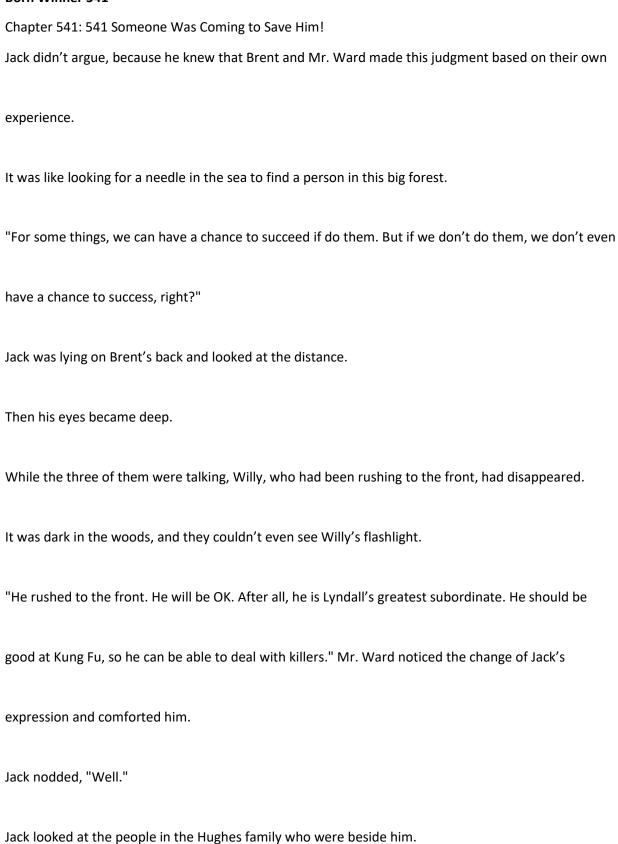
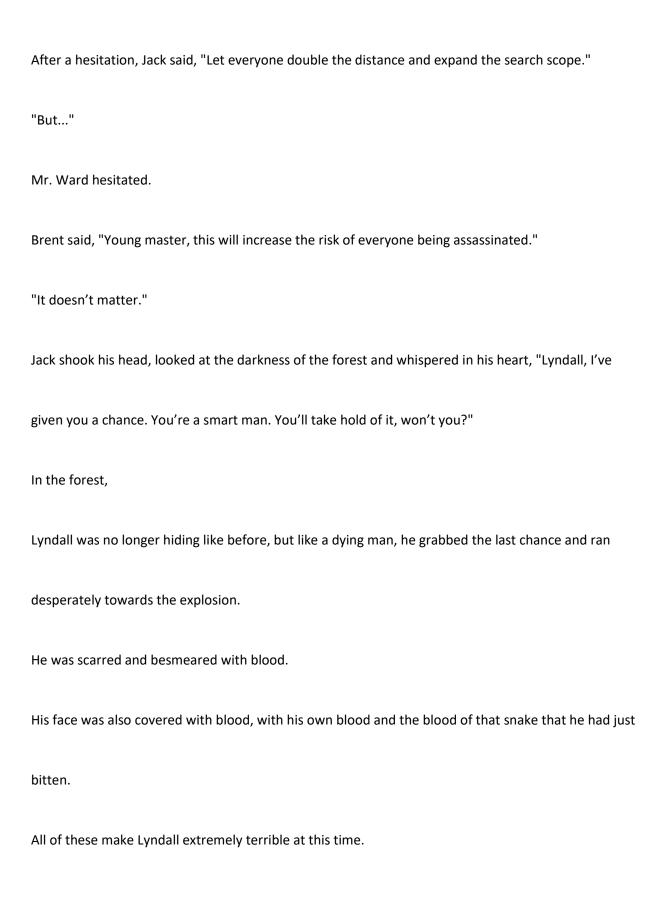
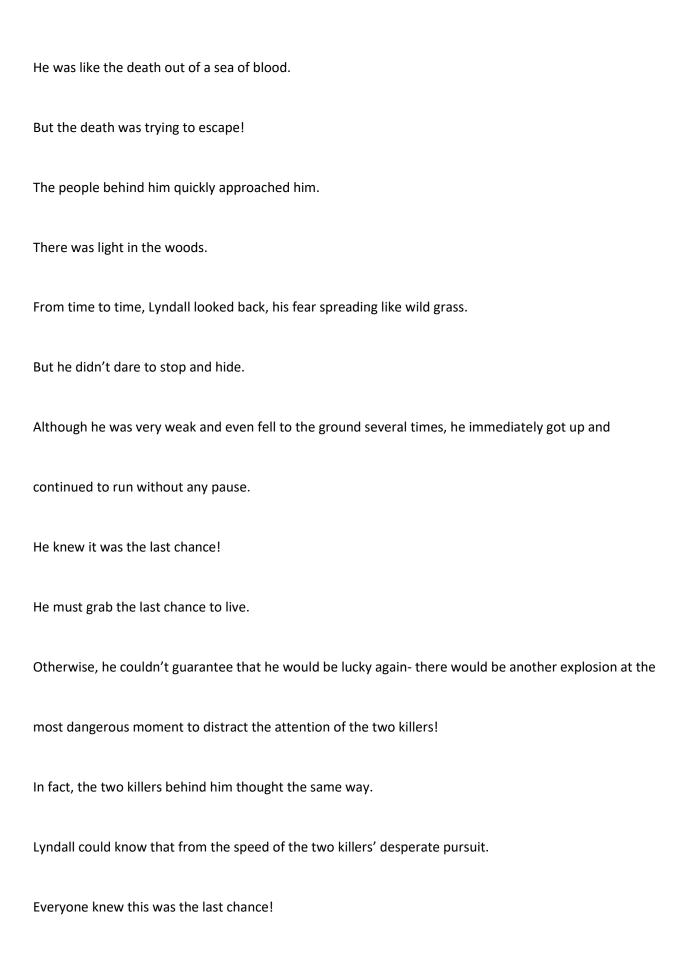
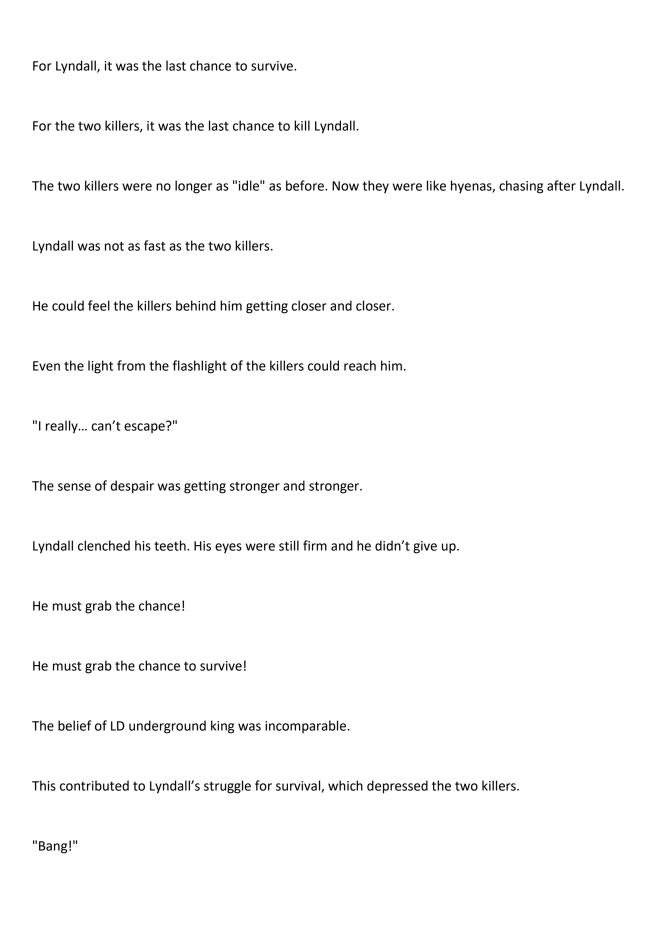
Born Winner 541









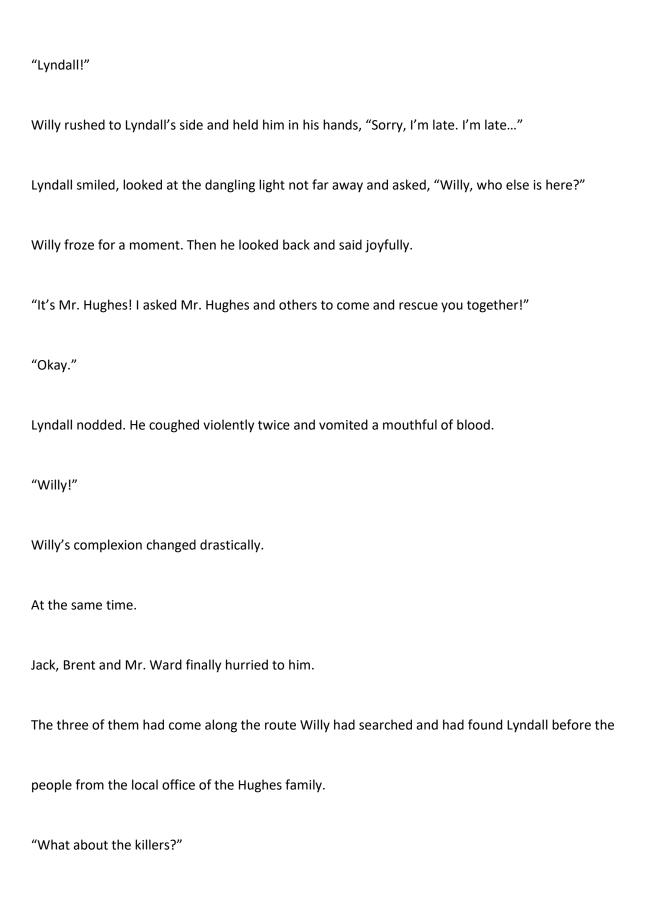


The bullet ran through his calf in an instant, and a large amount of blood splashed out.
The pain made his face twisted. As he screamed, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. He even
rolled forward two times before stopping.
"We succeeded!"
Someone exclaimed in surprise, "Now, I'm going to kill 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.



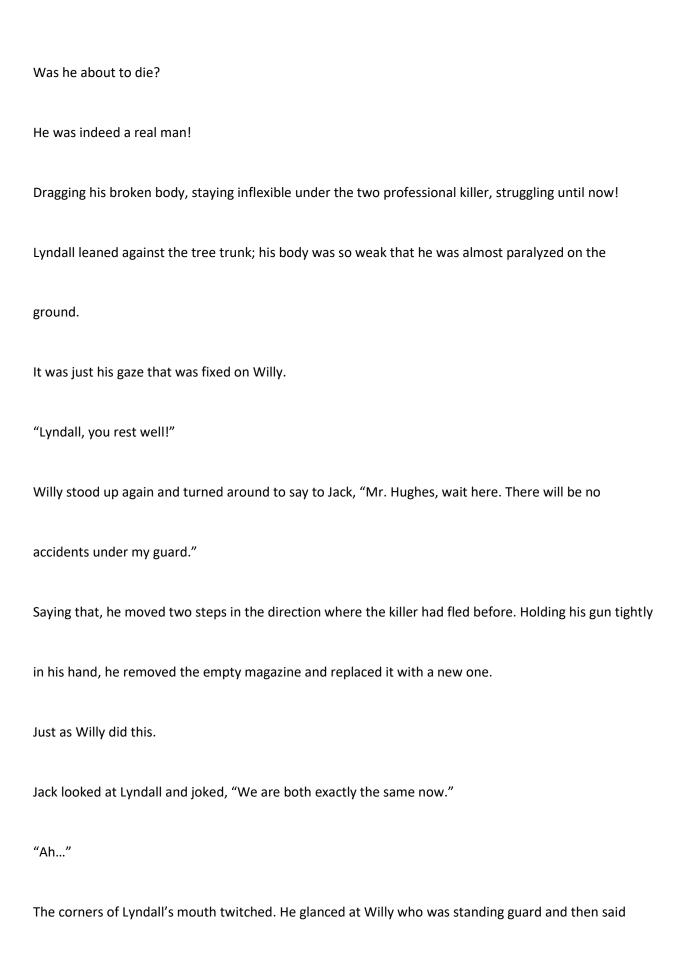
Lyndall turned to look at the direction of the light and yelled with all his strength.
"Here I am!"
As Lyndall sat up, he saw the light clearly.
Next second,
A familiar and excited voice reverberated in the forest.
"Lyndall!"
Willy!
Lyndall instantly recognized that it was Willy's voice.
He saw that 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.



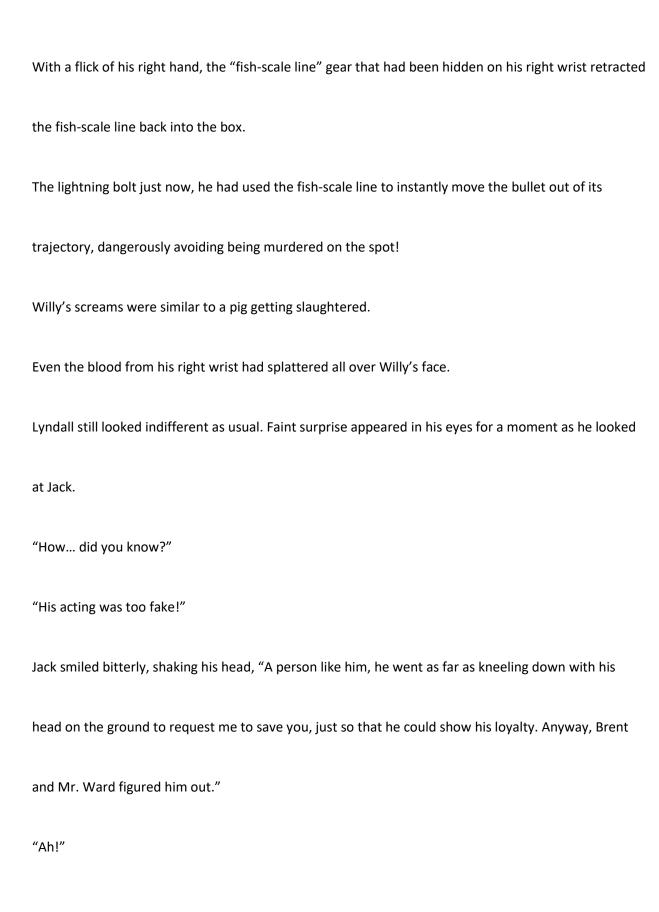
Being carried by Brent, Jack ignor9ed Lyndall's injury and asked directly in a cold voice.
"They ran away that way!"
Lyndall weakly pointed in a direction.
Almost at the same time.
Willy stood up, "I know in which direction they fled. Come with me, we can catch them!"
"You stay!"
Jack shouted sharply 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











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 bitcher'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.

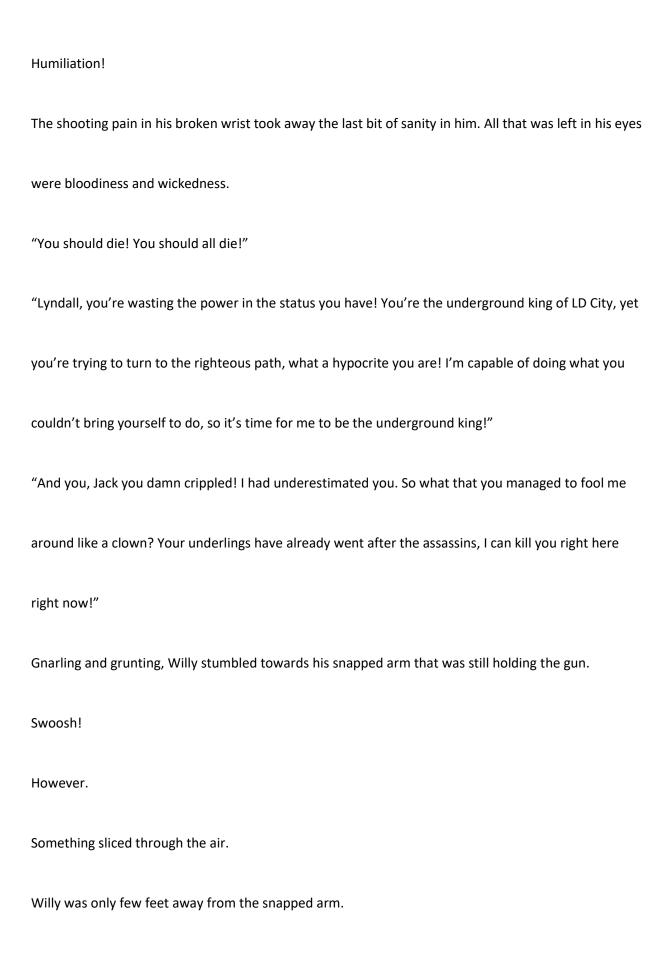
"The two killer, how did they have your recording?" Lyndall smiled sadly, "If I hadn't inquired after you, and been found out by Jack and others' flashlights, maybe the bullets would have entered my chest."

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.

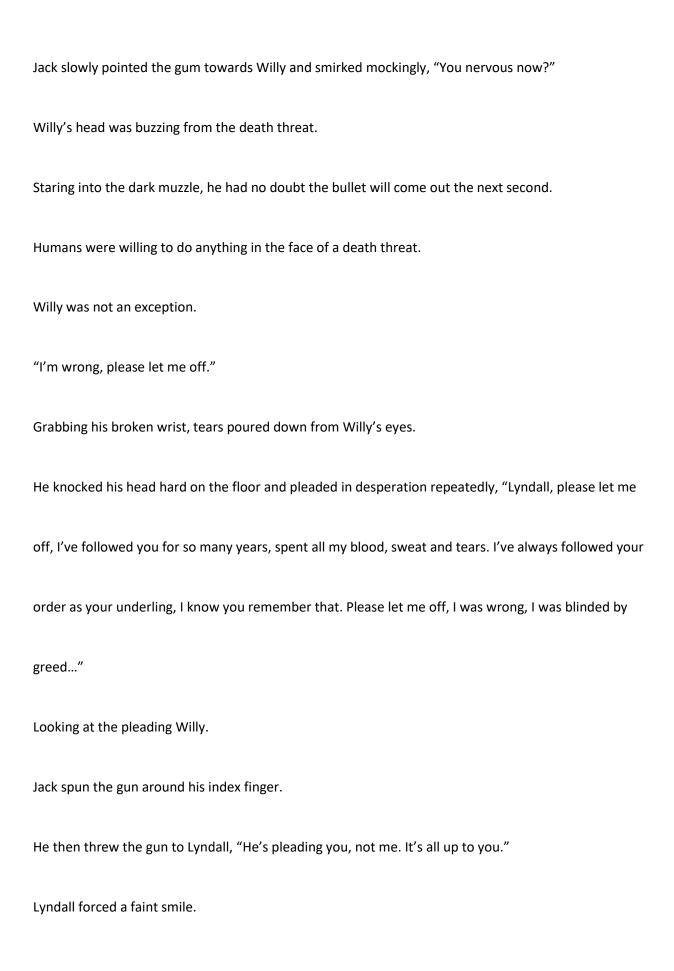
With your identity and status, when you come across such things, getting impulsive is a sure thing. But if the impulse increases too much, then it is a curse!"

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!

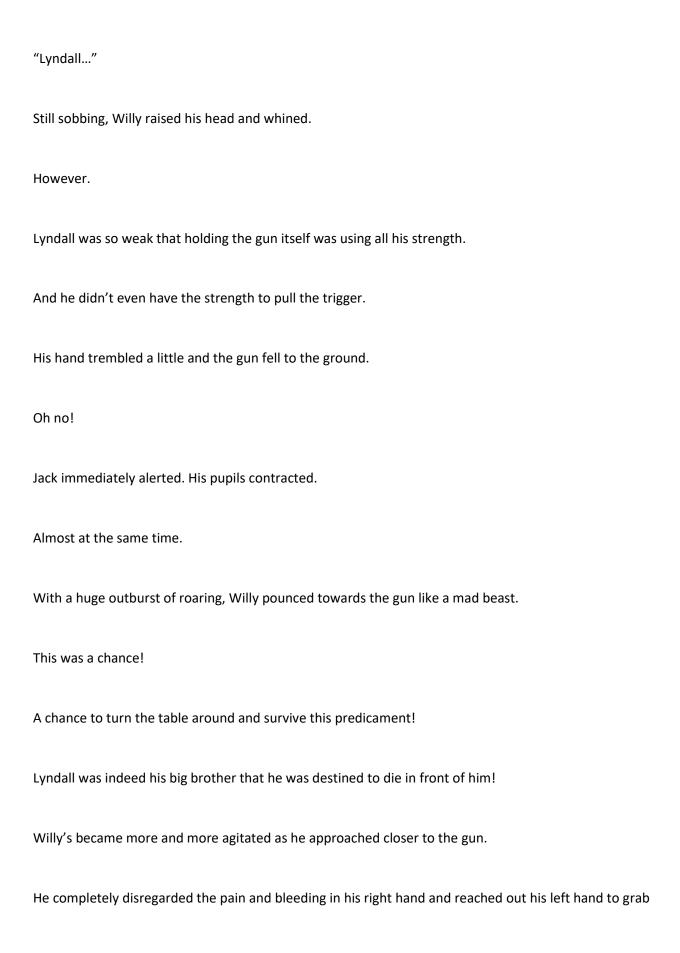


In his horror, he saw that along with the swooshing sound, the snapped arm suddenly flew across the
air into Jack.
Bam!
Jack grabbed the snapped arm, took the gun and threw Willy's snapped arm away in disgust.
After carrying and using the fish scale line for so long, he could already use it like it was 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.



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.





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!



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.



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.

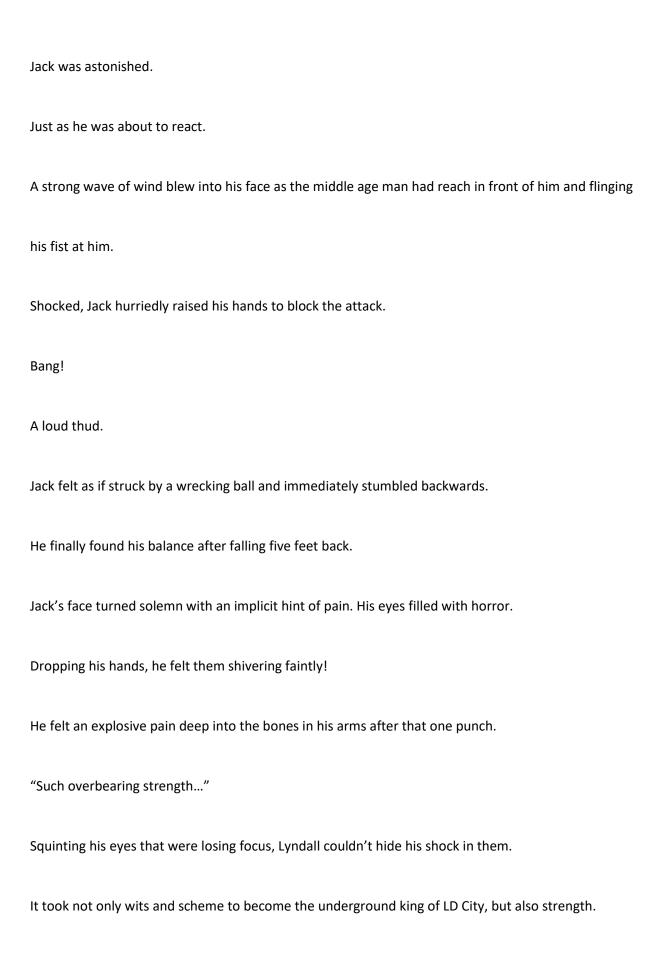
One would know they were no mediocre people just by taking a glance at them.

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!



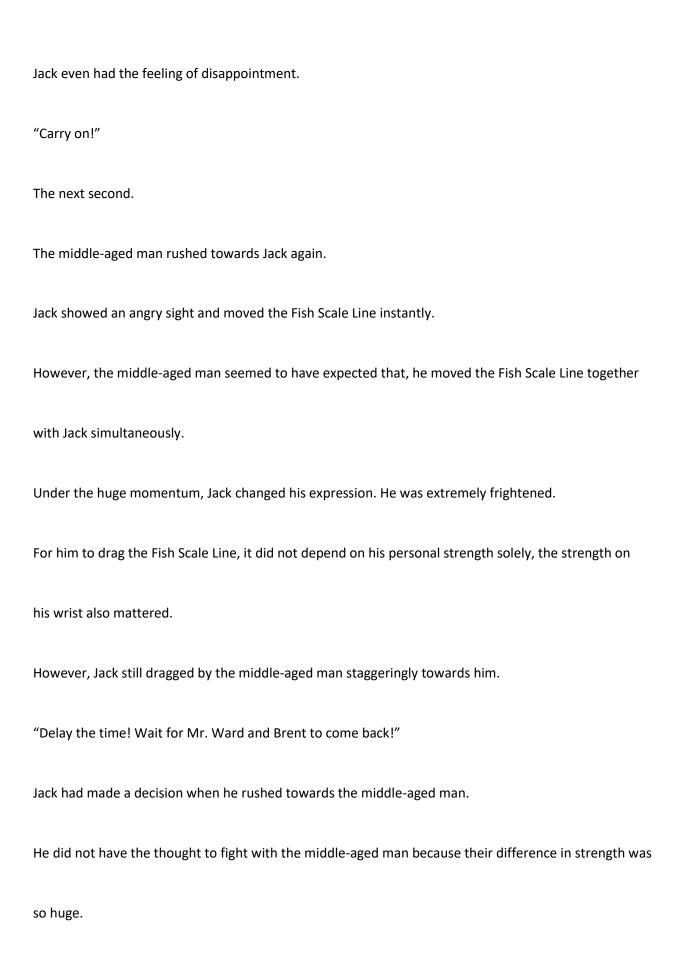
As someone who fought all his way up to his position as the king, he understood how formidable the
punch from the middle age man was.
"Hmmyou're strong. Normal people would have their arms broken after taking my punch just now!"
Slightly swinging his fist, there was a faint hint of surprise in the middle 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.

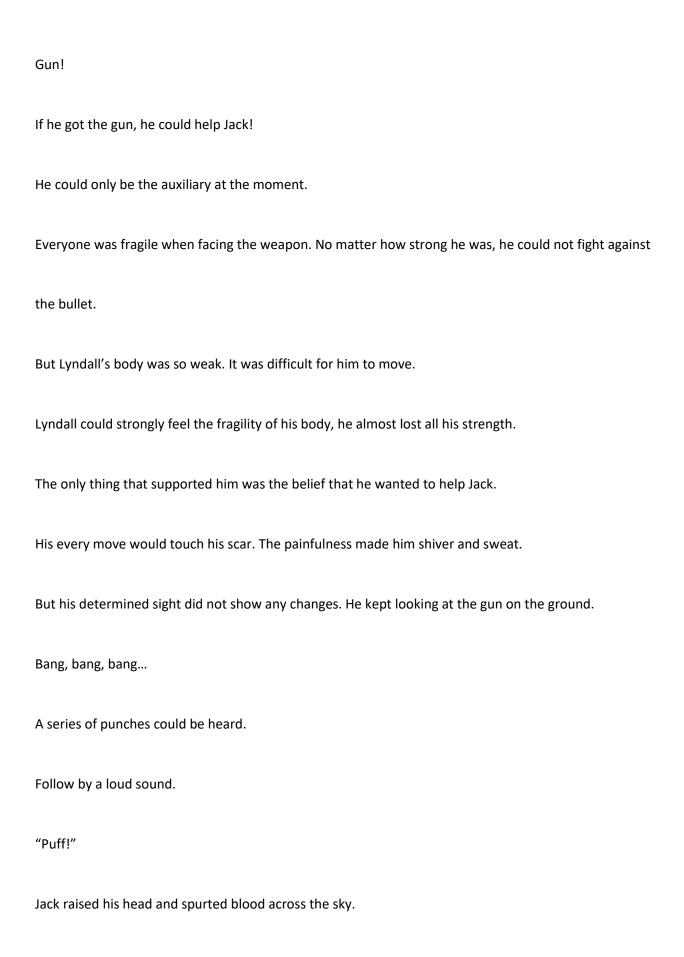
Lyndall stayed far away from the middle-aged man but Jack still could not catch up with him despite he
was closer to Lyndall!
It was too easy for the middle-aged man to fight Lyndall who did not have the ability to defend at the
moment.
Buzz!
The middle-aged man rushed towards Lyndall, he held his right 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.



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
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.
man and punched by him severely.
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



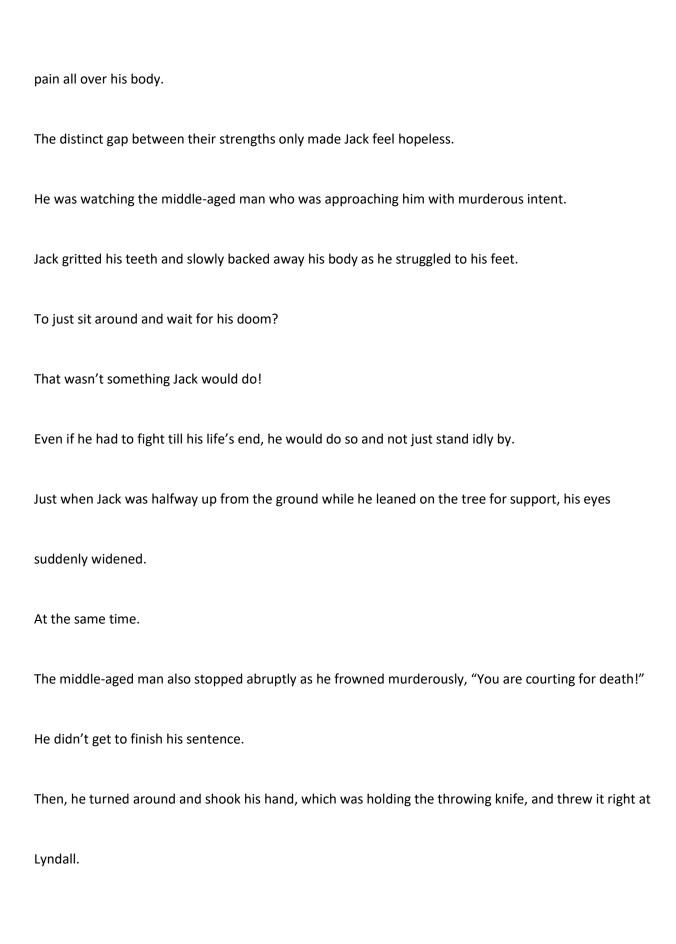
The difference between their strength was huge, Jack did not even have the eligibility to delay the time. The only thing he could do was to delay the time by his life ridiculously! Jack had not experienced such a dispirited and disappointing moment for a long time. He experienced it last time when he 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



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



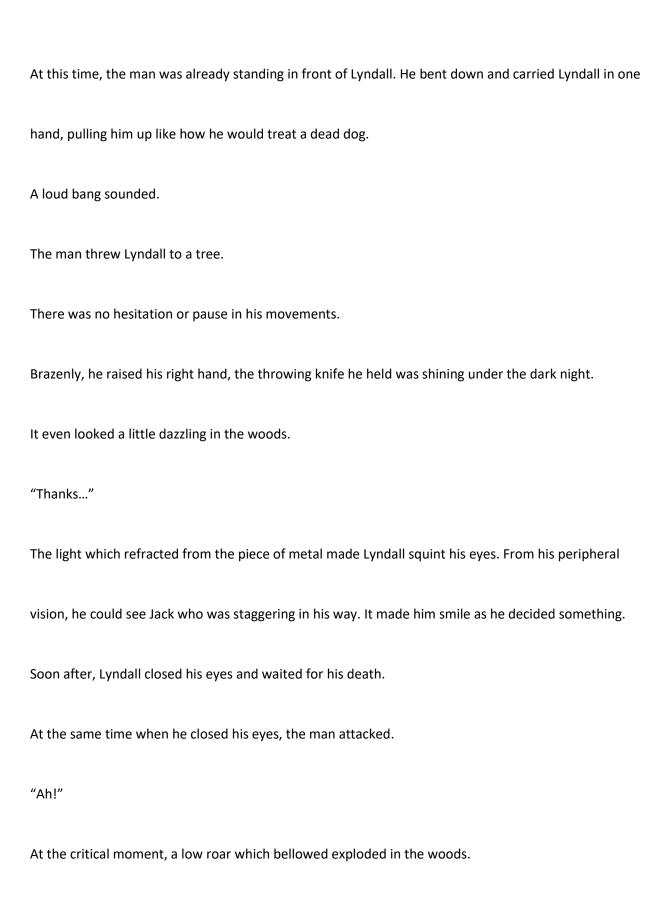
At the same time, Lyndall was stretching out his right arm to reach for the handgun.
It was just the matter of seconds.
He lifted his right arm.
Slash!
The knife pierced through Lyndall's arm completely, leaving only its handle outside.
Blood was gushing out.
Jack witnessed this scene with his own eyes.
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

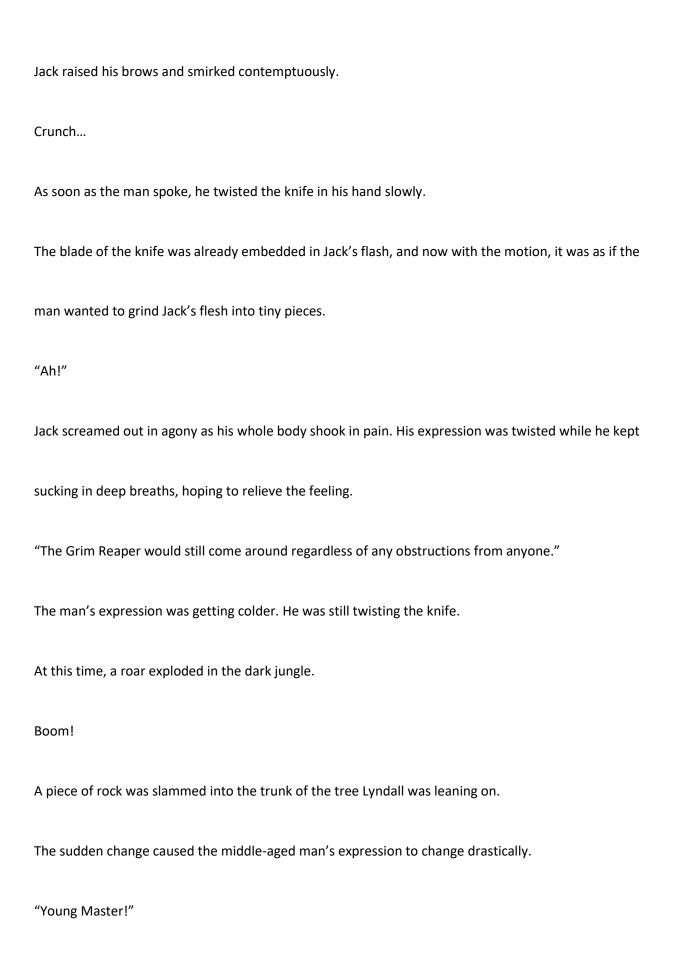
If the man killed Lyndall, this would mean that Lyndall died because of Jack!

came to kill Jack.



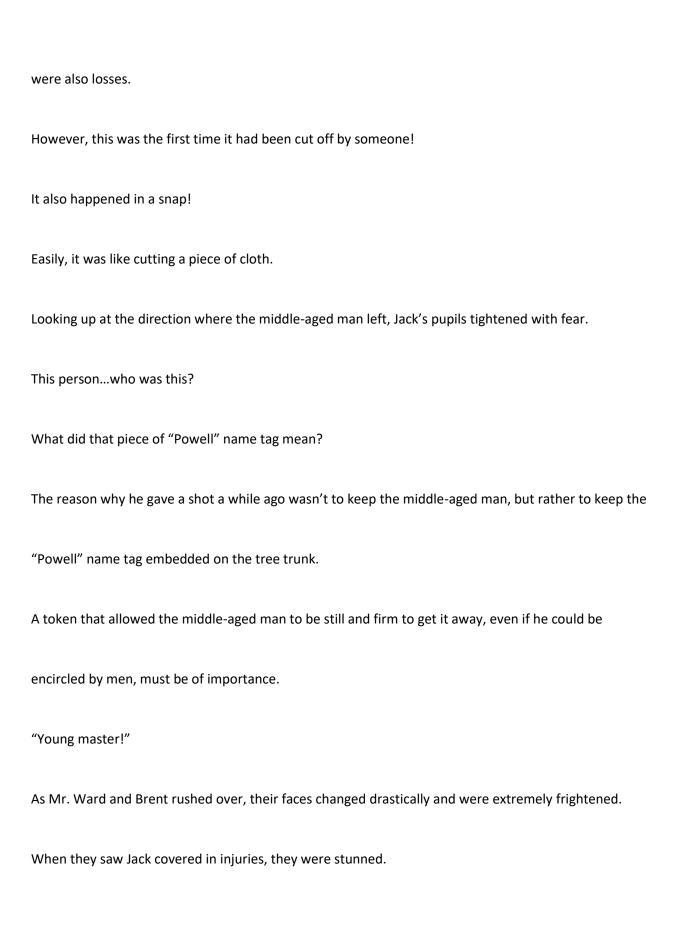






At the same time, they saw lights in the distance and the voices of Mr. Ward and Brent came through.
Their rescue team was finally here!
Jack smiled in relief.
He then felt the force in his hand disappear.
The man released the knife and turned around. Then, he dashed towards the item that had been
smashed 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.





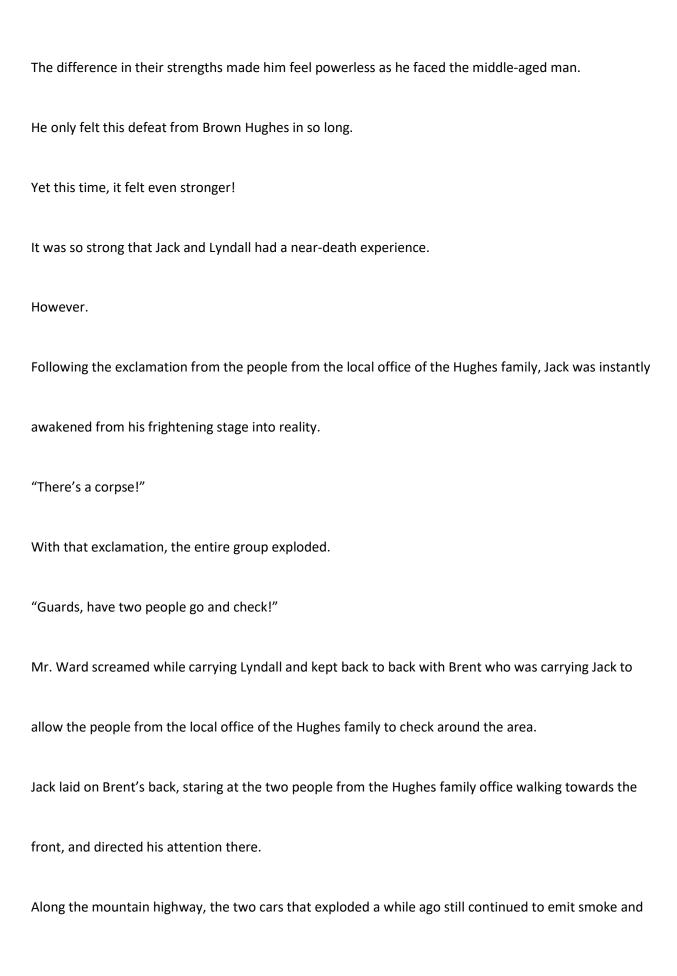
Even Brent, who revived from the death, couldn't help but take a cold breath. His gaze moved down to Jack's right hand. Through the light, one could vaguely see the flesh torn down, all dripping with blood. "Let's go." Jack bitterly smiled, and told Mr. Ward and Brent, "I've always thought that you two 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.

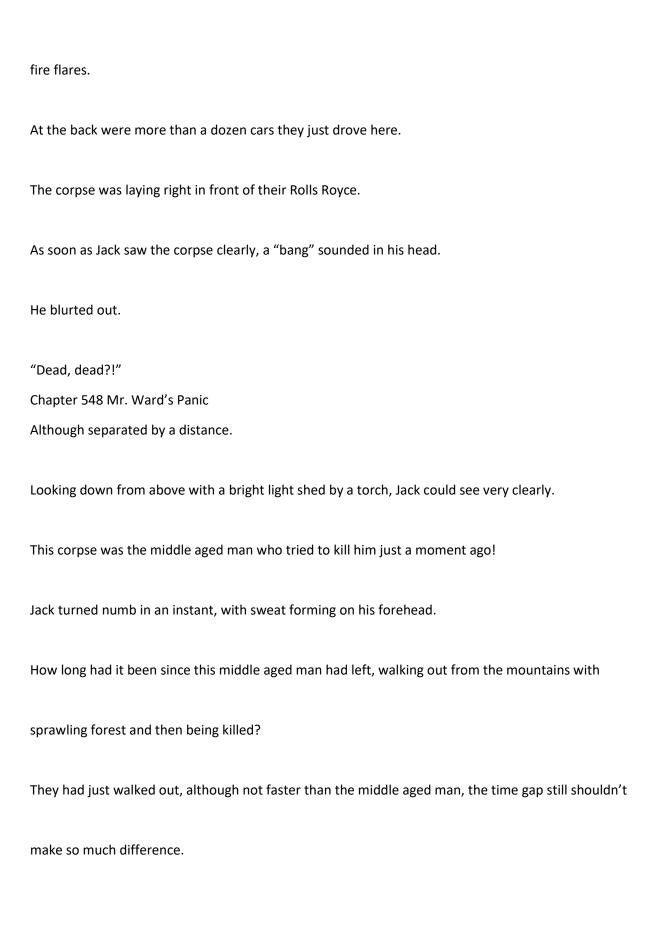
They were so frightened.
Both of them came forward. Brent carried Jack, and Mr. Ward carried Lyndall. Brent also helped carry a
hand.
They were about to walk away from the woods.
When Jack suddenly called out Brent.
He pointed at the stone thrown into the tree trunk a while ago, "Brent, when did you 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.

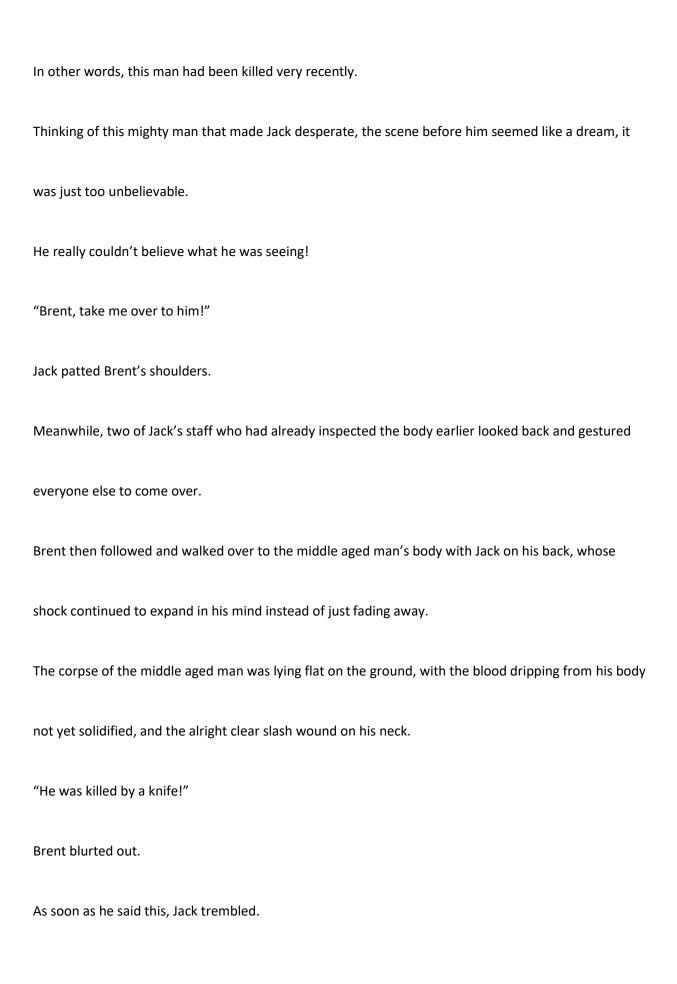




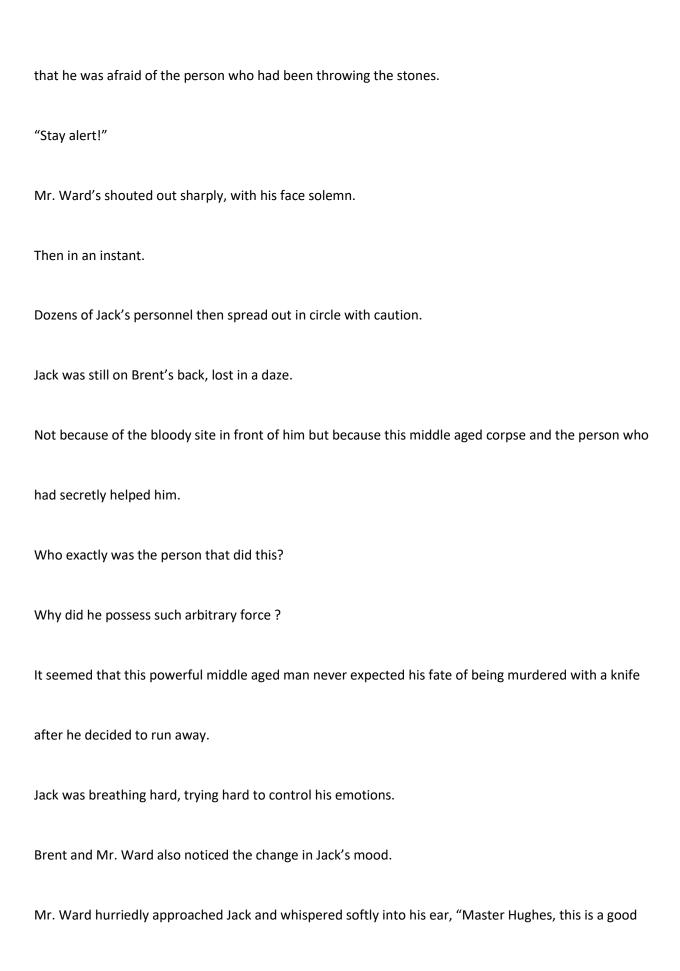
"Alright, let's go to LJ Hospital as soon as possible." Jack didn't dig deeper into it. He looked at Lyndall who was still unconscious, "This guy is loyal enough. It would be a pity if he died." Mr. Ward and Brent sped up at the same time. As they near the mountainside, the people from the local office 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.

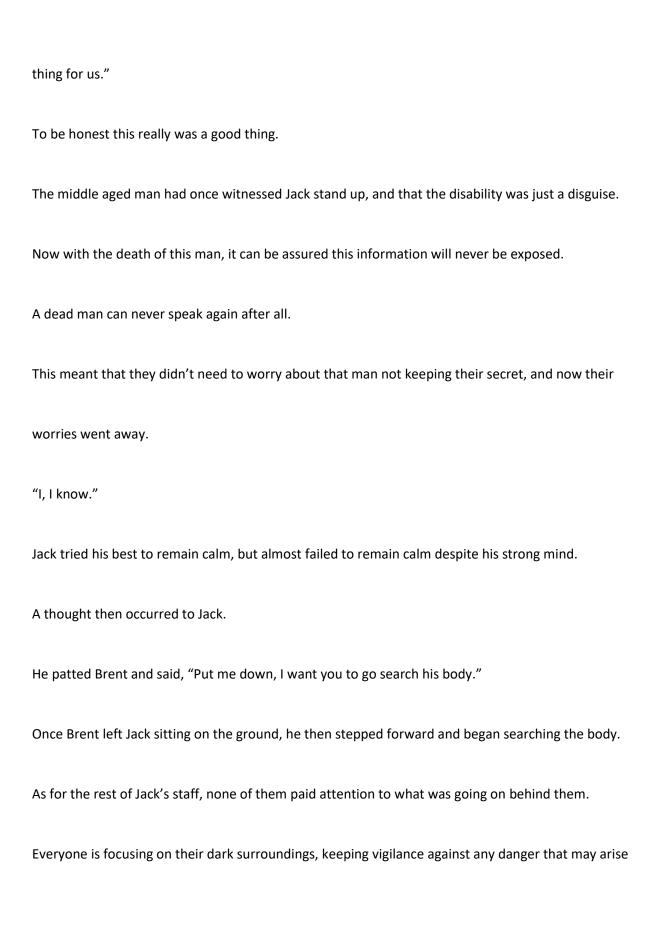




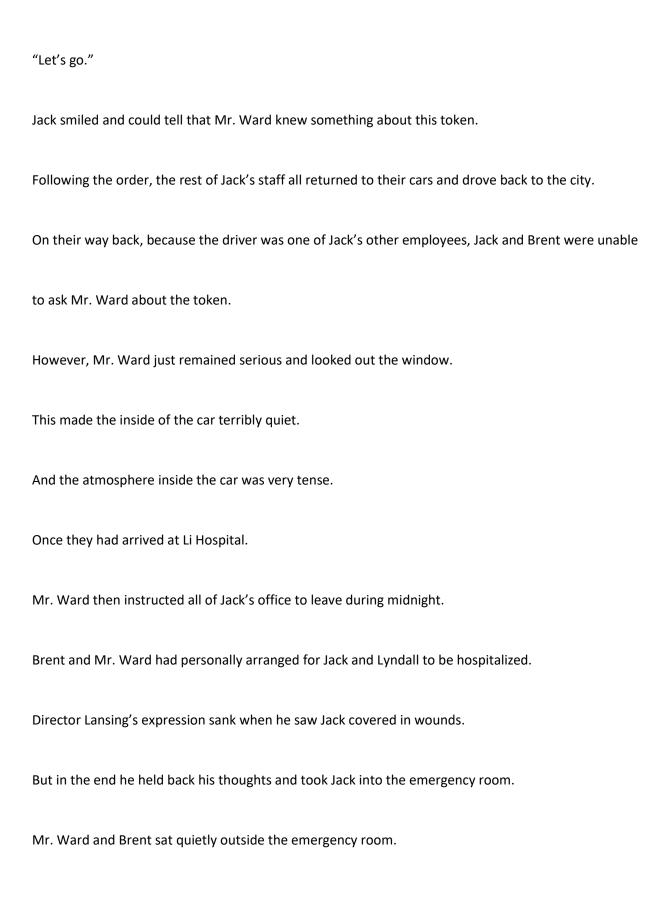


How powerful was the person who killed the middle aged man?
Was there really anyone capable of this in this world?
Full of disbelief, Jack gazed at the corpse of the middle aged man.
What happened in front of him dispelled any sense of doubt. since there was no way to refute the fact.
From the scene 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

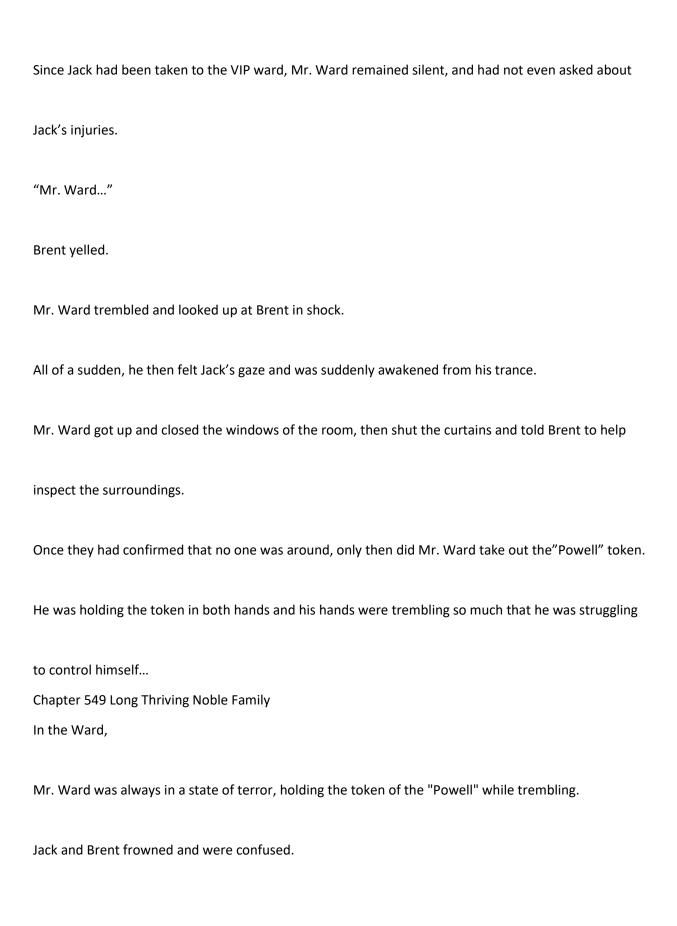


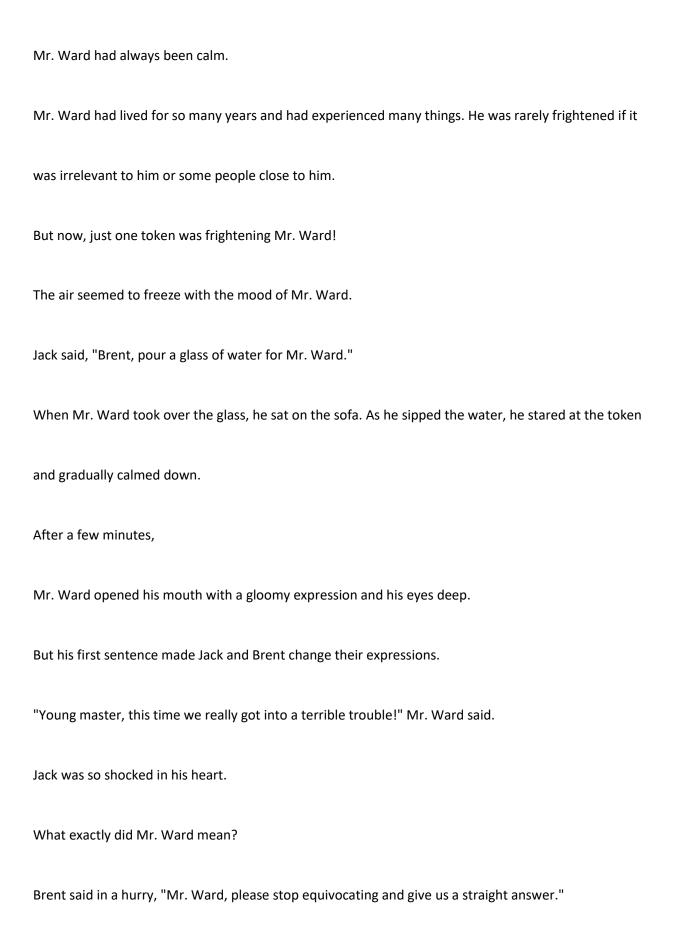


at any time.
Brent's hands were exploring the still warm and soft body, when suddenly he felt something hard in his
right hand.
He frowned and then lifted up the man's clothes.
"This is it!"
Jack raised his eyebrows, pointed at the token tied to the man's waist and said, "Take it off and give it
to me!"
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.



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.





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?"

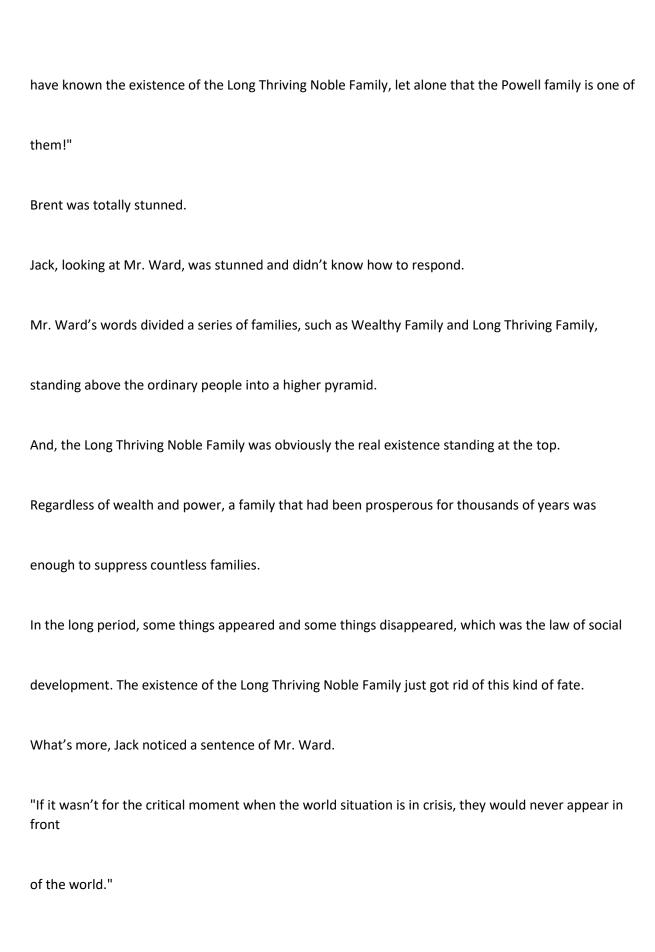
"Yeah!"

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



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

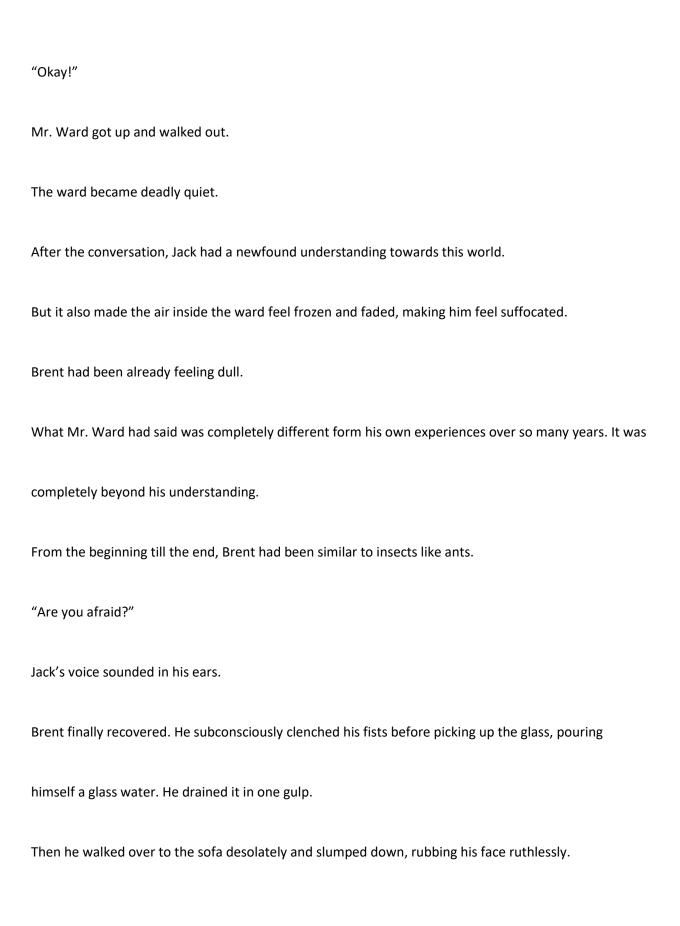
unknown under the circumstance that they didn't have grudges.

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

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

Jack.

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.



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."



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 you 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?"