

## **Born Winner 311**

### Chapter 311 Deadpool Mercenary

The meal was bland and unappetizing because of the situation Jack was in.

The assassination attempt by the old man signaled the start of the assassinations. At the same time, it also meant that the kill order sent out by the Dark Net Assassin Squad had become far more complicated.

Jack even started to think about the scene from the zombie apocalypse.

The lure of a billion dollars! With the seduction of a huge reward, it was unpredictable how many people would throw caution to the wind and attempt the assassination.

In the afternoon, the hundred men security team finally arrived. More than ten helicopters flew towards the TM Villa district. It was extremely loud and caused a stir in the Villa district. Brent had informed Aiden earlier so that the villa residence management could ease the concerns of the residents.

Security equipment was unloaded from the helicopters. Looking at a large amount of equipment and security personnel, Jack had a feeling that they were going to transform the villa. But it was for the better. A complex system would provide more security and peace of mind.

Brent got them to secure Jack's room first and then proceeded to do other areas. This would enable

Jack to rest more.

When Jack returned to his bedroom, he looked around and began to doubt what they had done in his room. Everything was the same as before like nothing was moved. The only change was there was some equipment next to the window.

“Master, there were many alterations but they were specially concealed.” Brent followed Jack in and noticed his expression. He then walked over to the window and tapped on the window and said, “For example, this window is one-way glass and you can look out but others can’t see in.”

After that, Brent pointed to the other equipment.

“And these include infrared disarray and electromagnetic wave disruption and other features. The assassin could not use high tech to make an attempt from a distance. These four walls had also been reinforced with specialized materials.”

This level of protection must be the same as those who have immense authority and responsibilities.

Brent’s introduction was brief and must be just a portion of it. Jack also believed that there were other security features in the room. Otherwise, why would it take so much time for the hundred men security

team to install them?

Jack looked again at the room that appeared untouched. But Jack was unable to laugh because the detailed and high-security features only went to show how dangerous the situation was. When he found out how many features there were in this small room, he became even more troubled.

Brent sighed and said solemnly, "Let's hope that it'll be enough."

Jack's heart sank and looked stunned at Brent. He thought that only he as the assassination target would have this feeling but he didn't expect Brent to have a similar reaction!

"Is it possible to penetrate so many layers of security?" Jack asked.

"Several years back for the Rothschild case, Rothschild built a fortress to protect himself." Brent loosened his grip and smiled with a heavy heart, "Master, a true killer's mind will exceed everyone's imagination." His voice was low but it filled the entire room with a murderous feel.

Jack stood in place and his lips quivered but he couldn't speak. He felt that his throat had tightened as if a large hand had strangled him. Don't mention talking, he even felt difficulty in breathing.

Was this the end? Jack wondered.

Brent was one of the three assassins who successfully killed Rothschild. What he said would not be

exaggerated. No one could escape death when it arrived.

“Master, have a good rest. Don’t be too nervous. Just do whatever you want in the room as per normal.”

Brent patted Jack’s shoulders to comfort him but then he became solemn again, “Leave the rest to me and the security team outside.”

“Thanks for your hard work.” Jack nodded and walked to the window after the door closed.

The sun had set and the lights lit up outside.

One look and it revealed the peace and tranquility of the TM villa district.

From how things were, apart from believing Brent and the rest, there was nothing that he could do.

“It’s that dreadful feeling again.” Jack fumed and said to himself.

He fought so hard so that he would not feel helpless against external factors but in the end, he still could not escape the overwhelming tide.

His mother’s death had caused his temperament to change. Even with his stark and pronounced change he still became helpless and for the sake of self-preservation, he had to lie to his wife so that

she would go overseas.

Jack felt amused when he thought about this. The more he thought about it, the more he felt oppressed. He opened the window to a gap the width of a thumb to breathe some fresh air.

Clink clank!

Just as he opened the window, his phone slid down his trousers and onto the floor. Jack bent down to pick up the phone and just as he was about to stand up.

Boom!

A gunshot was heard.

Almost the same moment, Jack could feel some hot air blazed past him.

Smash!

His wedding photo with Amber hung on the opposite wall and the bullet penetrated Jack on the photo but didn't dent the wall.

"Fuck!" Jack was terrified and crouched at the wall.

He could see that the bullet had 'hit' him on the head in the photo. He was almost hit by this shot!

"Brent!" Jack yelled.

Almost at the same moment, footsteps could be heard from the corridor.

Thud!

The room door opened and Brent dashed in with several guards.

At the same time, Brent yelled, "Fuck! Fan outwards and find the shooter. Bring him back and kill him!"

As he shouted, Brent crouched and rushed towards Jack. His right hand held onto a gun as his left

hand grabbed Jack's shoulder and said, "Master, come with me!"

Jack's face was pale and looked erratic. It was totally a survival instinct as he crouched together with

Brent to leave the room. Just as they moved to the corridor with the guards, gunshots started to ring

out from afar. The sound wasn't loud as it must be a distance from the villa.

Brent paused as he remarked, "Fuck! There's more than one shooter!"

Jack trembled.

Almost at the same time, Brent's two-way radio sounded, "Chief, request backup. There is an unknown

number of attackers hiding in the thick forest. Three of my men are already down!"

Brent stared angrily. The air in the corridor turned chillingly cold.

Jack's entire body felt numb. If it wasn't for his sense of reason, he would have stood up and run outside. But it would spell certain death if he were to run out now.

Before Brent could respond, the two-way radio crackled again.

"Chief! I saw him, it's Deadpool Mercenary!"

Deadpool Mercenary?

Jack frowned tightly and almost at the same moment he clearly felt Brent's large hand tremble. He could see Brent from the corner of his eyes that Brent's face turned momentarily pale.

Brent very quickly said, "Retreat immediately and go into a defensive posture. Damn it! This is a notorious kill squad from the desert. Why did they participate in this assassination?"

Chapter 312 Killer Brent

Although Brent was swearing, his tone, order, and demeanor revealed the terrifying abilities of this mercenary team.

Jack was breathing deeply and endeavored to calm himself. But how the hell was he to remain calm at this point? The assassination order brought out a mercenary team. How were they to defend against this?

Intense gun battle continued to be heard. The guards in the corridor started to position themselves to

help the retreating guards. This was no longer the ordinary defense against an assassination attempt.

This had turned into full-on shooting combat.

Brent's expression changed and started to ponder about something.

Jack sat on the corridor as each gunshot tugged at his nerves. But he was clear that he could only choose to totally trust Brent and the team for such a battle. It would only complicate matters if he were to participate too much.

"Chief, they are fighting their way through!" Someone in a room shouted.

Jack looked in that direction and it was from a room that faced the main door of the villa which was also the direction of the gunshots.

Jack rubbed his nose as his heart continued to sink.

This must be a huge mess inside the villa district. Normally the rich and famous would be afraid of such a situation happening. They would try all means to avoid and hide something like that so that no one would find out. But this time it was different. There was a team of mercenaries attacking them.

Bloodthirsty mercenaries would not be concerned about covering their tracks and for others to know



about their actions.

“Bring me my rifle!” Brent suddenly turned ferocious. At this moment, his entire body released a killer sensation. He was like a gnarling beast ready to pounce.

Was this the look of a Warrior King and killer?

Jack was unsettled and looked at Brent as his pupils constricted. Normally, Brent gave him a secure and steady feeling. Even when he wanted to protect Daisy and expressed the urge to kill, it was very different than what he exuded now. Jack felt that Brent had instantly erupted.

Very soon, a guard took a rifle which was wrapped with green cloth. Once the cloth was removed, a sniper rifle was revealed. It was a AWM-P!

Jack was shocked. Though he wasn't very familiar with rifles, he recognized this legendary rifle. The entire rifle was painted green like a poisonous snake reaching out to strike its prey at any moment.

“Chief, when did you last fire this rifle?” The guard who handed Brent the rifle asked.

“Three years ago.” Brent slowly caressed the rifle as if he was pampering his beloved. He turned and took the rifle towards the room that faced the main entrance of the villa.

Jack sat on the ground all this while and Brent's transformation surprised him.

Several guards around him began to chat.

“How many do you think Chief will kill this time?”

“How many? Anything less than ten wasn’t worth Chief taking out his rifle.”

“That’s it, now Chief had been forced to show his true colors. Deadpool Mercenary will suffer now.”

...

Jack’s heart stirred wildly when he heard this chatter. He could see from the corner of his eyes that the

guards who were talking began to relax a little. So much so that there was a feeling that they are not

taking this seriously.

Boom!

Suddenly, there was a deafening sound from the room.

Boom!

Another deafening shot rang out without a pause. The sudden deafening shots from the rifle stung

Jack’s ears. Then he saw two fingers raised, obviously reporting to the guards.

“One shot one kill! That’s our Chief!” The guards rejoiced excitedly.

Jack also heaved a sigh of relief. Last time he only knew that Brent was very skilled with fighting. But then if he was to think in detail, how could a king of warriors fight in multiple combats with just his fighting skills? Marksmanship must be Brent's topmost skill!

After the two shots, the intense firing from a distance paused.

But Brent didn't give the opponents any chance.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

...

Each sniper shot was like a string of firecrackers with hardly any time in between them.

But Jack could see the hand continuing to reveal the kills. After five fingers were raised, it was reset and the count continued.

One shot one kill! There were no wasted shots.

At this moment, there were footsteps around the first floor and shots could be heard from the courtyard.

The guards who went out to find the shooter had retreated to the villa. Brent's one shot one kill had covered the retreat of the entire team!

This scene sent shivers down Jack's spine and he felt numb. How many people had such capabilities?

"They must have retreated," Jack said as he relaxed.

As he thought of this, a shout in a foreign language could be heard coming from outside. Jack could hear it clearly.

"Brent! I'm Vampire, the leader of Deadpool Mercenary. I didn't expect that your marksmanship is still so deadly after all these years!"

Brent started with a cuss in that language, "Vampire? A bunch of fuckers! The people inside are all under my protection. Leave if you want to live!"

After he said.

"Retreat!" Brent yelled from inside the room.

Before Jack could react, he saw Brent and a few guards dashing out from that room. Immediately, Jack saw a flash and thick smoke flying in with an ear-piercing whistle.

"Master! Run!" Instantly, Brent rushed towards Jack and pulled him up. The two of them rushed down

and after a few steps.

Kaboom!

A loud explosion came from behind them and rocks flew everywhere. The intense shockwave cracked the walls. Jack felt as though he was violently pushed and he lunged forward. Upon landing, he turned hurriedly to look and was terrified.

The room that Brent and the others were in became an empty space and billowing with smoke.

“Fuck, they even dared to use RPG. This team is asking for it!” Brent spat out saliva mixed with dust.

“They won’t give up.” Jack’s face was pale but dignified. His deep eyes betrayed his horror as he reasoned, “They are a bunch of lawless maniacs. You guys are unable to fight them head-on.”

Brent was unable to respond to what Jack said because it was true. He as a mercenary knew better than anyone that to mercenaries, money was more important than their lives. With a seduction of a billion yuan, the maniacs outside would do whatever it took to fight.

“But we have nowhere else to go,” Brent said solemnly.

Jack suddenly raised his eyebrows, “There is a place that they should fear!”

Chapter 313 I Want to Bring Him Away!

“Chief, they are attacking us now. Their numbers are estimated at fifty, and they are armed!”

A security personnel’s voice came from downstairs.

Both Jack and Brent felt their heart jump into their throats.

Just a moment ago, Brent had not missed with his attacks, which caused the Deadpool mercenary to suffer massive losses and casualties. They only had fifty men in their ranks left, and had they come in greater numbers, the security team would still have the upper hand.

What caused them to have a drastic change of expression was that they were heavily armed!

It was supposed to be an assassination attempt on a wanted man, nothing more!

Nobody would have anticipated that things would develop into an all-out assault by a team of mercenary carrying heavy artillery.

For someone like Brent, he had arranged for a huge amount of defense and detection devices to be used, and as for weapons, the team only employed lightweight stuff, not the heavyweight stuff!

If this were just a regular assassination attempt, even if the most formidable hitman was dispatched, with numbers, facilities and lightweight weapons on their side, they would be able to deal with the danger easily.

However, their opponent was a mercenary armed with heavy artillery, so only poison could fight poison!

“We must flee for now!”

Brent immediately came to a decision, “Young master, where is that place you have mentioned?”

“The Four Impressions Club!”

Jack replied immediately.

Brent’s eyes lit up, “Why didn’t I think of such a thing? If we set up our defenses there, we wouldn’t have to deal with the Deadpool mercenary like we are doing now.”

Brent knew very well the weight carried by the name of the Four Impressions Club.

It was precisely because of his knowledge that he was agitated the moment Jack came up with that suggestion.

If they could make their way to the Four Impressions Club, those so-called Deadpool mercenary would just degrade to insects!

“Everyone, get ready. We are leaving. You have to make sure the young master reach the Four Impressions Club safely no matter what price you have to pay!”

Brent immediately ordered his team.

“Understood!”

The troop of a hundred-men strong security personnel responded almost simultaneously.

After Brent had given out his order, everyone immediately went into action.

A dozen of them took the lead and barged into the courtyard while fighting back against the Deadpool mercenary coming at them from beyond a fence with their own firepower.

Those who were not doing that shielded Jack as they moved towards the stationary helicopter outside the building.

There were more than a dozen helicopters parked side by side. As long as Jack was able to board one of them and successfully took flight, their battle here was as good as won!

The incessant firing of the guns filled the night sky with extreme chaos.

The atmosphere around the TM Villa district transformed the whole place into a raw battlefield.

Not far away, there were several corpses lying on the ground. They were the property security who had just reached the scene to maintain order in this place.

In the other villas, shadows of people scurrying around could be seen through the windows. Bouts of



screaming could be heard everywhere.

Some residents were even driving off in fear.

Jack was completely in a daze as he watched everything unfolding in front of his eyes.

He was never present in a battlefield, so he would never imagine himself appearing in one tonight.

Bullets were flying everywhere and blood were shed.

It was cruelty at its finest.

As he moved through the chaos under the protection of the security team, he saw some members of

the team fell onto the ground lifelessly from time to time.

Bullets that resembled the scythe of the Death God were slicing through human bodies and stealing

away their lives.

With a loud bang, one of the security personnel who was not far from Jack had his chest pierced by a

bullet. Blood splattered Jack's face as a result.

The nauseating scent of blood immediately filled his lungs.

With a jerk of his body, Jack had a look of extreme terror on his face.

It was not like he hadn't seen with his own eyes bloody acts of cruelty happening in front of his eyes.

With the long period of training under his belt, his mental capacity and endurance had long surpassed that of a normal human being.

Despite that, he still felt himself going numb after witnessing such a gory sight.

"Young master, hold on for a little longer. We're almost there!"

Brent had a grave expression as he could sense Jack's reaction to all of these messiness. Jack was suffering from shockwaves after shockwaves of fear.

The truth of the matter was that nobody was a natural killing machine ever since they were born to this world.

Even for the Warrior King, when he first stepped onto a battlefield, he also needed some time to get used to all the blood and gore. He had to go through that to grow himself.

The bloody scenes unique only to a battlefield could not be compared to mere brawl on the streets.

With an enormous amount of experience under his belt, Brent had seen with his own eyes several seasoned veterans starting to have trauma because of going through a very heated battle.

"I—I'm fine."

Jack was trying his best to steady his breathing.

In his field of vision, the helicopter was expanding as he moved closer.

All of a sudden, a brilliant flash of light broke through the smoke and careened at him with the night sky as the back drop.

“Lie down!”

Brent screamed while pinning Jack onto the ground.

With a huge explosive sound, everything was bombed into smithereens, and a mushroom-shaped cloud billowed in the night sky.

“Damn it, retreat!”

Brent cursed loudly as he was the first one to get back on his feet. He helped Jack to his feet too.

He was faster than almost everyone when getting to his feet, but all of a sudden, with a loud bang, a huge explosion went off somewhere very nearby, and Jack felt like he lost his hearing for a moment.

His wind-up body experienced a shockwave and his sight was blinded by debris and blood.

However, he could clearly feel Brent’s presence by his side. With a slight shudder, he was able to

stabilize himself.

An explosion seemed to go off in his head, and with his eyes widened, he gradually looked upwards.

Everything continued as if in slow motion. Time seemed to slowly ground to a halt.

Everything slowed down and for a moment, he had the illusion that everything was frozen in place.

From the corner of his eyes, he could ascertain that Brent was still standing, but a huge pool of blood

had dirtied his chest. Blood seemed to be trickling out of a wound on his chest too.

All the while, Brent's hand which was clamped onto Jack's shoulders never wavered and loosened.

"Young master..."

Brent looked at Jack with an unfocused gaze as a bitter smile formed on his lips. Then, as if

possessed, he shouted out an order angrily, "Take the young master away!"

Almost instantly, the security personnel surrounding them rushed up and helped Jack to move towards

another helicopter.

"Let me go! Fuck, let me go now!"

At that moment, Jack was in a frenzied state. He struggled mightily with his eyes reddened, "Bring

Brent too, he's your Chief. Bring him away too!"

Tears started to fill his eyes, and they could no longer hold themselves back.

He felt like something broke within him.

“Young master, your safety is our top priority!”

One of the security personnel nearby tried to stop Jack.

“Bullshit!”

Jack cursed angrily as he gnashed his teeth hard, “He is my brother and he is as important as me. Let me go, I want to bring him together with me too, I want to bring him away...”

No matter how much resistance he tried to put up, the security personnel around him had no intention to loosen their grip on him.

At a spot far away, a new light of focus appeared in Brent’s eyes.

He called out vehemently, “Young master, don’t forget the Old Master’s words!”

At the same time, Brent turned around rapidly and loaded the AWM-P in his hands.

Bang!

With a shot, a bullet tore through the air.

However, immediately, with a swooshing sound, the wind was howling all around him.

Bang!

Another bullet hit Brent's right thigh, and blood was flying everywhere.

Brent knelt down on to his left knee, but the shotgun in his hand was still being fired non-stop.

"As long as I, Brent, am here, don't you dare lay a finger on my young master! Ah!"

Brent was shouting maniacally as if his life was no longer important to him.

Jack took in all of this, but he felt like his eyes were going to tear themselves apart.

He glued his gaze to Brent and his tears couldn't stop falling. He was shaking his head furiously.

"No, you can't stay there. You must leave now, you must leave with me..."

His struggle seemed strangely futile now.

At that moment, with the whipping sound of the wind, another bullet penetrated Brent's left leg.

At the same time, Jack felt something snapped inside his head. His head was buzzing.

As he watched Brent kneeling down and withering away, Jack howled almost inhumanely, "Let me go! I need to bring him with me!"

"Go to hell with that old fart's words! He has never cared about me in the past twenty years. Why

should I listen to him now?"

"Why should I? Why? I would rather be an unfilial son if I can bring you with me!"

He was resisting the grip of the guards like mad.

Jack suddenly exerted enormous strength into his arms, and two security personnel were pulled into him.

In a flash, he lashed out and was able to slither away a gun which was held by one of the security personnel. He had himself a gun now!

Then, under the startled gaze of the others, Jack perched the gun against his temple and said with conviction, "Bring Brent with me. Otherwise, I will die with him here!"

Chapter 314 Fight To The Death!

"Master!" The guard beside him was shocked.

Under a volley of shots and whistling of the bullets. It was as if the scene froze up momentarily. Brent knelt in despair and he could feel the fresh blood flowing. In fact, he knew that he would die here today.

But he didn't mind. His life was saved by Patrick Hughes. So what if he died to save master today?

"Okay, at least I knelt down, I should... should be able to buy some time." Brent scoffed. His hands

which held the rifle started to tremble. Even squeezing the trigger became slow and delayed. This was a sign of severe blood loss.

But even with his last breath, he must lead the men to stop Deadpool Mercenary. The old master had said. Anyone else can die but not master! Just at this moment, there was a furious yell from behind.

“Cover me!” It was Jack’s voice.

Brent’s body shook and he became more alert from his daze. He turned around and saw Jack rush out of the security perimeter with a gun, barreling towards him.

“Master, leave!” Brent was shocked and quickly shouted.

But Jack never hesitated and ran through the hail of bullets towards him.

At the same time. The guards also reacted. A portion of them lay down suppressive fire while a few others followed Jack towards Brent.

“Leave! Don’t save me! You must live on...” Brent insisted and used all his strength to brace himself up with his knee and yelled, “Master, leave quickly!”

“What happens to you if I leave?” Jack yelled angrily which also angered Brent.

Just at this moment.



Zing! Brent heard a sharp whistle beside his ear and felt an intense heat.

“Master, careful!” He glared angrily and yelled at the top of his voice.

Thud!

The bullet penetrated through Jack’s left arm and fresh blood splattered. The intense pain radiated throughout his body and Jack’s dash came to a stop. Once he steadied himself, Jack continued to rush like a maniac towards Brent.

His eyes were bloodshot and extremely determined. His face was stained with blood and he was ferocious beyond description. He wanted to save Brent! Even if he died saving, he must save him! He would never give up, especially when Brent was like a brother to him.

Brent’s body shook and his eyes turned red. His nose ached and tears welled up in his eyes.

“Master, please, I beg you to leave!” His voice was cracking with emotions and plea.

But Jack refused. At this moment, Brent felt another commotion behind his body. It was totally instinctive to him. He used his rifle to push himself up and both his injured legs erupted with energy and his entire body lunged towards Jack.

Bam!

The bullet hit Brent's back.

"Brent!" Jack's pupil constricted and his face froze.

If it wasn't for Brent, the bullet would definitely hit Jack. He looked on Brent as collapsed to the ground.

Jack lunged forward to grab Brent.

"Leave!" Brent was covered with blood and his eyes continued to beg Jack to leave.

"Bro, we'll leave together!" Jack wiped the blood off his face and turned to carry Brent on his back.

Then he ran towards the helicopter.

"Cover Master and Chief's retreat!" The guards yelled angrily.

Light weapons were no match for heavy weapons. This was common knowledge. The only way to counter it was to resist with direct fighting men.

Smoke and fire were everywhere. The intense fire lit up a portion of the villa.

Jack carried Brent and ran amid the volley of bullets and said, "I'll get you out of here. Hang on. I will definitely get you out." He only had one objective in his mind.

Jack was focused on a helicopter in the distance. There were already some guards on the helicopter

and it had started up and whirling the air around it.

Whoosh!

A loud whistle was heard overhead. There was a trail of smoke and fire.

Kaboom!

The RPG hit the helicopter and it exploded immediately. A mushroom cloud rose above the thunderous explosion and bits of the helicopter flew all over.

“Damn it!” Jack yelled angrily.

He frowned as he looked at the helicopter. The helicopter needed time to start up and was a sitting duck for Deadpool Mercenary during this time. Jack clenched his teeth and turned to run into the villa with Brent.

The bullets continued to fly and men were dropping all over them.

Finally, Jack carried Brent to the garage. The damaged Porsche 911 was parked in the garage. Jack placed Brent in the front passenger seat and then ran to the driver’s seat.

Vroom.

The car started and he stomped on the accelerator. The Porsche 911 roared alive like a beast. It

dashed out of the garage like a tiger escaping the cage. The tires screeched and thick smoke billowed.

The car swerved and slid as it sped up towards the main entrance of the villa district.

Amidst the gunfire in the dark night, the white Porsche was like a white bolt of lightning. It streaked past

figures of men who were Deadpool Mercenaries! Jack's senses were elevated to the peak and his eyes

focused wildly.

Both his hands grabbed the steering wheel. His left arm was extremely painful which caused his body

to tremble but his right leg floored the accelerator as they tried to escape.

It was this or death. At least there was a chance if they tried.

Ping, ding, bang...

The Deadpool Mercenaries continued to fire at the car and the bullets rained onto the windscreen

shattering it into a web of splintered glass, no matter how Jack tried to avoid it. The shattered

windscreen now blocked his view.

"Stop them! That's a billion dollars trying to escape!" The mercenaries yelled.

Several insane mercenaries ran into the path of the Porsche to block its path and fired onto the car.

Bullets rained towards Jack.

“Ah!” Jack closed his eyes and floored the accelerator.

Bang, bang, bang! Three bangs and the car felt the three impacts. Very quickly, the resistance disappeared. At the same time, Jack could feel pieces of glass falling on to him but didn't hurt him. It was just painful as they fell onto him.

He quickly opened his eyes and realized that the front windscreen had totally crumbled away and the several mercenaries who were in front of him had disappeared.

“We've escaped! Brent, we've escaped!” Jack rejoiced and turned to look at Brent's pale face and he was barely alive.

Jack was stunned but he said slowly, “Brother, you'll be fine. I'm here!”

The Porsche 911 continued to race down the mountain towards the public roads. Jack had no means to worry about the remaining guards in the villa. He recalled the situation and realized that he would have died if he had not gone to save Brent. Getting onto the helicopter was a death trap.

Now that he had broken through the mercenaries' perimeter, they would do whatever it took to chase

back their one billion yuan prize.

The remaining guards could use this opportunity to reorganize and counter-attack. This was the best outcome that Jack could think of.

Gradually, the sound of gunshots disappeared behind him. The night wind chilled to the bones.

Jack remained focused on driving the car towards LJ Hospital.

“Master, you shouldn’t have saved me.” A weak voice muttered.

“Shut the hell up. I’m sending you to the hospital.” Jack scolded and then said, “I had already lost my mother, how can I lose a brother now?”

Chapter 315 You Are Really Coquettish

The night wind was cold.

Brent was lying on the front passenger seat, almost dying. He bled a lot, which made him very weak now.

Brent was sometimes conscious and sometimes dizzy.

He wanted to dissuade Jack from going to the hospital. There were many people in public. If Jack took him to the hospital, it might put Jack in danger.

But he didn’t say, because he knew it was useless to do that.

If Jack could really accept his advice, Jack would not have come back to save him just now, and would not have protected him and driven to get rid of the siege.

"I... How lucky I am..."

Facing the night wind, Brent looked pale, but he still showed a faint smile.

LJ hospital was the top hospital in the city. No matter day or night, the lights were always on in the hospital.

With the warning sound, ambulances came out or in from time to time.

"Creak!"

The broken Porsche 911 drifted to the hospital's parking lot. After getting out of the car, Jack endured the great pain in his left arm and ran to the hospital emergency center with carrying Brent.

In the distance, a doctor saw them and quickly let someone to push the stretcher out.

After a while, Brent was taken to a casualty.

And, Jack was also sent to a casualty to deal with the gunshot wound in his left arm.

Although it was very late now, two people with such serious gunshot wounds had alarmed the whole LJ

hospital.

When Jack was lying on the bed in the casualty, Director Lansing came to Jack in a hurry.

"Jack, what's up?"

Director Lansing was very startled. Looking at the wound in Jack's left arm, his eyes became deep.

"We had a very difficult situation, but I'll let someone deal with it."

Jack knew what Director Lansing's words and eyes meant and he forced a smile.

Director Lansing's expression became softer and asked the doctor, in charge of saving Jack, about

Jack's condition.

His gunshot wound was really serious, but the bullet directly penetrated the arm, so it didn't take much

time to remove the cartridge case, which eased his injury a little bit.

After knowing that Jack's life was not in danger, Director Lansing breathed a sigh of relief, "If something

terrible happens to you, how can I explain to Steve and Amber?"

"Director Lansing, what about my friend?" Jack asked.

Hearing this, Director Lansing's expression darkened.

The change of his expression made Jack's heart sink down.



Director Lansing shook his head, "I've sent all the authoritative experts from various departments, and

I'll be there in a moment... but... We just have to trust to luck."

"We just have to trust to luck." This sentence let Jack's heart sink down to the depths.

Brent...He did all this to save him.

Looking back at the scene, Jack felt extremely guilty and remorseful.

If it had not been for him, the tragic scene would not have happened.

Brent had been ready to die for Jack!

Seeing Director Lansing leave, Jack's eyes twinkled. He suddenly thought of something and stopped

Director Lansing.

"Director Lansing, don't tell Amber about it. Amber has returned to her parents. I don't want them to

worry about me."

Director Lansing hesitated for two seconds and nodded, "I see."

The gunshot wound in his arm was quickly dealt with.

Jack was pushed to the VIP ward for recuperation.

The smell of disinfectant was very pungent.

The sound of the medical instruments reverberated in the ward.

Jack quietly looked at the night outside the window.

What happened tonight was a tremendous shock to him.

An assassination led to the fierce attack of the mercenary team.

The scene that should have only appeared in the film and television drama actually happened to him.

And now Brent was still in the emergency room.

Brent's life and death depended on fate.

It made Jack extremely nervous. Although he was very tired and had been lying in bed now, he wasn't sleepy.

"Brent, please get through it!"

Jack sighed heavily. Subconsciously, he touched his trouser pocket with his right hand, and he found an opened cigarette case.

After his mother died, he was addicted to alcohol and cigarette.

It was Yael's persuasion and help that got him out of that state of depression.

But in the past few days, the tense assassinations and dangerous situations made him put the remaining half pack of cigarettes into his pocket again.

It was before he could light a cigarette that they suffered from this terrible thing.

"Click!"

Jack got out the lighter and lit a cigarette.

The smoke poured into his lungs, but it couldn't hide his nervousness and anxiety.

It was false that cigarettes could relieve anxiety and fatigue.

It was just a kind of psychological comfort.

But at this time Jack could only ask for a little psychological comfort, because there was no other way to make Brent better.

Jack had a cigarette in his mouth and stared out of the window with a solemn expression.

At this point,

The door of the ward was opened.

A nurse came in pushing a cart with bottles on it.

"Mr. Hughes, I'm here to hang up the infusion bottle for you."

The female nurse wore a mask and her voice was gentle.

Jack was stunned for a moment, and slowly looked up at the infusion bottle that had been hanging on the bracket.

But he had already receiving an infusion.

As she prepared the infusion bottle, the nurse said to Jack, "That is anti-inflammatory. Now I'm holding nutrient solution and some infusion bottles that the doctor prescribed. They are good for your recovery."

"Well."

Jack nodded, had his cigarette and blew out a stream of smoke.

Jack was looking at the skilled female nurse hanging up infusion bottle. She needed to stand on tiptoe, so Jack saw that the nurse with white clothes got a curvy figure, extremely tempting.

From the perspective of Jack, she was very sexy.

Jack teased her, "Nurse, you're in great shape!"

"Mr. Hughes, please behave yourself." The nurse's delicate body trembled.

Jack shrugged his shoulders indifferently, took the cigarette butt out the corner of his mouth with his right hand, and said, "No, no, you're really coquettish!"

The female nurse frowned, skillfully arranged the liquid tube, picked up the liquid needle and observed it.

Then she said in a deep voice, "Mr. Hughes, you are rich, but is it a big deal? Please respect the medical staff!"

Her words made no secret of her anger.

At the same time, the female nurse pointed the needle at the liquid tube and was ready to insert it.

Jack pursed his lips and laughed jokingly, "It's a big deal to be rich. You are a beautiful woman with a good figure, but don't you also kill people for money?"

For an instant,

The ward was so quiet that even the sound of the needle falling on the ground could be heard.

The air seemed to have plummeted to freezing point.

And the female nurse stopped her movement.

"Pa!"

Jack threw his cigarette butt directly to the nurse's face.

At this moment, the smile on his face disappeared, his expression was gloomy and his eyes were cold.

"Medical workers do not allow patients to smoke. And I've been smoking for such a long time, but you don't care about it after you came in. You're too incompetent as a nurse!"

The female nurse trembled again.

Her eyes were immediately filled with cruelty and ferocity.

With a mask, she suddenly burst out an angry roar.

"Go to hell!"

Then,

Almost at the same time, the female nurse suddenly bent over and pressed her left hand on Jack's chest. The liquid needle in her right hand flickered. Then, she wanted to stab the needle into one of

Jack's eyes.

Chapter 316 Not Moving but Still Invading!

Even a piece of paper could be a weapon for real assassins.

A needle would be enough to kill someone!

The female assassin was very fast that she even made sounds as she moved.

In a blink of an eye... Jack's pupils contracted, he looked very nervous.

Jack suddenly turned over and broke free from the female assassin's hand that was suppressing his chest, he then rolled straight to the floor.

Before Jack could stand up, he felt that the lights suddenly became dim.

The female assassin screamed as she leaped over the hospital bed and suppressed him.

"Fuck off!"

Jack suddenly lifted his strong foot and kicked upwards, kicking the female assassin away with a loud thump.

Using the interval gap, Jack hurriedly got up and pulled out the IV needle from the back of his hand.

Because his movement was too violent, the bullet wound on his arm and the back of his hand that had the IV needle were drenched with fresh blood.

As his left arm was hanging down, his blood dripped to the ground.

"You're not going to call other people?"

The female assassin rubbed her chest as she stood up, she sounded a bit weak, the previous kick

clearly had some effects.

Jack looked cold as he stood still, he just let all the fresh blood drip from his left hand to the floor.

He sneered, "You're so coquettish, would it be useful if I screamed on top of my lungs?"

He's not stupid.

The woman who stood before him came to kill him.

He could still remember the tragedy that happened in TM Villa District clearly.

Meanwhile at the hospital, else than a few guards, would he call nurses and doctors to deal with that

female assassin?

Even those guards wouldn't be a match for the female assassin.

The goal of a professional assassin was to achieve the target and complete the task, life didn't matter

to them.

Calling people at that time would undoubtedly harm them.

"Hehe!"

The female assassin sneered as she walked to the trolley.



Her bewitching manner was completely different from before.

Rub!

The female assassin probed the lower part of the trolley with her right hand, then she suddenly pulled something out, which made metal rubbing sounds.

A cold Hunter Knife appeared in the female assassin's hand.

“You're not calling anyone because you think that you can win against me with one hand?”

Her laugh sounded ridiculing and disdainful.

For her, Jack's left hand was injured and he couldn't exert any strength out of it, with just one hand, it'd be so easy for her to deal with him.

However...

Jack didn't look panic at all, while the female assassin was laughing, he slowly took a step back, arched his body, and made a battle stance.

That made the female assassin's pupil tightened up.

The disdain in her heart vanished a bit.

Could he really have... Something he could rely on?

While she was doubting...

She suddenly heard a cold and ridiculing laugh.

“Come and kill me.”

Provocation!

Furious!

Reckless act!

“Just die!”

The female assassin's eyes suddenly looked enraged, she shouted angrily as she dashed straight to

Jack.

The Hunter Knife she was holding made sounds and it was so quick that only its shadow was seen.

Facing the enraged female assassin, Jack didn't move as he kept his battle stance on, and his eyes

looked so cold.

Furthermore, he even smiled.

Seeing that, the female assassin was very shocked.

How could he act so calmly?

In a blink of an eye, The female assassin already dashed near Jack.

The female assassin couldn't think much about Jack, who was close but to her but kept standing firmly.

The Hunter Knife she was holding buzzed through the wind coldly, straight to Jack's head.

Right at that time...

Jack finally made a move.

He was not moving but still invading.

Jack had calculated and planned all the moves, so he could simply dodge the Hunter Knife.

“Go to hell!”

The female assassin glared fiercely.

She swung the sharp Hunter Knife towards Jack in an instant.

The sharp blade shone coldly.

The female assassin sneered, “Can you dodge this?”

With such angle and such speed.

Based on her battle experience, Jack could dodge the first one, but he wouldn't have time to dodge the

second one.

Death was at that moment!

Before she finished speaking, the female assassin heard the same sneer.

“Can you dodge this?”

Boom!

The female assassin was very shocked, as if she was struck by lightning, her eyes were wide opened.

Swish!

Almost at the same time, there was a faint sound of wind.

The female assassin glared and she could faintly see the cold light flashing by her side.

Soon after...

“What happened?”

The female assassin was very surprised, she could clearly feel that the Hunter Knife she was holding

didn't listen to her at all, it just went straight to her neck.

Clang!

A cold light flashed.

The female assassin's body stopped abruptly, the Hunter Knife she was holding also flew out of her hand and stabbed the wall.

Meanwhile, on her white and slender neck, there was a red cut, with fresh blood spurting out of it.

Until death, the female assassin still had a fearful and doubtful look on her face.

Swish!

That's the sound of reeling the strip.

Thump!

After the dragging stopped, the female assassin's corpse fell to the pool of blood.

Jack staggered back, covered his bullet wound on his left arm with his right hand, frowned, and sweated a lot.

Even if he already tried his best so his left arm wouldn't get involved, his violent movement still implicated severe pain to his wound.

He glanced at the metal box on his right wrist, then his eyes glistened as he smiled, "Brent said that this thing kills people in an invisible way, and it's true."

On his wrist, Jack was wearing the assassination gear that Brent took from the tree in front of the Villa,

the Fish Scale Line!

Jack glanced at the female assassin's corpse.

He just ignored her and sat on the bed.

That battle seemed to end so quickly, but he already used up all his power.

Especially because of the pain from Jack's bullet wound, which was pretty unbearable... Afterwards, he

sat on the bed and kept breathing heavily.

Right at that time.

There were sounds of rushing footsteps from the corridor outside.

Jack looked serious.

The hospital would require silence, especially in the middle of the night.

So many people were being so noisy, could they be... Deadpool Mercenaries?

The terrifying thought that appeared on Jack's minds caused goosebumps all over his body.

Seeing the empty room, Jack immediately felt desperate.

That's the seventh floor!

There's no escape!

He took a deep breath...

Jack suddenly looked cruel, "I must catch their leader first!"

He used his willpower and walked to the back of the ward's door quietly.

At the same time, he raised his right hand and bit the end of Fish Scale Line inside the metal box, with serious expression and cold eyes.

There was no "waiting for death" in his dictionary.

There's nothing a fearless person would be afraid of, even if they're Deadpool Mercenaries, if Jack could catch the leader right when they entered the door, perhaps he would still have a chance to live.

Bam!

Someone kicked open the ward's door.

Right at that time!

Jack looked stern as he threw himself on the figure that walked in the ward.

Chapter 317 Thanks Master

Steady as a mountain and raging like fire! Jack was quick as lightning.

He knew that whether it was due to the current state of his body or his current situation, he only had one chance to strike. It was now or never!

But, just as he dashed towards the person, a familiar face appeared before his eyes. Jack was startled.

He released the fish scale line and then his right hand quickly tossed it away.

Whoosh! A high pitch whistle and the fish scale line wound back into the metal line.

“Mr. Ward?” Jack remarked in surprise and was in total disbelief, “Haven’t I asked you to go back?”

The abrupt situation also alarmed Mr. Ward considerably. With a deep breath, Mr. Ward endeavored to suppress his shock.

The old face smiled and said, “How can I bear to leave master alone?”

Jack was stunned and he felt extremely touched. His heart was still raging with fury. He looked beyond

Mr. Ward and there were several men in suit. They were the protection guards! From one glance, all of

them were injured in some way and their heads were covered with dust and soot. All the men in suits

were rather battered up at this point.

Jack’s guilt surged and he said weakly, “I’m sorry everyone, thanks for covering for me and Brent to



escape.”

In the battle at TM Hills, if it weren't for the protection guards who fought valiantly, Jack and Brent would never have the chance to escape alive. It was with the intense suppressive fire of the guards that Jack and Brent could drive out and crush the three Deadpool Mercenaries during their escape.

Thud!

As soon as Jack spoke, all the protection guards knelt together. The corridor was filled with people and they said in unison, “Thanks, Master!”

Jack was stunned and surprised.

Mr. Ward smiled in admiration, “Master is a valiant and responsible leader, a true heir of the Hughes family.”

What did he mean? Jack was flabbergasted and looked dumbfounded at Mr. Ward. He even momentarily forgot about his injuries.

Mr Ward smiled and looked at those who knelt and said sternly, “All of your lives were saved by Young Master!”

“Yes!” All of them yelled gratefully.

“What is going on?” Jack didn’t understand what was going on and finally asked.

“Master. Just now when you took Chief and rushed out of the perimeter, you had drawn most of the attention of the Deadpool Mercenaries. That allowed us to stage a counter-attack.”

The guard who was closest to Jack reported, “Under the circumstances just now, if it wasn’t for Master’s break out move, we would have been decimated by the heavy weapons of Deadpool Mercenary. Master not only saved Chief, but you also saved all of us!”

Jack was speechless.

He didn’t expect it to turn out this way. But when he had penetrated the perimeter, he had hoped for this outcome. But that was the best outcome that he hoped for and to some degree it was self-consolation. Because he was already very lucky to have been able to save Brent.

It was impossible for him to save anyone else. The protection team was there to protect him. In the end, though he and Brent managed to escape, he felt guilty that he left them to fight for their own survival. His self consolation also enabled him to calm him down so that he could take Brent to safety.

But now... Jack felt as though he was dreaming. He took a deep breath.

Jack felt a sense of relief and smiled, "Guys, it's good that you're back. Thanks for everything."

"We have dedicated our lives to serve the Hughes family. These are our responsibilities." A middle-aged man said solemnly, "Without your break out move, we would have been decimated. Now we were able to drive away the Deadpool Mercenaries and reduced the casualties to a minimum, all thanks to Master."

Jack smiled awkwardly as he felt that he wasn't worthy of such a compliment.

Jack took a deep breath and looked at Mr. Ward, "How's the situation at TM Hill?"

Since Mr. Ward had brought all of the protection guards, the security at the hospital must be adequate.

So now the situation at TM Villa remained to be appropriately handled. As compared to TM Villa, what happened at the hospital was nothing.

"It's complicated but I've already sent people to handle it. I believe it will be properly sorted out."

Mr. Ward pondered deeply and then suddenly looked beyond Jack and then he saw the body of the female assassin on the ground. His expression immediately changed, "Master, this..."

"She's an assassin. I've handled it." Jack said calmly, "Clean this up and summon the doctor to attend to my wounds. Brent is still at the emergency treatment room."

“Understood!” Mr. Ward’s expression calmed down.

Jack felt more relaxed with Mr. Ward around. Everything was now handled by Mr. Ward and Jack changed a patient’s room after his wounds were treated. The rest of the protection guards took up positions around the hospital to protect Jack.

It was almost five in the morning when all these were settled.

Jack sat on the patient’s bed and didn’t sleep the entire night.

Whether was it Brent’s condition or his own injuries, or the kill order by the Assassin Squad, all caused him to remain awake.

Clunk!

The room door was pushed open and Mr. Ward walked in slowly. Mr. Ward had been busy for the entire night and it was truly exhausting to an old man like him. Under the bright lights, Jack could see the beads of sweat on Mr. Ward’s forehead.

After he sat down, Mr. Ward slowly said, “Brent is still in the operating theatre and it doesn’t look good.”

“Okay.” Jack’s heart sank but he maintained calm, “How about the injuries of the guards?”

“Twenty one dead. Eight were severely wounded. The rest are minor.” Mr. Ward was extremely solemn.

Jack knew why was Mr. Ward in such a mood.

All the guards who had served his father for a long time were the elite of the industry. Without exaggeration, any one of them could manage an entire security detail for a wealthy family. The battle at TM Hills had cost them twenty one guards! This was an extremely heavy price to pay!

Each one of them was priceless! Each one of them was forged through time to be the elite guards that they were. But Jack was also clear that they were fortunate to have this outcome.

Jack consoled Mr. Ward, “This was the best outcome. For a team equipped only with light weapons to fight against a team of mercenaries with heavy weapons is an impossible task. Furthermore, they were able to capitalize on me drawing away the mercenaries’ attention to launch a counter-attack and drove them away. That was a miracle in itself.”

“Yes.” Mr. Ward nodded and said, “The Mercenaries had forty two casualties, and about ten escaped.”

Jack nodded. This was close to what they estimated the number of mercenaries that they were up against. The kill ratio also was a strong testament to the fighting abilities of the protection guards.

Perhaps a team of mercenaries could not even get the same results!

At this moment, the door of the room opened.

A guard ran in with his eyes welled up in tears and said, "Master, Mr. Ward, the lights of the operating

theatre which Chief was in had been turned off."

Chapter 318 Investigate Her!

Kaboom!

It was as if Jack was struck by a bolt of lightning. His heart sank to the abyss when he saw the tearful

expression of the guard.

He felt the world spin and as if his soul had left him. His eyes immediately welled up with tears. Mr.

Ward trembled and his lips quivered as both his hands grabbed his knees tightly.

"Is there no hope?" Jack said sadly as the tears fell from the corner of his eyes.

His mind was flooded by Brent's images. Since he was young, he was on his own. He had to be

independent and could not depend on anyone. He only had the love of his mother.

But Jack met Brent when he emerged from the darkness. Although Brent was sent by his father to

protect him, his relationship with Brent extended beyond an instructor and a friend. It was a feeling

which Jack never felt before. It was exactly due to his previous experience that he cherished even

more what he had with Brent.

But now...

At this moment, another guard showed up in the room. It was the middle-aged guard that spoke to Jack

just now.

Bang!

When the middle-aged man saw Jack and Mr. Ward's expression, he was horrified and then kicked the

earlier guard in the backside and yelled, "Fool! What the hell did you say to Master and Mr. Ward?"

After that, the middle-aged man reported, "Master and Mr. Ward, Chief is out of danger and has

stabilized."

What?!

Jack and Mr. Ward were both shocked and in total disbelief. They immediately looked towards the first

guard.

The guard who was kicked scratched his head and said, "I, I just reported on the lights and thought that

Master and Mr. Ward were anxious to know as soon as there were any changes."

“Who the fuck needed you to think?” The middle-aged man glared at the guard and smiled bitterly,

“This chap is easily excited. When he saw that the lights were turned off, he ran over immediately as

his eyes turned red. However, I waited for Brent to be pushed out and asked the doctor about Brent’s

condition before coming over to report. I’m sorry to have Master and Mr. Ward unduly worried.”

Jack was speechless.

He wiped his face to clear the tears from his eyes. The tears were mistakenly shed.

Mr. Ward took a deep breath and suddenly became serious and said sternly, “Kick him two more times

for me!”

The middle-aged man pulled the guard by his ears and then kicked and dragged him out of the room.

Jack and Mr. Ward looked at each other and suddenly broke out in laughter.

“I was terrified.” Jack heaved a sigh of relief.

“So was I.” Mr. Ward laughed.

Jack waved his hand and said, “Mr. Ward, go and have a look at Brent. I’m fine here.”

“Okay.” Mr. Ward stood up and frowned, “Oh yes, Master, where’s Lone Wolf?”

“I asked him to make the necessary arrangements at DT before coming over.” Jack waved his hand as



he thought about the battle at TM Hills and said fearfully, "It was fortunate that he didn't come earlier.

Otherwise, I wouldn't know who should I save."

"It was fortunate." Mr. Ward said profoundly and left to check on Brent.

Jack was clear that Lone Wolf was a good fighter. But when compared to Brent and the protective guards, his combat skills were far from theirs. Furthermore, last night's battle was not about fighting skills. It was a shooting battle and Deadpool Mercenaries used heavy weapons against them.

Jack wiped his nose before he slowly laid down on the bed. He still couldn't fall asleep. This battle had caused him to have a deep sense of terror. The assassination turned out to be a siege with intense attack and suppression.

Would there be another attack by a different team of mercenaries? What worried him even more was Deadpool Mercenary was not wiped out. About ten of them managed to escape. With the prize money and now the severe loss of lives, it was almost certain that the escaped Deadpool Mercenaries would make another attempt.

It was unlikely that these bloodthirsty killers would abandon their objective after last night's battle. But

when and where would they strike again?

Jack's gaze deepened and he sighed again, "It's getting increasingly complicated. First, it was an old farmer and now it's a team of mercenaries. This kill order by the assassin squad is extraordinary. The only ones who are still able to laugh must be the Burton family fools."

He knew very little about the Dark Net Assassin Squad. But he reasoned that a secretive bloodthirsty hit squad that lurked in the dark net could not be so brazen to launch such a large-scale attack.

This assassination attempt was clearly illogical.

It was highly probable that someone was orchestrating this. A simple assassination became a feeding frenzy for the bloodthirsty killers.

His feelings stirred and turned into a web of emotions.

Slowly, as the pain of his injuries eased, as his exhaustion overcame him and as his concerns for Brent eased, Jack slowly closed his eyes.

But he didn't have a good rest. He kept dreaming of that day's events at the villa.

Very soon, Jack was awakened by Mr. Ward who said, "Master, it's time that we left. The hospital isn't a safe place." Mr. Ward continued solemnly, "I've seen Brent and he is awake and well. But he wouldn't

be able to move in the short term. Our departure from the hospital will enable Brent to recuperate.”

“Let’s go.” Jack nodded.

He was the target of the assassination attempts. If he remained at the hospital, he would only bring danger to Brent and all the people in the hospital. It was best that he left the hospital.

Under Mr. Ward’s arrangements, several modified armored vehicles arrived at the entrance of the hospital. They were Rolls Royce Cullinan.

Jack was escorted by several dozens of protection guards to the car. The cars started and moved.

“Are we going to the Four Impressions Club?” Jack asked as he didn’t let his guard down.

“Yes, now the Four Impressions Club may be the safest place in the city. It is also a place that Deadpool Mercenary could be afraid of.” Mr. Ward nodded.

“Okay then. We must be really imposing on Minister Mable.” Jack laughed bitterly.

Mr. Ward shook his head, “I had already informed him. He doesn’t mind and he would keep these from Amber and the others.”

“That’s great.” Jack heaved a sigh of relief and pondered as he looked out the window. Except as he

looked through the bulletproof glass, the scenery looked surreal.

After a while, Jack asked, "Mr. Ward, do you think that this assassination attempt was being orchestrated by Madam Hughes?"

Mr. Ward frowned and his lips quivered before he nodded, "There is this possibility."

"Can you ask my father to investigate her? If this continued, then the assassins would no longer be limited to those assassins on the dark net." Jack said.

The killers caused him to be in a constant state of anxiety. The endless stream of attacks was starting to irritate him and make him feel disgusted and yet he was helpless to do anything.

Chapter 319 Fighting in Opposite  
In the Four Impressions Club.

After Mr. Ward sorted everything out, the security of the club was stocked up.

All the possible measurements for security were taken.

Cars were on their rounds outside, securing the area.

The waiters in the club were also less than usually, only enough to ensure Jack's needs were kept.

The Bamboo Grove was in the focus of all the security measures.

After Lone Wolf arrived, he brought some of the guards and cleared the whole place, then they

installed a bunch of security devices.

The security work outside the grove was in the hands of the Four Impression Club's guards.

But Mr. Ward had required that the Bamboo Grove would be taken over by their own people.

It was like an onion of measures.

Jack's emotions finally calmed down a bit.

He was lying on the bed and felt the sleepiness come over him.

Up until now he hadn't seem Minister Mable once, but Jack didn't care about that, this was a very

sensible matter, it was best for Minister Mable not to be there even he was powerful.

The incidence of last night in front of TM Villa District was such a big drama, so that Minister Mable had

to come over and take care of it.

It didn't take long before Jack fell asleep.

It was a very deep sleep.

When he opened his eyes again, the sky was already dark.

Jack washed up and went out of the bedroom, he saw Mr. Ward sitting quietly in the room, enjoying

some tea.

When he saw Jack, he got up quickly, "Young Master, you are still injured, you should be in bed rest."

Jack looked at the wound on his left arm, and smiled helplessly, "It's not a big deal."

Mr. Ward didn't fight him on that, he just helped Jack to sit down, and then said slowly, "We have

arranged out people to stand guard around the Bamboo Grove, but Lone Wolf's specialty is not this, so

I told them to simply lead the guards, anything that is related to security, the guards will handle on their

own."

"I have arranged most of the things in TM, it's good that it's further out in the city, so it helps us to hold

back the gossip."

"I have also arranged for four guards to take care of Brent."

Mr. Ward was reporting to Jack.

Jack didn't object. Mr. Ward's arrangements were good.

Mr. Ward had been working with his father for many years, he had been the trusted servant of his, his

abilities had been tested enough.

Jack rubbed his nose, then looked at Mr. Ward with deep eyes.

"Is my father investigating Madam Hughes?"

"After reporting to the head of the family, he immediately started investigating."

Mr. Ward nodded, "But it will take some more time, he is busy trying to solve the murder mission of the Assassin Squad while he is investigating Madame Hughes, he won't be able to do both at the same time."

"Yeah, I got that, right in this moment, he might even be the only one who can do that."

Jack looked helpless, no matter if it was the Assassin Squad, or investigating Madame Hughes, it was impossible to give either one to someone else to do.

Only his father, as the head of the Hughes family, could do both of them.

After a while, Mr. Ward suddenly said, "Young Master, Yael said he would like to come, and the Zhuge family in X City also said they want to protect you, it was Yael who started it, and he asked me for your thoughts."

"Tell him not to come."

Jack shook his head, "The assassins are all in the dark, if their intentions won't be exposed, nobody will

ever find them, if there are too many people around me, it will only get messier."

Then, he rolled his eyes, and suddenly laughed, "But, since Yael and the Zhuge family want to help, they can."

Help?!

Mr. Ward felt surprised.

When he got the message from Yael, he thought the same as Jack.

But thinking about the relationship between Jack and Yael, he thought he should ask.

How could they help in this kind of a situation?

Even Old Master Hughes had a headache because of the murder mission of the Assassin Squad.

Even though the Zhuge family recklessly expanded their territory and was now the richest family in X City after the Quinn's went bankrupt, it didn't mean that they were on the level of helping Jack!

Jack laughed, "Tell the Zhuge family to send someone here, they should cooperate with Aiden and

Drago to scan the whole town, I want to know every single person that had been coming here."

"Okay..."

Mr. Ward was suddenly surprised, he couldn't help but to inhale coldly, "Young Master, that is almost



impossible."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread." Jack raised his hands and kept saying, "Also, tell Yael to scan through the internet together with the Vaughn and the Wattson family, if there is anything to be found about the assassination, get to the ground of it immediately."

Mr. Ward's eyes were filled with shock.

He stared at Jack in disbelief, his lips said, "Young Master, do you want to hit back?"

When he said that, even Mr. Ward himself found it incredible.

Never had someone ever thought of such a way after the Assassin Squad had made their plans public.

Everyone knew the powers of Dark Net Assassin Squad, and as soon as someone was faced with their assassination mission, they usually only cared about how to survive, how to cancel the mission, they usually reacted very passively.

But Jack's two plans made Mr. Ward taste a slice of craziness.

He was clearly trying to turn the table around, he was going to turn the guest into the host!

Jack laughed and gestured his hand, without answering Mr. Ward's question, "Go ahead and arrange

it, I don't want to put my own life into anyone else's hands, ever since I was a kid I had fought for myself!"

"Even if there won't be any results, I still hold on to the saying, better half a loaf than no bread at all, this is about my life, I can't allow my father to take all the pressure and to fight all alone, can I?"

"Yes, I will get it done right now." Mr. Ward got up and left.

The light in the room was dim, and sanders burning.

Jack's eyes were deep, he mumbled as he was thinking, "If the assassination was really an extension from the dark net into the real world, then there should be traces in the internet, I want to see who is the one behind all this?"

After he washed his face, Jack felt much better than before.

He slept the whole day deeply after the high pressure, which helped him to recover, and he calmed down again, so he could get his thoughts in order.

If he could stay right there, he could save his life.

But what then?

Instead of just sitting and waiting for death and handing everything to his father to solve, why not do

something about it.

To investigate every person that had been in the city was truly something impossible, but better half a loaf than nothing, there should be some trace to be found.

Jack didn't count on the results being much useful.

What he really cared about was if they could find a trace on the internet, if they could find the existence of the person leading the assassination.

Containing the contagion of the situation was more important than to annul the mission.

Jack took out his wallet as the thought.

In his wallet was a picture of his and Amber's wedding.

He slowly stroke the picture, and Jack smiled gently, his eyes were determined, "Little dummy, I will be alright."

His stomach made a noise, he was hungry.

Jack patted his stomach and went into the yard.

He called for Lone Wolf telling him to prepare dinner.

But just as dinner was served on the table, Mr. Ward ran towards him, fearful.

"Young Master, something happened! The mission that the Dark Net Assassin Squad published, there

is an update to it!"

Chapter 320 Azrael List

New Updates?

Jack's heart suddenly dropped to the lowest point.

Looking at Mr. Ward's reaction, this update cannot be anything good.

Jack tried to be calm as he asked, "What kind of update?"

Mr. Ward looked scared, he panted and took out his cell phone, handed it with trembling hands to Jack.

Just like the last time, it was a simple picture.

Every dark net content was easy to be seen.

Jack knitted his brows as he found the one that was about his assassination, published by the Assassin

Squad.

When he read it, he frowned even more.

In the content, a sickle was added, like the one death carried.

"What does this sickle mean?" Jack asked frowning.

Mr. Ward's eyes flashed with fear, "This is the sickle of death, it means that he takes lives, usually as soon as the assassinations of the Assassin Squad add the sickle, it means that this had been followed by the top assassins, one sickle stands for one top assassin."

Jack's pupils narrowed.

He suddenly understood why Mr. Ward was usually as cool as a cucumber.

If a top assassin had been following this announcement, does that mean that one has already taken it on?

One billion dollars!

This could even draw the Deadpool Mercenary to risk danger in desperation.

Would a assassin not be tempted?

Suddenly, Jack felt a cool air in his neck, his body turned numb.

His forehead was covered in wrinkles as he asked in a low voice, "Mr. Ward, what is this Azrael List?"

"All the assassins from all over the world would gather together and be graded by the Assassin Squad, they would list the top assassins, there are about a hundred of them."

Mr. Ward's voice was trembling, "To be voted into this list, the person has to be a top killer, he has to take lives like the Azrael."

Jack was speechless.

He remembered that Brent used to be an assassin, he had done this before.

He asked, "Is Brent on the list?"

"He used to be, but after Brent started working for Master Hughes, he changed his name. Then his name was taken off, and he was never part of it again."

"So when he assassinated the Rothschild family, which place did he take?"

Mr. Ward thought for a while, then he said, "On 23rd, the other two were 58th and 31st."

"Hiss!"

Jack's eyes were serious, and he sucked in some cold air.

Three assassins killed the Rothschild family, all three of them were on the Azrael List, and Brent was the best out of them.

With the surprise that Jack felt, he also felt cold sweat running down his back.

He knew what Brent was able to do, and yet he was only on place 23, how good do the other ones on

the list have to be that were above him?

And the point was also, the Rothschild family was a gigantic rich family of long standing.

From what Brent and Mr. Ward said, Jack had a restricted view of things, he knew that Rothschild did everything in his power to protect his clansman, the protection and security wasn't less than what he had now.

And yet, Brent and the other two assassins marched right in and stormed the target successfully.

What if the assassins that were following his mission were on an even higher rank?

There were many assassins that were higher up than Brent, if they really took this mission...

Jack suddenly felt a kind of horror as if he was held by a big beast.

And this horror was only getting worse.

A beast was much worse than a group of hyenas.

"Is there any way to find out who the assassin on the Azrael List is? And on which rank he is?" Jack asked in a low voice.

Only if he knew the other party, he could remain invincible.

If he only knew that one of the Azrael List assassins was interested in his mission, then it only meant that he would be waiting for the sickle in the darkness.

"This is what Master Hughes just told me, he is still looking into it."

Mr. Ward said, "It won't be hard for Master Hughes to find out, but it will take some time, it should be soon though."

Jack raised his brow, "Why didn't he tell me himself?"

Mr. Ward said detected, "He just doesn't want to put more pressure on you, so he asked me to give you the message, it might be better this way."

Better?

Jack suddenly thought it was funny.

There was no difference for him.

He took a deep breath.

Jack suddenly felt his fear disappear, there was no emotion, and he was extraordinarily calm.

"It's time for dinner."

Mr. Ward paused, his pupils narrowed, he looked shocked.



Since when was Young Master so calm about things?

Mr. Ward himself had trained himself quite well, but he was still very emotional when he got the message.

And it took him years and years of practice to get there.

Young Master was the target of an assassination, he was so young, how could he be so fearless?

Jack shrugged his shoulders when he saw Mr. Ward's reaction, then he laughed, "Mr. Ward, stop dreaming, tell Lone Wolf to bring food, I am hungry."

Mr. Ward saw the laughter on Jack's face and asked surprised, "How can you still laugh?"

"What else should I do then?"

Jack tried to be relaxed, "There is nothing else I can do."

Mr. Ward was speechless.

As Jack watched Mr. Ward leave, the smile disappeared.

Instead, there was loneliness and sadness.

He didn't know what to do.

As soon as the Burton family published their mission on the Dark Net Assassin Squad, the whole thing was out of his control.

The characteristic of the Assassin Squad taking this mission made him the focus of the mission, it looked as if he can do nothing but wait for his life to be taken by them.

No matter if any ordinary assassin, one from the Azrael List, or a Deadpool Mercenary.

Whoever killed Jack was the person to finish the mission.

This kind of open rule gave Jack a headache.

The dinner was served quickly, there were three dishes and a soup, it all looked delicious.

But Jack found it was tasteless in his mouth, but not to trouble Mr. Ward and Lone Wolf in their mood, he kept eating it.

Jack knew that he was the heart of all the people.

Anyone was allowed to be a mess now, but not him.

If he started getting worried, everyone else will as well.

After dinner, Lone Wolf cleaned up the table and left.

Then Mr. Ward received a phone call.

"It's Master Hughes, he should have some information now." Mr. Ward said to Jack, then he picked up the call.

Jack stared at Mr. Ward the whole time.

But after a few seconds, Mr. Ward's face darkened, it even showed horror.

It was the kind of expression as if he had seen a ghost!

Jack's heart dropped a few inches, in that moment, he felt so tired.

"Jack, you are a failure."

He mocked himself, crossed his fingers behind his head, stared at the ceiling as he mumbled, "Bad news are coming in these days one after another, none of them are the worst, because the next one would be even worse."

Mr. Ward hung up the phone.

His face still showed horror.

Then he looked at Jack.

After a few seconds he opened his mouth and spilled out the words he was holding back.

"Young Master, we found out, it is number 20 on the Azrael List, his nickname is Mengpo."

Whoosh!

Jack was startled.

Brent was ranked 23rd, this one was even 20th!

"What have I done to deserve that, he really must think highly of me!"

Jack smiled lonely, then he raised his brow and looked at Mr. Ward from the side, "Mengpo? is that

someone from our territory?"