

Born Winner 551

Chapter 551 Make Sacrifices In The Face of Success

“Not just under the throne, but even the path towards the throne is filled with corpses.”

Brent put on a wry smile, “Even though it’ll be disrespectful towards the old master for me to say this,

but so you think it was easy for the old master to become the head of Hughes family back then?”

“What do you mean?” Jack raised his brows.

Brent rubbed his nose, “The old master is a complete different person now compared to then. He’s

different even compared to when he saved me back then.”

Paused for a slight moment, Brent continued, “You only know that the old master went into the deserted place alone and saved me when I was sent to my death sentence. But you don’t know how much blood was shed in the process.”

Jack turned solemn.

Brent was clearly trying to imply something.

Brent then said, “Even though I wasn’t involved in the process of the old master fighting for the throne, I do know about some of histories having followed around old master and Mr. Ward for a long time. If the old master is a kind person, how would he be able to make Brown Hughes, the killer God, willingly be

sent to Black Hell?"

"I didn't say my dad is a kind person, or else he wouldn't be able to keep his tyranny over the Hughes family all by himself and suppress even Madam Hughes."

Jack shrugged, "I just feel that, these people...are innocent."

"There's no such thing as guilty or innocent."

Brent put on a solemn face, "you have to make sacrifices in the face of success. That's the reality. If you want to fulfill your mother's will and put her in glory, you have to accept the reality and understand you need to make sacrifices in the face of success!"

Remaining silent, Jack's eyes turned dim.

Ever since Mr. Ward came into the picture, his personality and ways of handling situation had been evolving. There were evolutions following everything he experienced and lost.

But it was the topic he was having with Brent at this moment that he couldn't seem to get over.

It wasn't that this kind of situation hadn't happen before. Mr. Ward told him something similar back then.

The only difference was that Mr. Ward said it in an implicit way.

While Brent said it explicitly, as if instill the mindset into him.

“Do I really... have to make sacrifices in the face of success?” Jack lowered his head and muttered helplessly.

Upon hearing that.

Brent’s eyes flashed and he forced a smile.

“If you don’t make the sacrifices, all those dear to you and around you will be the ones who’ll pay for your conscience.”

Raising his head, Jack smile and put on a firm gaze, “What if I want them all?”

Brent stunned for a second and shook his head.

“I would love to see you do that if it’s possible. But I’ve never seen it, nor heard about it.”

Jack didn’t reply and just smiled.

He lied on the bed and didn’t continue the conversation.

Why would people assume something to be undoable just because no one had done it before?

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The next morning.

The sun had just risen.

Mr. Ward opened the door to Jack's ward with an exhausted expression on his face.

For his age, it was undoubtedly a huge burden to his body to go on an all-nighter.

Mr. Ward was worn out at this moment. He had on a pair of eye bags and blood-shot eyes.

But thinking of the possible consequences of this incident, he didn't dare to take any break on the matter. He wanted to pass this on to Patrick as soon as possible even if it meant him dying out of exhaustion.

"Mr. Ward, had you passed everything to my dad?" Jack opened his eyes and felt bad for Mr. Ward when he saw the shape he was in.

Mr. Ward nodded and said gravely, "I had passed on everything, the old master will take care of the rest. You don't have to worry."

Didn't have to worry?

Jack felt grieve. How could he not be worried when his demise was right in front of him?

But he didn't say anything and pointed towards the sofa, "Take a rest. You've worked all night, don't tire yourself out."

Mr. Ward nodded, leaned into the sofa and closed his eyes.

Jack said to Brent, "Brent, please inform Daisy that I'm occupied for the day and can't make time for Amber. And ask her to make more breakfast. Bring the breakfast along when you go check on Lyndall later, so he has something to eat if he has come to."

Amber's physic was at the moment in a fragile state.

Jack didn't want to trigger her emotions with his own injuries. It would be bad for Amber's well-being.

Lyndall was out of the ICU by dawn.

He did make it out of hazard, but it was another story when he could come to.

Just as Jack gave the order and Brent was about to leave.

Mr. Ward, who had just dozed off opened his eyes, "Remember not to mention a thing about what happened yesterday. If he had come to, ask for young master and me, we'll make him decide his own fate."

"Okay."

Brent nodded and turned to leave.

Jack shot a glimpse at Mr. Ward, "I understand."

Mr. Ward stared at the thick bandage on Jack's arm, "One day is probably not enough for you to recover. Amber is going to find out."

Jack looked at his right arm and shook his head, "I'll just make something up. I want to spend more time with her. I feel bad with the condition she's in."

"Sigh..."

Sighing, Mr. Ward closed his eyes again and was soon snoring.

About noon.

A nurse opened the door and said, "Mr. Hughes, your friend has come to."

Jack, who was browsing news on his phone, slowly put down the phone.

Why... didn't he stay unconscious a little longer?

His face turned dim. His gaze started to lose focus.

After all, it was because of him that Lyndall was assaulted.

And the Powell family came into the picture with the clear stance of coming after Jack.

In another words, Lyndall was just a pawn who had been implicated into the mess.

Now because of what happened to the Powell family, Jack was being targeted, which cause many more to be implicated, one of them being Lyndall.

Jack was still wavering with the situation.

“Mr. Ward.”

Before Jack said anything, Brent woke Mr. Ward up, “Lyndall had come to.”

Rubbing his eyes, Mr. Ward’s calm gaze turned cold and menacing.

He got up slowly, stretched his back, and looked at Jack, who was blanking out, “Let’s go, young master.”

When he was saying that.

Brent had brought over the wheelchair.

Brent and Mr. Ward’s shared the exact same attitude towards this matter.

The duo carried Jack onto the wheelchair and they left the ward.

Jack was in a daze the whole time on their way to Lyndall’s ward.

As they approached, Jack's hands, which were grabbing at the wheelchair's armrest, tightened their grip. Vitality gradually came back into his void eyes.

Mr. Ward took the lead to open the door and entered the ward.

Pushing Jack's wheelchair, Brent followed behind.

The moment they entered the ward, Jack's expression turned grave and his heart throbbed hard.

Lyndall... this was on you now!

Chapter 552 Live Or Die?

When Jack entered the ward.

Mr. Ward silently went to the back of his wheelchair in Brent's place.

While Brent stealthily walked up to the bedside and scrutinized the data on the equipment.

The whole thing looked normal.

But Jack's heart crumbled when he saw it.

Brent...was ready to execute!

Lyndall's fate would be decided the moment he opened up.

Jack shifted his gaze onto Lyndall, who was lying on the bed.

Even though he was out of hazard, Lyndall was having a hard time catching his breath.

At the moment Jack looked at Lyndall.

Lyndall, who was wearing an oxygen mask, was looking back at him.

Seemed to be filled with mixed emotions, his eyes turned red.

While exchanging gaze, Jack couldn't help but tightened his grip at the armrest again.

He never had any aversion towards Lyndall.

Even when it came to Katherine's incident, he felt nothing more than mere displeased.

One could even say that, the Katherine's incident aside, Jack actually had a good impression towards

Lyndall.

George sent assassins to go after Lyndall this time all because of the "Plum Bar" incident. And Lyndall

was a victim being set up by Charlie in the "Plum Bar" incident.

All in all, Lyndall was actually a mere victim in this game.

But he was now in the situation where his fate would be decided by one sentence.

There was no room for conversation. The first sentence out of his mouth would be deciding whether he

lived or died.

In comparison, there was a huge gap between the probabilities of the two possible results.

One could say there was almost no chance of him surviving this.

After a few seconds of silence, Lyndall's lips under the oxygen mask moved.

"Brent."

Mr. Ward waved his hand.

Brent immediately took off the oxygen mask.

"Phew..."

Exhaling deeply, Lyndall gave Jack a grateful smile, "Thank you..."

"You're welcome."

Jack tried to be cool and smile back.

But he was so nervous his heart was in his throat. Was a thank you...enough?

I needed you to say something that could make you live on!

As Lyndall opened his mouth.

Brent's face turned dark and killing vibe sparkled in his eyes.

“Brent, pour young master a glass of water.”

Mr. Ward cut his actions off with an order.

Jack’s gaze was locked on Lyndall. He never felt this nervous before even when facing his own death.

Lyndall’s words and attitude will decide whether he lived or died.

With a mere probability of living out of this.

Even if Jack wanted Lyndall to live, the words had to come out from Lyndall’s mouth or Mr. Ward and

Brent wouldn’t let Lyndall live.

Jack knew there was no room for bargain on this matter.

Mr. Ward and Brent stated that clearly with their attitude.

They had never been so firm with their stance before this.

“Young master, have some water.”

Brent passed Jack the glass of water and walked back to Lyndall’s side.

“Thank you.”

Jack nodded towards Brent.

At this moment, Lyndall, who was silent, opened up again.

He was injured badly. It was a miracle that he was out of hazard.

It was exhausting for him to just trying to speak. He couldn't do it without gasping hard for air.

But when he opened up, he raised his gaze and looked at Brent.

"Can you, help me, get down?"

Brent frowned and remained silent.

But Jack noticed Brent's hands, which he hid behind his back, were clenched into fists and popping with veins. He was obviously pondering whether he should make the move.

Upon seeing that, veins popped in Jack's temples.

Throughout the scene, Mr. Ward stood behind Jack with a cold expression on. He stared at Lyndall coolly.

For him.

The young master's safety was the utmost priority.

The Powell family incident was so dire one could almost say it was a punishment on Jack from God.

Even Patrick couldn't keep his cool when he heard about the Powell family.

Mr. Ward would protect Jack by any means, even if it meant killing a lot of people.

That was the resolve he had the moment he saw the "Powell" token.

After two seconds of hesitation.

Brent let go of his fists, silently lifted Lyndall's blanket and carefully removed the wires connected on

Lyndall's body one by one.

When he put his hands on Lyndall to help him up, Lyndall frowned and moaned in pain.

There was not only a gunshot wound on his body, but also the tearing wounds he got from the thorny undergrowths when he was running away from the assassins, and also the internal wounds from the car bombardment during the car chase.

With all of those injuries, "severely injured" wouldn't be enough to describe his physical condition.

It would be fair to say his body was "broken".

Brent halted his motions the moment Lyndall moaned.

"I'm fine."

Gnarling and gasping, Lyndall forced a smile.

Under extreme pain, Lyndall got down and stood by the bedside with Brent's help.

The next second.

To the trio's shock, Lyndall struggled out of Brent's support.

And.

Thud!

Lyndall knelt on the ground.

This action cause all the wounds in his body to be torn.

He immediately cried out in pain and bent over like a shrimp. Sticking his head on the ground, moaning and gasping, his whole body was shivering.

The sound of his moan and gasp lingered in the ward.

The Underground King of East Hill in a disgraceful shape at this moment. It almost made one feel bad for him.

After a few seconds.

With the pain finally subsided a little, Lyndall erected his torso while trembling. His pale face was twisting and trembling out of pain.

But in this moment, his gaze, which was shooting towards Jack, was firm as a mountain.

Bearing the pain, he was gasping and his teeth were chattering.

As if using all his strength to squeeze this sentence out of his mouth, he said, "From now on, my life belongs to you. I'll follow you alive or dead. If I go back on my vow, my soul will be sent to the deepest hell and be tortured forever."

Even though he said those words under extreme pain, his tone of voice was so steadfast as if hammering on everyone's eardrums.

Bang!

Just as he finished saying that.

Lyndall bowed down and kowtowed hard onto the ground.

"Ah!"

At the same time, he cried out in pain while his body trembled.

"Phew..."

Exhaling deeply, Jack's expression relaxed.

There was no room in his heart at the moment to empathize with Lyndall's pain. Something that was

pressing hard on his chest was finally removed.

The pain Lyndall was feeling was nothing compared to his death, which was now out of the question.

At the same time.

Mr. Ward's cold expression turned benevolent.

The solemn expression on Brent's face also subsided. Standing beside Lyndall, he now looked at him

with sympathy in his eyes.

Chapter 553 Who is That Person?

Inside him was harbouring a vicious murderous intent.

However it then disappeared in an instant after Lyndall's pledge.

Brent helped Lyndall up again and put him down onto the hospital bed.

"Just lie down and I'll go get a nurse and doctor to attend to your wounds."

The series of movements he had made just now caused the many wounds on Lyndall's body to open

up again and bleed, especially the gunshot wound. People could see his gauzes were smeared with

blood.

Even as he lay on the bed, Lyndall's body was still aching terribly causing him to grit his teeth and suck

in air as his body trembled.

“If you survive then you will be able to have a life.”

Mr. Ward said sympathetically as he watched Lyndall who was in a lot of pain on the bed.

“Yes, you’ll be given a life.”

Jack rubbed his nose and said meaningfully.

Mr. Ward’s hands were trembling as he gripped the wheelchair.

Jack noticed his trembling clearly.

He raised his head and glanced at the rather unusual Mr. Ward as he smiled and said, “This is just like the time when that person was trying to kill me by the ocean, and in order to survive I jumped into the ocean and was then saved.”

Mr. Ward’s face was very red, but he pretended to be calm as he said, “Yes in comparison to Lyndall’s situation now, Master Hughes in the past was also in a similar situation, however at the time Master Hughes’s situation was more serious than Lyndall’s, and in fact even more dangerous.”

As he heard this, Lyndall who was trying hard to bear the pain, looked at Jack in amazement and tried his hardest to squeeze out a smile.

Shortly after, the doctor and nurse followed Brent into the ward.

The doctor and nurse were shocked when they saw Lyndall's injuries.

The young female nurse even said rather coldly to everyone, "What were you all doing just now? How did the stitches all come undone? Don't you know this could kill him?"

Jack gave a bitter smile.

He then glanced at Lyndall who was in agony.

If he didn't lose so much blood it would still be life threatening, so what would the doctors do in that case?

Mr. Ward then spoke to the doctor and nurse to calm them down finally.

They then began to stitch the wounds back up and once they were done they prepared to leave.

However before the nurse left, she didn't forget tell the three of them to take care of the patient.

Then when the doctor and nurse were finally gone, Jack then waved his hand and said, "Mr. Ward, Brent would you both mind leaving, I would like to stay here alone with him for a while."

After Mr. Ward and Brent had left, Jack then pushed his wheelchair over to the hospital bed, looked at

Lyndall who was still trembling in pain and said helplessly.

“If you want to work with me then you can, why do you have to kneel on the ground and cause such pain and suffering to yourself?”

“I, Lyndall have never served, obeyed or knelt down to anyone in my life.”

Lyndall tried hard to put on a smile and then continued to say as he stared at Jack, “You Jack however are the first person I’ve done this to, what is the problem with this?”

Jack shrugged and said, “You should have talked to me about this, because I don’t wish to see you suffer like this.”

“Haha...”

Lyndall laughed, and even though this made his wounds hurt even more he continued to grin.

But as the pain finally subsided, he suddenly burst into tears and said, “That person was right, you really are a very loyal and kind person.”

“Who said that?”

Jack frowned and asked.

Lyndall was looking up at the ceiling but the tears in his eyes were sliding down his face uncontrollably.

“Did you know? Did you know how upset I was when Willy Parker betrayed me? I had been together with him for so many years and even regarded him as a close partner, but in the end he still betrayed me.”

“And even though you and me are so different and we even have some bad conflicts, it was you who saved me.”

“And then when you said that if I live you live and that if I die you die, I knew then from that moment that you were worthy of me to follow you.”

Jack chuckled slightly when he saw Lyndall full of tears.

Was this so called ‘people will get a help after he or she gives a help to others’?

If I had not said what I had said at that time then perhaps Lyndall wouldn’t have made this pledge, and therefore wouldn’t be so dead set on following under me.

Now that they had reached this step, Jack was even clearer now just how arrogant and supercilious this man was.

He was able to endure such pain, kneel down and make an oath, just how determined was he?

Jack felt as if he had tamed a lion king in the wilderness.

Even Mr. Ward and Brent had already made their choice whether Lyndall would live or die.

Since it seemed that in end, Lyndall vowing to follow Jack was just to save his own life.

Despite this though, Jack still felt moved by what Lyndall had decided.

Jack drew two tissues and originally planned to pass them to Lyndall, but when he saw again the physical condition that Lyndall was in he sighed helplessly and decided to just wipe away the tears from Lyndall's eyes himself.

He then asked, "By the way, who is that person you mentioned earlier?"

"I don't know."

Lyndall then said with a smile, "You may not believe me but I met that person while eating breakfast at the hotel. He then lured me to the hotel rooftop and it was there that he told me you are a good and loyal man."

"However I could never tell who he was since he seemed to have had a very good disguise. Even if I hadn't been wandering from place to place for so many years and was able to see many different disguises, I still wouldn't have figured out who this person was."

After saying this all in one breath, Lyndall grinned again in pain and was out of breath.

Jack then hurriedly put the oxygen mask onto Lyndall's mouth and nose, and Lyndall took a deep breath immediately.

He then motioned Jack to remove the oxygen mask.

Lyndall then smiled strangely, "When he said that to me I didn't really think much of it, but when I was in

the forest last night, I finally realized just how much what he said was true."

Jack's expression was blank.

But when he heard what Lyndall said, his thoughts began to race.

Was the person who had told Lyndall this, the same person who killed the person from Powell family and rescued him?

If all the things that had happened previously were linked together, then the possibility was very high.

But Jack was still a little hesitant at this time.

As Brent had said.

The master from the forest who killed the person from Powell family, although had temporarily saved

his life; it could now provoke the Powell family to retaliate. Whether this was helpful to him or not was still unclear.

But now with Lyndall's clue here, if the mysterious man and the master from the forest were the same person then what the mysterious man said to Lyndall was clearly to Jack's benefit, he was bringing Lyndall to Jack.

But what did this man gain by doing this?

To gain some sort of benefit by doing a good deed?

Or to try and make two powerful enemies fight against one another?

As he thought about this latter option, Jack felt amused.

He was doing this to get two powerful enemies to fight one another?

Too funny!

At most he could be considered a wolf, however the Powell family was not just tigers, but were real giant monsters.

When he saw Lyndall still in pain, Jack put these thoughts into the back of his mind.

“Take a good rest now, what you said just now, you don’t need to take it serious, I am not that kind of great person, but I won’t use my friend when something bad happens.”

After he said this, Jack turned his wheelchair around and left the room.

Once he had closed the door.

Lyndall who was left on the hospital bed began to cry once more.

He then whispered softly, “What if I am happy to be used by you?”

Chapter 554 George Hughes, It’s Time to Go to Hell

“Brent, if you concentrated and used your full efforts, can you guarantee that you can hit the trunk with that stone as deep as the one in the woods?”

Jack asked as soon as he came back into the ward.

Although Mr. Ward said that Brent only used two-thirds of the strength in the woods.

He still wanted to ask whether Brent could be like that master after setting aside all external conditions.

This could help him determine the strength of that master.

For that master, the only intelligence that Jack could judge from clues now was this one.

Brent lowered his head and thought carefully.

When he raised his head again, his face was filled with frustration.

"I can't do it." Brent shook his head as he answered bluntly.

Jack was shocked.

Brent was a commander-in-chief who crawled out from the brink of death multiple times; thus, his capability and power were beyond doubt.

However, if Brent couldn't even do it, then how strong could this master be?

Mr. Ward slowly said, "Young master, the difference between Brent and that master is huge! Giving your all and doing it randomly are two different notions."

Jack looked at Mr. Ward with a sudden realization.

What Mr. Ward meant was that if Brent couldn't do it while giving his all, then maybe that master was just doing it randomly.

This difference was extremely clear!

Suddenly, Jack remembered someone. Maybe he could compete with that master.

"Where's my Uncle Brown Hughes?"

Jack knows the cruelty within Black Hell. The ones imprisoned there were not commanders-in-chief but

rather gods of murder.

To put it bluntly, Black Hell was a gathering place for devils.

And Brown Hughes was the only one who could crush the place and all the devils wouldn't dare to do things recklessly.

This was the same intimidation they felt when Brent and Jack entered Black Hell.

From all the masters that Jack currently knew, Brown was absolutely the number one!

While they listened to this.

Mr. Ward and Brent were stunned simultaneously.

Brent thought for a while, then said, "The senior should be able to easily do it. Between senior and the man in the woods, their strength shouldn't differ too much."

Jack's face sank.

Now they had a comparison with the strength of the master in the woods.

But when he thought about the feeling of being controlled and played by Brown in Black hell, he could only feel weak.

Why did such an existence had to come close to me?

Jack grabbed his hair in frustration. The appearance of the mysterious man was too sudden. Combined

with the clues from Lyndall Long, it was clear that Lyndall's life-and-death situation was calculated.

On one hand, he helped recruit Lyndall; on the other hand, Lyndall had to take the blame in the killing

of the Powell family.

What...were they after?

Silence filled the ward.

Mr. Ward seemed to see through Jack's thoughts. He comforted him, "Young master, you don't have to

worry. Old master will handle this matter."

Jack bitterly smiled and stayed silent.

Could his father really withstand these aristocratic families that prospered for a thousand years?

Nearing dusk.

Jack changed from his hospital gown to a loose casual wear.

This helped cover the wounds on his body.

As for the injury on his right hand, he couldn't cover the thick gauze.

However, Jack already thought of an excuse, so Amber Knight didn't get to the bottom of it.

Jack personally took care of Amber, ate dinner, then watched a movie with her and soothed her to sleep.

However, just when Amber fell asleep, Mr. Ward quietly entered the ward.

Jack understood him as he looked into Mr. Ward's eyes.

He carefully put Amber down, tucked her in, then he crept out the ward following Mr. Ward.

"Two things."

Mr. Ward looked extremely serious in the hall.

"Firstly, Lone Wolf is awake."

"How about the second one?" Jack was calm. He knew that Mr. Ward wasn't acting like this because of Lone Wolf waking up.

Mr. Ward frowned and with a gloomy face, "The Powell family have arrived at the Hughes mansion."

In that instant.

Jack's heart pounced so hard and hung in his throat.

The tension reached the extreme.

He asked in a deep voice, "What's the situation now?"

"The old master is receiving the Powell family. I have also just learned about it, but the situation is a bit dangerous."

The anger on Mr. Ward's face grew stronger. He gritted his teeth and said, "George Hughes is disrupting the situation."

Jack was immediately stunned, "The two men he sent to kill Lyndall were already killed by Brent and you. He has completely no way to find out the truth. How can he disrupt the situation?"

Mr. Ward smiled in awe, "If he wants to blame someone, how can he not find an excuse?"

In that instant.

Jack looked cold and stern with his fists clenched and clicked knuckles.

For him, the Powell family was already in a state of panic.

The Powell family wouldn't ever give up on this revenge for murder. Thus, father would be put in an extremely difficult position.

If George had to disrupt it, this would become a very difficult situation and would turn it into a dead end!

It was known to everyone within the Hughes family that he and George were enemies, but the Powell family didn't know about this.

In the eyes of the Powell family, the Hughes family was one whole entirety.

Yet, George, who was "one of them", had been disrupting it. That was no doubt that he was secretly undertaking destruction.

"I'm going to the Hughes mansion now!"

Jack was cold and stern. He immediately made a decision.

However, Mr. Ward pressed Jack's shoulder, "Old master strictly ordered you to not go back to the Hughes mansion. He will handle this matter."

"Handle it properly? Kill George on the spot?" Jack raised his eyebrow. His eyes filled with an intent to kill.

Mr. Ward shook his head, "I only know so much, but old master has already ordered, and I wouldn't allow young master to go to the Hughes mansion right now. That would be no different from turning yourself in, which wouldn't solve the problem. Because of George's disruption, young master and old

master will be put in a more difficult position.”

Jack gritted his teeth and went furious.

Finally, he deeply sighed, “After this, George...has got to go to hell!”

His words were sonorous, and his intent to kill grew further.

Jack was no Mother Mary, let alone the benevolence of a woman.

He would have a compassionate and hesitant heart towards innocent people.

But towards George, he wasn't stupid enough to be kind to his own enemy.

To be kind to the enemy was to be cruel to yourself.

How can he wait to kill him 'til the new year with his repeated provocations?

“But...” Mr. Ward's face changed.

Jack raised his hand, interrupting Mr. Ward.

“I, Jack Hughes, am not a vengeful person, but I'm not stupid enough to tolerate every killing intent!

That is not forbearance; that's timidity!”

After that, Jack turned to enter the ward.

Mr. Ward stood blankly at the entrance of the room. He was silent for a while, then finally letting out a

long sigh.

“George Hughes, you are too perverse and ruthless to disrupt in such a huge matter. I’m afraid even the Hughes family rules wouldn’t be able to protect you.”

Rubbing his temple, Mr. Ward slowly turned around to walk to Lone Wolf’s ward.

Brent was still guarding there.

Now that Jack had decided.

As a servant, he needed to work with Brent on how to bypass Hughes family laws and kill George

Hughes...

Since it would be unavoidable, then they needed to keep it as clean as possible to avoid causing

trouble on Jack.

Chapter 555 Hana Powel

The next three days Jack continued to take care of Amber at the hospital. Lone Wolf and Lyndall were

recovering from their wounds. Nothing was out of the ordinary.

Jack was with Amber every day enjoying each other’s company blissfully. Amber was recovering very

well under such circumstances. But Jack did not have the luxury to relax because he was clear that

what was before him was just an appearance. The real nightmare was miles away at the Hughes family!

The Powell family had been at the Hughes family for three days. Jack was unclear how his father was maneuvering against the Powell family.

Mr. Ward who had been monitoring the Hughes family also could not obtain any details. Jack could not relax as long as the issue with the Powell family could not be resolved. This was a titan whose might could smother him in an instant.

When his father was maneuvering against the Powell family, any uttering of the wrong word could bring disaster upon him. The three days of peace unsettled Jack as he felt like it was the calm before the storm.

On the fourth day, Ciara from the capital called Jack and pulled him out of his misery.

“Mr. Hughes, I’ll need you to come personally to negotiate a project,” Ciara said directly.

“Me personally?” Jack was surprised. The entertainment company had been solely run by Ciara since its establishment even when the Vaughn family joined the partnership. Even the large projects were solely handled by Ciara. When she needed resources, the Wattson, Vaughn families, and Jack would

support her. This was the first time that Ciara invited him to negotiate on a project. This made Jack feel that something was amiss.

“I can’t help it, the other party insisted on seeing you.” Ciara expressed her inability to change this demand, “I tried to negotiate several times but they rejected me when they didn’t see you.”

Interesting! Jack smiled.

But when he saw Amber, he was about to reject Ciara when Amber smiled and said, “Go, your work is more important. Ciara wouldn’t ask you to go if the project isn’t huge and she could handle it alone.”

Amber understood Ciara’s personality after knowing her for so long. Ciara wasn’t just a pretty face, she was also a very strong and capable woman.

“But I wish to take care of you.” Jack hesitated.

“Let Daisy come and keep me company. How can a man revolve around his wife every day?”

Amber glared at Jack, “You had already stayed with me for so many days. Quickly go out and earn some money for our child.”

Jack’s heart warmed up and kissed Amber before agreeing to Ciara’s request. Thereafter, Jack

informed Mr. Ward and Brent about going to the Capital. On hearing, Mr. Ward wanted to dissuade Jack from going but Jack waved his hand in refusal.

“Come what may. It’s meaningless to live in fear. Would I be able to avoid the Powell family’s wrath if I don’t go out to work?”

“The capital is too close to the Hughes residence.” Mr. Ward stated his worries.

Now the Hughes residence was like a lion’s den. With the Hughes and Powell family in discussion, no one knew what was going on in the Hughes family. If the negotiation failed and Jack was to be in the Capital, then he would not have any protection and countless dangers would befall him.

“Would distance matter when dealing with the Powell family?” Jack rubbed his nose and smiled. What he said stumped Mr. Ward. The Powell family had been established for centuries and with such influence and authority, there was nowhere that Jack could hide if they wanted to capture him.

“Then let Brent go with you.” Mr. Ward suggested.

“No need, I’ll go on my own.” Jack waved his hand and rejected Mr. Ward’s suggestion, “I’ll just go and help Ciara with a project. I’d probably be back by tomorrow.”

...

It was already five in the afternoon when Jack arrived at the Capital Airport.

He saw Ciara standing beside a red-colored Ferrari as soon as he exited the airport. The short-cropped hair, light makeup, and well-fitted suit drew much attention to Ciara as she stood elegantly.

“Did you wait for long?” Jack wheeled himself towards her.

“I just arrived.” Ciara took off her sunglasses and her expression darkened and frowned as she looked at Jack’s legs. Although she didn’t visit Jack when he returned, she knew about Jack’s crippled condition. Even if she knew about it, it was a different matter when she saw it for herself. She was shocked and upset when she saw Jack in the wheelchair. She felt like Jack was glowing when she first saw him, but now...

“You don’t have to pity me.” Jack smiled.

“Don’t worry, you’ll recover from this,” Ciara said as she took a deep breath to compose herself.

Thereafter she pushed Jack to the passenger seat and helped Jack into the car.

The car started and they were on their way.

Jack looked at Ciara and asked, “What’s up with this project?”

“It’s a big project. It’s about three movies, two product endorsements and a large history documentary.

The initial investment would cost a billion yuan.” Ciara said calmly.

“A billion?!” Jack rubbed his nose and looked outside as if he recalled something and murmured, “I

remember the first time my father gave me a billion yuan as my allowance.”

Ciara was speechless.

But Jack understood that the Hughes family wealth was different from the others and an allowance was

different from an investment. He could feel Ciara’s cold disdain, shrugged his shoulders, and said, “I’m

just kidding.”

“It’s not funny.” Ciara rolled her eyes.

Jack pursed his lips and said, “But you are really daring to put so much money on one person!”

“Because it’s worth it.” Ciara laughed and continued, “It’s the movie queen Hana Powel. Don’t you think

that she is worth a billion?”

“Hana Powel?” Jack was stunned. He seldom paid attention to the entertainment industry. That was

why he was unfamiliar with the name Hana. When Ivy shot to fame, she equally crashed because of

him.

Hana entered the entertainment industry at the age of eighteen and immediately took the industry by storm. Thereafter, she remained hotly popular for over a decade and without a sign of slowing down. At each large movie festival, she would win countless awards and became the darling of numerous directors, businessmen, and investors. The turnover in the entertainment industry was rapid. It was extremely rare for someone to remain at the top of the pyramid for more than ten years. She was a huge A-list movie star!

“It must be difficult for you to secure Hana!” Jack rubbed his nose and joked.

“How do we have the capability to do that? It was because of the Vaughn family’s initial support for Hana before she became famous. It was only because of this that we were able to get Hana for this project.” Ciara said.

Jack then said in surprise, “Then why can’t Vinna or someone from the Vaughn family negotiate this project? Why must I come all the way?”

“Recently that gal...”

Ciara frowned and pursed her lips when she heard the name Vinna. She then side looked at Jack and

said, "The Vaughns can help but Hana insisted on meeting you."

Jack was speechless...

Chapter 556 Really Didn't Take Us As Outsiders

Jack was able to get the hint in Ciara's message. Vinna had been entangled with that brat Yael and

couldn't straighten out their relationship. She must have gone to look for Yael during this period.

Hana insisted on seeing him and now Ciara didn't have a choice but to seek his help.

Jack scratched his head and asked, "I really can't understand why she had to see me. I'm not even in

the entertainment industry."

"Perhaps someone had taken a liking for you?" Ciara teased, "Your reputation had preceded you.

Everyone knows that you are supporting me from behind the scenes. It's only expected that Hana

knows this as well and not surprising that she has a crush for you."

Jack rolled his eyes, "Isn't she in her thirties?"

"A woman in her thirties will bring you wealth and fortune!" Ciara blinked and grinned, "Don't think that

she is old. I guarantee that your jaw will drop when you see her later."

"Okay now. I'll have to go back to my wife after we discuss the contract." Jack shrugged his shoulders

and stopped Ciara's mischief as he said, "Amber is recuperating now and I can't spend too much time

away from her.”

“Recuperating? What’s wrong with Amber?” Ciara asked.

Jack shook his head and said guiltily, “I have to be blamed for that. Let’s not talk about this and focus on Hana.”

“A woman in her thirties...” Ciara said.

“Stop!” Jack was frustrated and stopped her, “Woman, this isn’t funny anymore.”

Ciara shrugged her shoulders, “Apart from her being attracted to you, I can’t see any other reason for her insisting on seeing you.”

Jack was speechless for several seconds before he continued to speak on the subject.

“How is the relationship between Yael and Vinna?” Jack asked.

Ciara shrugged her shoulders, “I’m not sure. But that gal goes to X city to look for Yael every now and then. Each time her mood will be different when she comes back. At times she would be rejoicing and on other days she would pull a long face.”

Jack sighed helplessly and looked out the window. Yael... couldn’t he get over it?

Jack was pleased with Vinna for being so good to Yael. Jack would be happy to see them together if

Yael could accept Vinna. But Yael could not get over the past and yet wouldn't outrightly reject Vinna.

The way they were entangled with each other was starting to worry some people.

Jack and Ciara chatted leisurely along the way. They didn't go to the check in to the hotel but went

directly to Manhouse Hotel where they planned to meet Hana.

The capital was the powerful, elite, and famous gathered. Five-star hotels were plentiful but Manhouse

was the best among them. It was situated at the luxurious mall of WoodLock and a prime location.

Each day the hotel would have numerous guests checking in and was the favorite of the celebrities.

Everyone knew in the Capital that movie fans need only to camp out at the entrance of Manhouse to

see their favorite movie stars.

At seven in the evening, the Ferrari roared as it drove into the Manhouse carpark. The flashy sports car

together with Ciara's elegant looks attracted much of the attention around them. Someone even

approached Ciara to ask for her contact number. Ciara rejected the person and then took out the

wheelchair and helped Jack into it. Thereafter she wheeled Jack into the hotel.

The scene stunned everyone.

“Pfft! How could that be? I’m an abled body and she rejected me for a crippled?” The man who was rejected by Ciara exclaimed and cussed.

The onlookers then started to mumble among them.

“Bro, you’re out of touch. So what if he is a cripple? As long as he is rich, he is equally attractive!”

“Hehe... what a pity for such a beautiful woman to be taken by a disabled.”

“Sigh... money has corrupted the values of the younger generation.”

...

Jack’s expression darkened when he heard their comments.

Ciara leaned forward to comfort Jack, “Don’t take their comments to heart. They are talking nonsense.”

Jack shrugged his shoulders and smiled, “No worries, it’s already the reality.”

Ciara’s expression immediately turned sorrowful when she saw Jack trying to make light of the matter

and her heart ached. She could recall how dashing Jack was in the past. Now that he was in the

wheelchair, he had to endure the spiteful comments because of her. Ciara could feel how

uncomfortable it was for Jack.

As they entered the large hall of the hotel, Jack and Ciara could feel the numerous stares. A middle-aged person approached them as they entered the hall and said, "Ms. Wattson, Ms. Hana has been waiting for you at the suite."

"Suite?" Ciara's eyebrows twitched, "Didn't we agree to meet at the hotel's restaurant?"

The middle-aged person smiled, "Ms. Hana just came back and was tired. So she changed the venue to the suite."

The nerve of that woman! Who did she think she was? Ciara frowned deeply in disapproval. Ciara was already upset with Hana's insistence to see Jack. Now she even changed the venue of the meeting at the last minute without first informing her. Ciara was ready to blacklist Hana.

The middle-aged person led Jack and Ciara to the suite.

Knock knock knock... the middle-aged person knocked on the door and said softly, "Ms. Powel, the person you wish to meet is here."

"A minute please." A voice could be heard saying from the room.

The door opened soon after. As Jack was in the wheelchair, a pair of long and fair-skinned legs appeared at his face level as soon as the door opened. The flowing red dress revealed the legs as they

leaned against the door frame. The dress also barely covered a triangular area which heightened the mystic. This caught Jack's attention causing him to take a deep breath.

"Ms. Wattson, this must be Mr. Hughes!" She remarked excitedly and extended her slim fair fingers towards Jack. Jack came to his senses as she thrust her hand towards him, "How do you do, Mr. Hughes. It's an honor to finally meet you."

Jack raised his head to look at Hana. He was stunned by her beauty even when he had seen her on the television numerous times and after Ciara had prewarned him.

Hana was beautiful. Her features were distinct and her skin was fair, moist, and tender. It was as if water would ooze out of her cheek if it was pinched. What was more stunning was her poise. She was matured like a ripe peach and beautiful beyond description. Hana was the most beautiful and elegant woman that Jack had ever seen.

"How do you do, Ms. Powel. I've heard so much about you!" Jack shook the hand of Hana.

Hana seemed very happy and totally disregarded the fact that Jack was in a wheelchair. She didn't even show any signs of discomfort with Jack sitting in the wheelchair. She held onto the towel with her

left hand as she waved with her right hand to signal the middle-aged person to leave. Thereafter she invited Jack and Ciara into the room.

After the door was closed, Hana walked leisurely towards Jack and Ciara and then continued towards the sitting room.

“Mr. Hughes and Ms. Wattson, please forgive me. I am tired and hungry after coming back from the film set so I changed the place of meeting to the room. I was just eating after I showered.”

As she said, Hana tossed away a towel which was on her body. In an instant, their heartbeats raced and Jack and Ciara were stunned. Ciara frowned deeply as she was overwhelmed by the strong fragrance. Jack took a breath at the same moment and almost choked causing his face to turn red as he looked at the perfect and unblemished back of Hana.

Jack ground his teeth as he thought to himself, ‘She really didn’t take us as outsiders!’

Chapter 557 The Latent Rule

In the suite.

After Hana Powel simply threw the towel, the light in the room became brighter instantly.

She wore a wine-red nightdress, the silk was soft and revealed her perfect body shape.

Under her wine-red nightdress, her smooth and fair back was seen charmingly. It shone brightly under

the reflection of light.

Her body shape made others indulge themselves deeply.

Hana seemed careless about anything, she sat in front of the table in the living room like a leisure cat.

She hunkered and let her nightdress droop, she seemed not to cover any part of her body.

There were a meal and wine in front of her.

She enjoyed eating when watching the TV show.

Jack and Ciara stood there stagnantly.

They were surprised that Hana did not treat them as outsiders.

Jack swallowed his saliva and gazed at Hana. His sight accidentally focused on other parts of her body,

his heartbeat almost stopped at the moment.

Ciara stood behind Jack, she held her fist tightly and bit her red lips.

She never saw such a shameless woman!

If she were the only person there, she would not feel uneasy to see Hana behave like that.

But Jack was there too!

Jack was a man!

She still behaved like that, what did she mean?

Out of the blue, Ciara thought of the funny jokes she made with Jack in the car when they were on the way to reach there. A bad idea popped out in her mind suddenly.

It shouldn't be...

"Push me there,"

Jack said suddenly.

Ciara showed a dumbfounded expression, "Or else we wait for her to finish eating?"

Jack waved his hand, he could not help but say, "It is too far, the view is wide. We are able to observe more."

Ciara was stunned.

When she saw Hana's legs under the table, she was realized instantly.

Her face was flushed, she quickly pushed Jack towards the table.

"Do you want to have a drink?"

Hana sat there leisurely. She looked at Jack and Ciara, then she pointed at the wine bottle on the table.

Jack took a glance at the wine bottle, there was only one-third of wine left.

Hana seemed to drink a lot.

In fact, he felt that Hana's sights were blur just now. Now he saw the remaining wine, he understood immediately.

She was drunk, right?

Jack nodded, "Yes, thank you."

"Ok, I take a glass for you,"

Hana stood up cheerfully. She walked past Jack to get the glass.

Hana's wine-red long dress moved when she ran. Her dress caressed his face, it emitted a strong fragrance.

Jack stopped breathing and gained his attention. He forced himself to pay attention to another place, he looked at the television.

Ciara showed a more solemn expression.

Hana came back in a short while. She grinned and said, "I take one more, I am too tired today, I should

drink more to alleviate my tiredness.”

Jack smiled without expressing anything.

When Hana sat on her seat and put down the wine and glass, Jack changed his expression suddenly.

She...only took a glass!

During normal business negotiation, even if she did not ask Ciara, she had to prepare a glass for Ciara

as well to show her manner.

It was up to Ciara whether she wanted to drink it or not but it was totally different if Hana did not

prepare for her.

She was obviously...ignoring Ciara!

Just then.

Ciara changed her expression and showed a gloomy face.

She glanced at Hana who was pouring the wine. She controlled herself not to upset when thinking of

the matter of collaboration.

Hana poured a glass of wine and gave Jack.

Then.

She simply waved her hand, "Ms. Wattson, let Mr. Hughes stay alone with me, you can go back first."

Careless, rude and arrogant.

She treated Ciara exactly the same way as she did to the man who led the way and she waved her

hand and told the man to leave.

The man was the manager of the hotel.

But now...it was Ciara!

"Ms. Powel, what do you mean?"

Ciara showed a cold face, frowned and said furiously, "I bring Mr. Hughes here to negotiate with you.

We just meet and have not discussed the matter of collaboration. Then, you ask me to leave?"

Jack frowned too, he was discontented with Hana's behaviour.

Most importantly, he thought of the joke that Ciara made in the car just now.

Now, the joke seemed to become reality.

"Don't be upset, Ms. Wattson. It is just a negotiation, I will discuss with Mr. Hughes."

Hana looked at Ciara in a drunk state, "After tonight, our collaboration will initiate."

When she spoke, her hand rested on Jack's leg silently and caressed him softly.

Jack showed a dull expression.

He put down the glass on the table.

Ciara saw the scene. Her eyes shrank instantly.

She just made a joke.

She did not expect that her joke was going to become real!

Hana did not conceal her behaviour. She was not hinting at them, she expressed it explicitly.

"She is not a good woman!"

It was Ciara's opinion.

But before she managed to say a word.

Hana threw the glass on the table, the wine splashed out.

She stared at Ciara angrily and reproached her, "I ask you to leave, you should leave immediately.

What's the matter with you?"

"You..." Ciara felt wronged at the moment.

But Ciara did not manage to complete her sentence.

Hana sneered, "Why Ms. Wattson is not clear about the rule? I have given you the face but you don't act smartly. Do you want me to splash wine on you?"

"Jack, let's go!"

Ciara was outraged, she pushed Jack and wanted to leave.

She was the daughter of the Wattson family, she had worked in the entertainment field for many years.

Every star respected her and greeted her politely.

But today, Hana showed a bad attitude and did not show any respect to her.

Most importantly, Hana rotated the latent rule!

The investor had always applied the latent rule on the star but the star began to apply it on the investor now!

Bang!

Hana pressed Jack's wheelchair, anger was shown on her pretty face.

She said coldly, "Ciara, I have taken my bath and decorated the room. I am drunk and in a state of excitement. You can leave now but Jack has to stay here!"

Her words were sharp and unpleasant to hear.

It was hard to imagine that the words could be heard from a woman, she was even a superstar.

She did not conceal her lust at all...

Jack was furious, he faced Hana and said coldly, "Ms. Powel, I am here to represent Ciara and negotiate with you. I am not here to have sex with you, I am a married man."

"Collaboration, it is indeed a collaboration. If we cooperate tonight, we can have a good collaboration in the future," Hana raised her brow and looked charming.

"Sorry, then no need to cooperate anymore."

Jack shook his head, he took away Hana's hand and said coldly, "Ciara, let's go."

Ciara shone her sight. She pushed the wheelchair and turned around.

When they almost left the room.

Hana's teasing voice could be heard.

"Jack...don't you want to settle your current calamity?"

Chapter 558 Do You Believe Now?

Boom!

The words were like thunder.

Jack Hughes's expression changed a lot and his hands held the wheelchair tightly to stop Ciara

Wattson from pushing forward.

The only one that could make him be in such a disastrous situation could only be Powell family!

However... How did Hana know?

"What's wrong?"

Ciara was confused and shocked as she looked at Jack.

Without waiting for Jack to speak.

Ciara who was behind him laughed and teased him.

"A serious commotion is about to happen in your family. The opportunity is here for you now, don't you quickly come and grasp it?"

Jack's body trembled and glowing light could be seen in his eyes. He suddenly showed a shocked look.

After Hana said the words, Jack was certain that the matter that Hana had said was about the Hughes family and the Powell family.

"Jack, what's wrong with you?"

Ciara looked panicked. The words that Hana said actually made Jack's expression change a lot. She didn't expect it at all.

After a few seconds.

Jack raised his head and said calmly, "Ciara, you leave first."

Ciara's small body trembled. Her beautiful eyes glared at Jack as she couldn't believe it.

"Are you crazy? Don't you know what she is going to do to you? Have you thought about Amber if you stay here?"

Bang!

Jack harshly slapped on the wheelchair.

He shouted angrily, "I ask you to go first. Stop interfering with my matter!"

The matter about the Powell family was still hidden.

The Hughes family had been secretly hiding the matter about the Powell family. Even Mr. Ward couldn't investigate it.

According to what Mr. Ward said, the strong and powerful family seldom showed themselves unless the world was in a chaotic state. There were only a few people who knew about the matter.

It was very normal for Ciara who didn't know about this.

This matter involved a lot of people. It was even directly related to Jack's life. Therefore, Jack didn't want to explain more to Ciara.

"You..."

Ciara was suddenly stunned. Tears could be seen in her beautiful eyes.

She stamped her feet harshly and ran outside, "Jack, you have made this choice. You have let Amber down!"

Bang!

The door of the room was harshly closed by Ciara.

Jack smiled sadly as he quietly held his fists. After releasing his hands, he slowly rolled his wheelchair and turned.

At the moment.

Hana was lazily leaning on the sofa behind him. She seemed like a kitten that was willful and lazy. She sat with her left leg crossed to her right. Her right leg was straightened and it looked long.

The wine red nightdress was stuck onto her perfect body line. One of the shoulder straps of the dress had quietly slipped down to her arm.

Her hair touched her shoulders and she looked drunk.

The light suddenly looked charming as if a flirtatious feeling was around.

She slowly raised her left hand and hooked her forefinger to Jack and said, "Come here."

Jack looked calm and he slowly moved his wheelchair towards her.

Before that, he was amazed by Hana's appearance.

However, he looked cold as he calmly looked at Hana at the moment.

'She was an actress... How did she know about the matter between the Hughes family and the Powell family?'

'How could she use the matter to threaten me?'

Jack looked calm but he had felt extremely depressed in his heart.

When he came in front of the tea table.

Hana passed the red wine glass to Jack.

Then, she poured herself another glass of wine. She gently drank a toast with Jack and finished the

wine.

Perhaps she drank too fast, the red wine flowed out from the corners of her mouth along her smooth and white neck to her body.

If the others saw this scene, they would have lost their senses.

However, at the moment, Jack calmly raised the wine glass and finished the wine.

Hana licked the corner of her mouth that had wine stains.

Any movement made by a woman like her would show extreme charm.

However, Jack said calmly, "I am curious. How did you know about this?"

Slap!

After he said that.

Hana's hand landed on Jack's thigh and she gently rubbed his leg. She looked charmed as she gently

smiled, "Don't worry. This night is long. Take your time to talk."

"I have a wife."

"I don't mind." Hana smiled slightly.

Jack shook his head, "You are older than me. Is it appropriate?"

"Do you think that I am not good enough for you? Hana slightly straightened her upper body and said

confidently, "Then tell me, how do I look bad compare to those little girls?"

Jack frowned and showed an impatient look.

"Since you have known about the matter. It is not impossible for you to ask me to stay alone for merely

sex, right?

Snap!

Hana snapped her fingers and her beautiful eyebrows raised. Her eyes looked drunk. She slightly

smiled, "You have guessed wrong. I really only want this small matter."

Jack felt a little funny.

He showed a disdainful smile.

'Only for this matter?'

'Was it possible?'

'What was I, Jack Hughes, capable of?'

After stretching his body, Jack said calmly, "If you are not willing to talk about the serious matter, then I

would leave first.”

Seeing Jack rolling his wheelchair decisively.

Hana’s extraordinary pretty face suddenly looked depressed.

Her white teeth bit her red lips.

She had entered the entertainment industry since eighteen years old. She clearly knew how pretty was

her appearance after involving herself in the industry for more than ten years.

She had been maintaining her appearance carefully. Even though she was more than thirty years old,

she still maintained her perfect appearance and she also looked more mature.

This had made every man fall for her.

However, Jack who was in front of her let her feel defeat!

His cold gaze was like a knife that had sliced her heart.

‘Since when had I become so unattractive?’

She saw Jack slowly go away.

Hana angrily bit her red lips and lazily leaned on the sofa. She hid her charming look.

“You had made such a huge mess. The Powell family and the Hughes family have been in a stalemate for a few days. For this matter, I might be able to help you.”

Jack stopped and laughed disdainfully.

“You are an actress. No matter how high your status is, you are still merely an actress. You couldn’t help me.”

Being an actress or actor was a lowly occupation. This was the perception among the strong and powerful family.

The extremely strong and powerful Hughes family and the Powell family definitely knew this.

For them, even the most honorable celebrities were not even worth talking about as if they had no difference from ordinary people.

The richest family in the city might give a face to those celebrities.

However, for the Hughes family and the Powell family, even a superstar like Hana was definitely not worth mentioning by them.

“Heh!”

After listening to Jack’s mock, Hana laughed disdainfully and she wasn’t angry.

She raised her beautiful hand and gently pulled the strap of her dress that was around her arm back to its original place. Her eyes that looked drunk showed a sober look.

“Hana Powel is my stage name.”

The corners of his eyes twitched and he suddenly frowned.

The next second.

Hana said again, “My real name is Hana Powell. I am from the strong and powerful Powell family!”

Boom!

Her voice was as loud as thunder.

Jack’s expression changed a lot. His body that was in the wheelchair immediately stiffened.

His hands suddenly rolled the wheelchair with a strong force and he faced towards Hana.

He couldn’t believe it as he said, “Are you kidding me? How could the Powell family allow their member to be an actress?”

“Our family has been rich and powerful for more than a thousand years and we have a lot of descendants. Do you think we will still care about this kind of preconception?”

Hana shook her head and smiled. She looked at Jack disdainfully.

She slowly moved her body. She took an object from her bag and threw it on the tea table under Jack's

shocking look.

Bang...

When Jack looked at the object on the table, his body suddenly twitched.

The object that was thrown by Hana was a token.

It looked old and antique. The word "Powell" could be clearly seen!

"Do you believe now?"

When Jack was shocked, Hana's voice was suddenly heard around his ears.

Her breath was as fragrant as a flower and a little smell of alcohol.

Jack suddenly came back to his senses, Hana had already closely stayed in front of him. She lowered

her body and moved closer to him while supported herself in the wheelchair with her hands. She

looked at him as if her eyes were burning.

Chapter 559 Conditions!

The lights were charming and gentle.

The smell of alcohol could be smelt in the room.

The fragrance of the wine and Hana could be smelt. She looked extremely beautiful.

Her burning drunken eyes seductively looked at Jack as if she wanted to engulf Jack.

At the moment, Jack was confused and his gaze looked blank.

“Don’t you want to quickly grasp this kind of opportunity?”

Hana’s breath was as fragrant as a flower. Her long and slender hand slowly grabbed Jack’s right hand

and she placed his hand on her waist. At the same time, she moved her body and slowly pressed on

Jack.

At the moment, Jack was like a fish on the chopping board that could only wait for Hana to pick him up.

His expression was dull and his eyes looked blank.

For Hana, Jack’s reaction was too common.

After involving herself in the entertainment industry for these many years, she had seen this kind of

reaction so many times.

There was no man who didn’t fall for her after showing this kind of reaction.

“You are the first man who I am willing to own.”

Hana's extraordinary pretty face showed arrogance. A lot of men had fallen for her but she didn't even care about them or give them a glance.

Her first time was Jack!

"I am the first one? Then wouldn't I be very honored?"

Jack smiled gently. His eyes slowly got back their focus.

"What do you think? I... am your queen!"

Hana's face looked more arrogant. Her drunken eyes looked charming.

However.

When Hana grabbed his wrist and his hand almost reached her waist, Jack's strengthless hand suddenly regained his strength and his hands stopped moving.

Hana was stunned because of the sudden move.

The next second.

"You are more than thirty years old and you are still a virgin. Why are you showing off?"

Jack shook his head and laughed disdainfully.

After he said the words.

There was a loud sound in Hana's brain. She was completely stunned.

'Thirty years old... Still a virgin. Showing off?'

'Was... he mocking and laughing at me?'

The drunkenness and charm that was showed on her extraordinary pretty face had disappeared at the moment. Then, her face looked extremely cold.

"Jack, don't you want to live?"

"I want!"

Jack answered decisively.

Hana was suddenly shocked and angry. She asked in confusion, "Then why are you mocking me?"

"I am a disabled person and I also have a wife."

Jack's eyes and face looked cold, "I, Jack Hughes, have acted arrogantly, but I still understand the current situation. How could you possibly like me with your status as a member of the Powell family?"

While talking, Jack freed himself from Hana. He grabbed Hana's wrists and pushed her away from the wheelchair.

His move had almost made Hana mad suddenly.

'Was he crazy?'

'I had given myself to him and he treated me like this?'

'Since when did I, Hana, become this unbearable to men?'

"Say your conditions."

Jack said calmly. He was extremely calm as he looked at Hana.

Hana who had almost gone mad stared at Jack as she had a lot of doubts in her heart.

For her, Jack at the moment looked completely different compared to just now.

Anger, shame, hatred, and other emotions were mixed together.

They had made Hana unable to control herself. She angrily clenched her teeth and lazily fell back and directly laid on the sofa.

At that moment, all the charm and sexual feelings she had were all gone.

Her extraordinary pretty face looked extremely cold. She said the words through the gaps of her teeth,

"You are the first man who I, Hana, willing to own. You are also the first man who rejected me. Do you know about the consequences?"

“I don’t have to know. I only have to know your conditions.”

Jack shook his head and he was impatient, “If you don’t want to talk about it seriously, then I will leave.”

There was no free lunch.

Even Patrick Hughes who let Mr. Ward find him didn’t immediately give him everything. However, after

Jack showed his capabilities to solve the problems, again and again, Patrick was impressed and he

finally fully supported him.

Without his effort at first, how could he be fully supported by his father?

The father and the son were like that. Yet, Hana and he had only met each other by chance.

Hana was even willing to have an affair with him first. Would the following conditions... be minor?

“Jack...”

Hana was extremely angry as she gritted her teeth. The way she looked at Jack was like she wanted to

eat him.

She clenched her small fists and a bone-cracking sound could be heard.

Even Hana who always had a good temper was extremely angry at this moment. Her body also

trembled.

She had taken such initiative and she was treated as if she had an ulterior motive.

This fucking...

After Hana clenched her teeth angrily, her face looked extremely cold as she said, "Jack, am I really

that bad that I can't even get your attention? Although I am older, I am only a few years older than you.

How do I look worse compared to the young girls? Even if I am compared to your wife, I, Hana, do not

look worse at all. Furthermore, I don't even mind the fact that you have married!"

"Goodbye!"

Jack rolled his wheelchair and turned to leave.

Bang!

"You, stop now!"

Hana angrily smashed on the sofa harshly. She gritted her teeth and said, "Conditions? Do you want

the conditions to stay alive? Fine, I will tell you!"

Jack stopped. Yet, he didn't immediately turn his wheelchair towards Hana.

At the moment, Hana was extremely furious.

She raised her chest arrogantly and slightly raised her jaw. She said coldly, "There is only one condition. You, Jack Hughes, have to marry me. You have to marry into the Powell family!"

The cold and resolute sound echoed in the room.

Jack's cold face immediately looked depressed as he frowned.

The anger in his heart immediately surged to his head.

'Married her?'

'Married into her family?'

'What kind of bullshit condition was this?!'

Hana continued talking, "As long as you marry into my Powell family and become the son-in-law of my Powell family and become my man, the Powell family would naturally let you go!"

"Every man in the world couldn't even beg for this kind of opportunity. Now I am personally giving you this opportunity and I will also let you live. I could also prevent your Hughes family from fighting with my Powell family. Couldn't you make the right choice?"

It was quiet.

The room was quiet as if the sound of a needle dropped onto the ground could be heard.

Jack looked depressed as he sat in the wheelchair. He held his fists tightly and his fists trembled. He

couldn't accept Hana's arrogance and the condition she said.

As a husband. As a father.

If he agreed with such condition at this moment, what kind of man he was?

"I, Jack Hughes, have three things to protect in my life. One of those is my wife and child. Now... you

are asking me to abandon my wife and child to beg for my life."

Jack smiled coldly. His smile was getting more obvious.

However, his eyes looked cruel and fierce. His eyes looked red.

Every word from the arrogant Hana was lingering around his ears at the moment as if the sharp

needles that harshly poked on his heart.

This kind of choice, he had seen before!

Twenty years ago, didn't the choice that his father had helplessly made look similar to now?

Yet, this choice had made his mother and him hide for their life for more than twenty years. They had

lived a life worse than a dog!

He could forgive his father's choice. However, he couldn't allow him to make such a choice!

"I am sorry. I, Jack Hughes, could die while standing up but I couldn't live while kneeling on the ground.

My wife and child are more important than my life."

Jack coldly said the words, "We don't have to talk about the cooperation anymore. I am going home to

accompany my wife and child. If your Powell family is going to punish me because of your anger, I,

Jack Hughes, am willing to die for it!"

Chapter 560 What Could She Get Out Of This?

Bang!

The door slammed shut again.

Jack's resolute words kept replaying in Hana's ears.

Resentment. Dissatisfaction. Anger. Those emotions were swallowing Hana up.

In front of Jack, she had felt a sense of humiliation! It was something she had never felt before!

He was ignorant towards her, till the point that he was even too lazy to dislike her. She was invisible to

him, it seemed.

"Ah!"

Hana scratched her hair with both hands and screamed.

In anger, she swept her arms across the table, swinging the wine bottles and glasses to the ground.

Under the shimmering lights, stood Hana who was disheveled. She no longer looked drunk as rage replaced her dazed look from earlier.

“Jack Hughes, you’re a piece of trash. Can’t you have a better judgment? Which part of me is not better than that girl from the Knight Family?”

“You can even sacrifice your life for her! What about me? I gave you the chance to live. Heck, I even brought it to you and put it right in front of your face. All you need to do is grab it!”

“Damn it!”

.....

The shrill screams echoed in the suite.

Jack’s rejection sent her into a state of madness.

Jack left the suite.

Slowly, he wheeled his wheelchair into the elevator.

It took a few seconds to get downstairs, but Jack felt that it was taking exceptionally long.

Hana's words were like countless sharp needles which pierced through his heart.

While it riled him up, it also uncovered the scars he had been hiding for more than twenty years.

Back then, his father left to protect Jack and his mother.

However, his father never once asked if Jack and his mother wanted him to protect them with his departure.

Because he left them, Jack and his mother had been suffering for more than twenty years. They lived like the lowlifes on the streets. Throughout those years, he had been called an illegitimate child countless times.

No one would understand how miserable Jack was without ever experiencing that situation themselves.

His father was able to leave without any hesitation.

But Jack couldn't!

Even if his life was on the line, it was still better than having his child think that his father had abandoned him and his mother! It was still better than having his child live in hatred forever!

Moreover, Jack knew how much Amber had suffered from being with him all these years.

If he had chosen the Powell Family, even if it was with the reason of protecting Amber, what would she think?

It would kill her to go through that!

Be it out of his responsibility or his childhood memories, Jack would never make such an irresponsible decision.

“Amber and my child...”

Jack’s initial gloomy face became relieved all of a sudden. He displayed a grateful smile, “You guys are everything to me.”

Ding!

Jack wheeled himself out of the elevator and headed towards the hotel lobby.

As soon as he entered the lobby, his gaze flickered and saw someone familiar sitting at the lounge which was located at the end of the lobby.

Ciara looked mad yet aggrieved at the same time.

Both her hands were clasped together in anger, and she kept tugging at the corner of her shirt.

Her pretty face had a cold expression on while her brows were tightly knitted together.

“Stupid Jack. Jack is a bastard. Jack is a jerk. You said that you love Amber. I didn’t expect you to be someone like this. Amber has done so much for you. You’re a bastard...”

Ciara kept murmuring to herself angrily from the moment she sat down on the couch.

It made those around Ciara look at her as if she was a strange woman and subconsciously moved further away from her.

However, Ciara couldn’t control her anger.

She knew what happened between Jack and Amber. For instance, the incident during their wedding ceremony.

A wedding ceremony was one of the most important things to a woman in her life.

But what happened on their wedding day?

And Amber had never disagreed with him, nor did she even request him to make up to her for the wedding.

This alone was enough to make Ciara feel aggrieved for Amber, and had cursed Jack in her mind a million times.

“How am I a bastard?”

A chuckle sounded from behind her.

Ciara, who was engulfed in fury, froze and was about to turn back and scold the person.

But upon looking back, she was surprised to find that it was Jack.

“Huh? You’re done so fast?”

Jack shuddered suddenly. He choked and coughed for a few moments.

Ciara waved, “Sorry, that wasn’t what I mean. I wanted to ask why are you done so fast?”

Jack was speechless.

He just stared at Ciara who was panicking frantically.

Then, he smiled, “Don’t overthink it. Nothing happened but let’s just find another celebrity to work with.

This cooperation isn’t going to work.”

“Nothing happened at all?”

Ciara was stunned. When she came back to her senses, Jack had already wheeled himself out of the

hotel’s main doors.

She quickly followed behind and gave him a hand in pushing the wheelchair.

They got into the car shortly after.

Finally, Ciara couldn't hold in her question anymore, "If nothing was going to happen, then why did you insist to stay earlier? It was obvious enough what Hana Powell wanted with you!"

Jack rubbed his nose upon facing Ciara who was suspicious.

"Do you really think I would be 'done' so fast? After you left us alone, I did not even spend more than five minutes in her room, am I right?"

"How would I know?"

Ciara blushed and looked down in embarrassment, but the doubts in her heart were mostly cleared.

Jack smiled, "I stayed because she has a solution to my crisis."

"What crisis are you going through? Tell me, and we can find a way out together." Ciara said to him sincerely.

Jack shook his head bitterly.

It was something even the Hughes Family couldn't settle, so what could I do with the resources and manpower I have?

Those were the thoughts he never planned to tell Ciara. He just shrugged, "But I couldn't accept the conditions she set, so I came down."

"What was it?" Ciara continued to ask.

Jack let out a strange laugh, "If I accepted her terms, then I wouldn't have come down in five minutes. It would probably take about thirty minutes or so."

"Half an hour later?!"

Ciara was astonished. Soon after, she realized what he meant, and her cheeks turned red once again.

"Let's go."

Jack ended the topic.

The corner of Ciara's lips twitched as she smiled and started the engine of the car.

Jack's words managed to make her feel relieved while she felt happy for Amber at the same time.

"Amber has good eyes for men. She has chosen someone who had principles."

Ciara thought to herself.

The entertainment industry was a corrupted place where people immersed themselves in debauched lifestyles.

Ciara had seen many men who had lost themselves in the temptation of money. They looked clean and professional on the outside, but their souls were long dirty to the dumps.

Not everyone could be unmoved when they were facing an A-list celebrity like Hana.

They went back to the five-star hotel Ciara had booked beforehand.

After Jack asked Ciara to leave, he washed up before laying down on the bed.

He tossed and turned but was unable to fall asleep.

The scenes of what happened at Manhouse Hotel with Hana kept replaying in his head like a broken tape on repeat.

It wasn't that he regretted his decisions, but he was doubtful about Hana's attitude towards him.

Could he abandon his wife and marry Hana just to get into the Powell Family?

No, that wasn't something Jack would do.

But if he looked at it rationally and analyzed its benefits, Jack really had the upper hand in this matter.

All it would take is a betrayal and a marriage for Jack to get rid of one of the Powells.

This was...too good to be true?

“What could she get out of this?”

Jack just stared at the ceiling with a puzzled gaze.