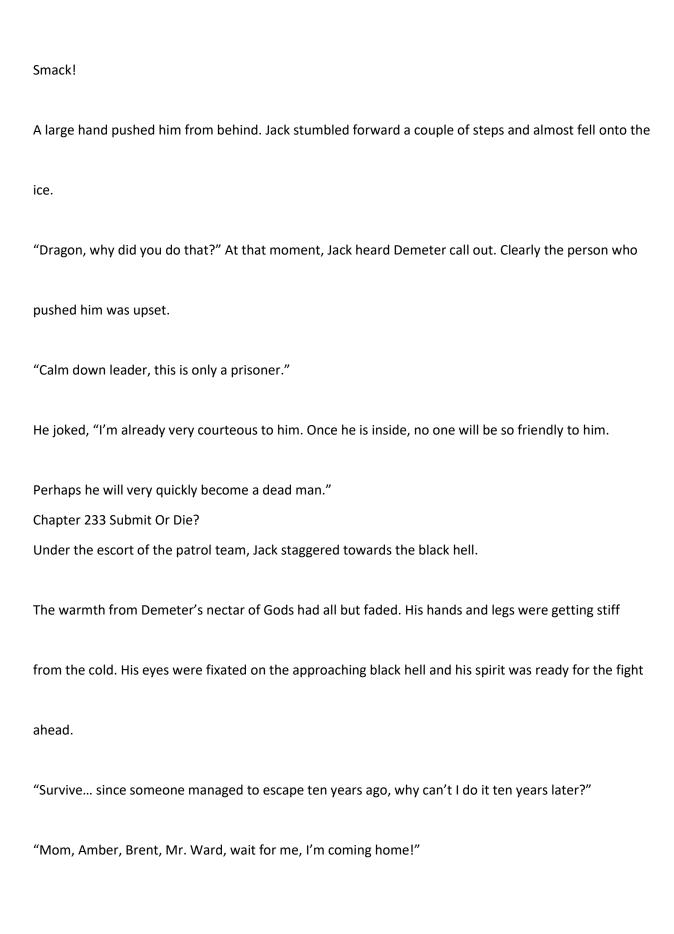
At least Demeter's attitude was good to him and from their chat, he now was mentally prepared for what was going to happen. When the door opened, the bone chilling cold wind blew in. It was so cold that Jack couldn't help but shivered and goosebumps covered his body.

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

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

oppression. It looked like an enormous head of a black beast sticking out of the ice.

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



"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



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-eatman" 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.

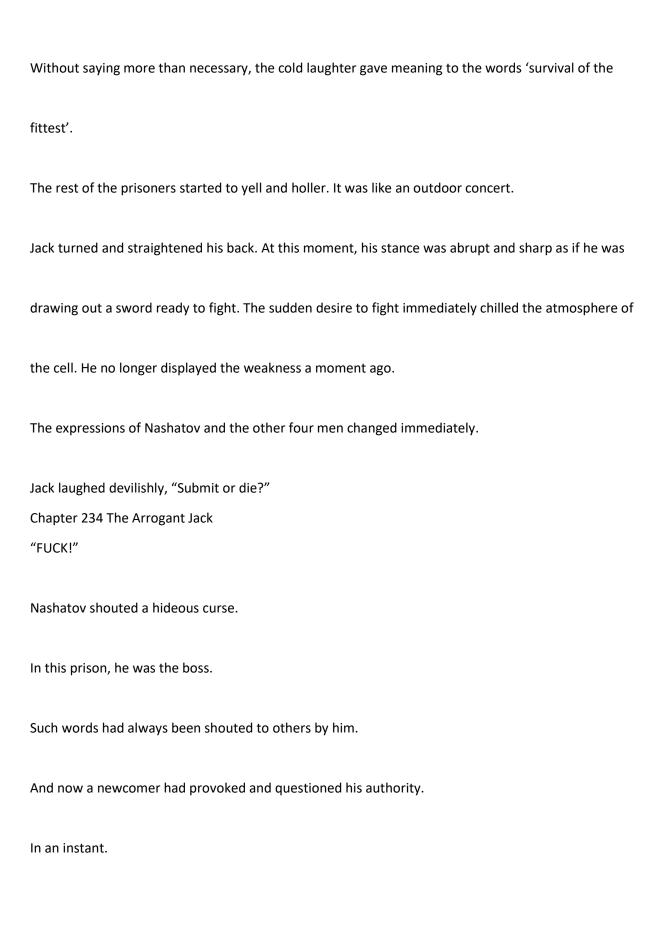
He was standing in the middle of the prison cells which looked like an activity area. On top was

tampered glass covering the sky above. But to his surprise, amidst the yells, although the accent was

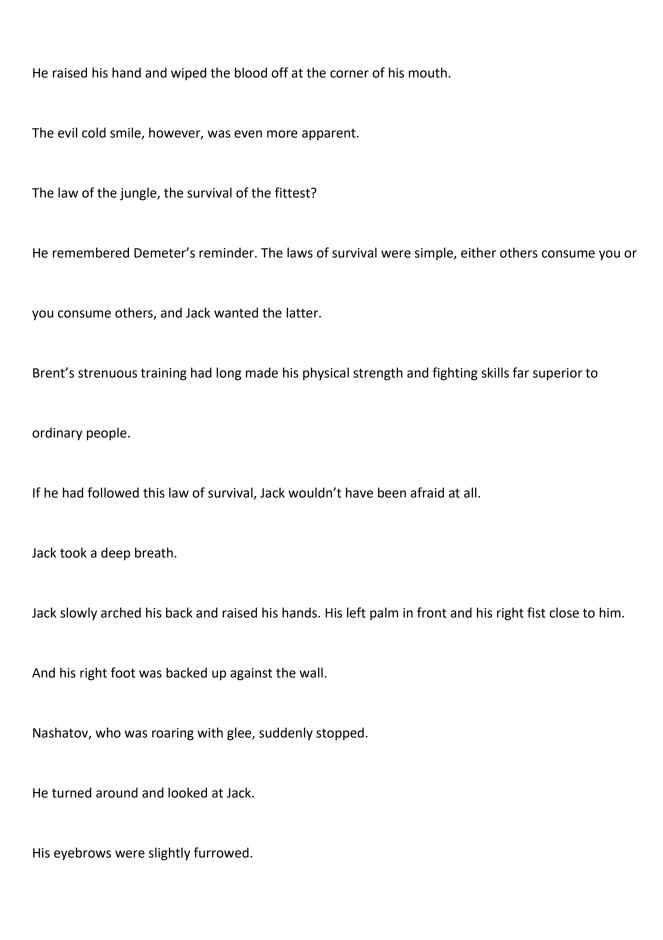
rather strange, he was able to understand what they said.

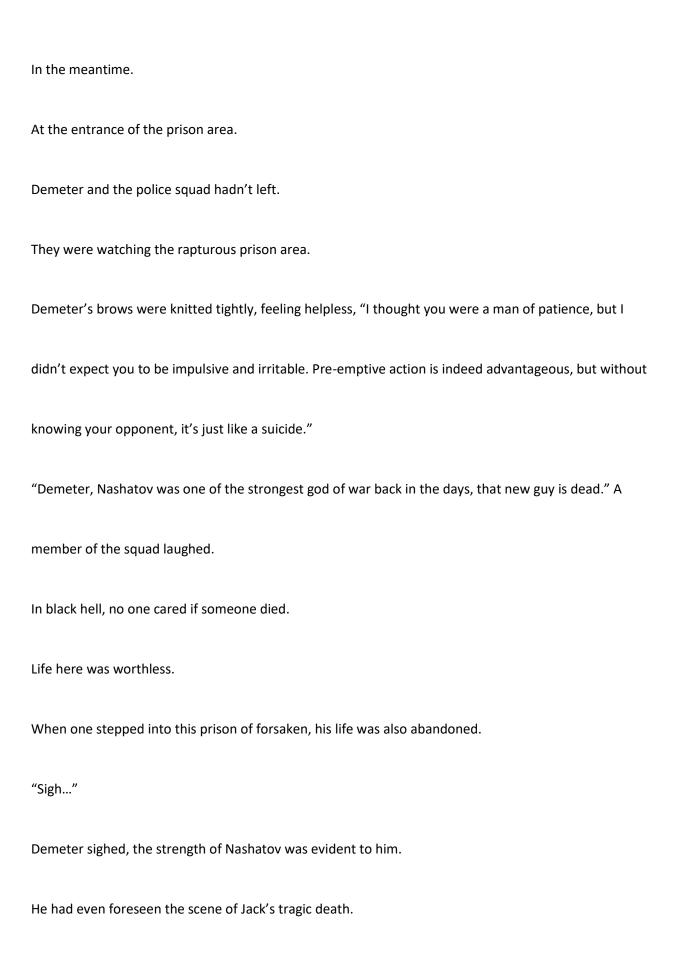
"Specially arranged for you, I hope that this would be your blessing." Demeter could see Jack's doubts,







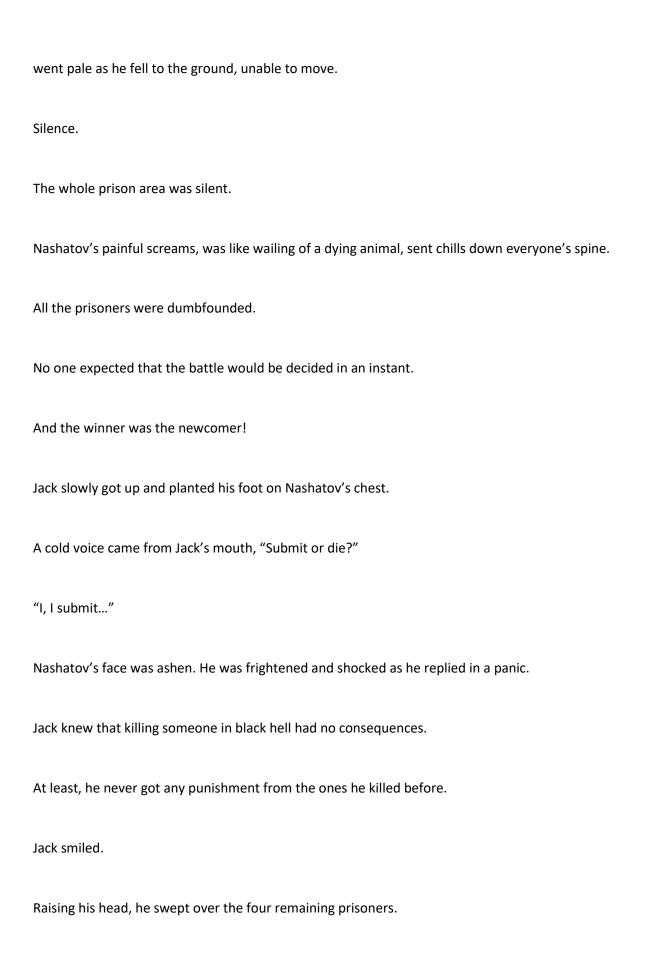




With a sigh, Demeter slowly looked towards the cell where Jack was.
From his angle, he could clearly see Jack inside the cell.
"Huh! This is"
Demeter's pupils contracted as from what he saw he was in disbelief.
And inside the cell.
Nashatov suddenly let out an explosive roar and, like a wild bear, he 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.



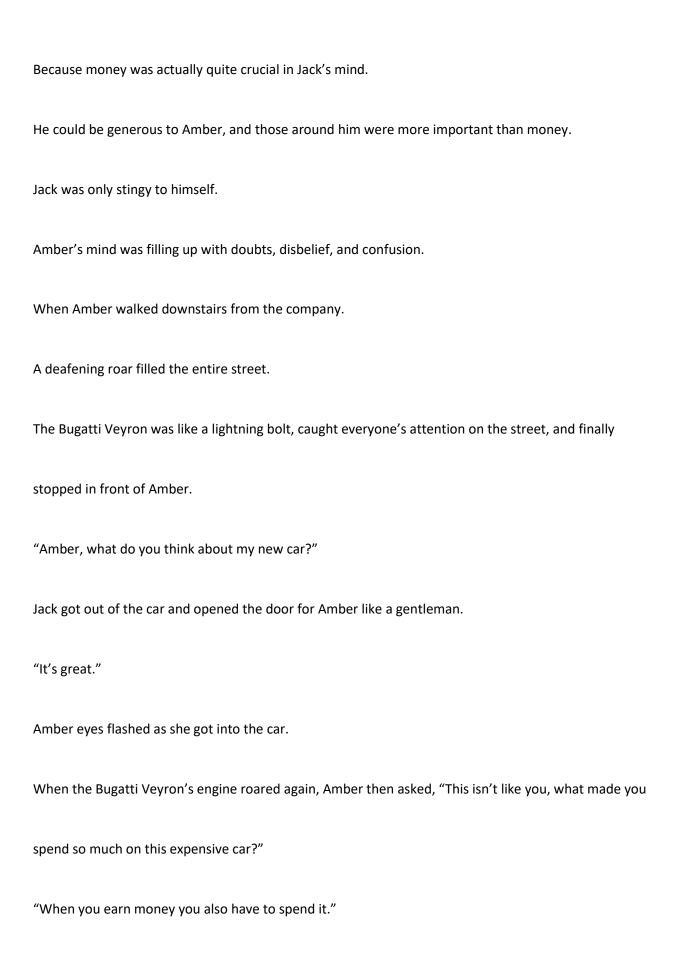
In a flash.
The whole prison area went quiet.
All eyes were on them and eagerly awaiting what would happen.
And Jack's pupils shrunk.
Like a hawk, Jack focused on the oncoming fist.
Just moments before it would hit Jack's face.
Jack's body sprung into action and dove down, just enough to dodge Nashatov's 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



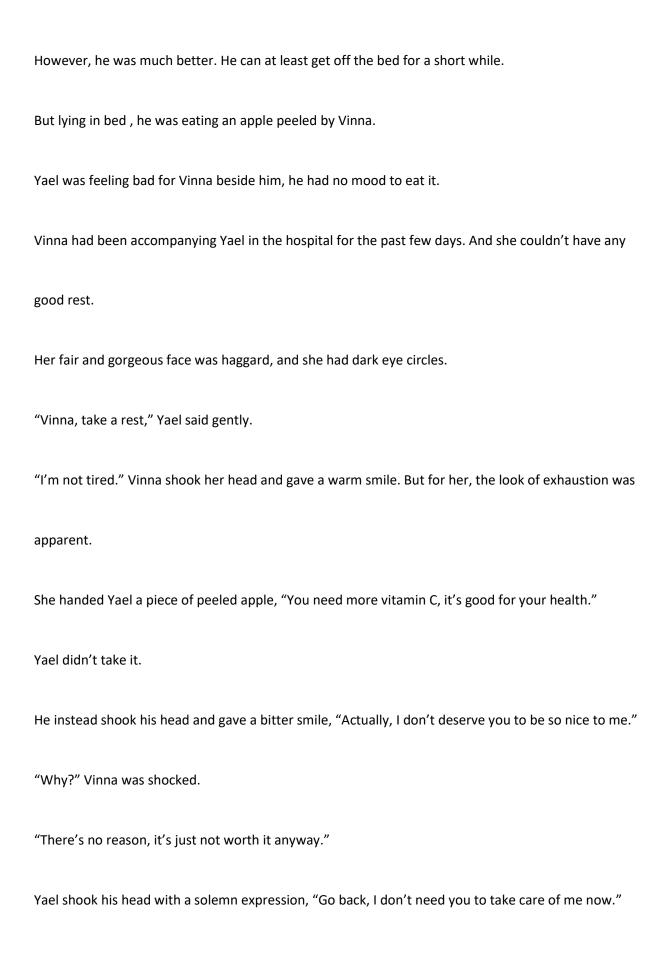




Even though Jack at that time was already wealthy.
Although Jack kept saying that he would purchase a new car.
Yet every time he drove Mr. Ward's Rolls Royce or the company car?
He always talked like he would buy a car soon, but he was always using their cars.
Thinking about it, Amber asked curiously, "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.











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.





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



"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.

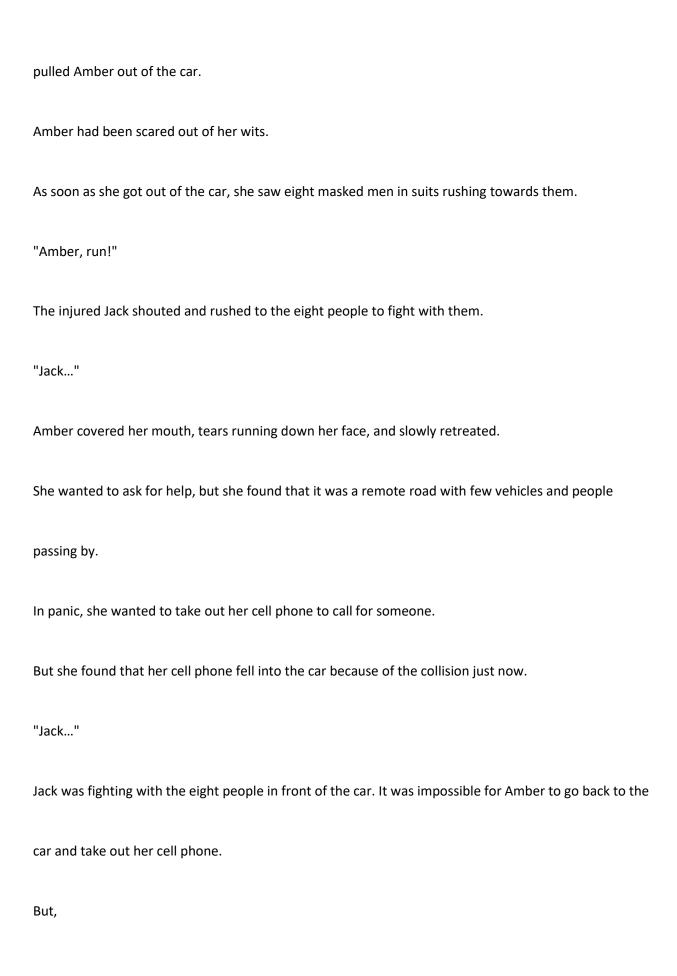
Amber felt as if she was in a trance. Her hand held tightly onto whatever was given to her by Yael. Yael was not rude but he wanted to give something to her. "Amber, are you alright?" Jack frowned and his expression darkened. "No, I'm fine." Amber shook her head, "Let's go." Jack nodded and opened the 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!

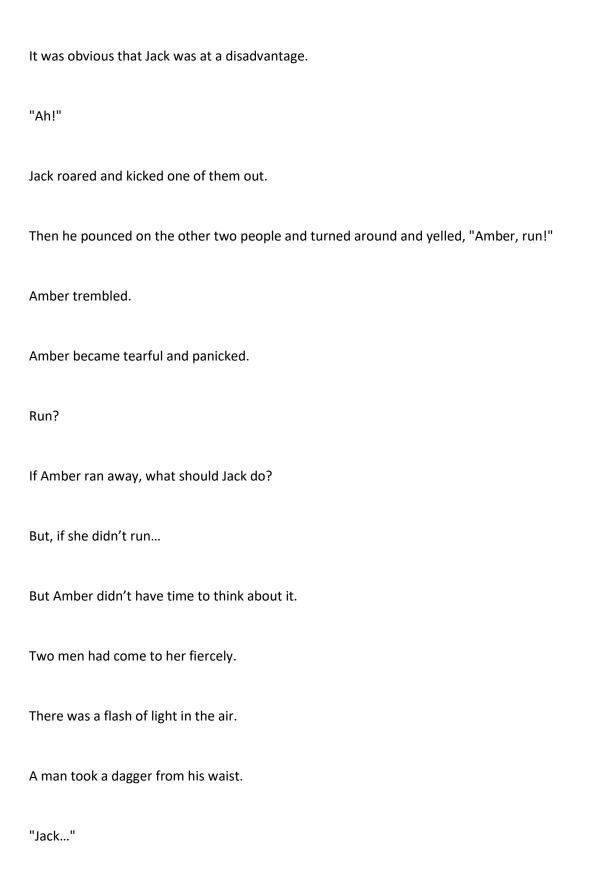
Was this really written by Yael? At that moment Amber was hesitating. The doubt in her had peaked following Yael's message which was so certain. It was clear that she was not the only one who felt that way! Furthermore, compared to her doubt, Yael's feeling was even more certain and definite!



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



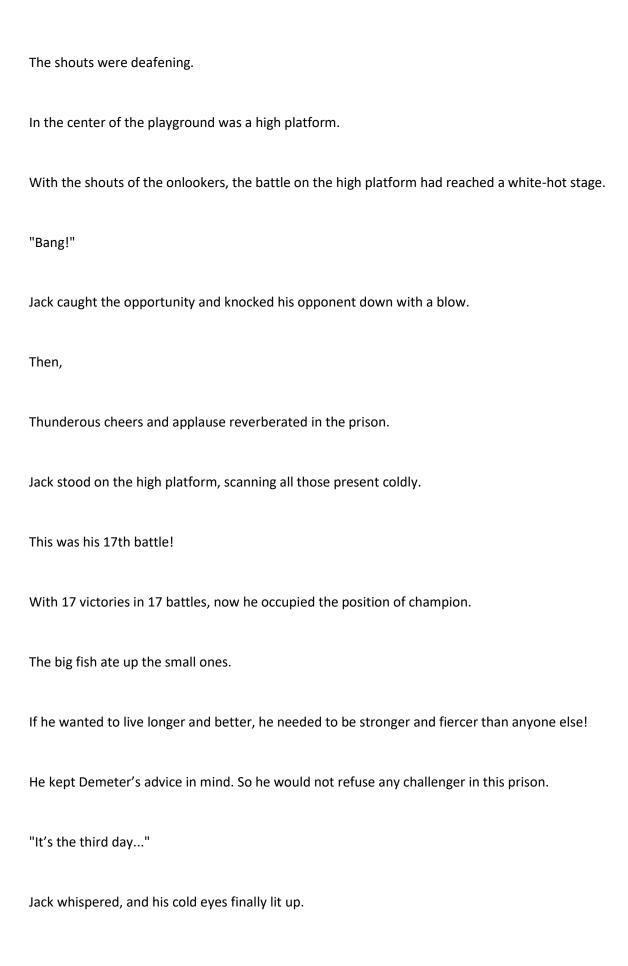


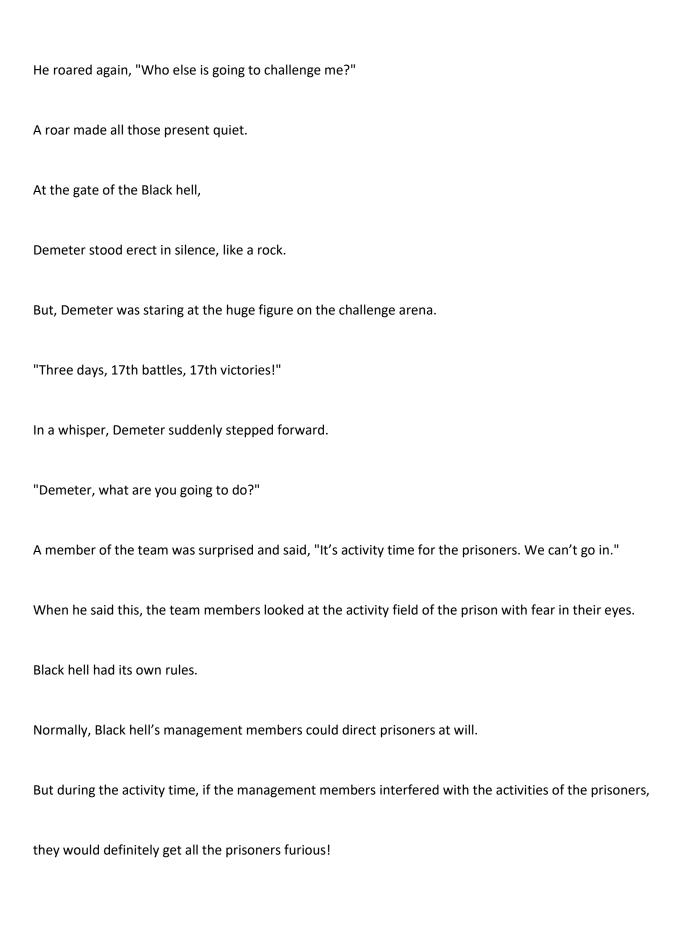
Amber screamed in fright and stepped back, only to find that she had hit the wall and had no way to
retreat.
"Go to hell!"
The man holding the dagger raised the dagger to stab Amber.
The situation was very critical.
Amber screamed, extremely desperate.
In fear, she closed her eyes, like a kitten, waiting 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!"



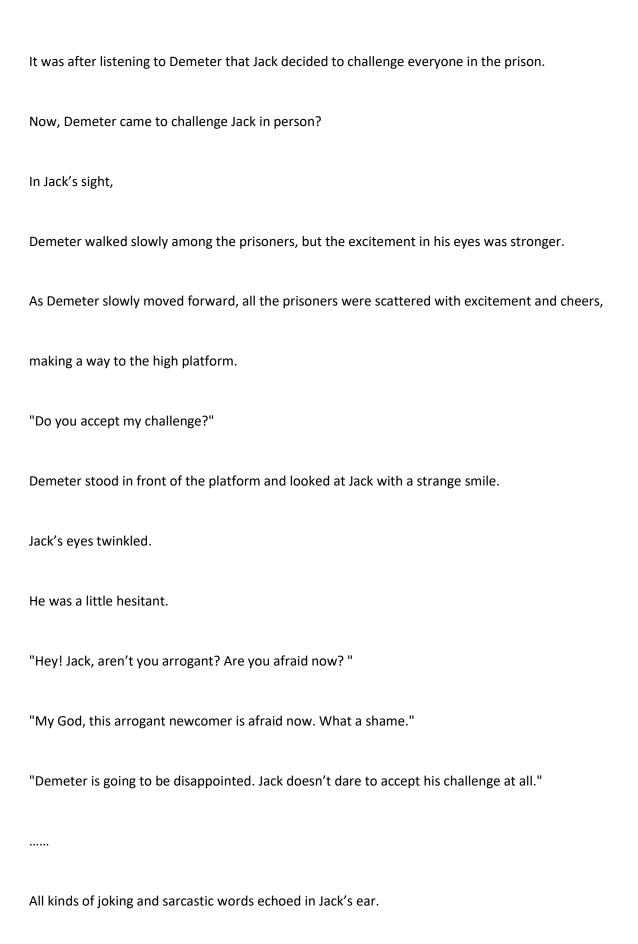






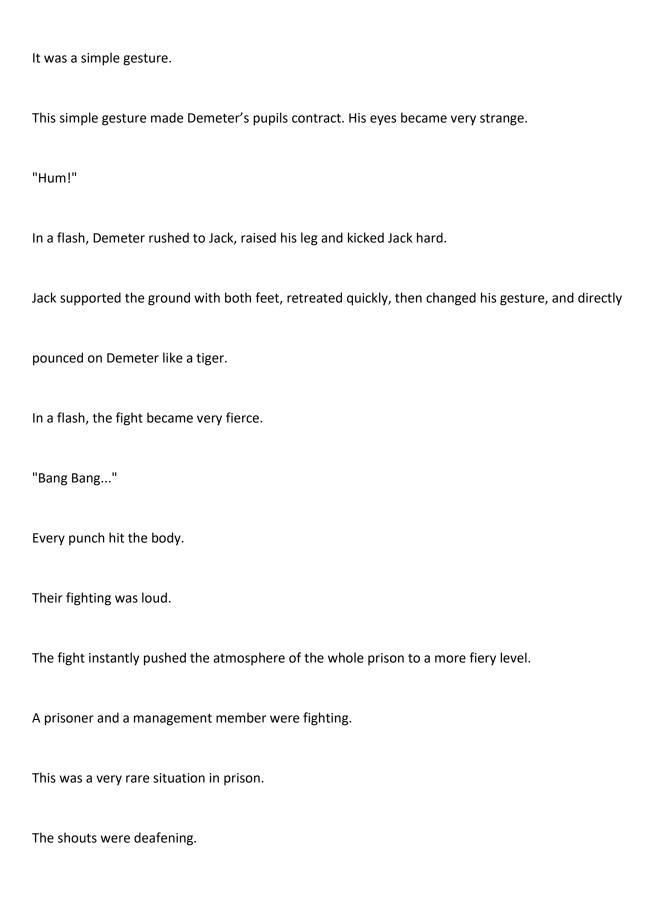


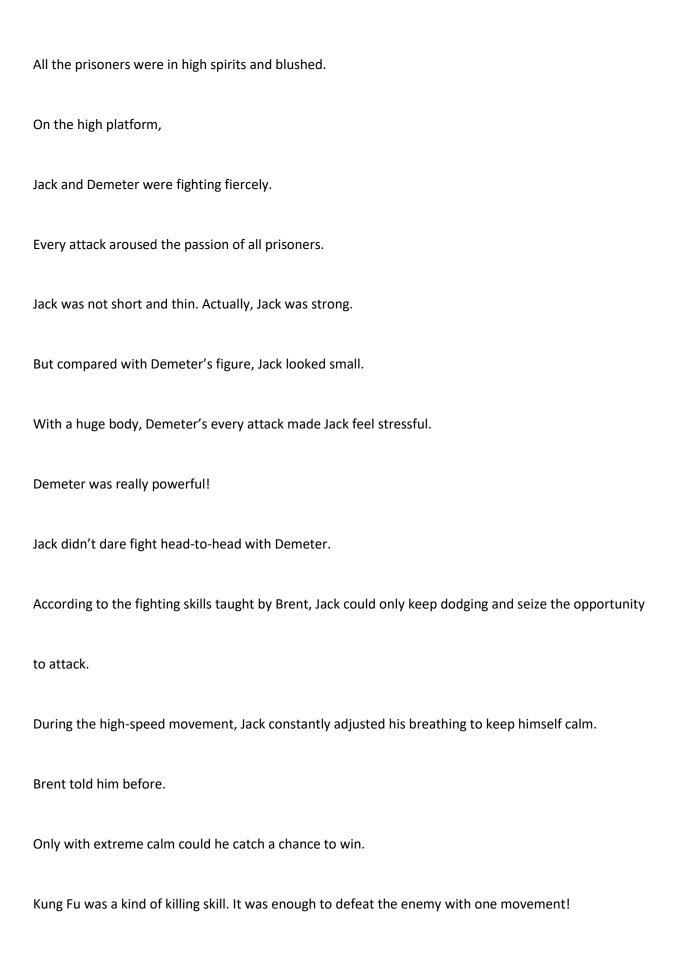
However, if the management members wanted to challenge prisoners, the prisoners would not reject it. On the contrary, prisoners were more willing to see such a situation. Normally, the management members were superior, while the prisoners were suppressed by them. The people who imprisoned in Black hell 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.

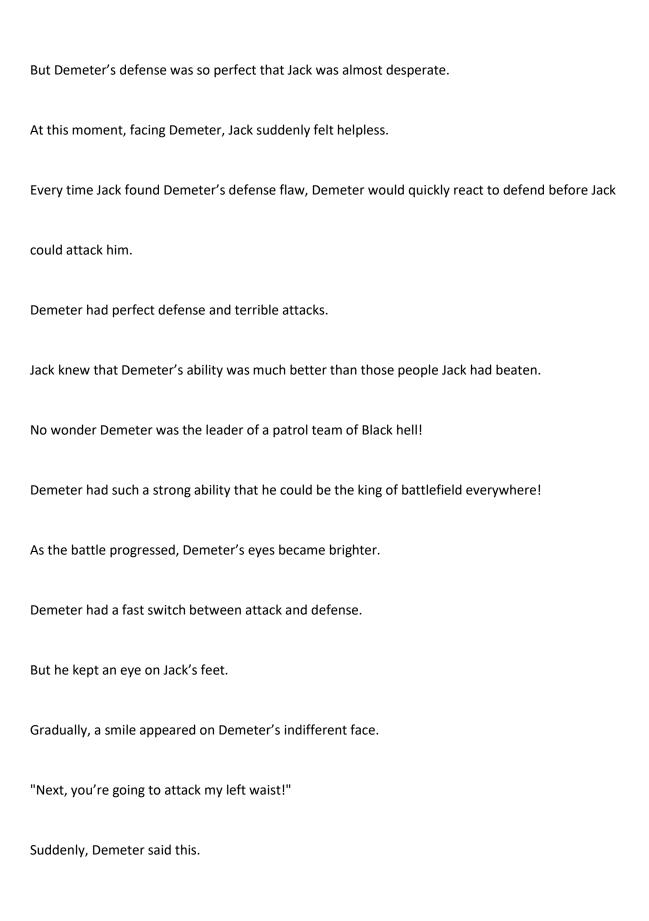


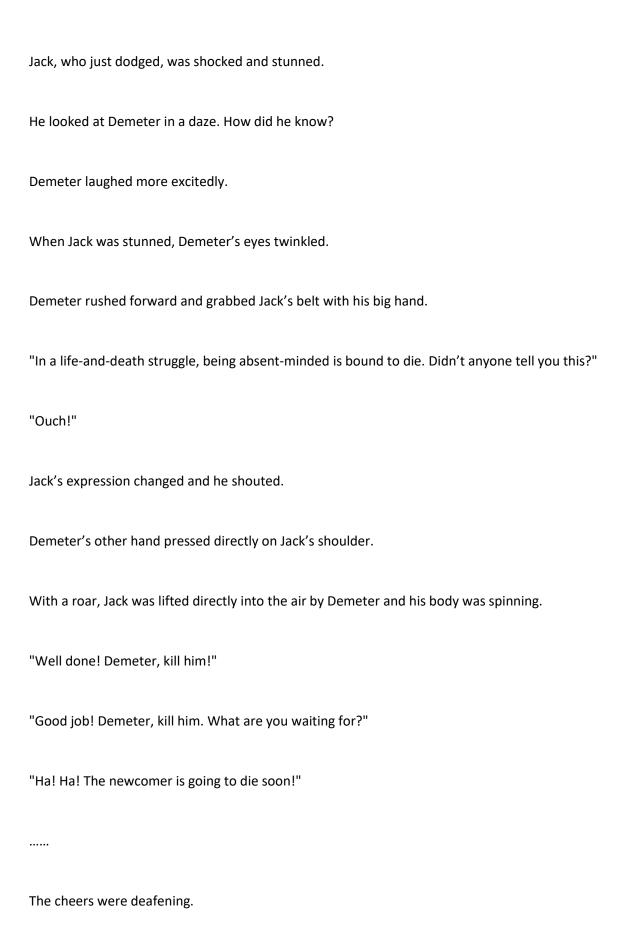
Jack burst out laughing.
He looked at Demeter with bright eyes.
Jack said slowly, "If you can promise me a condition, I will accept your challenge!"
"What?" Demeter asked.
"Tell me what the date is today!"
Demeter's eyes twinkled and his pupils contracted.
Did Jack still want to go out?
"Well, I promise 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,

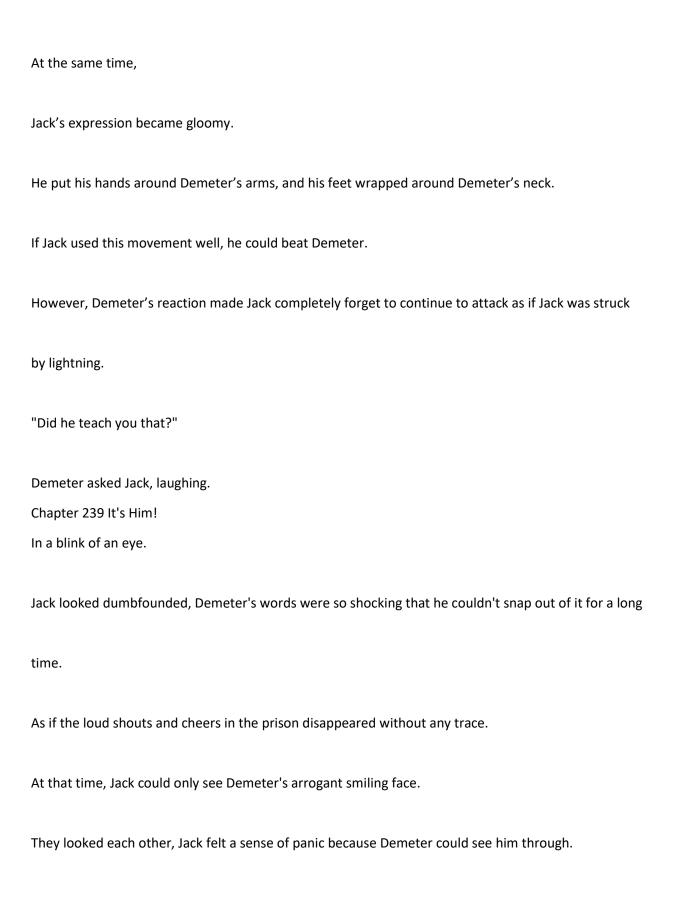








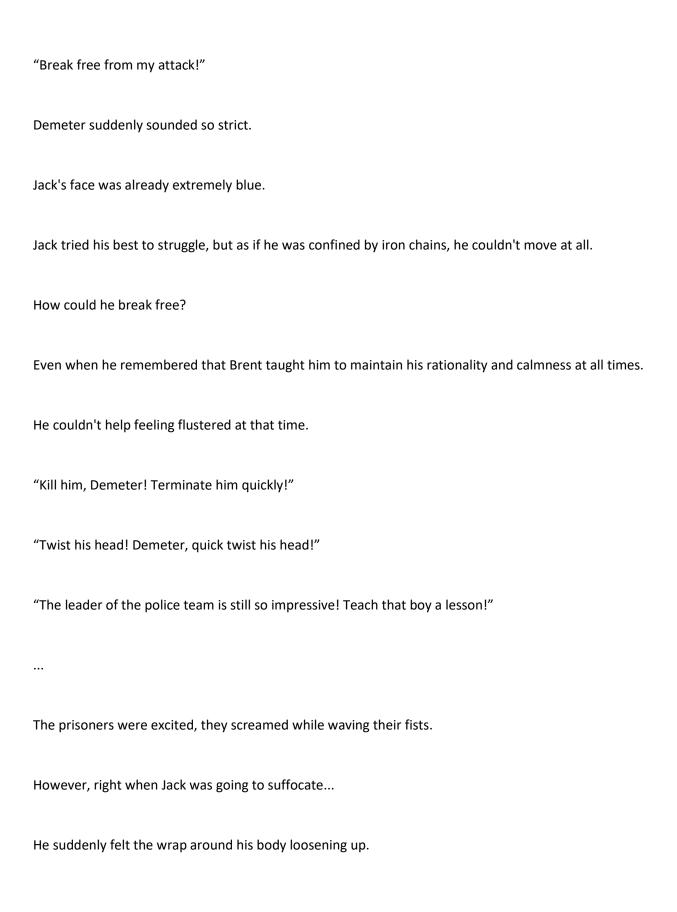




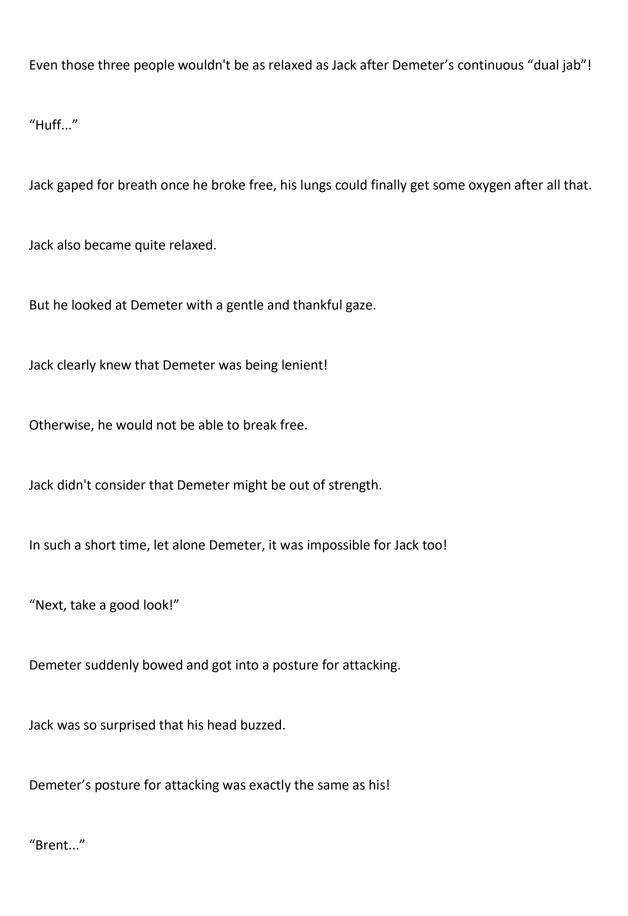


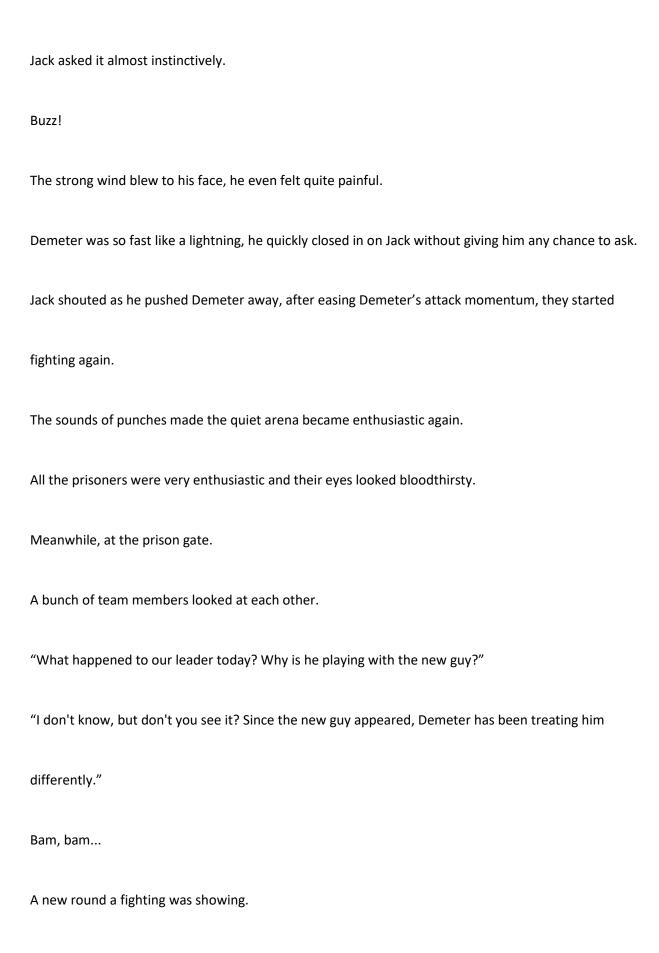
Oh no!
Jack's heart was beating hard.
He felt his waist tightening as Demeter wrapped him.
His head spun and his vision became blurry
Bang!
Demeter caught Jack with both hands and slammed him to the floor.
Rumble!
Prisoners in the arena cried out in surprise.
In a blink of an eye
Demeter didn't stop 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.







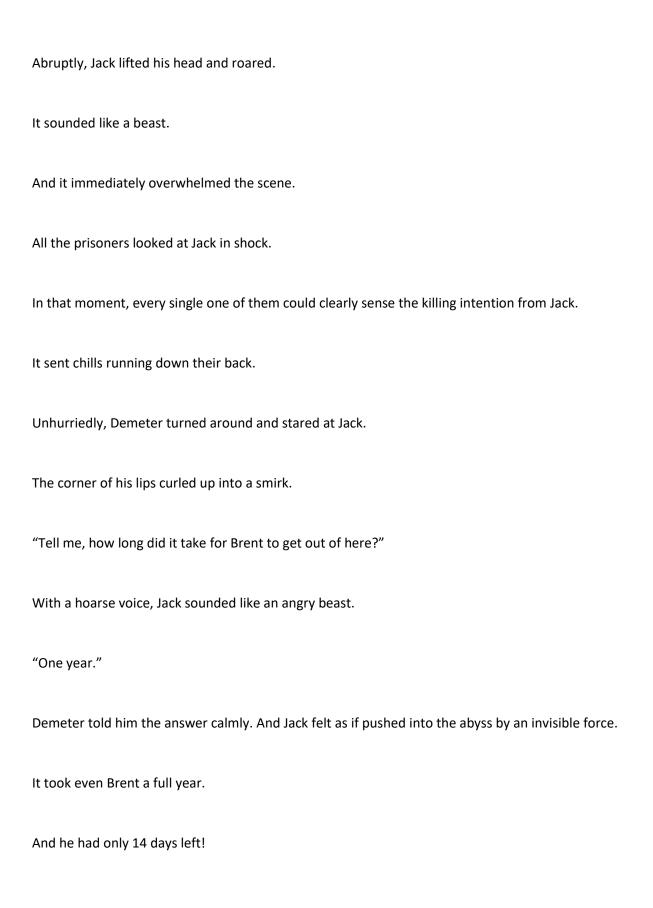




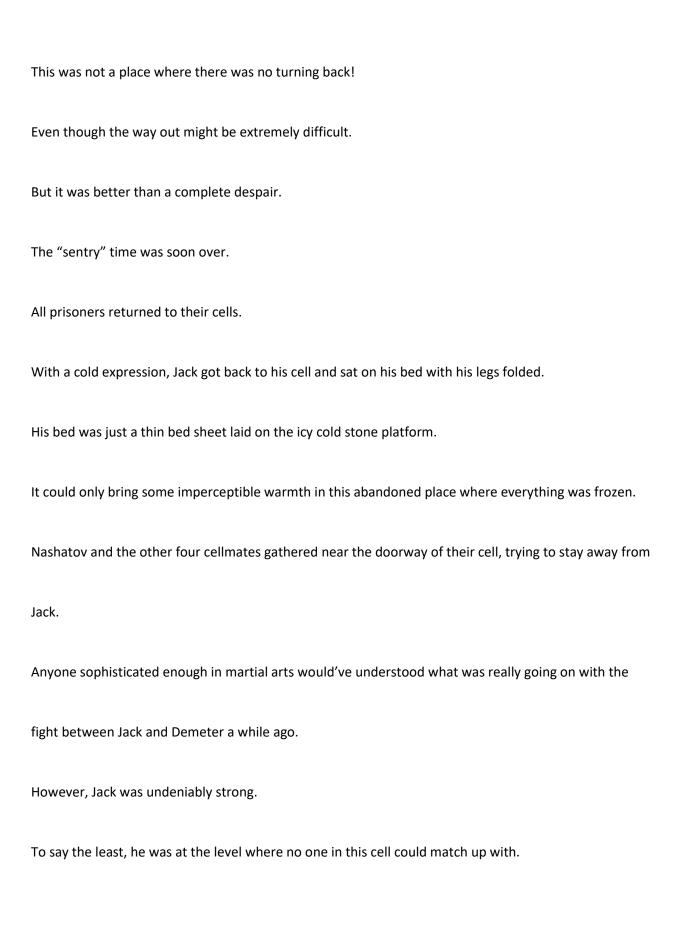


But he still felt a sense of trance when Demeter confirmed his hypothesis.
It was Brent who got out of Black Hell ten years ago?
What was his relationship with Demeter?
Why did Demeter's martial arts resemble Brent's?
And it was in fact more powerful than the one Jack learned from Brent.
Layers and layers 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!

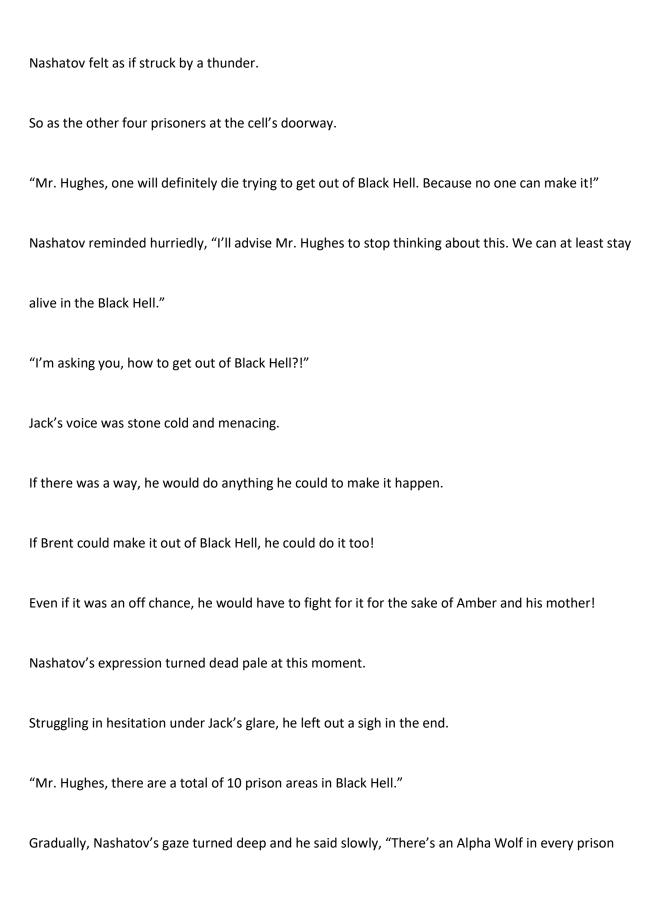
The guy from the Jour family was by Amber's side right now while he was trapped in the Black Hell!
Amber would be marrying that guy instead of him if he didn't manage to make it back by 15th.
If that happened, that guy would be replacing him for good!
Jack's heart crushed in as if pressed by something 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 rackety 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!"











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 deathmatchs. One can only step out of Black Hell after winning all the deathmatchs, 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 deathmatchs. 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 deathmatchs!"