

Born Winner 541

Chapter 541: 541 Someone Was Coming to Save Him!

Jack didn't argue, because he knew that Brent and Mr. Ward made this judgment based on their own experience.

It was like looking for a needle in the sea to find a person in this big forest.

"For some things, we can have a chance to succeed if do them. But if we don't do them, we don't even have a chance to success, right?"

Jack was lying on Brent's back and looked at the distance.

Then his eyes became deep.

While the three of them were talking, Willy, who had been rushing to the front, had disappeared.

It was dark in the woods, and they couldn't even see Willy's flashlight.

"He rushed to the front. He will be OK. After all, he is Lyndall's greatest subordinate. He should be good at Kung Fu, so he can be able to deal with killers." Mr. Ward noticed the change of Jack's expression and comforted him.

Jack nodded, "Well."

Jack looked at the people in the Hughes family who were beside him.

After a hesitation, Jack said, "Let everyone double the distance and expand the search scope."

"But..."

Mr. Ward hesitated.

Brent said, "Young master, this will increase the risk of everyone being assassinated."

"It doesn't matter."

Jack shook his head, looked at the darkness of the forest and whispered in his heart, "Lyndall, I've given you a chance. You're a smart man. You'll take hold of it, won't you?"

In the forest,

Lyndall was no longer hiding like before, but like a dying man, he grabbed the last chance and ran desperately towards the explosion.

He was scarred and besmeared with blood.

His face was also covered with blood, with his own blood and the blood of that snake that he had just bitten.

All of these make Lyndall extremely terrible at this time.

He was like the death out of a sea of blood.

But the death was trying to escape!

The people behind him quickly approached him.

There was light in the woods.

From time to time, Lyndall looked back, his fear spreading like wild grass.

But he didn't dare to stop and hide.

Although he was very weak and even fell to the ground several times, he immediately got up and

continued to run without any pause.

He knew it was the last chance!

He must grab the last chance to live.

Otherwise, he couldn't guarantee that he would be lucky again- there would be another explosion at the

most dangerous moment to distract the attention of the two killers!

In fact, the two killers behind him thought the same way.

Lyndall could know that from the speed of the two killers' desperate pursuit.

Everyone knew this was the last chance!

For Lyndall, it was the last chance to survive.

For the two killers, it was the last chance to kill Lyndall.

The two killers were no longer as "idle" as before. Now they were like hyenas, chasing after Lyndall.

Lyndall was not as fast as the two killers.

He could feel the killers behind him getting closer and closer.

Even the light from the flashlight of the killers could reach him.

"I really... can't escape?"

The sense of despair was getting stronger and stronger.

Lyndall clenched his teeth. His eyes were still firm and he didn't give up.

He must grab the chance!

He must grab the chance to survive!

The belief of LD underground king was incomparable.

This contributed to Lyndall's struggle for survival, which depressed the two killers.

"Bang!"

There was a shot.

"Bang!"

Lyndall hid behind a big tree next to him, and suddenly there was a huge hole in the trunk of the tree.

This shot was more accurate than before!

Lyndall's pupils suddenly contracted, and then he continued to run.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

Behind him, the killer shot several times.

Lyndall changed his trajectory again, making his trajectory complex.

But compared with the relaxed pace before, at this moment, Lyndall was aware of the pressure of death.

He could clearly feel that the shooter had changed!

Although he had tried his best to make his trajectory complex, the bullets in the rear still had to pass him again and again.

"Pu!"

Lyndall's left leg shook as he ran.

The bullet ran through his calf in an instant, and a large amount of blood splashed out.

The pain made his face twisted. As he screamed, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. He even rolled forward two times before stopping.

"We succeeded!"

Someone exclaimed in surprise, "Now, I'm going to kill him."

Lyndall sat on the ground, looking hopelessly at the two beams of light that were approaching in the distance.

Death was rapidly approaching him.

Lyndall's face was pale and he was so desperate.

At this moment, Lyndall showed a bitter smile.

It was just that the smile on the bloodstained face was creepy.

"After all, I can't survive?"

Lyndall, dispirited, stretched his arms and lay on the thick leaves.

He was tired, really exhausted to the extreme.

With his left leg was shot and he lost the ability to escape, his strong belief was also rapidly disintegrating.

The gunshot wound not only brought severe pain and made him lose the ability of acting, but also accelerated the speed of his blood loss.

As Lyndall lay down, he felt dizzy.

"Huh?"

All of a sudden,

Lyndall's eyelids twitched and he felt the light, which was a little harsh as it swept through his eyes.

And the light didn't come from the direction of the killers.

It was coming from over his head.

"Someone is coming!"

In a flash, Lyndall's eyes blinked with unprecedented happiness.

This light let him see the last glimmer of hope in despair, and also let him burn the last glimmer of flame to survive.

Lyndall clenched his teeth and sat up with the last bit of strength.

Lyndall turned to look at the direction of the light and yelled with all his strength.

"Here I am!"

As Lyndall sat up, he saw the light clearly.

Next second,

A familiar and excited voice reverberated in the forest.

"Lyndall!"

Willy!

Lyndall instantly recognized that it was Willy's voice.

He saw that the light was rapidly approaching.

Lyndall slowly looked back at the two killers.

Two killers were running towards him. He could see the two figures and the two horrible clown masks.

"Who dares hurt Lyndall?"

"Bang!"

With Willy's roar, the gunfire suddenly rang through the forest.

Lyndall clearly saw that the two killers stopped. They seemed to be hesitant.

Then, Willy's excited and ecstatic voice sounded behind him again.

"Lyndall, don't be afraid! I'm coming. With me, no one can hurt you today!"

As soon as Lyndall looked back, he saw Willy running towards him with a gun in one hand and a flashlight in the other.

And behind Willy, there were some seams of light.

Someone was really coming to save him!

Chapter 542 Counter-kill

Bang! Bang!

Seeing Lyndall, Willy became very excited and ecstatic.

At the same time, he also saw the two killer chasing them head-on. He raised his gun and fired two shots without any hesitation.

Although, the bullets missed the target.

It made the two killer suddenly make a decision.

Almost at the same time.

Both of them cursed loudly, turned around and fled frantically in the opposite direction.

“Lyndall!”

Willy rushed to Lyndall’s side and held him in his hands, “Sorry, I’m late. I’m late...”

Lyndall smiled, looked at the dangling light not far away and asked, “Willy, who else is here?”

Willy froze for a moment. Then he looked back and said joyfully.

“It’s Mr. Hughes! I asked Mr. Hughes and others to come and rescue you together!”

“Okay.”

Lyndall nodded. He coughed violently twice and vomited a mouthful of blood.

“Willy!”

Willy’s complexion changed drastically.

At the same time.

Jack, Brent and Mr. Ward finally hurried to him.

The three of them had come along the route Willy had searched and had found Lyndall before the people from the local office of the Hughes family.

“What about the killers?”

Being carried by Brent, Jack ignored Lyndall's injury and asked directly in a cold voice.

"They ran away that way!"

Lyndall weakly pointed in a direction.

Almost at the same time.

Willy stood up, "I know in which direction they fled. Come with me, we can catch them!"

"You stay!"

Jack shouted sharply and stopped Willy.

Instead, he ordered Brent and Mr. Ward, "Mr. Ward, Brent, you go after them!"

What?!

Mr. Ward and Brent were shocked.

Mr. Ward said hurriedly, "Master, No! If we are gone, who will protect you?"

"Willy is no match for those professional killer. It's the safest if you both go!"

Jack sounded cold and decisive, he didn't hesitate, "Leave me here. Willy can protect me and Lyndall,

it's enough. Go, chase the killer! And remember, if you can't catch them alive then bring their bodies."

People might not be worry about a chief's action, but people surely will be worried if the thief always

keeps an eye on them.

The spring breeze blows, growing countless weeds again.

Everyone knew this truth!

Mr. Ward and Brent looked at each other. Finally, after Mr. Ward nodded, Brent put Jack down next to

Lyndall. Then, the two of them ran after the killers to catch them.

Soon, they disappeared into the pitch-black forest.

The place where Jack and the others were was lit brightly.

It began to feel a bit safer.

“Lyndall, let me help you to take a rest.”

Willy squatted down and helped shift Lyndall to lean against the tree trunk.

Just this small action was immensely harmful to Lyndall’s injury.

After a short movement of around one meter, Lyndall’s face was as white as paper with blood leaking

out of the corners of his mouth.

Seeing this, Jack’s heart sank.

Was he about to die?

He was indeed a real man!

Dragging his broken body, staying inflexible under the two professional killer, struggling until now!

Lyndall leaned against the tree trunk; his body was so weak that he was almost paralyzed on the ground.

It was just his gaze that was fixed on Willy.

“Lyndall, you rest well!”

Willy stood up again and turned around to say to Jack, “Mr. Hughes, wait here. There will be no accidents under my guard.”

Saying that, he moved two steps in the direction where the killer had fled before. Holding his gun tightly in his hand, he removed the empty magazine and replaced it with a new one.

Just as Willy did this.

Jack looked at Lyndall and joked, “We are both exactly the same now.”

“Ah...”

The corners of Lyndall’s mouth twitched. He glanced at Willy who was standing guard and then said

weakly, "Thank you for coming to save me."

"Thanks for what? It is still up to you if you can survive. You turned out to be quite tenacious, I feel a little charmed."

Jack patted his leg, seeming to be "showing-off", "Do you know how my legs got disabled? It's almost the same as you, I didn't want to be killed easily. I was struggling to survive. In the end, I survived, but lost my legs."

"I am still thankful to you!"

Lyndall was extremely weak. He squinted towards Willy.

Jack shook his head, "No need to thank me! Because I am going to kill someone soon!"

Just as the words fell from his mouth.

Having changed the magazine and reloading the gun, Willy turned around abruptly. His flashlight shone

directly on Jack as he raised his pistol at the same time.

Whoosh!

Bang!

Accompanied by a harsh sound, a gunshot sounded at the same time.

Time seemed to have frozen.

“Huh?”

Willy still stood on the spot, but when he looked down at his gun-holding right hand, his expressions turned extremely horrified.

Even he hadn't noticed but his right hand, with the harsh whooshing sound just now, was broken neatly at the wrist.

His blood-stained right hand was still holding the gun, but it had fallen to the ground.

As for Willy's right wrist, blood was gushing out of it.

“Huh?”

Willy's face was full of pain and horror. His left hand clung on to his right wrist as his whole body trembled.

Jack calmly leaned in front of the tree. A crater was left from the gunshot about five centimeters away from his ear.

Whoosh!

With a flick of his right hand, the “fish-scale line” gear that had been hidden on his right wrist retracted the fish-scale line back into the box.

The lightning bolt just now, he had used the fish-scale line to instantly move the bullet out of its trajectory, dangerously avoiding being murdered on the spot!

Willy’s screams were similar to a pig getting slaughtered.

Even the blood from his right wrist had splattered all over Willy’s face.

Lyndall still looked indifferent as usual. Faint surprise appeared in his eyes for a moment as he looked at Jack.

“How... did you know?”

“His acting was too fake!”

Jack smiled bitterly, shaking his head, “A person like him, he went as far as kneeling down with his head on the ground to request me to save you, just so that he could show his loyalty. Anyway, Brent and Mr. Ward figured him out.”

“Ah!”

Lyndall laughed, but his expressions looked extremely desolate, "I have been loyal all my life but I was betrayed by the one closest to me. And you, who should have beheaded me with a butcher's knife, came to save me!"

"Why? Why? You all found out everything, why?"

Suffering in pain besides them, Willy wailed. Hearing the conversation between Lyndall and Jack, he was driven mad. His eyes were red as he glared at them like a rabid dog.

"The two killer, how did they have your recording?" Lyndall smiled sadly, "If I hadn't inquired after you, and been found out by Jack and others' flashlights, maybe the bullets would have entered my chest."

However, Jack was indifferent as usual, "If I hadn't pretended to be moved emotionally by you, how would I be able to come with you to rescue Lyndall? In your next life, remember to not act too much.

With your identity and status, when you come across such things, getting impulsive is a sure thing. But if the impulse increases too much, then it is a curse!"

Jack stretched his back and smiled in ridicule, "Or, did you think that when you rushed inside alone, I didn't think anything of it? You scurried and crawled; the route was even clearer to you than to the people who came to search!"

“You guys really had a great scheme! Kill two birds with one stone. Kill Lyndall using killer to lead me out and then kill me. Just one plot to kill both me and Lyndall!”

His words were full of contempt, his mocking laughter hardly covered it at all.

While talking.

Both Jack and Lyndall were looking at Willy... like they were looking at a retard.

Chapter 543 No God Can Save You When I Decided To Kill You

“Ah! Ah! Ah!”

Willy’s frantic roar of rage reverberated in the woods.

The words Jack just said, and the gaze in Jack and Lyndall’s eyes made Willy felt like he was about to lose it.

He suddenly felt like he was just a clown.

The scheme he had spent so much effort in planning turned out to be a vulnerable plan in their eyes!

Now not only his plan had failed, he even lost an arm.

And was being judged by Jack.

Embarrassment!

Humiliation!

The shooting pain in his broken wrist took away the last bit of sanity in him. All that was left in his eyes were bloodiness and wickedness.

“You should die! You should all die!”

“Lyndall, you’re wasting the power in the status you have! You’re the underground king of LD City, yet you’re trying to turn to the righteous path, what a hypocrite you are! I’m capable of doing what you couldn’t bring yourself to do, so it’s time for me to be the underground king!”

“And you, Jack you damn crippled! I had underestimated you. So what that you managed to fool me around like a clown? Your underlings have already went after the assassins, I can kill you right here right now!”

Gnarling and grunting, Willy stumbled towards his snapped arm that was still holding the gun.

Swoosh!

However.

Something sliced through the air.

Willy was only few feet away from the snapped arm.

In his horror, he saw that along with the swooshing sound, the snapped arm suddenly flew across the air into Jack.

Bam!

Jack grabbed the snapped arm, took the gun and threw Willy's snapped arm away in disgust.

After carrying and using the fish scale line for so long, he could already use it like it was one of his limbs.

It was too easy for him to use it to retrieve an object from few meters away.

In that moment.

Willy was dumbstruck.

He looked at Jack in disbelief.

A wave of chills ran up his back up to his crown, which brought him back to his senses from the short burst of madness.

Thud!

As if his soul had left the body, Willy dropped to his knees.

Jack slowly pointed the gun towards Willy and smirked mockingly, "You nervous now?"

Willy's head was buzzing from the death threat.

Staring into the dark muzzle, he had no doubt the bullet will come out the next second.

Humans were willing to do anything in the face of a death threat.

Willy was not an exception.

"I'm wrong, please let me off."

Grabbing his broken wrist, tears poured down from Willy's eyes.

He knocked his head hard on the floor and pleaded in desperation repeatedly, "Lyndall, please let me off, I've followed you for so many years, spent all my blood, sweat and tears. I've always followed your order as your underling, I know you remember that. Please let me off, I was wrong, I was blinded by greed..."

Looking at the pleading Willy.

Jack spun the gun around his index finger.

He then threw the gun to Lyndall, "He's pleading you, not me. It's all up to you."

Lyndall forced a faint smile.

He reached out his right hand to grab the gun. But his body was extremely worn out at this moment

that even the action of picking up the gun was difficult for him.

He couldn't even hold the gun properly, but only let the gun rested between his fingers.

At Willy's pleading, tears flowed out from Lyndall's blurry eyes.

Seemingly in pain, his lips started to tremble.

His underlings would be agape if they were there to witness this scene.

The underground king had always been cold-blooded, nobody ever saw him tear up.

But at this moment, his face was filled with tears.

Trying hard to hold the gun, he pointed it towards Willy and whined, "I had always take you as my

brother, have you... ever take me as your big brother?"

At the same time, his expression became firm.

His right index finger slowly rested on the trigger.

What it took to be the underground king of LD City was to kill decisively.

Even though he was heartbroken at this moment, he made up his mind instantly.

“Lyndall...”

Still sobbing, Willy raised his head and whined.

However.

Lyndall was so weak that holding the gun itself was using all his strength.

And he didn't even have the strength to pull the trigger.

His hand trembled a little and the gun fell to the ground.

Oh no!

Jack immediately alerted. His pupils contracted.

Almost at the same time.

With a huge outburst of roaring, Willy pounced towards the gun like a mad beast.

This was a chance!

A chance to turn the table around and survive this predicament!

Lyndall was indeed his big brother that he was destined to die in front of him!

Willy's became more and more agitated as he approached closer to the gun.

He completely disregarded the pain and bleeding in his right hand and reached out his left hand to grab

for the gun.

Lyndall was at this moment totally worn out and started to go into a daze.

He couldn't react at all to Willy, who was pouncing towards him.

In the last second.

Just as Willy's hand almost reached the gun.

Bang!

A leg out of nowhere kicked at his head.

With a squeal, he flew across the air to the side.

It felt as if the air froze for a moment there.

Vitality immediately came back to Lyndall's void eyes. He came back to his sense and looked at Jack in

disbelief.

And Willy, who was rolling on the ground, was dumbstruck.

He widened his eyes, as if seeing a ghost. Looking at Jack in horror, he roared with all his might,

"Aren't, aren't you crippled? Aren't you now a damn crippled? How could you still stand up?"

Standing beside Lyndall, Jack looked at Willy indifferently.

Feeling helpless, he shrugged, "Yeah, I wanted to stay down and be a damn crippled. But you would've expected your big brother to be so impotent?"

"You son of a..." Lyndall cursed.

Jack shrugged again, "Since you can't make the shot, guess I'll have to do it for you?"

With that said.

Standing up straight, Jack looked down at Willy, who was in mad desperation, as if he was looking at the corpse of a stray dog.

At this moment, Willy felt completely hopeless!

He even closed his eyes.

Jack, who pretended to be a crippled, had forced him into a corner where he had no chance of fighting back.

However.

Bang!

Ding!

Just as the gunshot was heard, there was a sparkle at the gun in Jack's hand. He clearly felt something hit on the gun with a forceful impact.

It made Jack missed his shot. The bullet landed on the ground beside Willy.

"I didn't die?"

Willy opened his eyes, exhilarated.

But at the next second.

Coldness climbed onto Jack's face. He narrowed his eyes.

"No God can save you when I, Jack Hughes, decided to kill you!"

Swoosh!

Something slashed through the air.

A faint light reflected by the fish scale line in the air.

Just as he was exhilarated, Willy suddenly trembled and felt coolness at his neck.

His eyes widened as he subconsciously raised his left hand to feel his neck and realized it was moist.

Pfft!

The next second, blood spurted out.

Swinging his right hand, Jack retrieved his fish scale line. At the same time, he turned around and

looked into somewhere in the woods with boiling killing aura.

“Your puppet is dead. Now you should come out yourself...”

Chapter 544 Token...Powell

In the dark woods.

It was silent.

As Jack turned nonchalantly, Lyndall also slowly shifted his gaze.

Even though Lyndall was extremely weak at the moment, that he lost consciousness from time to time.

He clearly saw that a stone hit Jack's gun the moment Jack fired the gun.

The stone was able to deploy power that was nothing less than a bullet!

Was this person... a God?

Just like Lyndall, Jack was staring into the darkness. He put on a cool expression, but deep down he

was agitated.

This person was stronger than the two assassins chasing after Lyndall!

And not just by a little.

One would have to be at the extreme of their physical and fighting abilities to be able to pull off this “stone killing” technique.

If such a person existed, any wood or stone would turn into a lethal weapon in their hands.

Even at this moment, Jack could feel a tearing and numbing pain in his right hand’s fingers.

It was from the stunning impact when the stone hit the gun just now!

Swoosh!

Suddenly, something slashed through the air from inside the dark woods.

Focusing his gaze, Jack felt a strong sense of danger. His scalp went numb.

In that moment, he intrinsically shifted his body.

Almost at the same time, he saw something shot across his vision. The wind it triggered made Jack narrowed his eyes.

Dum!

A loud thud.

A hole was made in the trunk of the tree right beside Jack. Wood chips were flying everywhere.

“This is...”

Jack peered from the corner of his eyes and was shocked.

It was... a token that had pierced into the trunk!

The stale copper token was covered with rust.

It was carved exquisitely. Even though the carvings had faded with time, it still made one’s heart skip a beat just looking at it.

And in the centre of the token, a “Powell” word was carved in clerical character.

At the same time, footsteps were heard from the direction where the token came from.

Frowning, Jack turned and looked gravely into the direction.

The footsteps were casual and unhurried.

Jack subconsciously clenched his fists at the calmness of the enemy.

Did he think he had this whole situation under his control?

The torchlight that had fallen to the ground partially flashed towards the direction. A figure slowly walked out from the dark.

Gradually, Jack finally had a clear view of the figure.

It was a middle age man. An ordinary middle age man.

He was about five foot seven, well-built, with an ordinary set of casual wear and an ordinary feature.

Jack knew he wouldn't be able to identify this man if he were to hide among a crowd!

But he also knew he would have one foot into his demise if he were to deem this ordinary-looking man in front of him as an ordinary man.

Jack had wide exposure to all sorts of people from the head of the almighty Hughes family down to the beggar by the roadside.

Even though living in the same society, everyone carried a distinct temperament which came from their respective occupations.

Took his father for example, he could deploy a strong aura of authority by just furrowing his brows.

Even Madam Hughes could pull off being calm and domineering at the same time.

One would know they were no mediocre people just by taking a glance at them.

But this man in front of him managed to seal his extraordinary temperament completely.

The middle age man halted and looked calmly at Willy, who was lying in a pool of blood.

He shook his head, "Such a shame, I nearly had you there. I wanted to set you up in a double scheme, but I underestimated you."

As he said that, the middle age man glanced at Jack's legs.

Double scheme?

Jack widened his eyes.

He suddenly realized something.

"Those two assassins were really coming after Lyndall? Willy was bribed twice, and it was you the second time!"

"Huh!"

The middle age man twitched the corner of his lips and smirked, "You're smart. Indeed, Willy was bribed by that imbecile George. Then I took advantage of the situation and dragged you into this game.

But I really didn't expect you were faking your handicap."

"George?"

Shook, Jack took a glimpse at Lyndall, who was leaning against the tree, and something dawned on him.

Was this assassination related to the incident with HT Real Estate and Charlie?

Jack rubbed his nose while putting on a wry smile. Based on George's character, which was short tempered and love getting revenge, it wouldn't be a surprise for him to do such a thing.

George tried to mess with him and DT Agency using HT Real Estate and Charlie.

It would be fair to say that Lyndall single handedly caused Charlie's death and HT Real Estate's withdrawal. The loss that these incidents brought about was more than enough to put George in an outrage.

"But, who're you?"

Jack stared at the middle age man fiercely, "You wouldn't have plan this double scheme to end me when we have nothing to do with each other, right?"

"I'm the man who'll kill you!"

Suddenly, the gaze in the man's eyes turned sharp and his expression turned wicked.

Before he even finished his words, he dashed towards Jack like a shooting arrow.

He was quick!

Jack was astonished.

Just as he was about to react.

A strong wave of wind blew into his face as the middle age man had reach in front of him and flinging

his fist at him.

Shocked, Jack hurriedly raised his hands to block the attack.

Bang!

A loud thud.

Jack felt as if struck by a wrecking ball and immediately stumbled backwards.

He finally found his balance after falling five feet back.

Jack's face turned solemn with an implicit hint of pain. His eyes filled with horror.

Dropping his hands, he felt them shivering faintly!

He felt an explosive pain deep into the bones in his arms after that one punch.

“Such overbearing strength...”

Squinting his eyes that were losing focus, Lyndall couldn't hide his shock in them.

It took not only wits and scheme to become the underground king of LD City, but also strength.

As someone who fought all his way up to his position as the king, he understood how formidable the punch from the middle age man was.

“Hmm...you’re strong. Normal people would have their arms broken after taking my punch just now!”

Slightly swinging his fist, there was a faint hint of surprise in the middle age man’s eyes.

Jack frowned and didn’t reply.

Because the middle age man was telling the truth.

“It’s hard to imagine you’re able to train your body into the shape you’re in now in a span of less than a year. This is intriguing.”

Narrowing his eyes, the middle age man bent his back into a posture as if a leopard which had his target locked down.

At this moment.

The aura around him changed immensely.

As if a skyscraping aura shot up into the sky out of nowhere.

His sharp killing vibes filled the whole terrain.

Even Jack felt a sense of being locked down as a target. His body tensed up out of fluster.

Lyndall, who was still paralyzed on the ground, was shocked at the scene. At this moment, the middle age man sent chills through every cell in his body.

“Careful!”

Lyndall mustered his strength and gave Jack a warning.

However.

The next second.

Jack was shocked, “Careful!”

Taken aback, Lyndall saw Jack charging towards him like a beast.

From the corner of his eyes, he saw the middle age man dashing towards him too like a lightning.

In that moment.

Lyndall’s mind went blank. With a grave face, he felt his scalp was so tense it was about to

explode...

Chapter 545 Their Difference Was Huge

The time seemed to slow down at the moment.

Jack was furious, he showed a serious face.

Lyndall stayed far away from the middle-aged man but Jack still could not catch up with him despite he was closer to Lyndall!

It was too easy for the middle-aged man to fight Lyndall who did not have the ability to defend at the moment.

Buzz!

The middle-aged man rushed towards Lyndall, he held his right fist and a powerful wind triggered.

Then, he punched Lyndall's head heavily.

Jack who had experienced his powerful fist before was dumbfounded at the moment.

If the fist hit on Lyndall's head, it could make his skull sunken instantly!

Whoosh!

Jack waved his right hand in a flash.

Fish Scale Line shone with a faint light and wrapped the middle-aged man's wrist directly.

Just then, Jack stepped forward and punched the neck of the middle-aged man.

One move was enough to kill people!

But Jack did not expect that.

When the Fish Scale Line wrapped the middle-aged man's right hand, he grabbed the line immediately.

Then, he jumped backwards with his rushing body. When he wanted to untangle the Fish Scale Line,

he bent his right elbow and hit Jack's chest straight away.

Jack did not manage to dodge it. In fact, he jumped onto the air at the moment, nothing supported him.

So, he could not dodge it.

Bang!

Click!

His elbow banged on Jack's chest heavily, a slight bone-cracking sound was heard.

Jack changed his expression instantly, he almost fainted.

Jack bit his teeth when he was thrown off. He moved his right hand and straight away dragged the

middle-aged man away from Lyndall.

Flop!

Jack kneeled on the ground, he raised his right hand to keep the angle of the Fish Scale Line that

tangled the middle-aged man's right hand.

“Puff!”

Jack moved his throat and spurted out fresh blood.

He could feel the painfulness from his chest. He was clear that the elbow attack had cracked his bone!

“Hehe, do you only spurt out blood? You should be proud of yourself!”

The middle-aged man did not bother the Fish Scale Line on his right wrist. When he looked at Jack, he showed his arrogant smile and complimented Jack.

Jack showed a solemn face, he did not smile although the middle-aged man complimented him.

Since he followed Brent to undergo the devil training, he tried hard to train his body. His physique and fighting skill had improved a lot and even made Brent surprised, Brown Hughes even complimented him before.

But for now?

His bone cracked and blood spurted out after facing the middle-aged man’s attack with merely two moves!

Their difference was so huge.

Jack even had the feeling of disappointment.

“Carry on!”

The next second.

The middle-aged man rushed towards Jack again.

Jack showed an angry sight and moved the Fish Scale Line instantly.

However, the middle-aged man seemed to have expected that, he moved the Fish Scale Line together with Jack simultaneously.

Under the huge momentum, Jack changed his expression. He was extremely frightened.

For him to drag the Fish Scale Line, it did not depend on his personal strength solely, the strength on his wrist also mattered.

However, Jack still dragged by the middle-aged man staggeringly towards him.

“Delay the time! Wait for Mr. Ward and Brent to come back!”

Jack had made a decision when he rushed towards the middle-aged man.

He did not have the thought to fight with the middle-aged man because their difference in strength was so huge.

The only thing he could do was to delay the time!

Jack showed a strict expression when he looked at the middle-aged man. He changed his defensive mode to attack mode and punched the middle-aged man.

Bang, bang, bang...

The fight was triggered instantly.

The flesh was punched, the blood spurted out.

Lyndall sat by the tree with his weak body. He revealed a mournful smile when watching the lopsided fight.

In his opinion, Jack was not fighting with the middle-aged man, he was suppressed by the middle-aged man and punched by him severely.

The punching sound could be heard. Most of it came from Jack when the middle-aged man kicked him except for some moments they kicked each other.

Jack was going to die...if he continued to fight!

Lyndall showed a firm sight and bit his teeth. He moved his body with great effort.

Gun!

If he got the gun, he could help Jack!

He could only be the auxiliary at the moment.

Everyone was fragile when facing the weapon. No matter how strong he was, he could not fight against the bullet.

But Lyndall's body was so weak. It was difficult for him to move.

Lyndall could strongly feel the fragility of his body, he almost lost all his strength.

The only thing that supported him was the belief that he wanted to help Jack.

His every move would touch his scar. The painfulness made him shiver and sweat.

But his determined sight did not show any changes. He kept looking at the gun on the ground.

Bang, bang, bang...

A series of punches could be heard.

Follow by a loud sound.

"Puff!"

Jack raised his head and spurted blood across the sky.

The difference between their strength was huge, Jack did not even have the eligibility to delay the time.

The only thing he could do was to delay the time by his life ridiculously!

Jack had not experienced such a dispirited and disappointing moment for a long time.

He experienced it last time when he was in the Black hell and facing Brown.

But Brown did not treat him harshly at that time as they had the relationship of relative.

But for this time, the middle-aged man was trying to kill him at every attempt!

In other words, the situation now was more dangerous than the Deathmatch that he involved in the

Black hell.

“Don’t give up, don’t give up...he must have a flaw, must have a flaw...”

Blood flowed out continuously from Jack’s mouth. His sight was firm as if a monster were focusing on

its prey, he paid all his attention to the middle-aged man.

But the longer the time they fought, the more disappointed Jack was.

Because he found that every move of the middle-aged man did not have flaw at all!

Even if he attacked by big movement, he attacked agilely with hidden defence, as each step was under

his precise prediction.

No flaw...how could it be possible?

Jack's heart beat fast, it almost jumped out of his body.

It was a shocking moment.

A dangerous shadow appeared from the slant.

Bang!

Jack was kicked away by the middle-aged man and fell onto the ground heavily.

"You're so weak! Time to die!"

The middle-aged man showed a cold face and walked towards Jack at a fast pace.

He did not have a way to trick him, he had no intention to delay the time.

The only thing he wanted was to kill Jack in one move!

"I can save him, we must be saved!"

Lyndall moved his body strugglingly, he knew that the middle-aged man was moving towards Jack. But

he did not dare to distract his attention from the gun on the ground.

Because it was the only chance to turn the tide!

However.

When Lyndall got closer to the gun and ready to grab it.

Whoosh!

The middle-aged man who walked towards Jack turned around immediately and threw a knife across the sky and targeted Lyndall.

“Watch out!”

Jack opened his eyes big and roared.

Bam!

The knife shone with cold light and inserted into the trigger of the gun that lay on the ground.

Lyndall stretched his body, he was furious at the moment.

After that.

The middle-aged man said with a cold and serious tone, “My next attack will be on the main artery on your neck!”

Chapter 546 We Will Live and Die Together

A murderous and hostile voice echoed throughout the woods.

The resolute and simple words came out confidently.

In fact, neither Jack nor Lyndall doubted the middle-aged man's words.

He was a man who could aim a throwing knife right into the interstices of the gun trigger.

With that, he obviously could hit anything he wanted within a short distance, couldn't he?

It was much easier to aim for one's carotid artery on the neck compared to the small gap of the gun!

"I only want to kill him! You can still live!"

The middle-aged man said to Lyndall before he turned around and continued to stride in Jack's direction.

At this moment, Jack was laying on the ground hopelessly. The beating from earlier broke him apart.

His limbs were hurting badly.

The man did not only have exceptional combating skills, but his physical strength was also something to be feared by others.

He was only 170 centimeters tall, but under his sturdy physique hid his power which didn't seem to have a limit.

His punches and kicks were as hard as steel. Each time he struck, it threw Jack into agony from the

pain all over his body.

The distinct gap between their strengths only made Jack feel hopeless.

He was watching the middle-aged man who was approaching him with murderous intent.

Jack gritted his teeth and slowly backed away his body as he struggled to his feet.

To just sit around and wait for his doom?

That wasn't something Jack would do!

Even if he had to fight till his life's end, he would do so and not just stand idly by.

Just when Jack was halfway up from the ground while he leaned on the tree for support, his eyes

suddenly widened.

At the same time.

The middle-aged man also stopped abruptly as he frowned murderously, "You are courting for death!"

He didn't get to finish his sentence.

Then, he turned around and shook his hand, which was holding the throwing knife, and threw it right at

Lyndall.

At the same time, Lyndall was stretching out his right arm to reach for the handgun.

It was just the matter of seconds.

He lifted his right arm.

Slash!

The knife pierced through Lyndall's arm completely, leaving only its handle outside.

Blood was gushing out.

Jack witnessed this scene with his own eyes.

And it sent chills up his spine.

The middle-aged man looked like he was out to kill.

At the same time Lyndall blocked off the knife with his left arm, he managed to get a hold on the gun with his right one.

Surprisingly, he did not turn around and shoot the man. Instead, he pulled the trigger with all his strength.

Bang!

"Calling for help?"

His expression turned ferocious, and he was looking at Lyndall violently, "Since you want to die, then I'll make your wish come true!"

"No!"

As Jack watched him approached Lyndall, something exploded in his mind.

Even he couldn't help but succumb under the attack of this man.

What more to say Lyndall who looked like he was on the verge of dying.

"Kill me! I'm your target, am I not?"

Although Jack felt that his limbs were falling apart, he forced himself up and staggered behind the man,

hoping to stop him.

Clang!

Another throwing knife appeared in the man's hand.

His gaze was cold.

And amidst it was his intention to kill them both.

However, he did not throw the knife out as he did earlier on.

Instead, he held it tightly in his hand and strode towards Lyndall.

On the other hand, Lyndall had released the gun after he fired that one shot. Now, he was lying on the ground, unmoving just like a dead man.

With all the strength he had left in him, he used it to fire the shot earlier to call for help!

Forget about combating the man, Lyndall did not even have the energy to move his fingers right now.

He could feel that the man was getting nearer to him.

That monstrous look from the opponent sent chills up Lyndall's spine, and he felt like he was freezing all over his body.

He smiled sadly, "My life in exchange for yours, that should be good enough!"

"No! You can't do this!"

Jack's pale face was mixed with a hint of fear, not to mention his eyes that were getting bloodshot.

In fact, he was here to save Lyndall, and he thought he had everything under control.

But not this middle-aged man before him. However, it wasn't like this man came for Lyndall. He actually came to kill Jack.

If the man killed Lyndall, this would mean that Lyndall died because of Jack!

At this time, the man was already standing in front of Lyndall. He bent down and carried Lyndall in one hand, pulling him up like how he would treat a dead dog.

A loud bang sounded.

The man threw Lyndall to a tree.

There was no hesitation or pause in his movements.

Brazenly, he raised his right hand, the throwing knife he held was shining under the dark night.

It even looked a little dazzling in the woods.

“Thanks...”

The light which refracted from the piece of metal made Lyndall squint his eyes. From his peripheral vision, he could see Jack who was staggering in his way. It made him smile as he decided something.

Soon after, Lyndall closed his eyes and waited for his death.

At the same time when he closed his eyes, the man attacked.

“Ah!”

At the critical moment, a low roar which bellowed exploded in the woods.

Splash!

Blood was gushing out everywhere. Time seemed to have stopped.

Lyndall's eyelids trembled.

He clearly felt warm moisture splashing onto his face.

However, the pain he expected to feel did not come.

Finally, Lyndall opened his eyes.

He was stunned by the sight before him.

In the dark forests.

The beam from the flashlight shone on the two figures, and stretched their shadows long.

The middle-aged man was still standing in front of Lyndall, and the throwing knife was close to Lyndall's neck.

A hand came in from their slides and held the tip of the throwing knife. It blocked the penetration of it into Lyndall's neck, and blood was dripping from that hand.

Jack, who was next to them had a cold expression on, but his gaze was determined.

"Jack..."

Lyndall murmured lowly.

The scene before him was like lightning which struck right on him.

Lyndall's emotions became complicated.

In a daze, he thought of the mysterious person he met during breakfast at the hotel, whose words were resounding in his head at the moment.

"We'll stay together through life or death!"

Jack used his right arm to hold onto the throwing knife, which was now slashing into his flesh. The sharp pain from it was making him tremble all over.

However, he still managed to squeeze the words of a vow from between his teeth.

He was determined and firm!

"Pfft!"

The middle-aged man sneered coldly as he threw a sideways glance at Jack, "So this is how the illegitimate child of the Hughes Family is like."

"So?"

Jack raised his brows and smirked contemptuously.

Crunch...

As soon as the man spoke, he twisted the knife in his hand slowly.

The blade of the knife was already embedded in Jack's flesh, and now with the motion, it was as if the man wanted to grind Jack's flesh into tiny pieces.

"Ah!"

Jack screamed out in agony as his whole body shook in pain. His expression was twisted while he kept sucking in deep breaths, hoping to relieve the feeling.

"The Grim Reaper would still come around regardless of any obstructions from anyone."

The man's expression was getting colder. He was still twisting the knife.

At this time, a roar exploded in the dark jungle.

Boom!

A piece of rock was slammed into the trunk of the tree Lyndall was leaning on.

The sudden change caused the middle-aged man's expression to change drastically.

"Young Master!"

At the same time, they saw lights in the distance and the voices of Mr. Ward and Brent came through.

Their rescue team was finally here!

Jack smiled in relief.

He then felt the force in his hand disappear.

The man released the knife and turned around. Then, he dashed towards the item that had been

smashed into the tree trunk earlier.

Chapter 547 Dead, Dead?!

So... you were going to escape already?

Jack Hughes was a bit confused.

The front foot crossed with the killer's intent, but the back foot was prepared to escape immediately.

He glanced at the stone on the tree trunk behind Lyndall Long.

At the same time, Lyndall lost support and slid down the trunk.

Jack slowly turned around his head with his right hand flowing streaks of blood to the ground.

As soon as he saw the middle-aged man about to take down the "Powell" name token embedded on

the trunk.

“Stay!”

Jack burst into anger and raised his bloody stained right hand.

The Fish Scale Line glowed with a faint cold light as if gently whispering into and wrapping around the middle-aged man.

“I want to go; nobody can stay me!”

The middle-aged man suddenly turned around and a flying dagger appeared on his hand in which he blatantly waved.

A crisp sound exploded into the atmosphere.

Jack felt the Fish Line Scale that flew out loosened and the rest of the Fish Scale Line also quickly returned to the box.

Almost simultaneously.

The middle-aged man calmly took down the “Powell” name token, calmly left, and quickly went into the woods.

Jack stared blankly on his right hand. The fear couldn't be hidden from his pale blood-stained face.

After Brent gave the Fish Scale Line to him as a weapon, it didn't always serve a win in battles. There

were also losses.

However, this was the first time it had been cut off by someone!

It also happened in a snap!

Easily, it was like cutting a piece of cloth.

Looking up at the direction where the middle-aged man left, Jack's pupils tightened with fear.

This person...who was this?

What did that piece of "Powell" name tag mean?

The reason why he gave a shot a while ago wasn't to keep the middle-aged man, but rather to keep the

"Powell" name tag embedded on the tree trunk.

A token that allowed the middle-aged man to be still and firm to get it away, even if he could be

encircled by men, must be of importance.

"Young master!"

As Mr. Ward and Brent rushed over, their faces changed drastically and were extremely frightened.

When they saw Jack covered in injuries, they were stunned.

Even Brent, who revived from the death, couldn't help but take a cold breath.

His gaze moved down to Jack's right hand. Through the light, one could vaguely see the flesh torn down, all dripping with blood.

"Let's go."

Jack bitterly smiled, and told Mr. Ward and Brent, "I've always thought that you two found something wrong."

"We found it."

Mr. Ward nodded and strongly spoke, "But we need to kill the killer. Brent and I already did our best to get it resolved as quickly as possible and rushed back."

While he was talking, Mr. Ward frowned at Willy Parker's corpse, "I didn't think that there's more than just Willy Parker in this matter."

"The one that got away a while ago is the true danger behind all of them."

Jack looked down at Lyndall Long who was lying on the floor, "If it wasn't for Lyndall's desperate gunshot that bought us some time, you would've seen two corpses by now."

Mr. Ward and Brent's faces changed simultaneously.

They were so frightened.

Both of them came forward. Brent carried Jack, and Mr. Ward carried Lyndall. Brent also helped carry a hand.

They were about to walk away from the woods.

When Jack suddenly called out Brent.

He pointed at the stone thrown into the tree trunk a while ago, "Brent, when did you get so strong?"

"What?"

Brent froze for a moment, turned to see the stone that didn't enter the tree trunk, and was shocked, "I, I didn't do this!"

Boom!

At that moment, Jack was stunned and his face changed drastically.

There were other masters in these deep woods?

"Even Brent still couldn't achieve such strong force!"

Mr. Ward glanced and was lost in shock.

He had worked with Brent for many years, so he knew how strong Brent is, "If Brent throws this rock, he could only reach two-thirds of this force."

Jack looked extremely cold.

Looking at the dark mountains and woods that surrounded them.

That master who has been hiding in the dark, why should he save me?

After taking a deep breath, Jack said, "Let's get out of here as fast as possible. Set off signal flares and gather everyone from the local office of the Hughes family."

Simultaneously, a signal flare rose up into the sky.

Jack and the three other men then walked away.

Before the people from the Hughes family office arrived.

Mr. Ward worriedly asked, "Young master, what is the background of the person who just ran away?"

Now that he has run away and you've revealed yourself, it might bring more danger."

"We can't keep him."

Jack bitterly smiled, "Even if Brent was there, we still can't keep him."

The force of the stone hitting into the trunk had been said by Brent and Mr. Ward themselves.

He had also personally felt the middle-aged man's strength. If he could hit the trunk with the stones he threw, then he should be as good as the man who saved him.

There was no doubt that the existence of such strength was superior.

Brent pursed his lips, but he didn't rebut.

With his extensive fighting experiences, when he first saw Jack's injury, he already knew that it was a one-sided battle.

He also knew Jack's strength very well; thus, comparing the two, he now clearly knew the strength of the killer who calmly left.

Jack hesitated for a while then asked, "Mr. Ward, do you know any wealthy or powerful families with the

surname Powell?"

Mr. Ward's body shook and wobbled.

Maybe it was due to his old body and carrying Lyndall might be too heavy for him that led him to be unstable.

He shook his head, "No, I don't."

“Alright, let’s go to LJ Hospital as soon as possible.”

Jack didn’t dig deeper into it. He looked at Lyndall who was still unconscious, “This guy is loyal enough.

It would be a pity if he died.”

Mr. Ward and Brent sped up at the same time.

As they near the mountainside, the people from the local office of the Hughes family who once

scattered also swarmed around.

With the arrival of protection, Jack finally felt relieved.

The pressure and fear brought by the middle-aged man to him was too strong, strong enough to bring

him into despair.

Though the middle-aged man escaped already, he was still hidden in the woods. It would be hard to

guarantee that he wouldn’t return and carry out an assassination in secret.

With the middle-aged man’s strength, Jack was certain of his power!

Looking back, Jack still lingered with fear.

Each scene replayed in his mind like a nightmare, leaving Jack in low spirits.

The difference in their strengths made him feel powerless as he faced the middle-aged man.

He only felt this defeat from Brown Hughes in so long.

Yet this time, it felt even stronger!

It was so strong that Jack and Lyndall had a near-death experience.

However.

Following the exclamation from the people from the local office of the Hughes family, Jack was instantly awakened from his frightening stage into reality.

“There’s a corpse!”

With that exclamation, the entire group exploded.

“Guards, have two people go and check!”

Mr. Ward screamed while carrying Lyndall and kept back to back with Brent who was carrying Jack to allow the people from the local office of the Hughes family to check around the area.

Jack laid on Brent’s back, staring at the two people from the Hughes family office walking towards the front, and directed his attention there.

Along the mountain highway, the two cars that exploded a while ago still continued to emit smoke and

fire flares.

At the back were more than a dozen cars they just drove here.

The corpse was laying right in front of their Rolls Royce.

As soon as Jack saw the corpse clearly, a “bang” sounded in his head.

He blurted out.

“Dead, dead?!”

Chapter 548 Mr. Ward’s Panic

Although separated by a distance.

Looking down from above with a bright light shed by a torch, Jack could see very clearly.

This corpse was the middle aged man who tried to kill him just a moment ago!

Jack turned numb in an instant, with sweat forming on his forehead.

How long had it been since this middle aged man had left, walking out from the mountains with

sprawling forest and then being killed?

They had just walked out, although not faster than the middle aged man, the time gap still shouldn’t

make so much difference.

In other words, this man had been killed very recently.

Thinking of this mighty man that made Jack desperate, the scene before him seemed like a dream, it was just too unbelievable.

He really couldn't believe what he was seeing!

"Brent, take me over to him!"

Jack patted Brent's shoulders.

Meanwhile, two of Jack's staff who had already inspected the body earlier looked back and gestured everyone else to come over.

Brent then followed and walked over to the middle aged man's body with Jack on his back, whose shock continued to expand in his mind instead of just fading away.

The corpse of the middle aged man was lying flat on the ground, with the blood dripping from his body not yet solidified, and the alright clear slash wound on his neck.

"He was killed by a knife!"

Brent blurted out.

As soon as he said this, Jack trembled.

How powerful was the person who killed the middle aged man ?

Was there really anyone capable of this in this world?

Full of disbelief, Jack gazed at the corpse of the middle aged man.

What happened in front of him dispelled any sense of doubt. since there was no way to refute the fact.

From the scene in front of them it was completely clear what had happened.

The middle aged man had just walked out from the forest, encountered someone powerful but

unknown and then was killed by the knife instantly.

“It seems he really was just killed a short while ago.”

One of Jack’s investigator said in a deep voice.

There were many ways to determine the time of death.

Suddenly.

A chill ran down Jack’s back.

Still in a daze he then thought of the stone that had just been shot into the air before.

Perhaps... the reason for the middle aged man to retreat was not that he feared Mr. Ward or Brent, but

that he was afraid of the person who had been throwing the stones.

“Stay alert!”

Mr. Ward’s shouted out sharply, with his face solemn.

Then in an instant.

Dozens of Jack’s personnel then spread out in circle with caution.

Jack was still on Brent’s back, lost in a daze.

Not because of the bloody site in front of him but because this middle aged corpse and the person who had secretly helped him.

Who exactly was the person that did this?

Why did he possess such arbitrary force ?

It seemed that this powerful middle aged man never expected his fate of being murdered with a knife after he decided to run away.

Jack was breathing hard, trying hard to control his emotions.

Brent and Mr. Ward also noticed the change in Jack’s mood.

Mr. Ward hurriedly approached Jack and whispered softly into his ear, “Master Hughes, this is a good

thing for us.”

To be honest this really was a good thing.

The middle aged man had once witnessed Jack stand up, and that the disability was just a disguise.

Now with the death of this man, it can be assured this information will never be exposed.

A dead man can never speak again after all.

This meant that they didn't need to worry about that man not keeping their secret, and now their worries went away.

“I, I know.”

Jack tried his best to remain calm, but almost failed to remain calm despite his strong mind.

A thought then occurred to Jack.

He patted Brent and said, “Put me down, I want you to go search his body.”

Once Brent left Jack sitting on the ground, he then stepped forward and began searching the body.

As for the rest of Jack's staff, none of them paid attention to what was going on behind them.

Everyone is focusing on their dark surroundings, keeping vigilance against any danger that may arise

at any time.

Brent's hands were exploring the still warm and soft body, when suddenly he felt something hard in his right hand.

He frowned and then lifted up the man's clothes.

"This is it!"

Jack raised his eyebrows, pointed at the token tied to the man's waist and said, "Take it off and give it to me!"

At the same time.

Jack didn't notice this but the moment Mr. Ward saw the token his pupils suddenly began shrinking.

There was stunning horror on his old face.

Then when Brent handed the token over to Jack.

Mr. Ward carrying the passed out Lyndall suddenly came over with incredible speed.

As he stepped forward, he grabbed the token with a symbol "Powell" engraved onto it.

With Jack and Brent both startled, Mr. Ward quickly put the token into his pocket with his face extremely sullen and signalled Jack and Brent to remain silent.

“Let’s go.”

Jack smiled and could tell that Mr. Ward knew something about this token.

Following the order, the rest of Jack’s staff all returned to their cars and drove back to the city.

On their way back, because the driver was one of Jack’s other employees, Jack and Brent were unable to ask Mr. Ward about the token.

However, Mr. Ward just remained serious and looked out the window.

This made the inside of the car terribly quiet.

And the atmosphere inside the car was very tense.

Once they had arrived at Li Hospital.

Mr. Ward then instructed all of Jack’s office to leave during midnight.

Brent and Mr. Ward had personally arranged for Jack and Lyndall to be hospitalized.

Director Lansing’s expression sank when he saw Jack covered in wounds.

But in the end he held back his thoughts and took Jack into the emergency room.

Mr. Ward and Brent sat quietly outside the emergency room.

Brent then thought about Mr. Ward's reaction when he saw the token earlier, and since they were alone he started to become curious.

Just as he was about to ask about it, Mr. Ward who was rubbing his hands suddenly raised his head and looked at Brent.

The stern look in his eyes made Brent swallow back his words and said nothing.

After having waited for one hour.

Jack was finally taken out of the emergency room and transferred to the VIP ward.

Lyndall's injuries were more severe and was really on the verge of dying, so it would take longer to determine whether he would be ok or not.

Inside the ward.

It was deathly silent.

Only the faint sound of the monitoring instrument was heard very clearly.

Jack was lying on the hospital bed and looked quietly at Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward was looking very strange; he was sat on the sofa continuously rubbing his hands together with a solemn expression.

Since Jack had been taken to the VIP ward, Mr. Ward remained silent, and had not even asked about

Jack's injuries.

"Mr. Ward..."

Brent yelled.

Mr. Ward trembled and looked up at Brent in shock.

All of a sudden, he then felt Jack's gaze and was suddenly awakened from his trance.

Mr. Ward got up and closed the windows of the room, then shut the curtains and told Brent to help

inspect the surroundings.

Once they had confirmed that no one was around, only then did Mr. Ward take out the "Powell" token.

He was holding the token in both hands and his hands were trembling so much that he was struggling

to control himself...

Chapter 549 Long Thriving Noble Family

In the Ward,

Mr. Ward was always in a state of terror, holding the token of the "Powell" while trembling.

Jack and Brent frowned and were confused.

Mr. Ward had always been calm.

Mr. Ward had lived for so many years and had experienced many things. He was rarely frightened if it was irrelevant to him or some people close to him.

But now, just one token was frightening Mr. Ward!

The air seemed to freeze with the mood of Mr. Ward.

Jack said, "Brent, pour a glass of water for Mr. Ward."

When Mr. Ward took over the glass, he sat on the sofa. As he sipped the water, he stared at the token and gradually calmed down.

After a few minutes,

Mr. Ward opened his mouth with a gloomy expression and his eyes deep.

But his first sentence made Jack and Brent change their expressions.

"Young master, this time we really got into a terrible trouble!" Mr. Ward said.

Jack was so shocked in his heart.

What exactly did Mr. Ward mean?

Brent said in a hurry, "Mr. Ward, please stop equivocating and give us a straight answer."

Mr. Ward drank all the water in one gulp, swallowed it hard, and then said slowly.

"Young master, you know there are Wealthy Family, Long Thriving Family, Noble Family in this world."

"Their differences are easy to distinguish. The Quinn family of X City and the Burton family of the capital city are both Wealthy Families. The Zhuge family in X City is Long Thriving Family. And the Hughes family can be regarded as Noble Family."

Jack frowned, thought, and soon understood the differences.

The Quinn family and the Burton family were both Wealthy Families, but they had not flourished for a long time. They just had a lot of wealth, so they were Wealthy Families.

The ancestor of the Zhuge family in X City is Zhuge Liang, which had a long history and profound cultural background, so it was regarded as Long Thriving Family.

And the Hughes family had a lot of wealth and power, so it was Noble Family.

The gaps between them were small. It was the difference between wealth and power. But actually, there was a big gap between the proportion of wealth and power.

Jack rubbed his nose and looked at the "Powell" token in Mr. Ward's hand.

After a careful recollection, he said slowly, "Mr. Ward, is there the Powell family in Wealthy Family, Long Thriving Family, Noble Family?"

When people really entered the upper class, it was easy to find that the world of people who really stood at the top of the pyramid was actually very small.

What they saw and heard were totally different from ordinary people.

Jack thought about it carefully and he didn't know that there was the "Powell" family.

With a bitter smile, Mr. Ward said, "The Powell family doesn't belong to these categories, and the Powell family is Long Thriving Noble Family."

"Long Thriving Noble Family?" Jack was surprised.

Mr. Ward carefully put the "Powell" token on the sofa and said slowly.

"Long Thriving Noble Family refers to the family that integrates money, power and history. Only when a family has been prosperous for more than a thousand years and has never been in decline can it be called Long Thriving Noble Family."

"Boom!"

Although Mr. Ward's voice was low, it reverberated in the ward like thunder.

Jack was stunned.

Brent's pupil constricted, and Mr. Ward's words had gone beyond his understanding of the world!

In the ward, it was silent for nearly a minute.

Jack finally resisted his emotion of shock, rubbed his nose and whispered, "There are few families that have been prosperous for more than a thousand years in the world, right? The Rothschild family, which has a long history of prosperity, is just like an ant in front of them, right?"

"Yeah!"

Mr. Ward nodded without hesitation, then said directly, "A family like Rothschild is just small fry to the Long Thriving Noble Family."

After a pause, Mr. Ward added.

"However, the Long Thriving Noble Family are relatively low-key. If it wasn't for the critical moment when the world situation is in crisis, they would never appear in front of the world. So, we are all very strange to the Long Thriving Noble Family, and we have never even heard of them."

Mr. Ward laughed bitterly and said slowly, "If I hadn't followed Old master for many years, I would never

have known the existence of the Long Thriving Noble Family, let alone that the Powell family is one of them!"

Brent was totally stunned.

Jack, looking at Mr. Ward, was stunned and didn't know how to respond.

Mr. Ward's words divided a series of families, such as Wealthy Family and Long Thriving Family, standing above the ordinary people into a higher pyramid.

And, the Long Thriving Noble Family was obviously the real existence standing at the top.

Regardless of wealth and power, a family that had been prosperous for thousands of years was enough to suppress countless families.

In the long period, some things appeared and some things disappeared, which was the law of social development. The existence of the Long Thriving Noble Family just got rid of this kind of fate.

What's more, Jack noticed a sentence of Mr. Ward.

"If it wasn't for the critical moment when the world situation is in crisis, they would never appear in front

of the world."

In other words, a Long Thriving Noble Family had the ability to control territory and save the world!

With the power of the family, they could control the world situation and save tens of thousands of people in the territory. It was terrible!

Although Jack tried hard to control his emotions, his heart could not calm down.

In a trance of panic, Jack felt so cold and frightened, as if he fell into the iceberg.

Jack squinted at the "Powell" token.

A ripple of fear passed through him.

Jack murmured, "Mr. Ward, what do you think of the Hughes family compared to the Long Thriving Noble Family?"

Mr. Ward was stunned. He didn't reply directly, but bowed his head and thought seriously.

Finally,

He spoke slowly,

"In terms of wealth, power and background, the Hughes family is not inferior to the Long Thriving Noble Family. The only thing worse than the Long Thriving Noble Family is the history of prosperity."

After a pause, Mr. Ward added, "However, to measure the strength of a Long Thriving Family is not a simple measure of wealth and power, but an overall measure, so the Hughes family can't turn back the powers of darkness."

That meant the Hughes family was weaker than the Powell family!

Jack's pupils contracted to the extreme. His heart beat faster, and it seemed to jump out of his chest.

According to Mr. Ward's words, the Hughes family had been infinitely close to the Powell family. The only difference was the history of being prosperous. And most importantly, if the world situation was in crisis, the Hughes family wouldn't be able to control the situation!

Although the difference between the two was very small, but this little difference was also the key to distinguish them!

The feelings of doubts, fears and shock surrounded Jack.

Finally, all the feelings turned into a helpless smile, "I didn't even know there was such a horrible existence in the world, so why did they want to kill me?"

It was strange that a Long Thriving Noble Family who was so low-key came to kill Jack who was unknown under the circumstance that they didn't have grudges.

Mr. Ward looked at the "Powell" token.

With his eyes deep, Mr. Ward said with a low voice, "Now, Young master, you should not think about why the Powell family killed you, but you should worry about the reaction of the Powell family to you after they know the death of the person of the Powell family..."

Chapter 550 Decision

As Mr. Ward spoke.

The atmosphere inside the ward suddenly became serious.

Jack felt cold all over, his head seemed to be exploding.

He didn't refute Mr. Ward's words because what he said was indeed the most terrible issue right now.

Being at the top of the pyramid, the Hughes family was already the strongest. It stood among the clouds and looked down at the other powerful families like ants.

A Long Thriving Noble Family which was even more powerful when compared to the Hughes family.

If they really wanted vengeance and pursue the matter to the end, it was going to be catastrophic for

Jack.

It would undoubtedly be a "death punishment from the heavens"!

Right now, it wasn't about considering why someone from Powell Family wanted to kill Jack.

Instead, it was about worrying how to stay unscathed through the possible fury from the Powell Family and survive.

Even though, the person from of the Powell Family was not personally killed by Jack.

But it was reason enough that the person from the Powell Family wanted to kill Jack and died during the assassination process.

A man's talent and wealthy might turn to be guilty sometimes.

What was more, right now it was not talent or wealthy, but a person from Powell Family.

"Huh..."

After a while, Jack exhaled heavily and looked at Mr. Ward, "Report it all to my father truthfully."

There was none of his previous calmness and composure in his face, nor was there the pride in the ability to turn the tide.

This time, Jack really felt like the sky had fallen.

His current strength was simply not enough to bear the consequences of this incident.

He could only rely on his father.

“Okay!”

Mr. Ward got up and walked out.

The ward became deadly quiet.

After the conversation, Jack had a newfound understanding towards this world.

But it also made the air inside the ward feel frozen and faded, making him feel suffocated.

Brent had been already feeling dull.

What Mr. Ward had said was completely different from his own experiences over so many years. It was completely beyond his understanding.

From the beginning till the end, Brent had been similar to insects like ants.

“Are you afraid?”

Jack’s voice sounded in his ears.

Brent finally recovered. He subconsciously clenched his fists before picking up the glass, pouring himself a glass water. He drained it in one gulp.

Then he walked over to the sofa desolately and slumped down, rubbing his face ruthlessly.

Looking up at the ceiling for a few seconds, he sighed faintly, "I have never before felt how small I am."

Jack twitched the corners of his mouth and forced an ugly smile.

Indeed.

Brent's experience was rich enough, so much so that, even if his identity and status were both thrown away, it was still enough to overwhelm the richest man in the city.

Such existence, yet it was still small and powerless.

Ridiculous?

Not ridiculous!

Only frightening!

Even Jack himself felt this way.

He had strived very hard in order to put on the crown as the Hughes family patriarch, and to sit calmly on the position of the head of the family.

In his eyes, the Hughes family was already the extreme limit of power in the world.

However, now Mr. Ward had told him that something existed that was the same as the Hughes family, or even stronger.

For him, this was no different than his whole view of the world collapsing!

Brent looked at Jack, his gaze deep, "That master in the forest, was he harming you or helping you?"

He questioned unabashedly.

Looking at a frowning and contemplating Jack, Brent continued his question, "Could he be that master who designed the game with in the game to create the blood feud for you to kill the person from Powell Family?"

The corners of Jack's eyes trembled.

At this moment, he felt like his chest was filled with heavy stones making him feel horribly suffocated.

At the same time his complexion darkened. The thoughts in his mind were like entangled threads, messy and jumbled.

He shook his head vigorously.

"I am not sure. But at least for a moment, he did help me. If he hadn't done anything, Lyndall and I would have died at the hands of the Powell Family. The person from the Powell Family is dead and I am still alive. I see it as helping me and saving me."

Brent's lips moved silently as if he was going to say something but then he hesitated.

The ward fell silent again.

The Powell Family's token hung over Jack's head like a double-edged sword.

This sword was going to fall and kill him when the Powell Family was going find out that their person was killed and they were going to release their anger on him.

After waiting for about half an hour.

Mr. Ward, who had walked out of the ward, finally returned with an indifferent expression.

"What did dad say?"

Jack asked first.

Mr. Ward walked to the sofa, picked up the Powell Family token and carefully put it in his bag.

Then he said to Jack, "He asked me to bring the token back to the Hughes family house and for you to not care about this anymore."

Not care about this anymore?!

Jack was caught off-guard. He frowned deeply.

'All this is related to my life! How can I not care about it anymore?'

A wave of melancholy surged inside his heart making his expressions really unsightly.

However, he also knew that he couldn't control this matter at all.

There was no other way except to hand over his life to his father and let him control it!

"I will quickly go and come back."

Jack nodded and looked at Mr. Ward with hopeful eyes, "Can you really not tell me anything at all?"

Mr. Ward had been away for half an hour. If it was only such a brief request then he would not have taken so long.

"I can't! But your father reassures you to not worry."

Mr. Ward lowered his voice to the lowest possible level, "In addition, this matter must be kept a secret.

Except for us three living souls, the others who died will never reveal the secret."

Jack's body trembled as his brain exploded.

He suddenly remembered the dozens of people who worked for the Hughes family who participated in the search tonight.

Mr. Ward's words were clearly pointing towards... silencing them for knowing too much.

In an instant, Jack's mind was blown out of his skull.

His heart constricted fiercely.

That was... dozens of lives!

Mr. Ward seemed to know what was going on in Jack's mind. He said in a deep voice, "Master, if you continued to be disturbed by such things, the soft-heartedness and mercy will only be reserved for the dead."

Jack's eyes flickered, his gaze changing continuously.

In the end, he looked up at Mr. Ward, "What about Lyndall?"

Mr. Ward hesitated for a few seconds.

Then he said, "When he wakes up, he doesn't need to know about Powell Family. You, me or Brent cannot mention anything to him. We only need to see his attitude towards you, Master Jack. You saved his life. If he submits sincerely then he can live. If he is not sincere then Brent will kill him on the spot."

With his words, the intention to kill rose cold and strong in the ward.

After Mr. Ward had left.

Only then Jack was able to recover. He smiled bitterly, "This is just like putting Lyndall's life in his own

hands and giving him a multiple-choice question to choose one between the two.”

Brent said, “Master, I think Mr. Ward is right about this matter. For your safety, the less people alive the better.”

Shrugging his shoulders, Brent comforted Jack, “We don’t want to kill him forcefully but rather give him the choice. Whether he lives or dies; it all depends on his mind.”

“What do you think he will choose?” Jack asked.

Brent expressions stiffened. He smiled bitterly and shook his head.

Jack rubbed his nose. His eyes were deep as he laid on the hospital bed looking up at the ceiling.

He mumbled softly and helplessly.

“Could it be... that under the gleaming throne, there are bound to be heaps of bones of the dead?”