

## **Born Winner 371**

Chapter 371 Counter Fight

Boom!

The sound was like a big thunder, deafening.

Everyone looked at Jack in panic.

Was he crazy?

Was he betting that Dyson didn't dare to shoot?

"Mr. Hughes!"

"Young Master!"

"Jack!"

Almost at the same time, Ciara, Mr. Ward, Yael and others screamed.

But Jack ignored it.

Instead, his pace was faster.

His face was stern, his eyes narrowed into a slit, and his eyes shot a sharp cold light.

In this moment, Jack's entire aura changed.

The whole person was like a sharp sword that was pulled out of its sheath, with an overwhelming

atmosphere.

He stared at the the gun in Dyson's hand and all his attention was focused on it.

His footsteps became faster and faster!

Dyson's pupils narrowed and his heart was slamming in his chest.

Seeing Jack coming, he was a little flustered for a while.

This bastard was crazy, did he want to hit the gun with his head?

The atmosphere is deadly.

Everyone was terrified, and even some girls had already covered their eyes, afraid to watch the next scene.

In their eyes, Jack was already a dead man.

A shot in the head had an even greater visual impact than the bloody scene just now.

"You are being extremely stupid! I am looking to kill you. Are you betting that I don't dare to shoot?"

Dyson suppressed his panic and said with a grinning smile.

"Then just fucking shoot already!"

Jack shouted, his eyes bursting with cold light.

The momentum covered the whole audience like a dome, which made people shudder.

Dyson was caught off guard. He was shocked by the loud shout, and his body trembled.

"Die!"

Dyson roared ferociously and quickly pulled the trigger with his right hand.

Boom!

The gun exploded and was deafening.

There was a sudden scream of horror.

Everyone, including Brent, couldn't help but closing their eyes.

Like a flash.

Jack's state seemed to have risen to his limit in an instant. The moment Dyson fired his gun, his head tilted.

It was this momentary action.

The bullet that came out of the gun passed right by his ear, and the hot temperature even scorched a few hairs.

Boom!

The bullet hit the wall.

Immediately.

Boom!

Jack smashed the metal pipe in his hand.

"Ah!"

Dyson's gun fell, his arms were weirdly bent, a white bone was exposed in the air, and the color of panic and pain appeared on his face.

He looked at Jack in horror, as if he had seen a ghost, there was a sharp pain rushing from his right hand, like countless sharp knives, spurred every nerve in him.

How did he do it?

When Dyson's scream echoed.

Everyone was shocked.

The scream didn't come from Jack?

Brent opened his eyes first, and was dumbfounded when he saw the scene before him.

How did Jack do it?

He was a leader of soldiers and a killing god in the battlefield.

In a situation like the one just now, even he didn't have much chance of winning.

But Jack did it!

Was there no limit to Jack's fighting instinct?

Horrible questions came to his mind as Brent felt like in a dream.

At the same time.

When they looked at Jack and Dyson again.

An uproar in exclamation sounded through the hall.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

The scene before them refreshed everyone's cognition.

It let everyone feel a sense of trance.

What had just happened?

Why did the person who was supposed to die survive, but the person who wanted to kill him ended up

like that?

Boom!

Jack hit Dyson's left foot with the metal pipe again.

With a crack, the bone broke.

Following Dyson's scream, he fell to the ground.

But at this time, Dyson was panicked to the extreme. Apart from giving a miserable cry, he was no longer as arrogant as he had been to everyone before.

In his eyes, Jack who seemed like a ghost, formed an indescribable horror.

"You are the one who is the most stupid!"

Jack was condescending, as if he was looking at the dead, "I did not kill the old Burton. I don't need to do things behind someone's back. If I want to kill someone, then you would know about it! The ruin of the Burton family was caused by you!"

"No, it's not like that, it's not like that at all!"

Dyson's eyes were red, frantic in fear, and he shook his head and retorted, "It's you, it's you. The

situation of my family is caused by you!"

In an instant, a cold light flashed from Dyson's waist.

Dyson drew out his dagger, like a mad dog piercing at Jack with a brutal look in his eyes.

The audience exclaimed again.

Boom!

There was a muffled sound.

Dyson stopped suddenly.

The fear and craziness on his face gradually vanished, and the expression in his eyes gradually

became hollow as he lost his spirit.

A stream of red blood ran down the top of his head, staining his face red.

With a puff, Dyson fell to the ground.

Jack threw away the metal pipe in his hand, without any emotions, and said coldly, "You deserve it!"

As he said that, Jack left the banquet hall slowly.

In the banquet hall, everyone looked at Dyson who had fallen in a pool of blood, each one of them had

it run down cold their backs and their scalp numb.

Fear was overwhelming.

No one expected that in the end the situation would be reversed.

No one felt sorry for Dyson, some were just shocked by what happened.

"Ciara, Vinna, I'll leave it to you to handle."

Mr. Ward caught himself again and told Ciara and Vinna calmly.

Then he helped Yael to go out.

When passing by Brent, Mr. Ward found that Brent was still absent, and said, "What are you still

dreaming about, Young Master is gone."

Brent's eyes flickered, as he recovered.

In this moment, his heart was still turbulent.

With lingering fear, he said, "Where is the limit of our Young Master?"

"What limit?" Mr. Ward asked.

"Fighting instinct." Brent said, "He dodged the bullet in an instant and reversed the attack. This, this...

this is nearly impossible!"



"Can you do it?" Mr. Ward asked him in return.

Brent thought for a second, and said solemnly, "I might have a one percent chance."

"Then it can be done."

Mr. Ward nodded and said with deep eyes, "Anyone who is in a desperate situation, as long as he doesn't lift a white flag, he will always fight for a glimmer of life."

"Aren't you surprised?"

Brent asked as he followed Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward smiled bitterly, "How could I not be surprised? Everyone would be surprised if they saw this, even Brown, even he would be speechless."

As Jack and the others left.

The entertainment industry exchange meeting was about to end soon.

But as the guests left full of fear and shock, the news of the scene that took place in the banquet hall, swept across the entire capital city like a storm.

The head of the Burton family had fallen.

This was enough to shock the entire capital city.

With the Burton family going downhill, there were already many giants who would fall in the darkness as well.

The death of the head of the Burton family undoubtedly meant the final downfall of the Burton family.

When the news swept through the wealthy families of the capital city. After they heard it.

Everyone was shocked, even when the time was already approaching midnight.

Nobody was sleepy anymore, and the entire capital city was doomed to suffer a sleepless night.

Chapter 372 Aiden's Request

The Capital city was sleepless that night.

The wealthy and powerful families were churning. Some were surprised, some were ecstatic while others were enjoying the Burtons' downfall. There were already some who were ready to capitalize on the decline of the Burton family. Although they were on the downfall, they were still sizeable and it would take some time.

Now, even the new head of the family, Dyson had fallen. This was a god-sent opportunity to deal a fatal blow to the Burton family. The entire Capital city was like the raging thunderstorm over the city now. All

these were immaterial to Jack.

After leaving the hotel, they returned to their hotel where they stayed. He hated the Burton family but it was simply hatred. Initially, he could still endure his anger towards them.

But after the death of Old Master Burton, Dyson took over the family and placed a hit order on Jack through the Dark Net Assassin Squad. After this, there was no way he could be gracious towards them.

The Burton family had to face the consequences of their foolishness.

Even if Dyson didn't look for him, he would find an opportunity to deal with the Burton family. It was Dyson's insanity that brought forward everything.

In the hotel room.

Brent was still stunned and have not recovered from Jack dodging the bullet. Mr. Ward also was helpless and sighed as he shook his head.

In the other room.

Jack sat quietly at the panel window looking at the thunderstorm raging over the Capital city. He softly murmured, "After this thunderstorm, I wonder if the skies over the Capital be clearer?"

"I'll get another room." Yael suddenly stood up and was filled with joy.

Jack was stunned and looked at Yael, "Can you still perform after being beaten just now?"

"I'm young and strong. What's an iron pipe?" Yael said nonchalantly.

Jack rubbed his nose, "You're not that young anymore. If you think that she's suitable, then consider it."

Yael stopped smiling. He lit a cigarette and started smoking.

"Do you think that I'm worthy?" He softly muttered and looked at Jack, "I killed my father. With such a dark reputation, how would others see her if I marry her?"

"Then why do you keep getting involved with her?" Jack asked.

Yael shrugged and ruffled his hair in frustration, "That's why I said that I've overdone it this time!" As he said, he exhaled the smoke and looked outside at the thunderstorm as he sighed, "Enough, she should have arrived."

Jack smiled bitterly as he looked at Yael turn to leave. But this was Yael's private matters and he couldn't interfere. He could only stand by his friend and advise him.

The night was uneventful.

The next morning.

Ciara rushed to the hotel early in the morning to explain and apologize for what had happened last night.

Jack didn't blame it on her. Even he did not anticipate it and he could understand that Ciara wouldn't as well. Who could have thought that Dyson would be so brazen? That the new head of the once mighty Burton family would resort to such a desperate move. A more level-headed person would not use such an insane method.

Jack didn't wish to stay at the Capital a moment longer and left with Mr. Ward and Brent. Jack didn't consider getting Yael to go back with them. It was inconsiderate to interrupt Yael at this moment.

On the airplane.

Mr. Ward teased, "Master Hughes must be missing missus to be so anxious to go back."

"Yes, Amber is pregnant now and I want to spend more time with her. I heard that it's tough being pregnant and it's very easy to go into depression. I can't shoulder those pain for her so I should be with her whenever I can." Jack smiled as he said.

Mr. Ward replied, "Actually you need not be too worried, it's not a big deal."

"It's always right to pamper the wife." Jack rubbed his nose.

Mr. Ward and Brent laughed.

Brent hesitated and then asked, “Master Hughes, what were you thinking when you dodged the bullet?”

“I didn’t want to wait for death. I will have no regrets if I fight to the last breath.” Jack replied.

Really... that was fighting for his life? Brent was shocked. It was true that a person could realize his potential when being forced. But a person’s potential still depended on the individual. How terrifying was Master Hughes’ potential to be able to dodge a bullet like that?

The airplane landed at the airport in the suburbs.

Jack went to the DT company first to settle some matters.

At the moment, DT had already completed the modernization of the West Shantytown project. The company also rose to the same level as Aiden and Drago’s real estate companies. In fact, DT even exceeded them slightly now. But Jack wasn’t satisfied with these. He had some plans for the subsequent development of the company.

Now he controlled half of the X city Quinn family’s assets, he also had the entertainment company with Ciara. The scale and value of these greatly overshadowed DT. However, Jack had never thought of

giving up DT. This was his platform that launched his successes. His roots were here.

When he submits the achievements to the Hughes family a year later, everything would be taken into consideration. Every company would add to his chances of winning.

Jack instructed Corbin and Lone Wolf on the subsequent matters before returning to the Four Impressions Club with Brent and Mr. Ward.

As soon as they reached the club, Jack met Minister Mable and Aiden.

“Mr. Hughes!” Aiden was overjoyed when he saw Jack. He hurried over and bowed slightly as he smiled radiantly.

“You came back so soon?” Minister Mable smiled and nodded at Jack. He then glanced at Aiden and said to Jack, “I’ll take my leave since Mr. Lott has something to discuss with you.”

“Goodbye, Minister Mable.” Jack nodded.

Jack turned his attention onto Aiden after Minister Mable left. Jack was momentarily in a daze when he looked at Aiden bowing respectfully to him. It felt not too long ago that he was only a deputy general manager of Aiden’s company which he let his brother-in-law manage.

At that time, Jack felt that Aiden was mighty and untouchable. Even though Jack already had an annual

salary of a million yuan, he was clear that whether it was capabilities or family, he would never be able to reach Aiden's level.

But how long ago was that? The person who he once revered was now bowing to him. Jack would never have expected something like this to happen.

He seemed to feel apologetic and was not arrogant about it. Jack gently smiled, "Mr. Lott, there is no need for this. You can say freely what you need."

Aiden rubbed his hands and said, "I actually brought some gifts but I knew that missus was home alone and I didn't stay for long. I left the gifts with her and left. Then unexpectedly ..."

"Mr. Lott, we've known each other for many years, there is no need to beat around the bush." Jack rubbed his nose and smiled, "Although there was some unhappiness in the past, now we stand on the same side. Go ahead and state what you need. I will help if I'm able to."

"Okay, Mr. Hughes, thanks for your frankness."

Aiden nodded and said solemnly, "I actually would like Mr. Hughes to help me obtain a parcel of land."

Obtain a parcel of land?! Jack was stunned. Mr. Ward and Brent were similarly surprised.

Chapter 373 Let Jack Kneel And Apologize



“Mr. Lott, you should be more familiar than me at acquiring land.” Jack was puzzled.

Aiden was in business for several decades. Just in terms of his real estate business in this city, he could overshadow Drago who specialized in real estate. How could he not be able to get a parcel of land with his abilities?

Aiden wrung his hands awkwardly, “Indeed I am able to get any piece of land easily in this city. But the problem is this parcel of land is at the neighboring LD city and I have trouble getting it.”

Jack didn’t mind and waved his hands, “Just look for Corbin and Lone Wolf at DT. They will go with you.”

“Thanks, Mr. Hughes!” Aiden was overjoyed and quickly said, “Thanks Mr. Hughes for helping. If I can get this piece of land, I will definitely make it worth your while. Or if Mr. Hughes wants to, we can co-develop it!”

“Okay, go ahead, I need to spend time with my wife.” Jack waved and went back to the Bamboo Grove with Mr. Ward and Brent.

“Master Hughes, Aiden already said that he was willing to co-develop the land. This parcel of land must be very tricky.” Mr. Ward suddenly said.

“Corbin and Lone Wolf will be able to settle it properly.” Jack nodded. He was clear what kind of person

Aiden was. For someone who could dominate the business for several decades, his shrewdness and strategy were second to none.

If the parcel of land was easy to obtain, Aiden would take it all for himself. For him to even mention the possibility to co-develop the land, it was as good as sharing the profits with Jack. If he was willing to share the profits, then it was obvious that something was amiss. Mr. Ward nodded and didn't say anything further.

When they arrived at the Bamboo grove, Amber and Daisy were at the courtyard drinking tea.

“You're back so early? Why are you so hard on yourself?” Amber looked over and asked.

Jack smiled, “That's because I want to spend more time with you.”

“I don't need you since Daisy is here.” Amber then raised her right hand, “You're going to become a father soon. Now the priority is to make enough money to buy the baby's milk powder. If you can't afford to buy the milk powder, then I will give you a good beating.”

Everyone laughed when they heard this. But Jack was clear that Amber was trying to remind him that

he only had one year and it was too short! Jack was touched when he heard this.

He flicked Amber's nose and smiled tenderly, "Rest assured that I will make a lot of money for buying milk powder. Making money was important but spending time with you is more important."

Jack spent the entire morning with Amber. After what happened last night, the peace and tranquility of the Bamboo court garden enabled Jack to relax. A wife, child, and a warm home were what every man aspire to have, even though he was well above the common folks.

After lunch.

Mr. Ward called Jack to the garden and said, "Master Hughes, the Burton family is finished."

Mr. Ward said solemnly, "After what happened last night, the wealthy families of the Capital started their

moves to takeover the Burton family assets. They had already acquired a large portion of it and the remainder will be settled soon."

Jack expected it.

"After the death of Old Master Burton, if Dyson had a half a brain, he could still sustain the Burton family for a long time. Even if he couldn't and the family lost the title of being the most wealthy, the

Burton family would still be one of the wealthy families in the Capital.” Jack laughed and continued, “It’s a pity that the Burton family are fools especially Dyson who was dumb as a post.”

Mr. Ward nodded. What Jack said was the same as in reality. A lizard could ditch its tail to preserve its life. What more the Burton family of the capital? Only to have Dyson choosing the most foolish option.

“You asked me out here not to talk about these,” Jack asked Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward laughed awkwardly, “Actually Ciara asked me to seek your opinion.” Mr. Ward paused before continuing, “Dyson is dead and now the Burton family is in an upheaval. The third son of the Burton family is intelligent and is now offering part of the Burton family assets to be transferred to the Wattson family.”

“Preparing for a comeback?” Jack raised his eyebrows. He was stunned, “I’ve underestimated the Burton family. There’s actually someone with brains.”

The Burton family had been devoured by the other wealthy families. If a portion of it could be transferred to the Wattson family, although they would lose some of the gains, they could still preserve something.

Although the Wattson family was not the leading family in the Capital, they were at least one of the

wealthy families. More importantly, among the wealthy families, they know that the Wattson family had the support of Jack. That practically meant that they were under the Hughes family. With such backing, they would not touch the Burton family assets which were under the control of the Wattson family.

“Perhaps that’s the general idea. Ciara couldn’t make this decision and wanted me to consult you for your opinion.” Mr. Ward nodded.

“What do you think?” Jack raised his eyebrows.

“The one year deadline is very tight. Every point counts.” Mr. Ward said.

Jack suddenly laughed which caused Mr. Ward to be in disbelief.

Jack quickly said, “Appeasement brings disaster, Mr. Ward should have heard the story about the farmer and the snake. I’m not so desperate.”

He stretched his back and said, “I’ll return to the house to accompany my wife.”

Mr. Ward was stunned for several seconds and then took up his cellphone to call Ciara, “Let the Burtons collapse. The Wattson and Vaughn families are not to interfere!”

...

Jack did not care how turbulent it was at the Capital. Rather than bothering about the Burton family, he preferred to spend more time with his wife and any news about his father's disappearance.

The day passed peacefully. Then, the relaxed and tranquility was shattered by Lone Wolf's call.

"Mr. Hughes, the negotiations failed." Lone Wolf reported.

Jack was surprised, "Fail? It was only a piece of land next to them. DT and Aiden weren't able to take down the land?"

"We can't. We even fought."

Jack became serious. It was just a neighboring city. After all the commotion concerning him, he was sure that they heard about him. When DT and Aiden went together, even the deities would give them three minutes for a quick meeting.

After all, they were both local gangsters and not like the Hughes family.

"Didn't you mention about DT?" Jack asked.

"I did!" Lone wolf's voice was suppressed and sounded angry, "But the other party did not give DT the respect it deserves. Furthermore, they wanted you to go and kneel to apologize to them for interfering in this matter.

Jack felt that this matter was amusing that they were bickering over a parcel of land. Who the hell were those people?

Jack took a deep breath and said, "Give me the address. I'll go over there now. I do want to see how they can get me to apologize to them."

Chapter 374 Get The Hell Out Here!

At LD city international hotel.

Jack was stunned when he saw Aiden and Lone Wolf. Both of them were sulking and there were some bruises on Lone Wolf's face.

"What the hell happened?" Jack became upset.

He could tolerate it when the other side insulted him but now that they had beaten up his man, then there was no need to be gracious anymore.

Being immersed in the real estate business for so many years, Jack was very familiar with how land was acquired. When he was the deputy general manager of DT, he represented his boss to secure parcels of land. Typically the bosses of the key real estate companies would sit together to smoke and drink wine as they discussed how they distributed the land. All the price bidding sessions were just for

show.

Aiden was unable to handle this and that was why he needed DT's support. From the looks of Lone

Wolf's injuries, it was obvious that the negotiations had failed miserably.

"Mr. Hughes, I'm sorry that I didn't look after Lone Wolf." Aiden rubbed his hands and was very

apologetic.

Lone Wolf was one of his fighters at the Underground Fight Club. He left the club to work for Jack after

they met there. Aiden was very clear that the relationship between Jack and Lone Wolf was more than

just boss and subordinate.

After he paused and confirmed that Jack's expression didn't change, Aiden continued to explain, "This

time we are competing with the largest real estate company in LD city for this parcel of land. LD Real

Estate has no equal and is an oligarchy. Their boss is Lyndall Long and is also the local gangster. He is

ruthless."

"That piece of land is at the heart of LD city and extremely valuable. That's why LD real estate also

wants it. Initially, I was willing to compromise to get this piece of land but their attitude was very brutal."



Aiden then laughed awkwardly, "Tell you the truth, we tried twice but didn't get to meet Lyndall and only

saw his subordinate. Lone Wolf was also hurt by his subordinate."

"Did his subordinate demand that I kneel and apologize?" Jack asked.

Setting aside the background of Lyndall, when his subordinate resorted to violence, it also indicated that normal methods of negotiations were out of the question.

"Yes." Aiden nodded, "That person is called Willy Parker and is Lyndall's most abled subordinate. He is also known as the top fighter of LD city. He is ruthless and can fight rather well."

Jack laughed, stretched himself, and then said, "Let's go. I'd like to see how capable he is."

Aiden's eyes lit up and quickly stood up, "Willy is at the Parker Hotel, that's his territory."

"Mr. Hughes." Lone Wolf was worried, "Why van we ask Brent to come?"

Jack stopped and asked, "Are you doubtful of my fighting skills?"

Lone Wolf shook his head, "These kinds of things should be done by Brent."

"He beat up my man and I can't beat him in return?" Jack retorted.

Then, Jack looked at Aiden and said, "I'm not interested in Willy. I want to go directly to Lyndall."

Aiden was shocked and then said helplessly, "Willy had always been doing things on behalf of Lyndall.

In LD city, only Willy and very few people know the whereabouts of Lyndall.

"Then let's go to the Parker Hotel.

Half an hour later.

Jack, Lone Wolf, and Aiden arrived at the Parker Hotel. Parker Hotel is a four-star hotel.

For Lyndall's subordinate to own such a large hotel spoke volumes for Lyndall's status and Lyndall's influence in LD city.

"Let's go." Jack walked calmly into the hotel.

Aiden looked nervous and sweat was beading on his forehead. He was the cause of this matter. He would be in a lot of trouble if anything happened to Jack.

Now he could only play the role of a guide. He quickly ran forward to the hotel Lobby manager, "Good day, we'd like to visit Mr. Parker."

The Lobby manager stopped smiling immediately. He looked sinisterly at Jack and Lone Wolf and then remarked, "I remember now. You two were the ones beaten up by Mr. Parker this afternoon!" He started to become hostile.

Aiden laughed awkwardly, "Please relay our request."

"Piss off. Mr. Parker is very busy. Do you think he has the time for every Tom, Dick, or Harry?" The

Lobby manager got straight to the point and waved his hand, "Or do you still want another beating?"

Aiden's expression darkened. Although he played the role of a guide he was after all a business mogul.

He became upset immediately when he was disrespected like that. He thought about Jack and was

about to speak when suddenly someone walked forward from behind him.

"Why are you wasting your breath with a watchdog?"

Bash! Jack punched directly into the lobby manager's stomach. The lobby manager yelled out in agony

and his face turned purple and held his abdomen as he squatted down.

He clenched his teeth as he winched in pain, "You're asking for..." Before he could finish speaking, he

felt his throat tighten and he had to swallow the rest of his words.

Jack gripped the lobby manager's throat and said coldly, "I don't have the time to waste on a dog. Bring

me to Willy."

The lobby manager struggled but Jack's grip tightened and he started to choke. As death started to

become a possibility, he quickly nodded his head in horror.

Thud!

Jack released his hand and then said as he looked at Aiden, “When did Mr. Lott start to reason with a dog?”

The hotel security noticed what was happening and ran over but the lobby manager raised his hand to stop him. He looked with fear at Jack. He knew that Jack was far more ruthless than the earlier two men! Only Mr. Parker could deal with this kind of person!

Then, the lobby manager struggled to his feet and led the way respectfully without the earlier foul attitude.

All these happened in a matter of seconds. This made Aiden look at Jack again with increased admiration. Aiden thought to himself, “Decisive and deadly. Jack was never like that in the past!”

Lone Wolf followed as if he was used to seeing Jack’s ruthlessness.

The top-level of Parker hotel was a spa and entertainment area. Jack and the two of them followed the lobby manager out of the lift and then to a room with the sign 99999.

Knock knock knock!

The lobby manager looked fearfully at Jack and then he began to smile coldly.

Just at this moment, Jack suddenly moved forward and kicked open the door. He was aggressive and overbearing. All the laughing and chatter in the room stopped immediately and only the music continued to play.

The group of people in the room looked in surprise at Jack. Several skimpily dressed women quickly moved to the corner.

Jack rubbed his nose and said coldly, "Who is Willy? Get the hell out here!"

Chapter 375 What's The Big Deal with Your Boss?

His voice was cold and he was overbearing.

All of the people inside looked at him furiously. Thereafter they focused on one person. It was the only young man who still had a woman in his arms.

The young man was calm, his features were sharp, and looked rebellious. He had a cigarette in his mouth as he sat leisurely on the sofa while holding on tightly to a woman. He scoffed at the lobby manager, "What are you good for? How can you let stray dogs into my place?"

The lobby manager quickly replied, "Mr. Parker, it wasn't me, they barged in. It's Aiden, the one that

you taught them a lesson!”

Willy laughed, spit, and scoffed, “I beat up so many people in a day, do you think I bother to remember their names?”

The lobby manager was shocked and quickly moved to the side.

Jack slowly raised his hand and pointed to Willy, “You, get out here!”

“Pfft!”

Willy sat on the sofa and totally disregarded Jack, “Who the hell do you think you are barking at my place! You’ll be wasted if I really go out!”

Lone Wolf started to rage and took a step forward but was stopped by Jack.

“Didn’t you inform my men that you want me to kneel and apologize?” Jack narrowed his eyes and said coldly, “I am Jack!”

“Jack? Never heard before. Who are you compared to my boss Lyndall?”

Willy was full of disdain. He rubbed his temples and then laughed, “Oh, I remember now. You are the ones who came to see my boss. You are the dogs who wanted to snatch a piece of land from my boss!”

Bang!

A subordinate of Willy slapped the table and stood up, "Damn you, don't you know who you're talking to? Mr. Parker beats countless scumbags like you every day!"

"Damn it, these days there are so many useless gangs out there!"

"Say the word, Mr. Parker. Just one word and they'll be carried out of here!"

"You really don't know when to give up. You already received a beating this afternoon and you're here again tonight. Mr. Parker, since they're asking for it, then fulfill their wishes!"

Everyone in the room started to say angrily and ready for a fight.

Aiden and Lone Wolf's expressions darkened. This group was getting out of control. Lone Wolf walked to Jack's side and was about to speak.

Suddenly, Jack laughed with a "Ha!" His laughter was cold and filled with disgust and aggression. At that moment, Jack's expression was like the God of Killers! This made everyone in the room shut up and even Willy's pupils constricted.

"If you don't come out, then I'll go in!" Jack walked in nonchalantly as he grinned ready to kill, "Since

you don't know me, then I'll introduce myself."

"Damn it, kill him!" Willy suddenly turned ferocious and threw his cigarette on the floor. Instantly more than ten men in the room rushed towards Jack.

"Clowns!" Jack shook his head with disdain and erupted like a vicious tiger.

Bash bash bash!

A series of three thuds and three of the men cried in agony as they lay on the ground. The rest of the men stopped and looked terrified.

Ruthless! All of them including Willy shared the same thought.

The air instantly seemed to congeal.

Aiden started to become excited as his eyes lit up as Lone Wolf quickly walked to Jack's side.

"Stand down!" Jack said calmly.

Lone Wolf hesitated, "But Mr. Hughes, I..."

"I alone can take on these dogs." Jack's voice was cold as the frost and Lone Wolf could not retort. But his words were like daggers that shot towards Willy and the others.

"Damn it, what are you waiting for? Kill him!" Willy ordered.



The men looked at each other and then rushed towards Jack. It was as if Jack was the devil and his hands and legs started to blur as they flew. He had been through so much and these thugs were nothing in his eyes. Perhaps common people would find these men vicious but to him, they weren't even worthy of licking his shoes!

Bash bash bash...

The dull sound of sandbags being punched echoed around the room as things in the room continued to be smashed. With each agonizing yell, the men fell to the ground one by one. Jack's strikes were swift and effective. Someone collapsed as soon as his fist or kick landed. He didn't give them a second chance.

In just ten seconds, all of them were on the ground writhing in agonizing pain.

Jack calmly stood his ground and his stare was chillingly cold. He looked like the God of killers and totally dominated. He then turned his gaze towards Willy.

Willy shuddered when he felt Jack's cold stare. A chill ran down his spine and he was terrified as he sat uneasily.

It was too fast! It was so fast that he hadn't reacted to it. These men were the most capable of his subordinates. Normally each of them could take on several attackers but all of them couldn't even touch Jack?

When Willy looked at Jack, he felt cold as if he had been thrown into an ice cavern.

Lone Wolf was pleasantly surprised while Aiden became happily excited. Their reactions were totally different from Willy's.

The atmosphere in the room was tensed.

Jack walked slowly to Willy and looked down at Willy, "You hit my man so I should be able to hit you, right?" Jack's voice was cold and sarcastic.

Willy's face turned pale and said, "Who, who the hell are you? It's impossible for a person like you to exist in the entire LD city."

"Jack Hughes!" Jack said calmly, "Now, bring me to your boss, Lyndall."

To my boss?! Willy was stunned. Lyndall was LD city's gangster and above everyone. No one could see Lyndall unless he wanted to.

"You, who do you think you are? My boss Lyndall..." Willy yelled.

But before he finished...

Smash! Jack grabbed Willy's head and smashed it onto the glass table.

Clink clank...

Along with Willy's agonizing yell, the glass table smashed and glass fragments scattered all over the floor.

When Willy raised his head, his face was covered with fresh blood.

Jack slowly leaned forward to Willy. His eyes were fierce and his voice was freezing as he said,

"What's the big deal with your boss?"

Chapter 376 Lyndall

Willy finally felt fear.

Although his face was covered in blood, but beneath it, there was no concealing his deathly pale contour.

Within the eyes of this man in front of him, all he could see was endless intent or murder. There was no sign of wavering and hesitation at all.

It was as if he was facing a blood-seeking beast.

Even when he was facing Lyndall, he never had this kind of sensation.

His heart was beating faster and faster, and it felt like it was going to break out of his ribcage.

In the end, Willy squeezed his throat and forced out a word, "Alright!"

...

In the LD Manor.

This villa was situated in a scenic area outside LD Manor. It was surrounded by hilly terrains and streams of rivers and lake.

This was the most exclusive and high-class residence of LD Manor.

Those who were able to gain entry into these grounds had to be rich or noble. Any normal resident could only gaze at the majestic view from afar. They wouldn't be granted access into the grounds.

Tonight, LD Manor was especially bustling with activity.

The interior of the villa was decorated magnificently.

Stern-looking patrolling cars proved that this place was protected with the highest grade of security.

In the main hall, people were engaged in dancing and singing. Sounds of laughter could be heard everywhere.

There wasn't any empty seat surrounding a massive round table.

"We are honored to be graced by your presence, Artist Warnock. Let me toast to you!"

Lyndall had a faint red glow on his face as he raised his glass towards Warnock who was sitting in the main seat.

Warnock was a little tipsy too and he looked pretty vested in this party. Naturally, he wouldn't accept anyone who wanted to toast to him.

Following them emptying their glass, the others present all called out in celebration.

Those who were present were big shots in LD City, but now they only served as an accompanying party in this dinner.

However, none of them so much as spout a word of complain and dissatisfaction.

Being able to gain entry into the LD Manor was considered an honor to them.

Furthermore, the most important guest being invited by Lyndall today was none other than the master artist of the nation, Artist Warnock!

A leading authority in world wide.

It was Lyndall's honor to have him attend this event.

Everyone who was present knew very well that this guest represented Lyndall's reputation.

If this was anyone else, let alone successfully inviting Warnock to the scene, he or she would not even get entertained in the first place.

"Lyndall, you are really a gentleman."

Warnock wrapped his arm around Lyndall's shoulders, which was unlike his image of a leading figure.

"Warnock, truth to be told, although I am rough around the edges, but I still have my discernable qualities. From time to time, I would dabble in artistic endeavor such as painting and calligraphy. When I first saw your work back then, I was honestly stunned beyond words. From that moment on, it began an unstoppable venture into my passion."

Lyndall praised Warnock profusely, which delighted him.

"Lyndall, shall we grab this golden opportunity to invite Warnock to draw something for us?" Someone suggested.

"Alright!"

Before Lyndall could implore him, Artist immediately agreed.

Lyndall's eyes instantly lit up with a passionate glow.

He was the underground king of LD City who had unrivalled power and wealth, but when he had free time, all he cared about was traditional Chinese painting. He harbored the utmost respect towards

Warnock who was an authoritative figure in this field.

If he could somehow lure this man to paint him something while he was half-drunk, he would have another precious treasure in the villa which he could admire anytime!

With such a thought in mind, Lyndall felt an indescribable joy coursing through him. He got up to prepare the ink for Artist personally.

The others present felt stunned upon laying eyes on such a scene.

Since when could the underground king lower his stance and position in front of anyone?"

"Lyndall, shall I do it instead?" Someone suggested to take his place.

Lyndall glanced at him sideways, "Who are you to prepare ink for Artist? Even if it is me doing it, I am at most just doing very little in my power."

The person who came up with that suggestion turned pale, and he immediately scurried back into the

crowd.

Just when Artist was dipping his brush into ink and was about to start his painting, all of a sudden,

someone announced from outside the hall, "Mr. Long, Mr. Parker has brought him here."

Artist's hand froze momentarily.

Lyndall immediately felt his anger surging up while he apologized profusely to Artist, "I'm sorry, Artist.

They are my brothers who don't really know the way of society. I will go and teach him a lesson now."

"It's fine. Since he's your brother, you shouldn't do that. Invite them in." Artist waved his hand

generously.

Lyndall immediately heaved a sigh of relief as he nervously asked the visitor to come in.

When Jack helped Willy into the hall, in an instant sounds of gasping erupted all around the hall.

Everyone's expression immediately changed drastically.

"Willy!"

Lyndall felt a transformation overcome his facial expression as he felt not that drunk anymore.

"Boss..."

Willy initially was still stuck in a turmoil of fear, but when he heard Lyndall's voice, he immediately came



back to his senses. He started to wail, "It's him, he wants to see you!"

"Fuck!"

Lyndall immediately launched into a fury, and without paying any heed to Artist who was present, he cursed loudly.

The others were all angered as well, as they glared at Jack and Aiden and Lone Wolf who was behind him.

Those people had beaten up Willy to such a state. Were they here so that Lyndall could teach them a lesson and send them to the underworld?

However, nobody noticed that Artist who was still holding a brush had suffered a shock and immediately his eyes had returned to its luster from their previous blurred state.

Why was this young man here?

Jack naturally noticed Artist who was seated among the crowd, and he showed an equally shocked expression.

However, that stupor only lasted for mere minutes.

Artist could only be considered his elder because of Amber. His social circle had nothing to do with him.

He was here to achieve what he had set out to do!

With a loud slam, Jack hurled Willy onto the floor.

He stared squarely at Lyndall who was all worked up like a lion, and the corner of his mouth lifted up, "I

didn't expect that the underground kingpin of LD City is such a young man."

Lyndall was at most only thirty from his looks.

He had the title of the underground king of LD City on his head, yet he didn't look brash or rough

around the edges at all. In contrast, he even looked very gentle and polite.

"Boss..."

Willy was wailing as he clambered forward towards Lyndall. The dried-up blood on his face made his

situation looked even more pitiful.

Jack suddenly lifted his legs and stamped Willy's back.

This precise scene finally drove Lyndall over the edge.

He was the underground king of LD City. Nobody would be so daring and bold in front of him.

There was no one who didn't know that Willy was working for him.

By beating Willy up, the perpetrator was obviously giving the underground king a loud slap across his face!

“You have to check out its master’s identity even if you want to hit a dog!” Lyndall squeezed these words through his teeth.

Jack raised his head slightly and revealed a fearless smile, “Your dog has bitten my brother, so I am just teaching it a lesson, as he deserved it. Why should I know who the master is?”

In an instant, everyone on the scene was utterly shocked by Jack’s words.

Oh my god!

Was this man crazy?

How could he say something like that in front of Lyndall?

Some of them even mistook their drunken state for mishearing things, so they dug deep into their ears to make sure.

“Alright! This is great! You are the first one who dares to speak in such a way to me, Lyndall!”

Lyndall was strangely laughing now, perhaps driven by extreme anger. His laughter was getting out of

hand.

All the others present were terrified with that laughter.

They all knew that this maniacal laughter is the premonition to a slaughter fest later on!

However, Jack continued to step on Willy's back, which caused him to shriek in pain. He stepped over

Willy's body and met Lyndall's gaze, "I always speak in such a way no matter to who!"

Their gazes were locked, and there was an imminent clash in the air.

Murderous intents were overflowing too.

Just as Lyndall was about to pounce onto Jack, a huge hand suddenly landed on his shoulder.

Lyndall turned around in shock only to see Artist standing behind him, "Artist, I'm really sorry to let

these small fries affect your mood. Please step aside, I will..."

"There's no need for that."

Artist interrupted Lyndall with a grim expression, "Didn't you want me to paint you something? Let's

begin."

Lyndall and the others were dumbfounded upon hearing that.

There was going to be a blood brawl in the next instant, yet he was suggesting they start their

painting?

Chapter 377 The Underground King Who was Humbled

Artist's words were completely unsuited to the current situation.

Everyone was shell-shocked.

"Boss, what painting are you talking about..."

Willy was still moaning in pain.

"Shut up!"

Lyndall's sharp gaze came into focus as he sternly interjected.

Then, after sweeping his gaze over Jack to make sure he wasn't doing anything funny, he then turned

around to face Artist.

"Artist, let's do it!"

What...

The others were completely stupefied. They were all rooted to the spot.

To what degree had Lyndall placed importance on Artist?

There were people coming to their compound looking to cause a ruckus, yet he could still maintain this

casual atmosphere?

From what they knew, the underground king of LD City was a ruthless and merciless being. Anything

could be his reason to shed blood on the scene!

They couldn't understand why this high and mighty king would act so humbly in front of Artist.

Jack was a little stunned by what he saw too. Someone who could become the underground king

surely wouldn't be a pushover.

Putting aside his means, this person would have to be extremely prideful and arrogant.

Seeing that his reputation was being challenged so blatantly yet he still prioritized Artist's request, this

wasn't just mere respect.

With Artist's presence there, Jack was also not in a hurry.

"Alright."

Artist gave a response before starting to work on the painting.

Under the shocking gaze of everyone, Lyndall didn't show any bit of anxiety or anger. Instead, he was

standing near Artist as he admired his work.

In an instant, a huge transformation occurred on Lyndall's face.

It was one of incredulity, and then he looked unbelievable.

Everyone on the scene could see clearly the myriad of emotions on his face, and everyone was worried and alerted for no reason.

What had Artist painted?

Immediately, someone approached to take a closer look.

When that person saw the painting, he also had a drastic change of expression on his face.

On the white paper, there was a painting of a... pig!

There was no discernable meaning behind this painting. It was simply a straightforward painting.

With just a few strokes of his brush, a pig head was formed on the paper!

“Artist, what is this?”

Lyndall tried hard to suppress the shock in his heart as he probed doubtfully.

Artist lowered his head to blow away some remnants of the ink before raising the paper up and presenting it to Lyndall.

“It was my pleasure to be acquainted with you, Lyndall. I hereby gift you this painting, to remind you not

to be as stupid as a pig!”

Lyndall felt a lightning had just pierced through his head. In an instant, his expression became hideous.

With that painting and his words, Artist was insulting him!

He was insulting the great underground king without any reservation in front of so many people!

The others present clammed up without even daring to make any sound.

Artist was bold enough to insult the underground king, so naturally the king’s wrath would be...

“Y—You dare to curse at my big brother? I...”

Willy had a grotesque expression on his face, and the dried-up blood made him look even more terrifying.

“Shut up!”

Lyndall turned around and roared, and his eyes were now covered in a dark shade.

At the same time, Artist stood in front of him and made a gesture with his fists before heading outside.

“Artist...”

Lyndall was completely lost.

Artist raised up his hand to stop him from saying anything further. He muttered faintly, “It’s for you to



admire.”

“1...” Lyndall was at a loss for words.

The next moment, while being watched by everyone, Artist walked to the front of Jack, and immediately

his cold face was replaced with a warm smile. He gestured with his fists as he called out, “My nephew,

how is Amber doing?”

As if a lightning had just struck everyone there, Lyndall was completely stupefied by this scene.

His mouth was left agape, and his eyes had lost their focus.

Jack returned his greeting with his fists as he replied, “Everything is fine. Amber is pregnant just a while

ago.”

“Pregnancy? This is something worthy of celebration! Great! Do Steve and his wife learn of this yet?”

Artist looked obviously jubilant.

“They don’t know yet.” Jack shook his head. There were too many incidents lately, so he couldn’t make

any time to inform them.

“You need to tell them. If they learn of this, they will be so happy that they couldn’t fall asleep.”

Artist blinked and continued with his crisp loud voice, "Ask them to fly over. We can take this opportunity to have an old friends' reunion. We'll have to toast to each other and drink to our hearts' contents!"

"No, wait, since my niece is pregnant, and this is such an auspicious happening, I have to go back and paint something to commemorate this special day and give it as a gift to her and the unborn baby."

Jack watched Artist who was finally leaving.

He was really the leading authority, and with just a few moves, he was able to take care of everything including dignities and solutions.

He had secretly helped Jack and at the same time saved Lyndall's life.

The events unfolding in front of him was a brief one, but for Lyndall and the others there, it felt like a long dream.

They then directed their gaze onto the painting in Lyndall's hand, including Lyndall himself.

He had begged for a painting by a national treasure, yet what he got was a pig head painting which was painted simply.

For Jack, he never spoke a word about it, yet the national treasure was willing to draw something

special and gave him as a gift.

Their treatment was so different as if this was heaven and earth!

“Sigh...”

Lyndall rubbed his temples while letting out a sigh which was infused with alcohol. A smile returned to

his face.

The others present felt their energy coming back to them.

Now that Artist had left, was it finally time... for their show?

Willy who was still lying on the ground even produced a menacing smile.

He was glancing at Jack, and then at Aiden and Lone Wolf, and his gaze told them that he was looking

at dead men.

Since he became Lyndall’s underling, he had never seen anyone who after defied Lyndall was still able

to stay alive!

Aiden and Lone Wolf had a very calm expression on their faces.

“The fight won’ happen.”

Aiden smiled meaningfully while muttering something by Lone Wolf's ears.

The moment he finished saying that, Lyndall suddenly asked, "Are you here to capture that land?"

"Precisely."

Jack nodded while pointing at Willy, "My men wanted to have a talk with you guys, yet your dog has bitten one of my men."

"Nonsense!"

Willy shouted angrily.

The moment he shouted, Lyndall suddenly said with a mellow expression, "I'm sorry for giving you such trouble. That piece of land is now yours!"

His tone was so gentle and calm that there was no sign of anger at all.

His meaning was direct and straightforward without any sign of hesitation.

The others who heard this felt another strike of lightning falling upon them. They almost couldn't believe their eyes.

What had happened?

What was actually going on?

This was not how an underground king should act!

Everyone who was present there were big shots in LD City, and they had all seen Lyndall's mighty demeanour.

However, the current Lyndall was a far cry from his usual image!

In an instant, everyone was rooted to the spot, with a dumbfounded expression on their faces.

"Boss, what do you..." Willy started to roar with confusion written all over his face.

He had never seen Lyndall being so humble! Yes, he was way too humble!

"Shut up! You useless dog, get lost!"

Lyndall roared, and then he waved towards the stupefied crowd, "You guys can leave now. I will make another banquet and invite you again."

"Thank you."

Jack simply smiled and then he turned around and left.

After everyone had finally left only did Lyndall turned around and looked at the direction of the door.

Then, the next moment, he collapsed to a chair.

Beads of sweat started to form on his forehead silently.

In order to become the underground king, he was very scheming and strategic. No mere mortal could rival him in that aspect.

Artist's painting and words looked and sounded like he was insulting him in the eyes of the untrained.

Yet, he could discern that this was none other than a warning!

Artist was helping him!

The leading authority in world wide even spared some face to remind him, which to him was already very respectful.

The national treasure had such a close relationship with Jack, and on the other hand he had to improve their relationship by inviting him to a feast. He could see very clearly the difference in their positions.

Most importantly, in the conversation between Artist and Jack, there were important points hidden within their harmless words.

Lyndall was able to make the connection and recall a rising star in the next city. He was an existence that stirred up a storm no matter where he went.

He was truly the local tyrant.

Jack... was the real deal!

Chapter 378 Jack, Father's Safe

"The mafia boss of LD City backed down."

This news spread across the entire LD city. Lyndall knew the consequences of doing that and he would

become the laughing stock of the entire LD city. But he knew that he had to do that.

Although he became the butt of the joke, he remains the king of the local mafia. If he wasn't willing to

become the joke, then he would become the ghost of the mafia.

Furthermore, an order came from the LD city manor that no one was to compete for the land. This was

to warn all the real estate companies in LD city and also trying to win Jack's favor.

Jack was not bothered by this. If it wasn't for Artist Warnock, he didn't know how Lyndall would react

except that he would be very determined. Just a local mafia boss was nothing compared to the

wealthiest of X City and the Capital city. He was not even worthy of licking Jack's shoes!

Jack didn't stay at LD city and went back after he left the LD manor. Aiden was overjoyed and kept

praising Jack along the way back. He never expected that this person, who was once was his

subordinate, could become so influential in such a short time. He started to regret that he once

wavered and even helped to plot against Jack. If he had chosen correctly, perhaps he would be even closer to Jack than Lone Wolf. But it was too late to regret.

Back at the Four Impressions Club.

It was already late in the night. Jack was worried that he would disturb Amber's rest and sat on the chair in the hall. He decided to spend the night like that. It was tough being pregnant and it was worthwhile to let his wife sleep more, even if it was just a second more.

But Jack woke up from his sleepiness immediately after receiving a message. As Jack was sleepy and in a daze, he was awakened by his phone and he picked up his phone for a look. Instantly his pupil constricted and his spirits were awakened.

The content of the message was simple and only had four words, "Jack, Dad is safe."

The words were simple but they hit his eyes like a sledgehammer!

"Dad?" Jack's heart jumped to his throat and his emotions surged.

His hands started to tremble and quickly dialed the number which sent the message. It rang for a moment and then the other party canceled the call.

"Is it inconvenient to answer the call?" Jack's heart sank and quickly sent a message across, "Dad,



where are you?"

Then he waited. Jack's breathing was full of anxiety and was unable to control himself. He grasped his phone and couldn't help but tremble. The seconds ticked by and soon it was ten minutes later. There was nothing received by his phone.

"What's going on? He just sent a message saying that he's safe and then don't bother to elaborate?"

Jack clenched his teeth and became agitated.

The message, "Jack, Dad is safe" to Jack was totally insufficient.

He needed to know more. He wanted to know if his dad was hurt, where he was, and what was the situation! He rubbed his aching nose and then sent another message, "Dad, where are you? What's going on with the current assassination?" This assassination gave Jack too many questions.

His father should never have gone missing. The out of the ordinary assassination was over just like that? Who was the mastermind? He waited for another half hour and there was still no reply. Jack tried to call the number but now the phone was turned off.

Jack almost erupted impulsively at this point. He scratched his face and continued to stare at his

phone. He hesitated and then walked towards Mr. Ward's room. He knocked on the door twice and soon there were shuffling noises from inside the room.

Mr. Ward opened the door and looked puzzled as he asked, "Master Hughes, what happened?"

Jack signaled him to lower his voice as he didn't want to alarm his wife. Then he pushed Mr. Ward into the room.

"I'm sorry to disturb you this late in the night," Jack said.

Mr. Ward smiled and replied, "No worries, old people don't require much sleep. I was reading a book."

Jack looked at the book next to the bed and was speechless. This dirty old man! Mr. Ward blushed and quickly tucked the book under the pillow.

Jack sat by the bedside and took out the phone to show Mr. Ward the message that he received.

"This was the message that I received just now." Mr. Ward looked at the message and then his eyes opened wide and said with joy, "This is Old Master Hughes!"

Jack nodded as his expression darkened, "But I sent several messages and there was no reply. I even called twice. The first call was canceled almost immediately and the phone was turned off the second time I called."

“Could it be that Old Master’s situation didn’t allow him to answer?” Mr. Ward pondered before saying.

Jack pondered and then said doubtfully, “If the situation didn’t allow him, then why would he send me the message telling me that he’s safe?”

The room fell dead silent. Both Jack and Mr. Ward were clueless and cracked their brains thinking about it.

“Mr. Ward, are you able to find out where this number is registered from?” Jack asked.

Mr. Ward thought for a couple of seconds and then said, “That can be done but it doesn’t help much.”

It was easy to check where the number was registered but it could go anywhere once the card was installed. Jack was clear on this.

But he insisted, “Check as much as you can. A lead is better than nothing. The clearer the better.”

Mr. Ward nodded and noticed that Jack was very perturbed, “Master Hughes, rest assured that if Old

Master could send a message to indicate that he is safe, then at least he is safe now.”

“I know, but I just wonder what was his purpose in doing so.” Jack frowned and said, “He is the mighty

head of the Hughes family whose authority is second to none. He went missing just after a regular

assassination and now he is safe again. Why can't he go back to the Hughes Manor now? Mr. Ward, don't you think that it's strange? What is my father worried about?"

Mr. Ward looked dull as he had no answer to Jack's questions. Indeed, Patrick's disappearance was out of the ordinary and absurd.

Mr. Ward was sullen as Jack sighed and stood up to leave, "I won't disturb you anymore. Oh yes, this must be kept a secret. Only ask the person that you trust the most to investigate."

"I understand." Mr. Ward replied.

The next morning.

Jack missed his father and couldn't sleep the entire night. Just as the sun was rising, Mr. Ward came out of his room to signal Jack to his room. Jack came to his senses and quickly went to Mr. Ward's room.

"Any news?" Jack wrung his hands as his palms began to sweat nervously.

"The number was registered at a city at X Desert." Mr. Ward appeared bewildered.

Jack was also stunned. X Desert was a place that was very remote and deserted. It was very far from the Hughes Manor. Why was father's cellphone number ... from that place?

“Anything else?” Jack asked.

“Mr. Ward shook his head, “Nothing.”

“Nothing?” Jack was immediately agitated, “You spent the entire night and only found out about this?”

Mr. Ward smiled bitterly, “Master Hughes, there really isn’t any other information. If it wasn’t for my quick actions, perhaps we wouldn’t even be able to find out about this. After we managed to trace the origin of the number, it was unregistered and we couldn’t continue to investigate it.”

Chapter 379 I’ll Leave A Light For You Regardless Of How Late

It was silent in the room.

“Was father worried that I would check on him and that was why he deregistered the number?” Jack frowned and muttered.

Mr. Ward thought for a while and said, “Perhaps he was worried about others.”

Jack was stunned. Indeed, if his father had sent him a message, then why would he be worried about

Jack checking on him? He must have deregistered the number because he was worried about others tracing him.

“But, who was he avoiding?” Jack asked.

Mr. Ward shook his head and didn't say a word. He had served Patrick for many years and he was very familiar with his temper and nature. This was the first time that he couldn't figure him out. They didn't even have a single lead!

Mr. Ward took a deep breath and smiled bitterly, "I'm really at a loss this time. There are no leads and there is nothing suspicious at the Hughes family." What he said suppressed Jack's doubts.

The only thing that his father was fearful of was the Hughes family. But yet there was nothing suspicious at the Hughes family. After his father's disappearance, Madam Hughes and all the Hughes family members were actively looking for him.

Nothing seemed out of place.

"The more it didn't look suspicious, the more suspicious it looks. Something must be wrong." Jack muttered.

They had no leads. The only thing they know was that the number which his father sent the message was from a city in X Desert. But this seemed useless at this point. Even if they sent someone to check on location, it would be trying to find a needle in a haystack.

Jack took a deep breath and saw that Mr. Ward was very tired and trying hard to suppress his yawns.

Jack said caringly, "Go and have some rest, Mr. Ward. Even if we don't have any leads, at least we know that my father is safe. I can be more assured now."

Jack had no desire to sleep after he left Mr. Ward's room. He brewed a pot of tea and paced at the courtyard as he sipped the tea to perk himself.

Feelings of doubts, concerns, and anxiety were all entangled together. It made him extremely vexed.

Now that his father was safe, what worried him now was the attitude of the Hughes family towards him.

A year was too short a deadline. Under his father's watchful eyes, he was sixty to seventy percent

confident of presenting the necessary results to become the heir of the family during his father's

birthday. But now his father was missing. Without his father's protection, if the Hughes family were to

be biased against him, then the chances of him winning would tumble like an avalanche. Perhaps he

would even be eliminated by his competition! For the moment, the one-year deadline was like waiting

for his death.

"I can only wait to see what the Hughes family thinks." Jack stared blankly as he mumbled and sighed

helplessly.

“It’s cold in the morning, you should watch your health.” A tender voice said from behind him.

Then Jack felt a jacket being placed onto his shoulders. He turned around and saw Amber standing behind him. She appeared to be full of worry as she looked at him.

“Why did you wake up so early? Why don’t you sleep for a while more?” Jack asked.

Amber shook her head and said, “I was already awake. And I know that you sat in the hall for the entire night.”

Jack was stunned. He was certain that he did his best to control his movement to minimize the noise.

How was his wife able to know?

Amber tiptoed and flicked Jack’s nose and smiled, “Silly fool, I waited for you last night and fell asleep only when I was too tired. The light at the bedside was left on for you.”

“Don’t be so silly the next time. No matter how late you come back, I’ll always leave a light for you. You are worried about disturbing my sleep but you don’t realize that I’ll sleep even less without you.”

Jack was in a daze. All these filled his heart with warmth.

Who didn’t hope that among all the lights in the thousands of homes that one of the lights was left on for him? But who could do it in reality? Amber did it.



Jack was stunned that she could be so considerate to this degree considering her family background.

In the three years of his previous marriage, he had never felt this way.

He became emotional and embraced Amber and said softly, "Thanks. I'm so fortunate to marry you."

"Okay, I've asked Daisy to make breakfast. Go to the dining room and I'll have Daisy bring the breakfast over." Amber struggled from Jack's embrace as she smiled beautifully.

"Isn't there a kitchen at the Bamboo grove?" Jack asked.

Amber glared, "The chair at the hall is so hard. How could you have slept well? If Daisy were to cook at the kitchen, she'll definitely wake you up with all the noise."

Jack smiled at the thought that his wife was so considerate. But what his wife didn't know was that it wasn't that he didn't sleep well but he didn't even close his eyes.

At the dining room.

Very quickly Brent and Daisy served the dishes. Jack and the rest of them had a hearty breakfast and thereafter went with Brent to the courtyard for intense training. Jack never stopped the physical exercises. It was only with untiring persistence could he attain what he aimed for.

With Jack's increasing abilities, Brent modified the training to push his limits higher. Only with this could he push and realize his full potential.

The greenery in the Four Impressions Club was perfect. Along the pathways, the mist lingered and the air was fresh.

Jack trained topless and with the exercises, all his muscles were well defined and toned. Sweat rolled down his body as his skin glittered. His body was firm and strong.

Brent observed Jack's training on the side and he was secretly alarmed, "Master seemed limitless..."

Brent understood how to develop them physically as well as their fighting capabilities. Even with the elite generation, some performed very well but they very quickly reached their maximum potential and abilities. The maximum meant that once their skills and physiques reached a certain level, they would respond slowly to further training or even not improve anymore.

But Jack was the best of all the elite generation that he had trained.

Whether it was physical or fighting abilities, Jack's improvement was fast and he didn't seem to be fatigued after a session of intensive training. That showed that he had not reached the limit of his abilities.

This also meant that Jack's physiques and fighting skills could still continue to improve. What was even more important was Jack's fighting instinct! It was a fighting instinct that surprised even Brent.

As he looked at Jack's training, Brent couldn't help but ask, "Master Hughes, were you traumatized when you were young?"

Chapter 380 Lyndall's Invitation

"Young?" Jack stopped his training and wiped the sweat from his face. His smile was filled with sorrows. His childhood days were dark and his mother was his only beacon of light.

Brent saw Jack's bitter smile, realized his mistake, and quickly said, "I'm sorry Master Hughes. I was too caught up in the moment and shouldn't have asked this question. You need not answer it."

"It's okay." Jack pointed to a seat nearby and signaled Brent to sit down.

After they sat down, Jack slowly said, "There's nothing significant during my growing years other than being called a bastard. We lived from hand to mouth. After a meal, we wouldn't know when we will be able to eat again."

"If my mother didn't slog to bring me up, perhaps I would already be dead." The sentences were simple but filled with grief.

Brent felt guilty. He only wanted to know if there was something in Jack's youth that managed to contribute to his current amazing fighting and physical abilities. But from that, he opened Jack's childhood wounds.

After saying these, Jack went into deep thoughts. He didn't like to recall his past. He kept struggling so that he could repay his mother's struggles and also get as far away from his childhood fate as possible.

All of these childhood memories were filled with darkness. Every one of them hurts him and some of them were tainted with blood.

His mother's health suffered because of all the work and had to get him to eat and study. Each time he would fight with those who called him a bastard and when he received a beating, his mother would come to his rescue.

When he thought about these then he realized that they were partially caused by his father's absence, but more so it was because of the Burton family's greed and despised his mother and him.

"I'm sorry, Master." Brent felt immensely guilty and explained, "I was just shocked at your physical and fighting capabilities. I wanted to check if you went through some training when you were young or had some fortune."

The muscles and bones were growing in the youthful years. It was the easiest to train during that period and the best time to push a person's limits.

"Fortune?" Jack raised his eyebrows and smiled bitterly, "Did a beating every three days count?"

Brent was stumped and before he could say anything, Jack stood up and said, "Okay, if I ever had any fortune during my childhood days, then I didn't have to wait till Mr. Ward came to save me and my mother."

Brent looked in a daze as Jack continued to train rigorously. Perhaps... the biggest fortune was life's struggles!

After his training, Jack showered and then proceeded to DT company.

Yael and Amelia were taking charge of the Quinn family businesses. The entertainment company in the Capital had the Vaughn and Wattson families. Drago could handle his own company and Jack's attention was still on DT.

This was the place where he made his name. Even though he already had a billion yuan given by his father, but he still felt deeply connected to DT. After he heard Corbin's report, Jack decided that in the

coming month, DT had to secure five parcels of land.

“Jack, isn’t it too risky to acquire five parcels of land at once?” Corbin said in surprise. Previously DT acquired a parcel of land one at a time and at the most they developed two properties concurrently. It was by chance that DT was able to secure the modernization project of West Shantytowns.

“Risky?” Jack smiled, “We have the ability to take risks now. Why should we be worried about risks?”

Corbin said no further when he saw that Jack was calm and confident. He nodded and left the office.

“It’s better to do things steadily.” Jack looked at the piles of documents and smiled bitterly. If it wasn’t for his father’s disappearance and now he stood alone at the Hughes family, he wouldn’t just take five parcels of land!

He worked hard through the day. When he almost finished for the day, Jack saw an invitation card on this table.

“Who sent this?” Jack asked.

Lone Wolf replied, “It’s from Lyndall.”

Jack smiled but didn’t open the invitation card and threw it directly into the trash bin and said, “I need to

go back to my wife.”

Back at the Bamboo Grove of the Four Impressions club.

Daisy had already prepared a spread of dishes and the fragrance filled the room. After dinner, Jack and

Mr. Ward walked to the courtyard.

“Mr. Ward, does the Hughes family have any leads on my father’s whereabouts?” Jack asked. His

father’s message reporting his safety weighed heavily on Jack’s mind.

The Hughes family was using all of its resources to search. Even with the intelligence network of the

Hughes family, there still weren’t any leads.

Mr. Ward shook his head, “Nothing.”

“When has the Hughes family intelligence network become so impotent?” Jack said and frowned.

Mr. Ward smiled bitterly, “Old Master knows the clearest on the breadth and depth of the intelligence

network. If he didn’t want to be found by the intelligence network, then quite possibly he could

successfully evade them.”

So... was it possible that his father chose to hide himself? But... what was he worried about? Jack was

dazed and confused about what his father was up to.

He ground his teeth and then said, "I want you to keep a close tab on the Hughes family's activities.

Report to me whenever there's anything strange."

"I understand." Mr. Ward nodded and continued, "Oh yes, Aiden has said that the Villa at TM hills had been completely repaired. When should we move back in?"

"Wait for a while." Jack said after he pondered, "I'm not sure why I still feel rather uneasy. I have a feeling that something is about to happen. The Four Impressions Club is safer than TM Villa."

After saying this, Jack walked back into the house and looked for Amber, "Honey, can you accompany me for a walk?"

"Okay." Amber answered directly, "I had not gone out for a long time. Shall we go to the riverside which we loved when we were in University?"

"Okay!" Jack replied.

The Rolls Royce drove out of the Four Impressions club.

Only Brent strolled behind Jack and Amber. Now that the assassination order had been rescinded and the Burton family had collapsed, the risk of Jack being assassinated had reduced significantly. There



wasn't a need to mobilize a horde to protect him just for a stroll.

When they were in the University, Jack, Amber, and several other close friends would go to the riverside in the evenings for a stroll. Both of them had spent several years of their youth at this riverside.

The Rolls Royce stopped along the road next to the riverside. Jack held onto Amber's hand as they walked along the banks of the river. The breeze blew gently and was very refreshing. It was beginning to cool down as they approached autumn but the summer day was still rather hot.

It was close to eight o'clock and numerous people were exercising and strolling at the riverside.

Jack held onto Amber as they strolled leisurely while Brent followed silently behind them. He maintained a distance that would not affect Jack and Amber and yet could reach them when there was a need to.

There was a person who stood at a railing by the river not far from them. She quietly looked at the dim lights across the river and several strands of hair blew in the wind ...