

Born Winner 531

Chapter 531 Who Dares To Move?

In the hall.

As Charlie's words were uttered, the killing intent immediately spread.

The air seemed to be frozen.

A gleam flashed in Lyndall's eyes, his expression was instantly sullen.

With his experience, why didn't he react yet?

The dinner tonight was deliberately planned by Charlie.

With his abilities, killing a person was trivial.

Whether to kill or not was all up to him.

But the person to be killed appeared in front of him immediately, which was another matter.

Charlie clearly deliberately set him up on the spot.

Willy on the other hand, his face was extremely gloomy at this time.

Staring fiercely at Charlie, he was about to get up and attack him immediately.

A big hand quietly fell on Willy's thigh.

Willy glanced at Lyndall in surprise, then resisted.

"Lyndall, I know that this was very low, but I was also forced to doing so, I was helpless."

Charlie pleaded bitterly, with a smile on his face, "As long as Lyndall helps me to kill this person tonight,

I will be rewarded with a lot of money, even if he has to be a slave for Lyndall!"

In Charlie's heart, being able to serve George was already a supreme honor.

It was precisely because of George's importance that he could turn over and to be where he was today.

The establishment of HT real estate agency was originally directed by George to deal with Jack's DT

Real Estate.

Even if Lyndall couldn't be asked to come and control this situation, as long as he could kill

Jack, it could be regarded as completing George's task to him, no, it could even be considered an

extraordinary performance!

Once successful, Charlie's benefits from George were beyond imagination.

Even if he was to be a servant for Lyndall, he was willing to do that, not to mention, if it really

happened, after he became a confidant of George, it wasn't even certain yet who would be a servant to

whom.

"Phew..."

Lyndall rubbed his face and breathed heavily.

His sullen face was as cold as frost.

"Fly... I saved your life, so you really treat me as a brother now?"

Charlie didn't care as he said it with a cold voice.

Charlie pleaded, "Lyndall, I am really desperate. I can only ask you for help. Now that person has come to us, everything will be easy since you only need to raise your sword and let it fall on him."

"What's more, you are there, and he is here as well. Everyone will meet tonight, and that person will only think that you and I are on the same side, he will not treat you as an outsider."

"Hah!"

Lyndall sneered, Charlie's words were also the reason why he was really angry.

As the underground king of LD City, he had his arrogance, he had never been so calculated before, forcing a monkey to dance!

"Okay, from now on, you take your way, and I take mine, but Charlie, remember, I observe people!"

Lyndall's eyes were cold, the sight that he looked at Charlie with were full of disgust and ferociousness.

"Okay, thank you Lyndall for your understanding!"

Charlie was overjoyed, got up immediately, took his glass from the table and drank it.

While breathing out the alcohol, he waved his hand excitedly, "Guys, everything is ready, it will happen tonight, the future will be rich and beautiful!"

Clang, Clang, Clang...

Before he finished speaking, the sound of sharp weapons unsheathed in the hall.

Lyndall and Willy glanced at each other, watching all this indifferently, without any surprise.

Such a scene, the two of them were long used to.

After planning everything, it would have been strange if he didn't hide his sword secretly.

Charlie sat down and waved his hand to tell the women on his side to leave.

Slap!

Just as the women around him got up, he still slapped them with some meaning.

Feeling the bouncing of the skin, Charlie's eyes flickered.

His heart was surging and excited.

His hands clenched into fists quietly.

After tonight!

Just after tonight!

I will make a big splash!

If I told Master George the good news, Master George would definitely take me to the legendary

Hughes family pilgrimage, right?

It was deadly silent in the hall.

The lights seemed to be sharp as a knife.

Lyndall and Willy looked cold.

But Charlie and others looked hostile.

They made no secret of the piercing killing intent!

Finally, footsteps came from the courtyard outside the hall.

At the same time, all the people present were stunned, their eyes flickered, they clenched their

weapons secretly.

They were coming!

Lyndall and Willy also looked out at the same time.

It was a little dim outside.

The two of them couldn't see clearly for a while.

But they could see two silhouettes, and the silhouette of a person in a wheelchair.

Was he disabled?

Lyndall and Willy were puzzled at the same time.

If this person was disabled, did Charlie need to be so fanatical?

As the distance narrowed, the figure gradually became clear.

Boom!

Lyndall and Willy, who were in doubt, were immediately hit by a thunderbolt when they saw the faces of the three.

The facial features of the two of them were magnified and distorted to the limit with an exaggerated arc that almost collapsed.

What, how could it be them?

Boom!

Lyndall's sight split, his anger rose up into the sky, he angrily patted the tabletop with his palm, and stood up.

With him getting up, there was Willy in horror.

However.

At this time, Charlie and others, who were already ready to go, didn't even notice their expressions.

As Lyndall slapped the table and got up, everyone seemed to take it as an order.

No one expected that Lyndall, who offended them openly just now, was so decisive at this time, he was really worthy of being the LD City Underground King!

Charlie was even more surprised and mad, his expression suddenly reached the extreme.

"Now!"

With a loud roar, everyone in the room stood up, and the swords hidden under the table also shone dazzlingly.

Lyndall and Willy, who were unwilling to do this, were so decisive at this time.

How could they fall behind now that they have planned everything well?

However.

Boom!

"Ahh!"

Before anyone could take action, there was a loud noise, and the huge round table suddenly trembled.

At the same time, it was accompanied by a miserable cry from Charlie.

Everyone who held their swords and knives were immediately dumbfounded.

What was... what was going on?

Even Jack and the other three who were near the hall were also astonished.

The three of them looked at the room in disbelief.

Of course Jack recognized Lyndall, because of the light, so he could see him more clearly than Lyndall,

and he had the chance to see Lyndall more clearly!

Jack naturally had endless killing intent in his heart as he saw Lyndall again on such an occasion!

Some things, done once, could survive, if committed the second time, that was a death crime!

But Jack never expected that there would be such a scene that would make his jaws drop.

"Who dares to move?"

With a shout from Lyndall.

Everyone looked horrified, and suddenly turned around.

As soon as they saw the situation clearly, a cold breath suddenly sounded in the hall.

Within just seconds.

Lyndall made a bold move and directly smashed Charlie's head on the table.

At this time, the rotating glass on the tabletop cracked into a spider web as Charlie's head hit it.

Charlie's head was like a watermelon, pressed tightly on the table by Lyndall, red blood flowing around.

A pungent smell of blood filled the air.

While it was making everyone present horrified, their hair was also standing on end...

Chapter 532 Anyone Else Dare Hurt Mr. Hughes, But I Dare Not!

In the hall,

It was so quiet that people could hear the sound of the needle falling on the ground.

The active people suddenly became silent and felt cold all over the body.

They looked at Lyndall in fear and surprise.

It happened too fast.

Who could imagine that the underground king in LD city who stood with them last second suddenly pressed the mastermind of this action on the table?

Jack and the other two also stood still in surprise.

Jack rubbed his nose, and whispered, "It seems that we don't have to deal with them."

Mr. Ward and Brent looked at each other with a funny expression.

"Lyndall, what do you mean?"

Charlie spit out blood and finally came to his sense. He gasped in pain and asked in panic.

The intense pain in his face made his face even twitch.

Lyndall smashed his nose bone directly, and he could feel the pain of the broken bones.

Compared to the pain, Charlie was more confused and frightened.

"Didn't you ask me...to give you the face?"

Lyndall stood straight, looking gloomy, and grinned creepily," and now...I am giving you the face!"

At this moment, the bloodthirsty nature of LD Underground King was revealed vividly.

This made Charlie and everyone present frightened.

"You, have you promised me?"

Charlie, with great pain, growled, "You, you are LD Underground King. How can you betray your agreement?"

The roar echoed the hall.

The terrible roar made everyone else feel terrible and stop breathing.

However,

"The society is not filled with fights, yet it's worldly!"

Eyelids drooping, Lyndall looked at Charlie with disdain, "Did you ever obey the agreement when you betrayed me tonight?"

His questioning left Charlie speechless.

After a few seconds of silence,

"Does he make you so afraid? You are LD Underground King. Are you willing to bear the bad name of bastard?"

Charlie wailed painfully, lying on the table, unable to move.

He was not stupid. He and Lyndall had already made an agreement, but Lyndall betrayed him in an

instant.

There was only one possibility!

Outside were Jack and his subordinates!

When he asked this question, Charlie had a terrible thought in his mind.

As soon as this thought appeared, it was like an invisible hand pushing him into the abyss of despair.

Lyndall grinned coldly and looked out at Jack in his wheelchair.

There was surprise in his eyes, but more respect.

He said slowly, "Anyone else dare hurt Mr. Hughes, but I dare not!"

Facing Lyndall, Jack smiled and nodded.

And after what Lyndall said,

"Bang", all the people present were stunned as if they were struck by lightning.

Charlie's body trembled, his eyes widened and his pupils dilated.

"He's the one you're afraid of?"

Charlie's voice was trembling, and even he was out of breath.

At this time, he seemed to be engulfed by fear, and he almost lost his mind.

It was too unfortunate.

There were so many people in this city, but he just met the only one that Lyndall was afraid of?

"Kill them! Kill them!"

Charlie was lying on the table, his bloodstained face almost twisted.

Jack was the only one who Lyndall was afraid of!

Tonight's plan failed.

Lyndall's action had made him desperate to the extreme.

Facing the threat of death, Charlie , the dying man, became crazy.

"Kill them!"

In a flash, people in the hall rushed at Lyndall and Willy with knives.

The knives reflected the cold lights.

The atmosphere was tense.

"Pa!"

Willy grabbed two bottles, smashed them and rushed to the crowd.

Lyndall was still standing in the same place with an indifferent look.

He had struggled hard in society for so many years, and he had experienced such scenes many times.

As Lyndall pressed Charlie on the table, he scanned everyone present, and then looked out at Jack,

apologetic.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hughes. I'll solve this problem myself. I'll call on you afterwards and give you an

explanation!"

"Well!"

Jack nodded and winked at Brent.

Brent stepped forward and closed the hall door.

Then the three turned and walked out.

In the yard, it was dim at night.

But in the hall behind Jack, it was so bright.

Howls, screams, roars and shouts reverberated in the closed hall.

There were chaotic shadows and noisy fights. From time to time, a touch of blood splashed on the

windows and doors.

It was beginning to rain heavily.

When the three came out of "Plum Bar", it was raining heavily outside.

Mr. Ward opened an umbrella for Jack while his body was wet by rain.

Three people were silent, slowly walking toward Rolls Royce.

The heavy rain also completely covered up what was happening in the "Plum Bar".

As if nothing had happened tonight, the lights were on in Rolls Royce, the car started and drove slowly

away

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The next morning,

The sun had just risen

In the Hughes family,

"Ah!"

A scream sounded in a small courtyard.

"Bang..."

The sound was too loud.

The bedroom was a mess.

George, in his pajamas, stood by the messy bed, trembling and panting, with sweat on his forehead.

And his eyes were so red, liking a beast.

George gritted his teeth, "Dead? Why did he die? I picked out this dog to bite others. Why did this stupid dog suddenly die?"

George squeezed out these words. At this moment, he was as crazy as a beast.

But in his hand, the mobile phone was broken because of the smashing.

Just when he was still asleep, a call made him wake up from his dream and let him fall into rage.

"Bang."

He smashed his phone on the floor in anger, and it fell to pieces.

"Pa!"

George sat on the bed, and although he was breathing deeply, it still couldn't make him calm.

With the scarlet eyes, he really wanted to kill.

"Fuck! Damn Jack! Lyndall Long, who helped Jack kill my dog, is even more damned! "

"Fuck LD Underground King! In my eyes, it's just a dog in a corner!"

"Damn it. Originally, it was none of your damn business. But Lyndall Long... There will be no Lyndall

Long in LD city!"

As he gritted his teeth, George clenched his hands, making terrible sounds.

He supported Charlie in order to target Jack's DT real estate agency. Although he couldn't ruin DT real

estate agency totally, he could also slow down the speed of the development of DT real estate agency.

He invested billions, but in a short period of two months, his money came to nothing?

What's more, Charlie was killed by the so-called "Underground King" in a small place!

What a shame!

It was a great humiliation!

All of a sudden, George in rage suddenly began to laugh ferociously.

"Jack, you're just a cripple. Why can you make the dog loyal to you? Yeah, you have a good dog. But

what's your reaction when you see the dog's head?"

Chapter 533 Minor Episode!

After raining for a night, the air was refreshing and crisp with a hint of earthy fragrance. The entire city

was calm and tranquil. But the tranquility of the city would soon be broken by earth-shattering news.

[HT real estate agency would exit from the city today!]

This headline was like a firestorm that swept through the city. News spread like wildfire and soon

everyone knew about this event. The originally calm city became riled by this news. Some were

shocked, some were in disbelief while others could not understand...

Everyone from all walks of life started talking about this. All the news channels were covering this topic.

What happened to HT real estate agency?

Within a short period of a few months, it was able to rise to compete with the leading real estate

companies of the city. It was not a stretch to say that it was a rising star but now in just over a month, it

fell like a meteorite, crashing spectacularly onto the earth.

What was the story behind all these?

The entire city was curious and wanted to find out the reasons. But when some people went to the HT

real estate agency building, they found out that the main entrances had been locked and confirmed that

they were exiting the city.

During the storm, it was a different scene at the LJ Hospital. After leaving Plum Bar last night, Jack did not return to the TM villa but he went directly to LJ Hospital.

Daisy had prepared some porridge and delivered it early in the morning. Jack made sure each spoonful of porridge was cool enough before feeding it to Amber. He cared for Amber tenderly and lovingly.

“I’m full and can’t eat anymore.” Amber wiped some porridge from the corner of her mouth and said coyly, “I’ve enough, I can’t eat another bite!”

“Have some more, you’ve lost so much weight. You must eat some more.” Jack continued to spoon-feed Amber and said lovingly, “Come honey, be a good girl and be my chubby girl.”

Daisy, Mr. Ward, and Brent exchanged looks awkwardly. Who could imagine the son of the head of the Hughes family and a potential heir could speak so childishly? They were sure that if any outsiders were to see this, their jaws would drop wide open in disbelief and break out in goosebumps!

“No, I don’t want to be chubby, I won’t look good.” Amber pouted. Although she was unwilling to, she still obediently opened her mouth to eat the porridge served by Jack.

Jack smiled tenderly, “I love you regardless of whether you are skinny or chubby.”

Brent couldn’t bear with this public display of affection and said sheepishly, “Young Master, what you’re

saying is really childish and not befitting of a man of your stature. Everyone will be shocked if this leaked out.”

Then, smack!

Daisy slapped firmly onto Brent’s shoulders and reproached, “What do you know? No matter how cold a person is, he will meet a person who could warm him up. What’s wrong with what Youg Master said?

He loves Amber and is willing to lower his dignity for her. This is love! A brute like you would not understand!”

“What’s wrong with me?” Brent was puzzled.

Daisy rolled her eyes and became upset as she stormed out of the patient’s room.

Brent was stunned and puzzled as he remarked, “Why did she suddenly get upset?”

Jack and Amber looked at each other awkwardly. It was Mr. Ward who walked in front of Brent, smiled awkwardly, and tapped on his shoulders, “Brent, do you know why you’ve been single for decades and are still single?”

“Because I had been in battles and dedicated my life to the honor of a mercenary. I missed out on my

golden age of being in a relationship and that's why I'm single now." Brent said as a matter of fact.

But as he said, he noticed Jack and Amber's strange expressions and grins. Brent then became

agitated and asked, "Did I say something wrong?"

"Bullshit!" Mr. Ward didn't mince his words, "Even when you were a mercenary, didn't you meet a

woman who was willing to fight with you and even spend her days with you? Weren't there women who

were willing to cook for you and warm you up at night?"

Brent's jaw dropped and nodded, "Yes there were but so what? When I was carrying out my missions, I

didn't sleep for 3 days and nights. What haven't I seen?"

"Ha!" Jack and Amber couldn't control themselves and laughed.

Smack! Mr. Ward slapped his forehead, "There is truly a reason that you're single, you brute!" Then Mr.

Ward kicked Brent and pestered, "Hurry up, go and apologize to Daisy."

"Why should I apologize when I didn't do anything wrong?" Brent was puzzled and glared at Mr. Ward

with his wide-open eyes.

Mr. Ward then said sternly, "You spent so much time with Yael and me and didn't even learn a single

thing from us. Why are you so stubborn? Go as I say, even if it's just to keep Daisy company."

Brent remained puzzled as he looked at the stern Mr. Ward and then at the giggling Jack and Amber.

He scratched his head and then turned to leave.

Inside the room, Jack and Amber began to laugh loudly. Mr. Ward also sighed in resignation. But this

small episode between Brent and Daisy improved Amber's appetite and she began to eat heartily.

After finishing, Jack washed up the utensils. He noticed that Brent and Daisy weren't back yet but

wasn't in a hurry to look for them. Brent needed some training in attending to women.

As soon as Mr. Ward saw that Jack was done, he signaled Jack to go outside the room.

After exiting the room, Mr. Ward said, "Young Master, HT real estate agency had already exited the city.

This had caused a huge commotion in the city."

"So be it." Jack shrugged his shoulders and said nonchalantly, "The wages of sin is death. Had this

mongrel ZF conducted his business properly, with the backing of George, he would have become a

huge obstacle to DT. But he chose to do things unscrupulously and sealed his own fate."

Mr. Ward nodded and continued, "Just now Lyndall sent Willy over and said that Lyndall wishes to meet

you and personally explain about last night's events."

“How did you reply?” Jack asked.

“I know about your issues with Lyndall and rejected him.” Mr. Ward said.

Jack rubbed his nose and laughed, “That was the past. Lyndall had clearly expressed his attitude towards me when he handled the situation with Katherine. I don’t hate Lyndall.”

“Then you’ll be willing to meet him?” Mr. Ward asked.

Jack shook his head decisively, “No, I want to spend some time with Amber. If they were to come again, then tell him that I do not bear a grudge on what happened last night. He is intelligent and I understand the meaning of what he did last night and his attitude towards the entire situation. I can see that he had been set up.”

“Okay.” Mr. Ward nodded and was about to leave.

Jack suddenly called out to Mr. Ward. Jack scratched his head and then said helplessly, “With regards to Brent and Daisy, should you and Yael take some time to teach Brent a thing or two?”

“Pfft!” Mr. Ward chuckled and grinned, “Young Master, I don’t think that’s necessary, it’s embarrassing.”

Jack rolled his eyes, “Don’t give me that! You and Yael can teach Brent some techniques. If not, then Brent will remain single for life!”

Chapter 534 Mysterious Person

“He won’t see me?” Lyndall frowned and was disappointed in the hotel suite.

He came over on the invitation of Charlie but his intention was mainly to meet Jack. To him, he had

everything to gain by getting along with Jack. He had already shown Jack his attitude towards

Katherine and her mother. What they did truly crossed his red line.

He came this time to try to break the ice but he was set up by ZF at the Plum Bar and stalled his

progress with Jack. Had he not reacted fast enough, the misunderstanding between Jack and him

might have deepened to a point of no return.

Before the day broke, Lyndall had already sent Willy to invite Jack. But the refusal frustrated him.

“Boss, I didn’t get to see Jack and only managed to see that elderly servant.” Willy frowned as he

reported, “The elderly servant must have known about the conflict between Jack and you and hence

rejected your invitation.”

Lyndall grinned bitterly, “Go again, you must get to see Jack.”

“Is that necessary? If he was willing to see us, he wouldn’t send his elderly servant to meet me.” Willy

frowned.

Lyndall looked at Willy and smiled, "He is an intelligent man. He can tell from our actions last night what had happened. We are here not for last night but to get acquainted with Jack."

Willy nodded and turned to leave.

Lyndall became solemn and looked at the scenery outside and mumbled, "Haven't you gotten over what happened?" Though Lyndall's actions during Katherine's mother's incident were decisive, he remained concerned that it would incur the wrath of Jack. He remained troubled for a long time before he could relax.

After that, he realized that his situation with Jack was not that dire and that was why he decided to try to get acquainted with Jack.

He stretched his back before leaving the room and headed to the restaurant for breakfast.

It was still early and the restaurant was filled with people who just woke up. Lyndall picked a few servings from the buffet spread and took a seat at the table.

As he was eating, an elderly man in a black trench coat and baseball cap sat opposite Lyndall. Lyndall was surprised and looked around. There were other available seats and there was no need for the stranger to sit with him. He looked at the old man and continued with his breakfast.

The elderly man ate quickly and was vastly faster than Lyndall. Very soon, the elderly man finished and left.

Lyndall grinned and then noticed that the elderly man had forgotten to take his wallet. Lyndall turned to call out to the elderly man but he had already left the restaurant. Lyndall quickly wiped his mouth, grabbed the wallet, and chased after him.

At the hotel rooftop. The autumn wind was blowing and the air was cool and refreshing.

When Lyndall rushed to the rooftop, the elderly man was looking afar at the scenery. The elderly man did not react even when Lyndall pushed open the metal door loudly.

Thud!

Lyndall noticed something was amiss and his left hand smacked the wallet and grinned. He then threw the wallet at the elderly man's feet and turned to leave.

"You're leaving just like that?" The elderly man called out to Lyndall.

Lyndall didn't turn back and just said, "I've wasted my efforts. I already saw that you were wearing a facial disguise and now even your voice is faked. In the end, I was fooled by your worthless wallet to

come over here.”

“Ha! You’re truly observant!” The elderly man slowly turned and the old man grinned while looking at

Lyndall’s back, “You could even see through my disguise. Your eyes are indeed sharp!”

“After so many years in my sector, I’ve seen enough of disguises.” Lyndall was calm but did not turn

around, “But your disguise is the best in all that I had encountered. Initially, I couldn’t be sure but I

realized it as soon as I followed you here.”

“Why don’t you ask me why I lured you here?” The elderly man’s voice was raspy and labored.

“Rape me?” Lyndall laughed.

The elderly man was speechless.

“So long, old man!” Lyndall raised his right hand, waved, and was about to leave.

The elderly man said something that froze Lyndall causing him to freeze in position, “Someone wants

to kill you!”

“Many people want me dead.” Lyndall narrowed his eyes and smiled, “But most of them had been killed

by me.”

“It’s different this time.” The elderly man shook his head, “You’ve offended someone that you shouldn’t.

The person behind Charlie wants to kill you.”

Lyndall’s grin finally waned and then disappeared. He slowly turned around and looked at the elderly man, “Who is behind Charlie?”

When Charlie was setting up HT real estate agency, he had repeatedly wanted Lyndall to join him and had said that he had some strong backing. But Charlie was secretive as to who that person was. Even when Lyndall tasked Willy to investigate, he could not find out the identity of that mysterious person.

But now... it was time to find out!

“He is someone that you can’t afford to offend.” The elderly man said.

Lyndall became agitated as he said, “You lured me here to warn me this and now you won’t even tell me who he is. Is this a joke?”

“I see that you are a talent for greater things, that’s why I wanted to warn you.” The elderly man turned and continued to look at the scenery. He continued to mumble but reminded Lyndall, “Actually Jack is a great person, principled and honorable. Don’t think that Charlie is worth your efforts.”

Jack? Now this elderly man caught his attention. He looked at the elderly man and then asked sternly,

“Who the hell are you?”

“I’m your father!”

Lyndall’s expression turned furious.

The old man turned and grinned, “You can accuse me of trying to rape you, and now can’t I say that you are my son?” An eye for an eye!

“Petty!” Lyndall turned to leave. But the appearance of this elderly man had triggered him and now he was unsettled and couldn’t calm down.

Back at the hotel suite. Lyndall continued to frown in frustration and smoked a cigarette as he sat by the window, “Who the hell is behind Charlie?”

He had crawled out of the graves when he fought his way up in LD city. Lyndall had been used to fighting a way out when the circumstances were dire. He was no stranger to attempts to kill him. But he had to take the threat of Charlie’s supporter seriously. A person, who could so quickly pushed Charlie up and backed HT real estate agency with billions of yuan to compete with the city’s real estate leaders Aiden and Drago, was no one to be trifled with. Such a person definitely caught Lyndall’s attention!

In the quiet room, the smoke from Lyndall’s cigarette had lingered and the ash hung precariously from

the smothering cigarette.

Knock knock!

Suddenly knocks on the door caught his attention. Lyndall came to his senses and flinched, causing

the ash on his cigarette to finally fell onto the carpet...

Chapter 535 Lyndall Long Who Escaped From Desperate Situation

In the silent room.

Lyndall Long showed a serious look as if a sense of tension had engulfed his body.

He threw the cigarette and got up but he didn't move forward.

He moved to the desk at the side. He took a vase on the desk and stared at the door with a serious

look.

After being silent for a few seconds.

"Lyndall, I am Willy."

Willy Parker's voice sounded outside the door.

He secretly felt relieved. He put down the vase and moved forward to open the door.

However, when he placed his right hand on the door handle, his body suddenly trembled as he felt

shocked. At that moment, his pupils had contracted to the extreme.

Willy... had his room card!

They had made a lot of enemies because of their identities.

Even when they went out, they were always careful. Even though they were sleeping in separate rooms, they still kept each other's room cards just in case there were some problems.

At the moment.

Bang!

A very low gunshot sound was heard outside the door.

Suddenly, there was a hole in the solid wood door.

Swoosh!

The bullet immediately penetrated Lyndall's right shoulder. His blood spurted onto the door.

Lyndall's face was distorted because of the intense pain.

He covered the gunshot wound on his right shoulder. He staggered and moved backward but his

expression was cold and serious and he didn't panic at all.

Bang, bang, bang...

Almost at the same time.

The silent gunshot sounded one after another outside the door.

It could be seen that the area around the door lock was quickly pierced.

Lyndall quickly rushed to the window of the hotel. He didn't expect that the killer had already come here

right after the mysterious man reminded him.

He could even mimic Willy's voice. Obviously, he was well prepared.

However, when Lyndall stood in front of the window, he was suddenly shocked.

'Here was... the thirteenth floor!'

'There was no escape!'

Bang!

The sound of someone kicking the door could be heard outside.

This had immediately made Lyndall come back to his senses.

Luckily, the solid wood door of the hotel room was sturdy. The door wasn't forcefully kicked open.

However, the killer would never stop there. After a few silent gunshots were heard.

The sound of someone kicking the door was heard again.

Lyndall frowned and his face looked cold.

Due to his strong mentality, even though he was facing such a desperate situation, he could still be rational to think of ways quickly.

He had no time. He immediately took his phone and sent an “SOS” message to Willy to seek help.

Then, when that killer was kicking the door, he moved to the side and took the vase that he put down just now. He rushed to the door with a very fast speed.

Bang!

As the loud sound was heard, the door was kicked open.

Lyndall shouted and smashed the vase in his hand onto the killer with full strength.

He was not used to waiting for his death.

If he was a coward who waited for his death, he wouldn't have become the underground king of LD City who made everyone terrified and respect him.

Even though he was facing such a desperate situation, his rationality and instinct still made him fight

with his life!

Bang!

The vase was smashed onto the long black gun barrel. As the gunshot sounded, the vase was shot into pieces.

Because of the large force of the smash, the killer's pistol also fell to the ground.

When the killer fired the pistol, it seemed that Lyndall had expected it. Glowing light could be seen in his eyes and he suddenly lowered his body and dodged the bullet. Then, he tumbled on the ground.

At the same time, he swung the remaining piece of the vase in his hand.

Slice!

A sound of cutting flesh was heard.

The blood spurted onto Lyndall's face.

At the same time, a grunt was heard around his ears.

He could vaguely feel that he had landed his attack. The killer was painful as one of his legs kneeled on the ground.

However, Lyndall didn't care about him at all. The desperate situation he was facing let him have no

time to care.

Killing back a person in a desperate situation normally only happened to the protagonist in the movie.

In reality, the chance of killing back a person in a desperate situation was less than one over ten

thousand!

Lyndall didn't even consider fighting for the chance that was less than one over ten thousand because

of his rationality.

The best choice was to rush out of the room and run away!

The killer was well prepared. Even though he had taken some advantage that he hurt the killer's leg

when he fought with his life.

However, his right shoulder also had a gunshot wound and he was hurt even more!

The killer was holding a gun. Even if they fought in close combat, there was no guarantee that he could

win!

Charlie would never send some dog shit killers to kill him.

When Lyndall was running towards the stairs, the sound of the silent gunshot was heard behind him.

Lyndall who was running could clearly feel the hot wind caused by the bullets that passed by his body.

The holes caused by the bullets were seen at the left and right walls of the corridor one after another.

Suddenly.

Lyndall frowned. He clenched his teeth as he showed a painful look.

A bullet flew past his right arms. The hot heat instantly burned his skin till black. Even his blood was

immediately solidified.

Bang!

Lyndall kicked the door of the stairwell open. He tumbled and entered the stairwell.

At the door of the room.

Looking at Lyndall who got into the stairwell.

The killer in black with a clown mask on his face slowly released his hand on his injured leg and stood

up.

“What a pity. It was so close.”

The killer shook his head helplessly. He pushed out the clip of the pistol and replaced it with a clip with

full bullets. Then, he quickly limped towards the stairwell.

If he still had more bullets during the intense gunshots just now, he was confident that he could end

Lyndall's life before he got into the stairwell.

At the car park of the hotel.

Lyndall staggered and ran into the car park. His face looked a little pale.

The gunshot wound on his right shoulder had caused him to lose a lot of blood. He even felt dizzy

when he ran vigorously just now.

However, he couldn't stop. Once he stopped, the killer behind him would definitely catch up.

He didn't even think about going to the front desk of the hotel to seek help.

A professional killer would think of any possible outcome that would happen before he performed the

assassination. So, he could think of ways to react to any possible outcome.

While killing their target, some ruthless killers wouldn't mind killing a few innocent people!

Finally, Lyndall saw his BMW X7.

The glowing light of hope could be seen in his eyes.

He rushed into his car at a very fast speed. He leaned on the chair and let out his breath heavily.

A fierce look was seen in his eyes. He immediately bit and tore his clothes and used them to tightly wrap the wound around his right shoulder.

By doing this, he still couldn't stop the bleeding and treat the wound.

However, it could still slow down blood loss.

If he passed out because of excessive blood loss, then he would really be dead.

It took less than ten seconds for Lyndall to bandage his wound.

When he started his car, the killer in black with a clown mask on his face walked towards him from the door of the stairwell where he ran out just now.

Under the lights, the red and white color, and the red lips on the clown mask seemed like smiling but it gave the others a terrifying feeling.

Seeing the killer in black raise his pistol.

Lyndall suddenly stepped on the gas pedal. The tires BMW X7 rubbed on the ground and smoke could be seen around the tires. The car sped out of the parking lot and drifted as if it was ejected. Then, the car was speeding towards the exit of the car park.

However.

When the car passed an intersection.

A bright light was seen on his right side.

Even though Lyndall had glanced at the bright light, he still squinted his eyes.

Bang!

The car that emitted the bright light directly hit Lyndall's BMW X7 like a fierce beast.

Chapter, 536 Ask for Help

A loud noise echoed in the parking lot.

The terrifying impact instantly made Lyndall Long lose his balance, and his head hit the car window glass.

The window glass burst into countless dense patterns, similar to cobwebs.

Lyndall also felt his head bursting out suddenly.

Strong dizziness made him feel as if the sky and the earth were spinning.

He turned his head slowly and looked at the car hitting the side.

Inside the car, there was also a killer wearing a clown mask.

The only difference was that the clown mask of the murder carrying the gun was smiling, while the

clown mask of the killer inside the car has his mouth bent down, as if he was crying.

Very soon, scarlet blood came out from the top of his head and slid across his eyes, blurring his vision.

His nasal cavity was instantly filled with a strong smell of blood.

The murder beside his car, even after the crash, he still never didn't let go of the accelerator, and thick

plumes of smoke were billowing from the front of the car. He still wanted to push violently Lyndall's

BMW x7 against the load-bearing pillar.

The threat of death was oncoming.

Lyndall shook his heavy head vigorously, and the blood pouring out from the wound on his head also

splashed into the car.

Even now, his eyes were lagging for a while and quickly restored their cold expression.

Boom!

He stepped on violently the gas pedal with his right foot.

The BMW x7 looked like a beast, the tires rubbed dense smoke on the ground and rushed forward

similar to the movement of a catapult.

The tremendous friction completely deformed the BMW x7, which was hit violently on its side.

Even because of the variation of the angle, the killer's car front was launched as a catapult together

with the BMW x7, and it crashed against its rear, making the BMW x7 shake violently for an instant.

Fortunately, Lyndall clenched the steering wheel with his both hands and controlled the car on time.

With the same speed of a lightening, he rushed out of the parking lot.

"Oh, shit!", the killer scolded harshly inside the car.

The car door was opened, and the killer wearing the smiling clown mask sat on the front passenger

seat, and he complained.

"Could we prepare a better car next time we have to perform a mission?"

"Do you think anyone could fight like a beast in this desperate situation?", replied the crying clown, and

at the same time he swiftly drove the car away from the parking lot.

.....

It was 9am.

Willy Parker finally returned to the hotel, but he looked a little impatient.

Under Lyndall's request, he invited Jack again.

But it was Mr. Ward that he met, and the only difference was that he told him what Jack had said.

That did not made him feel comfortable, but more annoyed.

Lyndall was at least the underground king, when did he become so degrading?

'Jack, you are really amazing, but do you know that also my boss is a hero in a city?'

At the same time, Willy was upset and he also complained about Lyndall's decision.

It was clear that that new invitation made him show warm feelings but meet with cold rebuke!

It was just that, when Willy took the elevator to the 13th floor, a noisy sound came into his ears as soon

as he got out of the elevator.

Willy felt refreshed. He raised his eyes and saw a room outside, where a multitude of people gathered

together were gesticulating.

"That is...the boss' room?"

Willy suddenly got nervous, and he rushed out of the crowd with vigorous strides.

As soon as he saw clearly the situation in the room, he looked so angered that his eyes seemed about

to pop out, and his heart was up his throat instantly.

Something bad happened!

Willy didn't dare to breathe a word and he went away from the crowd quietly, walking towards the elevator.

Along the way, he could clearly notice marked bullet holes, which made his heart speed up and his blood pump through the veins.

The bullet holes made him imagine what happened to Lyndall!

But it also made him extremely frightened, like if he fell into an ice cave.

"My boss, my boss, I'm sure he's ok!"

When he entered into the elevator, Willy's face was already deathly pale, and his back was wet with cold sweat.

He hurriedly took out his cellphone and prepared to call people in Lyndall's city and ask them for help.

But as soon as he saw the screen of his mobile phone, there was like a "buzz" sounded in his head,

and he was about to stagger and fall into the elevator.

To Willy's astonishment, on the phone's screen there was the text message that Lyndall sent to him

when he was in danger.

The content was so simple that anyone in the world could have understood its meaning.

SOS

Urgent help!

Slap!

Willy slapped his face angrily, his eyes flushed.

When he visited Jack to invite him, in order to appear serious and avoid being criticized, he specially

set up the phone in silent mode, just because he was afraid to be disturbed by the phone's sound while

talking with Mr. Ward and Jack.

After getting Mr. Ward's reply, he was upset all the way, and when he returned to the hotel, he forgot to

restore the phone mode.

Just because his negligence, he missed Lyndall's help message.

Suddenly, chagrin and self-blame mixed together.

The mobile phone showed the time when the message was sent, which was nearly one hour ago.

What happened during this hour?

How was Lyndall?

There was no blood on Willy's face, and he couldn't imagine it at all.

His breath became rapid.

His neck was brawny.

His body couldn't stop trembling.

However, as Lyndall's number one trusted aide, who followed him for many years, Willy already developed a superhuman character.

At that moment, his capacity to maintain his rationality made him realize that the help message was sent nearly one hour ago, if he just asked for help from LD city, the time difference would have been even bigger.

He didn't know Lyndall's current situation, but he knew that the longer time dragged on, the more likely Lyndall would die.

Even if it was the one hour he was carelessly negligent, he didn't dare to be sure about whether he was safe or in danger.

"I can't wait more!", Willy said, looking resolutely.

Click!

The elevator door opened.

Willy rushed out of the elevator and left the hotel running wildly, then he took a taxi going straight to LJ

Hospital.

In that city, in that critical moment, the only person he could think about was Jack!

Although Jack's avoidance attitude made him feel very upset.

The second time he saw Mr. Ward, who told him those words on behalf of Jack, made him sure that

Lyndall and Jack were not totally incompatible.

"Maybe...maybe... if I ask for help, will Jack help me?"

"For the sake of Lyndall, I would do anything, even kneeling down to Jack and ask him for help!"

This was the idea that Willy had in mind.

LJ Hospital.

In the ward, the thick curtains were closed down to prevent light to pass through.

Jack was hugging Amber Knight and watching TV.

The jokes performed on the variety show made him and Amber laugh happily.

From time to time, Jack also inserted a piece of fruit with a toothpick to feed Amber.

He already checked the ward several times before, at that time even Mr. Ward and Brent were keeping watch the ward's door. As long as anyone approached, he would get informed, so he didn't worry about exposing the disability of his legs.

Amber looked like a kitten, nestling lazily in Jack's arms, enjoying the hard-won comfort and happiness.

She knew what Jack's goal was.

So she also understood that the current situation was really hard to achieve.

Anyway, Amber had no complaints, she just wanted to cherish the present.

But...

This kind of comfort and happiness came to an abruptly end because of the noisy sound outside the ward.

"It's so noisy outside!", Amber said, her nose wrinkling slightly.

"Wait for me here, I'll be back soon!".

Jack smiled softly. He got up and sat back on the wheelchair, pushing towards the outside of the ward.

Only when he got closer to the ward's door, his face gradually turned serious.

Because he heard that who was making that noise was... Willy.

He already refused him the first time and the second time he made clear his attitude. Now he came

again for the third time and he ran until his wife's ward to make such a big noise.

This made Jack's mood stirred up with anger...

So...had Willy failed to appreciate Jack's kindness?

Chapter 537 Even If He's Dead, Find His Corpse

Just as Jack left the ward on his wheelchair.

Brent and Mr. Ward were holding back Willy, who was desperately trying to break into the ward.

Before Jack could vent his rage.

Willy was exhilarated at the sight of Jack.

With a loud thud!

Willy dropped to his knees and whined, "Mr. Hughes, something happened to my boss. You must save

him!"

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

.....

A rapid series of kowtow came after the whiny plead.

With a pair of blood-shot eyes, Willy knocked his head on the ground with steadfast will.

In just a few knocks, his forehead cracked and blood was shed.

But that didn't stop him.

Because he knew only Jack could help Lyndall and him in this city.

And only Jack was capable of finding and saving Lyndall in the quickest way possible!

However condescending he usually was, Willy put all his dignity aside at this moment.

Jack, Brent and Mr. Ward were all dumbstruck at the scene.

Jack knew a little about Willy because of the incident with Katherine.

He was a conceited and arrogant man.

In contrast with Lyndall's steadiness, arrogance was in plain sight on his face.

For someone like that to put away his personality and acted as low as he was this moment.

This was the thing that astonished Jack.

“What happened?”

Jack asked calmly.

Willy lifted his head. Blood was dripping down the bridge of his nose, making his face look insidious.

He pleaded, “When I came to visit you just now, something happened at Lyndall’s hotel room. When I

got back, Lyndall had already gone missing and there were bullet holes everywhere. And I couldn’t get

into contact with him!”

Jack stunned a little.

Lyndall was the underground king in LD City, who had supreme status and power.

Being in the position he was in, it would be natural for him to be extra careful when he went out. Not to

mention the arrangements and efforts to protect his safety.

He should be able to handle an assassination out of the blue.

But from Willy’s short description, this was apparently out of Lyndall’s capabilities and his life was at

risk!

“Hmm...”

Exhaling deeply, Jack remained silent.

Willy immediately felt fidgety at Jack's reaction.

"Mr. Hughes, please save Lyndall."

Bang!

With another knock with the forehead, blood stained the ground.

Bang, bang, bang...

Willy seemed to go nuts and kept on kowtow with all his might regardless of the wound in his forehead.

Giving up all his pride and dignity, he positioned himself as low as the pond scum.

Mr. Ward and Brent exchanged a look and simultaneously shifted their gaze onto Jack, who was still silent.

They both knew there was not much aversion going on between Jack and Lyndall.

Or else Jack wouldn't have ordered Mr. Ward to pass the message when Lyndall came to invite him the second time.

Seeing that Jack didn't move a muscle.

Mr. Ward gave Brent an eye signal.

Brent got the message and was about to pick up Willy, who was still kowtowing.

However.

Willy suddenly gave out a loud whine and stumbled while crawling towards Jack.

Brent and Mr. Ward were caught off guard by the scene.

Before they could react, Willy had already pounced on Jack and hugged his leg.

“Please, please save Lyndall. If you save him, I’ll be your slave for the rest of my life to repay you!”

He whined desperately.

As a man, he was at this moment flooded with tears.

“Can’t you get your people from LD City to handle this?” Jack asked.

Lyndall was the underground king in LD city, who has strong base of underlings. They could’ve settled

this matter as swiftly as Jack could.

“It’s too late, it’s too late...”

With dazed eyes, Willy completely disregarded the blood dripping from his forehead and whined,

“When I came the last time, I set my phone to silent mode. I was careless and didn’t see his message

asking for my support an hour ago!”

Jack’s expression changed and vividness flashed in his eyes.

He immediately ordered, “Mr. Ward and Brent, get all our forces to search for him now. Even if he’s

dead, find his corpse.”

Upon hearing that.

Willy was exhilarated and couldn’t control himself.

Trembling, he made a step back while kneeling then made another kowtow on the ground with his

forehead.

“Thank you Mr. Hughes, thank you Mr. Hughes...”

Frowning, Jack reached out and stopped him from making another kowtow on the ground, then said,

“Stop this. What you need to do now is to tell Mr. Ward and Brent all the information you have so they

can get the search commence swiftly, not to cry helplessly like a girl.”

Willy stunned a little and then raised his arm to wipe the tears off his face.

He got up and stared at Mr. Ward and Brent with his blood-stained face.

Having received the order, Mr. Ward and Brent was about to take Willy away.

However, Jack pondered for a few seconds and stopped them.

“Wait a second, Brent. I’m going too. Let me go update Amber real quick.”

“Mr. Hughes, you...” Willy involuntarily looked at Jack’s legs.

Mr. Ward said calmly, “We’ll take care of young master, you don’t have to worry about him.”

Jack returned to the ward and told Amber there was some urgent matter to handle at DT Agency, that

he would ask Daisy to look after her while he was away.

Amber didn’t ask much and nodded.

Their Rolls-Royce left the hospital and drove towards the hotel Lyndall and Willy stayed in.

Along the way, Mr. Ward made a series of calls and got the search rolling.

It was as if a huge fishnet was deployed into the vast ocean.

Listening to Mr. Ward’s calls, Willy gradually calmed down and wasn’t as frantic as before, even though

he was still nervous.

He took glimpses at Jack from time to time, his eyes filled with reverence and confusion.

“Are you curious why I agreed to help Lyndall without much hassle?”

Jack looked at Willy while rubbing his nose.

Willy froze for a slight moment and nodded.

Jack looked out the window while smiling, "He's worth my help."

Jack did have some personal issue with Lyndall after the incident with Katherine.

But Lyndall's attitude and way of handling the situation gave him a deep impression.

In Jack's perspective, Lyndall held his own principles even when he was doing whatever it took to get what he wanted. This sole factor shown that Lyndall was different from average men.

In this era, it was hard to meet someone who held their principles in the face of wealth and power.

And this impression gave Jack the feeling that he wouldn't make Lyndall an enemy.

Even though there were some personal issues, but there was no hate.

Lyndall was the one being set up in the Plum Bar incident.

He frankly shown Jack his stance upfront and personally took care of the matter.

Now that he was in trouble, Jack felt he was simply returning him his "favor" in the Plum Bar incident by helping him.

It was just that...could they make it in time?

Chapter 538 Lyndall's Conviction

Night fell.

It was deep in the woods.

Gigantic trees and shrubs were everywhere.

The vines were intertwining like some enormous pythons.

The thick layer of leaves on the ground reeked of rotteness.

Zoom!

A human figure flashed across the woods into the shrub in the opposite end like an agile ape.

It didn't make a single sound stepping on the rotten leaves and twigs on the ground.

From not far away, two streams of light flashed towards the direction where the figure had just appeared.

Two human figures then approached quickly.

Under the light, two assassins were in sight wearing a smiling and a crying face mask respectively. The masks gave them an insidious aura which sent chills down one's spine.

"Now isn't he something. He was able to move stealthily in the woods."

The assassin with the smiling face mask stepped on the thick layer of leaves on the ground and made some rustling sound.

His right calf had been bandaged. It was bandaged after the previous car chase. Due to the pain, his movements were slightly restricted.

“He might be able to hide his footsteps, but he won’t be able to hide the sound of the air flow triggered by his speedy movements,” the assassin with the crying face mask said coldly. He didn’t say this to

explain to his partner, but to deliver a message to Lyndall, who was hiding somewhere in the woods,

“You can’t hide your whereabouts for long in this silent mountain. I know you’re just nearby. You better surrender and come out so we might give you a swift death.”

“That’s right. You’re wounded, so you’re going to die from blood loss if this keeps up. Why go through this pain to torture yourself before you die?”

The assassin with the smiling face mask smiled mockingly.

Suddenly.

Something was heard moving behind them.

The duo immediately alerted and turned around.

“He’s over there!”

They dashed out simultaneously like a pair of arrows.

In the shrub.

Lyndall was curling up among the thorny undergrowths and restraining himself from moving a muscle.

Blood dripped out from the multiple poked wounds on his body.

Gritting his teeth, he had on a firm gaze.

As if the bleeding and pain on his body were nonexistent.

“Even if I might die from blood loss in these woods like a stray dog, I won’t give up the slightest chance of survival.”

This was what in Lyndall’s mind, which was also his conviction at this moment!

After running away from the hotel, he sped the car all the way trying to get rid of the assassins.

But the assassins were too aggressive with the chase which gave him no choice but to drive out of the city into the mountains.

He did think of contacting Willy again for help, but his cell phone was already broken from the previous

fight.

He was hoping to get rid of the assassins with the complicated terrain in the mountains.

But the assassins' ability to cope with the complicated terrain was out of his expectation.

The only thing he could do now was to continue to hide as long as possible to buy himself time.

He had deployed his skills in getting around in the mountains to the extreme. He could even control the angle of his feet landing on the rotten leaves and twigs so he didn't make a sound moving around.

But as the assassin said, he can hide the sound of his footsteps but not the sound of air flow from his movements.

In the woods where it was dead silent at night, the sound of air flow he made when moving around at high speed was simply too easy to detect.

But there was nothing he could do about it. He wouldn't be able to move from place to place quickly otherwise.

The bleeding in his right shoulder hadn't stop. He simply tore a strap of cloth off his shirt and wrapped it up to slow down the bleeding.

Even so, Lyndall was at the moment worn out from all the running and hiding.

Losing blood and strength, waves of sleepiness hit him like trucks.

The only thing that was keeping him up was his intrinsic sense of survival.

Gradually, the sound of the assassins disappeared.

Finally, they were far gone.

Taking a silent sigh of relieve, Lyndall disregarded the thorns and reached out his hands to tear apart the shrub. Then he pounced out of the shrub he was hiding in.

But that also caused the thorns that were hooked on his skin to tear his wounds even deeper and wider.

Thud!

Falling to the ground, he gasped for air heavily.

He picked some leaves and sucked on them relentlessly.

He was extremely thirsty.

He felt as if his tongue was about to burn and exploded.

Food and water were the only source of energy to sustain the body's functionality.

At this moment, Lyndall could only suck on the dew from the leaves that could hardly moisturize his tongue.

Suddenly.

Light flashed from a distance away.

A rant was then heard, "Damn, there are so many animals here in this jungle. We've been distracted so many times!"

Again!

Lyndall had already gotten used to it by this moment.

In the afternoon, there were a few times when he managed to get out of the assassins' grasp by having the animals distracting their chase.

Now that it was already night time, it made things easier than it was in the afternoon.

It was just that the assassin had quick reactions, they always came back to where he was immediately after sensing his motions.

It took less than two minutes every time for them to come back, which made it almost impossible for

Lyndall, who was exhausted, to get rid of them.

Ran!

Bearing the sore and pain in his limbs, Lyndall dashed towards another direction tip-toeing.

He didn't even bother to discern where he was heading anymore. As long as he could get away from these two assassins, he was confident he would be able to make it out alive from this mountain.

"He's over there!"

Just as Lyndall made his move, two streams of light flashed towards the spot he was squatting at just a second ago.

The next second, the assassins speedily approached.

They saw the few pieces of leaves that were freshly plucked, and also the bite marks on them.

The duo exchanged a look that was filled with helplessness and frustration.

This target... was too tenacious!

The whole day of hunting had made the two professional assassins feeling resentful.

Lyndall gave them the feeling they were dealing with a creature that was so hard to terminate.

They knew Lyndall had no more tricks up his sleeve, and also that he was nearly passing out due to

blood loss.

But Lyndall simply wouldn't give up and deadlocked with them up until this moment with his worn out body.

This was a humiliation!

But at the same time, the duo oddly felt a sense of reverence towards this "creature".

"We'll be in big trouble if we don't terminate this kind of target. He will be coming back for us."

The assassin with the crying face mask said gravely.

The other nodded in agreement.

Then, they focused to sense the vague swooshing sound in the woods, distinguished the direction and went after it.

At the same time.

By the mountain's roadside.

A dozen dashing cars halted simultaneously.

Brent and Mr. Ward got down and helped Jack out of the car.

Willy had already got down and ran towards the two demolished cars parking by the roadside.

After confirming, he turned to Jack and the crowd in exhilaration.

“Mr. Hughes, this is Lyndall’s car!”

With that said, he excitedly looked into the woods, “Lyndall is in these woods. The assassins’ car is here too. Lyndall should still be alive.”

Jack and Brent exchanged a look which was filled with grave.

Being Lyndall’s subordinate, Willy learned the ability to survive in the underground world.

It was reasonable for him to have this kind of thought that most people would have.

But for Jack, what he learned from Brent was the ability to murder.

As the king of mercenary soldiers, the God on the battle field, Brent’s sophistication in this kind of matter is head and shoulders above Willy’s.

Same went to Jack, who learned everything he knew from Brent.

In the minds of Jack and Brent.

If they were the assassins, they wouldn’t come back for the car after they terminated the target. They would leave the scene with another option.

However, Jack ordered, "Commence the search operation! Make the big scene as much as possible. I

want to alert the two assassins so they feel the pressure and hold back on their actions!"

Chapter 539 Survival Of The Fittest!

"Creating a commotion?" The people from the Hughes office started to walk into the forest.

Brent stood beside Jack and grinned, "I'll do it!" On saying, Brent swiftly walked to the wrecked cars.

After the collision, both cars were utterly destroyed. Lyndall's BMW X7's gas tank cover was broken

and the air was filled with the pungent smell of gasoline.

Bash! Brent kicked off the gas tank cover. His kick startled Jack and the rest.

"Everyone back off!" Brent grinned and then calmly lit a cigarette. He smoked the cigarette as he

continued to back away. Once he was at a safe distance, he flicked the cigarette into the gas tank.

They could see the perfect arch that the cigarette flew and landed perfectly into the gas tank. The next

second, a raging fire raged with a 'whoosh' from the gas tank.

Kaboom! The explosion rocked and reverberated through the forest. All sorts of flying creatures in the

forest took to the sky.

The raging fire lit up the night and the road leading up the hill.

Jack couldn't help but break out in laughter. He looked at the raging fire shooting into the sky and then looked into the forest. The commotion in the forest obviously intensified when the car exploded.

This commotion was indeed huge!

Deep inside the forest, the two killers one wearing a smiling clown disguise and the other a crying clown disguise were chasing Lyndall when they heard the huge explosion. They turned around and saw the night sky lit up in red.

"That's the hillside road." The smiling clown remarked, "Someone's here."

"Let's end this swiftly!" The crying clown said solemnly.

The two of them continued to prowl like predators seeking their prey while exuding their desire to kill.

About fifty meters from them.

Lyndall curled up, kept still, and remained focused. His shirt was already torn and tattered by the thorns and thistles. It was also bloodied from the countless deep scratches on his skin. He also heard the loud commotion which perked up his spirits.

Finally... did someone come to save him? But he couldn't be sure. Was that loud sound an accident or someone coming to save him? Even if someone was here to save him, he also didn't dare to move!

Because he knew that he had to buy time for his rescue.

He knew that he had to endure till daybreak when he would have more chances to survive. He had been hiding like a stray dog for so long. He didn't want to be defeated at this final stage.

A rescue could take a long time while the two killers could kill him in a matter of seconds. The two killers were very familiar with the outdoors and their abilities were beyond his expectations and thereby limiting his options. Apart from hiding, there was no other hope.

Suddenly, Lyndall's body shuddered. He managed to control his movement to a minimum. His face was pale but he maintained composed. A chill ran down his spine. It was as if something stroked down his spine giving him a bone-chilling feeling. His body was covered with goosebumps.

His heartbeat raced. Lyndall's pupils constricted and he could guess what was behind him.

The animals were strange and complexed but there was only a handful that could make a person feel so cold.

Hiss...

As soon as he guessed, a soft sound was like a thunderclap in his ears. Almost at the same moment,

Lyndall saw a red forked tongue and the hisses as the tongue flicked around.

Snake!

The snake slowly crawled behind his back and then slithered to Lyndall's shoulders. The bone-chilling feeling was even more pronounced when it crawled to Lyndall's neck.

Lyndall's entire body tensed up and he held his breath.

As the snake continued to slither, he started to see the head of the snake. He then made out the diamond-shaped head of the snake which indicated that the snake was poisonous!

At that moment, Lyndall felt an impulse to escape! But then the two killers were nearby and could strike at any moment. But the appearance of the poisonous snake poured fuel to the fire. The snake didn't seem to realize Lyndall's presence.

No! It should already know! A cold-blooded animal is very sensitive to warm-blooded creatures. Lyndall was certain but he didn't dare to move a muscle. A poisonous snake may not kill him but the two killers would definitely take his life.

Lyndall could feel the poisonous snake curling around his neck. The lower half of the snake continued forward until the snake was looking directly at Lyndall. The head of the snake was about the size of a

fist. The scales on its body were glossy black, the eyes of the snake looked merciless and the body vibrated as its tongue continued to sense the air for scents.

Lyndall stared into the eyes of the snake. Though he didn't know the species of the snake, he could feel that this snake was fatally threatening.

Then, his heart skipped a beat. He could feel that the snake on his neck started to squeeze him.

'It's treating me as a prey!' Lyndall realized in his heart. Then, his pupils dilated and he raged. Lyndall suddenly decided to open his mouth wide and bite the poisonous snake.

Survival of the fittest!

If he didn't do this, he could either be asphyxiated by the snake or poisoned by it.

Almost at the same moment, the snake opened its mouth and tried to bite Lyndall. The snake opened its mouth wide, displaying its' fangs, and gave out a pungent smell.

When Lyndall made the decision to bite the snake, he had already anticipated this. Just as the snake opened its mouth, Lyndall tilted his head.

Crunch!

A stream of fresh blood squirted onto Lyndall's face. His eyes were focused and ruthless while his pale face was like a bloodthirsty beast. His teeth bit down just below the snake's head. At this position, the snake's head was unable to attack Lyndall in return.

Crunch... crunch...

Lyndall was like a beast in the forest and ruthless to the extreme. Lyndall desperately ground his teeth as he sunk his teeth into the snake. As the snake was struggling to survive, the snake began to squeeze with increasing strength. Lyndall could feel the potential of being suffocated by the snake.

Lyndall began to feel the world spin as he started to become dizzy. His survival instincts wanted to open his mouth for him to breathe. But his intelligence made him overcome the basic desire for survival. Because he was clear that if he were to open his mouth, he could very well be dead next. He only stood a chance if he had truly killed the poisonous snake.

Then. Just as Lyndall was in a fight for survival with the snake.

"Over there!" The smiling clown suddenly thundered.

Damn! Lyndall was panicking.

When Lyndall was fighting with the snake for survival, though he tried his best to stay silent, he still

unknowingly disturbed the shrubs causing them to rustle.

The snake hadn't died but the two killers were approaching.

He felt the strong threat of death as if a huge hand had pushed Lyndall ruthlessly into hopelessness...

Chapter 540 Do Our Best While The Heavens Decide Our Fate.

Rustle... rustle...

The footsteps were steady and deliberate in the forest. The movement of the killers wasn't fast but

each step could be clearly heard which made Lyndall feel that he was slowly cast into the depths of

hell.

"Finally... you can't hide anymore, can you?" The smiling clown sniggered, "You must have bled dry

after hiding for so long. I must give it to you. You are the strongest among those I had killed."

"Be careful, don't let him get away again." The crying clown reminded solemnly.

Lyndall was overwhelmed by hopelessness. He could see that the two killer's flashlight was shining

towards the log which he was hiding in. Fear raged within him.

There was no way that he could make a run for it. Lyndall was feeling hopeless, desperate but was

also furious. If it wasn't for the poisonous snake in his mouth, he might have a chance of surviving this!

Crunch... crunch...

Lyndall began to chew furiously. He could even feel that as he chewed, his top and bottom teeth began to come in contact. But he didn't stop. Then, he started to feel around and his right hand managed to feel a branch. It must have fallen not too long ago as it was firm and hard.

Waiting for death! Lyndall never came to this. Even in the face of impending death, he would make sure that he drew blood from the attacker.

Rustle... rustle... The footsteps became closer.

Lyndall continued to chew on the snake as his right hand grabbed the branch tightly. He would slug it out as long as there was a breath in him. This was his belief. This was also the fighting spirit that took Lyndall so far through these years.

The lights were getting nearer and the intensity started to hurt his eyes. The two killers were getting nearer. Lyndall could even start to make out the legs of the killers when he squinted to look. There were almost on top of him!

Then, kaboom! Another loud explosion rocked the forest scaring off all the birds into the air. The two startled killers turned to look towards the direction of the explosion. It was the same direction as the

first explosion and likewise, the fire shot towards the sky.

“Now!” Lyndall’s eyes raged wildly. He was like a beast lunging at his prey. His weak body erupted with strength and dashed out of the log. His hands grabbed on the poisonous snake and yanked.

Rip! Fresh blood splattered into the air. The severed snake was thrown towards the two killers.

At the same time, the two killers turned and ducked when the snake hit their masks.

Lyndall knew his limits and didn’t stay around to fight but ran like a ferocious beast into the darkness.

Escape! He ran like his life really depended on it! As long as he ran, he could buy more time and his hope for survival would increase. He wasn’t sure if the two explosions indicated that his saviors had arrived. But as long as there was a change, anything was possible.

Bang, bang, bang...

After running several meters, gunshots started to ring out behind him. Bullets zinged past him. Lyndall didn’t even think of dodging the bullets. In reality, it was practically impossible to dodge a bullet. Those who could dodge a bullet were prepared for it.

As Lyndall was running, the only thing that he could do was to vary his path, thereby making him

unpredictable. As long as the killers couldn't aim, then the bullets won't hit him!

But then.

Thud! Fresh blood erupted from his right leg. Lyndall grunted as the intense pain radiated through his body. He almost collapsed onto the ground but he clenched his teeth, stood up, and continued to stagger away.

"Damn it, damn it!" The smiling clown stomped his feet and cursed. The pistol on this right hand was smothering. He said with worry, "Perhaps we should break off? It must be his people coming to save him."

"Break off, your ass!" The crying clown berated him and the two of them continued their pursuit.

An extremely weak person who was on the brink of death could never escape from two experienced killers. Putting aside the terrain, accident, and Lyndall's strong instinct for survival, this should have been a simple assassination for the two of them! But they had been on the pursuit since noon till now!

At that moment, the lights were flashing around in the forest.

The people of the Hughes family office lined up orderly ten meters apart as they moved deep into the forest. This was a virgin forest and the terrain was rough making their progress difficult. But as they

progressed, they easily found the tracks left by Lyndall and the others.

If Lyndall and the killers had entered the forest normally, then it could be very difficult to pick up their tracks. But Lyndall was escaping while the killers were pursuing him. In that process, a lot of branches were broken and it was easy to find pick up their trail.

On the other side.

Jack leaned onto Brent's back and went into the forest together. Mr. Ward also followed quietly as he scanned the surroundings with his flashlight. Willy was horrified as he ran and stumbled through the forest with his flashlight. His face was also bleeding from being scratched by the thorns and thistles. He looked very desperate and worried for Lyndall.

"Young Master, the chances of us finding Lyndall like this is almost zero." Mr. Ward frowned as he said solemnly.

He brought dozens of men from the local Hughes office to search the hill forest but it was an impossible task. Now they were only at a small sector of the hillside forest!

Jack leaned onto Brent's back and grinned.

“He is an intelligent man. Even if he didn’t know that we are here to save him, after hearing the two explosions and if he is still alive, he would find a way to get to us.”

“But, will it be in time?” Mr. Ward’s expression darkened. He really wanted to ask if what they were doing is effective. To him, what they were doing was a futile effort. He wanted to say this but held back his words.

“Brent, what do you think?” Jack asked.

Brent calmly replied, “Do our best while the heavens decide his fate.” It was clear that Brent also thought that Lyndall’s chances of survival were close to nothing.