

Born Winner 581

Chapter 581 Vomiting Blood

Jack smiled.

Pushing the wheelchair with an indifferent face, he left on his own.

Mr. Ward stood there hesitating for a moment, and said to Patrick, "Master, Young Master and Hana must have their reasons please take care of yourself."

Patrick sat down, as if the roar just now had made him extremely exhausted.

He put his hand on his thigh and lightly waved the other to dismiss Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward turned and left, quickly following Jack.

While waiting for the two to leave the meeting hall.

Patrick suddenly leaned back on the Patriarch's throne, his eyes red and filled with tears.

Looking up at the dome, he smiled bitterly, "How did I not know that there was something else behind it all? I thought I had made Jack let it go, but I didn't expect this hatred to be buried so deep in his heart."

His dejected voice echoed through the hall.

He raised his hands and rubbed his face.

Patrick said with his lips trembling, "Sophie, how can I resolve Jack's resentment?"

As Jack and Mr. Ward walked out of the meeting hall.

In a sudden, the wind had stopped blowing, rendering the place freaking quiet.

Even though the sound of the wind was still there.

Jack and Mr. Ward were in gloomy silence.

“Young Master, a lot of people are watching.” Mr. Ward leaned over and whispered in Jack’s ear.

Jack smiled, “Everyone was waiting to see how I will die, but I disappointed them all.”

“Let's go back.”

Mr. Ward smiled with contempt, gazing around, and then ignored it.

The time Jack and Mr. Ward were leaving the meeting hall.

In every yard of the Powell family, they were already toasting to celebrate.

But as a piece of intelligence reached them.

Everyone was stunned by the news!

He wasn’t dead?

How was this possible?

The Powell family glared to leave with a firm resolve to kill Jack, with Patrick's roar of rage in the wake.

If Jack could evade death like that, then what the fuck was that we all saw and heard just now?

For a moment, the entire Hughes family seemed to be eerily quiet.

As if the time had frozen.

Some were at a loss, some were horrified, some couldn't believe it...

Patrick's supporters became complacent at this moment, thanking their luck.

In the silence.

The turbulent underflow surged beneath the respectful Hughes family.

"Patriarch, Patriarch..."

Archer rushed to the meeting hall looking travel-worn. Before entering the door, he began to bawl

loudly.

His relationship with Patrick was different from the rest of the Hughes family.

Even if the relationship between the two was not that good, they still shared common blood.

If he did not show up at this critical moment, then he would bound to be the lightning rod.

Of course, the reason that Archer appeared at this moment is to see Patrick's sorrow of losing his

loving son, which would give him unparalleled pleasure.

However.

As soon as he stepped into the room, Archer froze.

There was no sprawling blood.

There were no corpse piling up.

The entire meeting hall was clean and solemn.

It was almost empty despite Patrick sitting on the patriarch's throne.

By this time, the grand majesty took the place of his once depression.

He overlooked Archer deadpan, "What are you doing here?"

"I...I..."

Archer stuttered, his cheeks flushing red.

Feeling Patrick's solemn, he felt shocked.

'Fuck! How could I say I wanted to see whether your son is dead and how you cry at his funeral now.'

"Humph!"

Patrick snorted coldly, making Archer go pale and tremble in fear.

All of a sudden Patrick said in a stern tone, "Archer, you useless asshole! I know what are you thinking.

I am sorry for disappointing you, now get the fuck out of here!"

His voice sounded like the thunder.

Archer's face turned pale as he hurriedly bowed and then rushed out of the hall.

But the moment he started to move.

Patrick spoke again, "I said, get out!"

Overbearing and highly oppressive.

Archer's face was as white as paper. Looking at Patrick he finally gritted his teeth, curled up on the

floor and rolled out of the hall.

"Useless asshole!"

Patrick cursed coldly.

When Archer rolled out of the meeting hall, he stood up and slapped himself hard on his face,

muttering a curse in his heart.

"Why didn't he die? How unlucky I was to be right in this scene? why?"

At the same time.

In the yard.

George and Ivy were already drunk beyond recognition. Usually, they would have left earlier.

But today, once remembering Jack's dead body in the meeting hall, they became too excited to control themselves.

Wine... and they drank more and more.

"He finally died. Great!" George said emotionally, "As long as that bastard is dead, whoever in charge of the family I will accept. Even though I could not be the head of the family, I really don't want to see that bastard live!"

"That's right!"

Ivy and George happily clinked glasses.

But at this moment.

A servant hurried into the yard.

George and Ivy were furious and were about to scold him.

The servant knelt on the ground in shock and croaked, "Jack, Jack... he had come back."

What?!

George and Ivy were shocked.

Severely drunk, George waved his hand dismissively and cursed, "How the fuck can a dead man come back?"

But as soon as he said that, George himself was startled.

True! How can a dead man come back?

Smash

George smashed his wine glass on the ground fiercely and glared angrily at the servant, "You mean, he... is not dead?"

"Yes, Master!" The servant responded in horror.

"What!"

George's frustrated roar echoed suddenly in the yard.

Ivy also shuddered; her pretty face full of gloom.

After a few seconds of haziness, she drained the glass desolately in one gulp and then smashed it on

the ground, “Why? Why couldn’t the Powell family kill that bastard? What on earth is the Powell family doing?”

Inside the Buddhist temple.

The chanting still echoed.

Madam Hughes still chanted the religious scripture peacefully. Even if she tried to control it, she still couldn’t restrain from smiling.

Now that the bastard was dead, the pressure on her chest was lifted.

At this time, the scriptures were echoing in her ears like the sound of nature.

Outside the temple.

The footsteps were ramping up.

Killian and Carter were shouting at the servants as they walked in quickly.

More than a dozen servants impressively carried a gilded coffin with a dragon pole.

Even though the light in the yard was dim, the little bit of luster fell on the coffin making it shine brightly.

“Killian, you are too impressive, even willing to make such a good coffin for that bastard.” Carter clicked

his tongue as he looked at the coffin and praised.

Killian smiled modestly, "These all happened in such a hurry that I could only get this gold-plated coffin.

Otherwise, I would have prepared a pure gold coffin for that bastard. Even though he was a bastard, he

is now dead. We should pay tribute to him with dignity, so that we don't hear that the Hughes family

was stingy towards that bastard."

The sarcasm and contempt in his words was evident.

The two looked at each other, their faces full of joyous smiles.

At this moment.

A female servant rushed in.

"It's not good, it's not good!"

She yelled in panic.

Killian and Carter's grins stiffened as their faces changed to show anger and disgust.

Making such a scene.

It was clearly heard by Madam Hughes in the temple.

She shuddered abruptly and the chain of praying beads in her hands broke with a snap and scattered all over the floor.

She opened her eyes, looking murderous.

“Screaming and disturbing me in the middle of chanting is disrespect towards the dead! Drag her outside and feed her to the dogs!”

A chilling murderous aura filled the temple, sweeping away the peace from before.

“Madam Hughes, calm down!”

The female slave was so scared that she knelt on the ground and wailed, “Jack Hughes. He is not dead, he left alive.”

Boom

Her words fell like thunder on the yard.

The angry Madam Hughes paused as she turned pale, she spit out blood out of extremely anger.

Almost at the same time.

Killian was furious and slammed his palm on the gilded coffin making a loud noise.

“Why? He didn’t die?”

Perhaps the ropes that held the coffin were weak, making his palm sink deeper.

With a loud sound, the 'dragon ropes' broke.

Crash

The gilded coffin fell heavily to the ground.

At the same time, the servants who carried the coffin also fell pitifully with it.

The yard that had been surrounded by a joyful atmosphere just now.

In an instant, there was only sorrow left.

Chapter 582 Hana's Intentions

At that moment, the small courtyard was in total upheaval. Wailing and yelling could be heard. When

Killian and Carter rushed into the prayer hall, Madam Hughes had already been overcome with anger,

vomited blood, and fainted.

Both of them turned pale from the fright and their lips quivered. They were stunned for several seconds

before coming to their senses. The same scene happened in each of the Hughes family courtyards.

In the dark of the night, the Hughes family's celebrations had turned into grief. Except that these were

hidden in the silence of the night.

Jack and Mr. Ward did not stay at the Hughes residence for long. They walked out of the living room and left. Jack didn't bother to find out what happened to the Hughes family and neither was it necessary because he knew that it was enough that he was alive!

As the helicopter rotors whirled, Mr. Ward looked at Jack and almost spoke several times but he didn't.

In the end, he simply heaved a deep sigh.

Jack sat quietly in the wheelchair and his gaze revealed his anger and hate.

What Hana did ripped open his deep hidden wounds and turned him into the type of person like his father. She had framed him and plotted against him. There was no way that he could tolerate this. But in Jack's resentment and anger, he was puzzled and could not understand something. How was he so attractive for Hana to plot so deeply to get to him.

Lust was a powerful motivator, regardless of men or women.

But what Hana did was indeed impressive and even unbelievable.

On the other end, they were on the way back to the hotel. The atmosphere in the luxury car was tensed.

Hana drooped her head and sat like a kid who had done something wrong. Although she had tried to

remain low-key, she was the cause of this issue and could not evade the stern glare of Kerry and the others.

“Hana, aren’t you going to explain yourself?” Kerry asked solemnly. The other two middle-aged Powell family members also looked sternly waiting for her explanation. They were not dumb. As the Power family’s first- and second-generation authority holders, they were all extremely intelligent and could easily read someone’s intentions. It was clear from what had happened that Jack had the moral high ground.

With their understanding of Hana, she would have stomped her feet in fury before they spoke out for her.

Kerry stood up to reprimand Jack because he was trying to protect the Powell family’s reputation.

Regardless of the misgivings of his family member, it was only appropriate that the punishment be carried out within the Powell family. How could he stand by when an outsider criticized and slandered his family member’s character?

He could not allow that even if it was the head of the Hughes family’s son! He had to protect the dignity

of the family! The reputation of the Powell family could never be attacked!

But now there weren't any outsiders and they should ask and find out the truth. Kerry and the others would not simply let this rest.

"Master Kerry, I... I..." Hana was so embarrassed that she blushed in red. She bit her lip tightly and couldn't say a thing. Her usual A-list celebrity loftiness was nowhere to be seen. She acted like an embarrassed little girl.

"Speak!" Kerry's expression darkened.

Hana was extremely embarrassed and her entire body shuddered when she saw the stern looks of the three of them. But how... how could she explain herself?

She stomped her feet and said coyly, "Master Kerry, can you all don't ask? I beg of you."

"This concerns the Powell and Hughes family. I must find out the truth behind this matter when my granddaughter was slandered in front of me to this extent. Otherwise, I do not fit to be the head of the Powell family."

Kerry was very firm and didn't allow Hana to wriggle herself out of this and declared, "This must be handled appropriately. If what happened tonight leaked out, then what harm will it bring to the Powell

family? If you are right, I will make sure that you get the justice you deserve and make sure that

Hughes brat pays for it. But if you are in the wrong, then I need to know the truth. I can't be kept in the dark after supporting you unconditionally."

"But... I..." Hana grasped her hands as her palms sweated.

She looked up and saw Kerry's stern expression and then he demanded, "Hmm?"

Hana was startled, lowered her head, and blushed as she muttered, "I, I want Jack."

What?! As soon as she said, Kerry and the other two were shocked. The three of them were the authority holders of the Powell family and had seen all kinds of crises and alarming situations. But at this moment, all of them were shocked speechless.

"Hana, that Jack is younger than you by several years!" One of the middle-aged men said in surprise.

"I don't mind if he is younger than me!" Hana said.

The middle-aged man was speechless.

'Haven't you considered that he may mind that you are older than him?' The middle-aged man thought to himself.

Then the other middle-aged man said, "Jack is married. If you do this, then you are a home wrecker!"

Hana shrugged, "I wanted to make him divorce his wife and then marry me and join our Powell family.

At the most, I'll let him have his ex-wife as his mistress. I'm very liberal."

The middle-aged man was flabbergasted and started to murmur to himself.

It was Kerry who was furious but forcibly suppressed his anger and said solemnly, "Hana, you are

thirty-something and never had the thought of starting a relationship. Not only is that Jack married, but

he is also a cripple. What do you see in him?"

Hana raised her head and her beautiful eyes glimmered. She drooped her head again before saying,

"Master Kerry, can you all not ask anymore? I'm in the wrong for this issue and that was why Jack was

so angry. Can you all don't pursue this matter?"

Kerry held his breath and his face was red from anger. The two middle-aged Powell family men were

also extremely upset. This... how could they continue to pursue?

Their own family member was so bold in her thoughts and only God knew how extreme her actions

were in reality! If this were to be leaked, the Powell family would become the joke of the land!

After a deep breath, Kerry said solemnly, "Hana, regardless of how you think about this, I warn you to

stop this right now. You must not have those extreme thoughts!”

Hana shuddered as she looked stunned at Kerry and replied, “But, but... it can’t be stopped. I’ve already arranged for it and it’s being executed now!”

Kaboom! Kerry and the other two middle-aged men’s expressions changed dramatically.

...

It was already dawn when the aircraft landed at suburb airport. This trip was out of Jack and Mr. Ward’s expectations. The expected heavy punishment did not materialize but it was Patrick and the Powell family who wanted to find out the killer of one of the Powell family members.

They had been unnecessarily frightened. Both Jack and Mr. Ward felt that it was rather absurd.

But at the same time, not only Jack’s doubts were not clarified, but it had also become more complicated. Jack’s expression remained cold and distant from the moment they left the Hughes residence to when they were making their way to LJ Hospital. The fury in his eyes and the coldness that he radiated unsettled Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward yawned when they were in the car. Then he couldn’t endure any further and asked, “Master,

can't you forgive Old Master Hughes?"

"I already did!" Jack smiled through the cold expression. But the smile stunned Mr. Ward.

Then Jack turned to look outside the window. The sun continued to rise but the city remained shrouded in darkness. Jack looked at the greenery along the road and noticed a dog.

Its white fur was entangled and covered with mud and dirt. It was very thin and frail. But the dog's eyes were bright as he continued to chew on a bare bone. It looked like a teenage dog.

Jack pointed at the dog, "Look at that dog which is living so courageously. If one day it is on the brink of death and the person who abandoned it was to take him back again, do you think that it will love or hate that person?"

Chapter 583 Uninvited Guest

Was it hate or love?

Mr. Ward was in a daze and looked at the small dog by the side of the road. Their distance increased as the car drove but his eyes continued to look at the dog. Mr. Ward realized that he didn't know how to answer the question.

Jack wiped his face and said, "The dog does not mind if the family is poor but as soon as he is abandoned, it becomes a wolf and a beast which eats raw meat and drinks blood."

“When a wolf returns, it’s not to repay the kindness but to exact revenge!” Jack declared!

The coldness reverberated within the car and chilled to the bones. Even Mr. Ward’s body was covered with goosebumps.

“Master...” Mr. Ward remarked in horror.

Jack smiled, “I know what you are worried about and I know what I’m saying. I’ve always buried deeply the fact that he abandoned his wife and son. But if someone were to mention or let me abandon my wife or son, then I will return to seek revenge!”

Mr. Ward felt considerably more assured when he heard this and was able to calm down.

When they were back at LJ Hospital, it was already daytime.

Jack asked Mr. Ward to go home to rest while he went to Amber’s room. When he wheeled himself to the room, he saw Amber sleeping as she curled up on the bed like a kitten. He smiled tenderly and was about to push himself up onto the bed.

Amber suddenly opened her eyes slowly and smiled sweetly, “Hubby, you’re back.”

“Have I woken you up?” Jack was stunned.

Amber smiled as she said, "My sleep had become very light after I got pregnant. I'll wake up at the slightest disturbance."

"Where's Daisy?" Jack asked.

"She went back to make breakfast for us." Amber yawned several times and rubbed her eyes, "Daisy must be exhausted during this period. She had to take care of so many of us including three patients."

Jack also felt helpless. Things happened one after another ever since he returned from overseas. He could hardly find an opportunity to gasp for air. Daisy had to prepare three meals a day and look after the patients, even Mr. Ward and Brent were exhausted.

"It would be better after this period." Jack sighed as he said helplessly.

It wasn't that he didn't want to help ease the burden on Daisy but he couldn't trust anyone else. The issues surrounding him continually evolve, mutate and broaden. It would catch him off guard as soon as he let his guard down. Daisy was the maid whom he found before he became wealthy and now she had become one of his inner circle. He could be absolutely certain about her. But whether he could trust another maid if he were to hire one was all based on luck.

"You didn't sleep last night?" Amber looked at Jack as she blinked.

Jack yawned and nodded tiredly.

The next moment, Amber opened her arms towards Jack and said coyly, "Come, let's hug and sleep."

Jack laughed, grabbed the side of the bed, and 'struggled' to climb onto the bed. He hugged Amber and fell asleep soon after.

...

All was calm and tranquil during the following week.

What was worth rejoicing was Amber and Lone Wolf were discharged in succession. Only Lyndall remained in the hospital for his recovery and treatments.

Many of them including Jack heaved a sigh of relief when they returned to the TM Hills Villa. The quick succession of events was like an enormous hand that grabbed everyone's throats causing everyone to breathe with difficulty. Now everyone could relax a little.

This period of rest had enabled Amber to improve her health and spirits. She looked more radiant.

Although she still looked thin, she was much better than when they came back from overseas.

According to Director Lansing, as long as she rested quietly at home and avoid large fluctuations in her

mood, then there was nothing to worry about. Hence, Jack's worries were somewhat eased. He was extremely worried that Amber or the child in her would be affected by these events. Now that Amber and the child were in good health, he was now looking forward to the birth of his child.

After the period of morning sickness and now that Amber's mood had improved, her appetite had also improved considerably and she began to eat very well. Each day Jack endeavored to satisfy Amber's cravings and have Daisy cook her favorite dishes.

As for Jack, he only traveled from the company and his home. Occasionally he would go to the hospital to visit Lyndall. His days were very fulfilling.

This morning, after Mr. Ward drove and sent Jack to DT Agency, he didn't return immediately to the TM Hills Villa. Instead, he drove a distance before stopping by the side of the road.

"He, really said that?" Patrick asked solemnly over the phone.

Mr. Ward acknowledged, "Yes, he did." He told Patrick about the incident with the stray dog after returning from the Hughes residence. He didn't contact Patrick directly to report about this but it was Patrick who called him to ask about what Jack's reactions were after they left the Hughes residence.

After a long pause, Patrick heaved an audible sigh, "Perhaps I shouldn't have left and stayed with

Sophie and Jack. Then at least my family would still be complete.”

Mr. Ward’s expression changed and replied, “But if you didn’t return to the Hughes family, you would be totally devoured with nothing remaining.”

“My brother Brown could have become the head of the family,” Patrick said.

Mr. Ward continued, “If Old Master Brown could become the head of the family, then why would he banish himself to the Black hell? Old Master Brown’s way of handling things was far too ruthless and violent.”

“Sigh... The Hughes family is getting too complex and so is the larger environment. The emergence of the centuries-old Powell family is also not a good omen.”

Bang! The phone call was cut off after Patrick’s heavy sigh.

Mr. Ward smiled bitterly and looked at the blue skies and lamented, “We are but ants under the huge expense of the sky. I’m a servant of young Master and will go through thick and thin with him till my death.”

Jack didn’t feel tired after a day’s work. Just before the end of the workday, Jack was preparing to call

Mr. Ward to pick him up when an uninvited guest came to the company. There was a commotion outside the office and the staff was happily surprised.

Jack rubbed his nose and asked Corbin to dismiss the staff early. He then wheeled himself to close the door. Hana stood in silence in the middle of the office and went forward to help Jack. But just as her hand touched the handles of the wheelchair, smack!

Jack forcefully slapped away her hands. Hana immediately winced in pain and quickly withdrew her hands. It was so painful that her eyes began to tear but she endured the pain and didn't make a sound.

Jack closed the door and drew the curtains close. Thereafter he re-positioned the wheelchair, looked coldly at Hana, and said, "Do you think that what you are doing is meaningful? Or do you want me to announce to the world the despicable and shameless things that you did as a member of the Powell family?"

Chapter 584 The Moment My Wife Cried, I am Already at Fault!

The cold blame.

It made Hana Powell cry fiercely. Her eyes turned red and stared directly at Jack Hughes, "Am I that unbearable in your heart?"

"Humph!"

Jack sat on his wheelchair and smiled dismissively, "What do you think?"

"I..."

Hana was speechless. In front of the aggressive Jack, she didn't know how to rebut.

She was indeed unreasonable in making the matter on bullying.

This time, she came here precisely for this.

After taking a deep breath, Hana bowed and lowered her head, "I'm sorry. Because of my impulsive behavior, I have disturbed your life. I especially came here this time to apologize to you. Please forgive me."

After she told Kerry Powell the situation, Kerry and two others were extremely angry and can not let go the awkward feeling in their heart.

After much consideration, he finally decided and coldly forced Hana to apologize to Jack.

The reason was simple. The right and wrong would be known at a glance.

If the two families had huge social difference, then the apology could be ignored.

But if two great mountains didn't have a lot of differences, then the apology would be necessary.

At first, Hana couldn't let go of her dignity. As the apple of the Powell family's eyes, growing up, she had never bowed down to any outsider.

Even after she entered the murky water of the entertainment industry, she still kept her chastity and never intersected with common customs.

But Hana made up her mind due to a word from Kerry.

"If you want to leave a good impression on Jack, then you must apologize."

It was these words that drove her to stand in Jack's office right now.

Apologize?

Jack was taken aback and looked at Hana with stern eyes.

The office was engulfed in silence.

After a long while.

Hana didn't hear Jack's response, so she couldn't help but feel puzzled and perplexed.

However, since it was an apology, she couldn't raise her body immediately because Jack had not given a response.

Finally.

“Haha!”

Jack laughed in despise.

Hana was confused. What...did that mean?

Forgiven?

Or not?

“Rise up. You don’t need to do that.” Jack rubbed his nose. His face was indifferent; even the smile on

his face was full of disdain.

Panic flashed in Hana’s beautiful eyes.

She confusingly rose her head and looked at Jack.

Just when she rose her head.

Whoosh...

Photographs came flying in front of her.

They flew all over the ground.

Some of them directly hit on Hana’s face, which hurt a little.

Hana frowned, she was surprised, and was also a bit angry.

Her hand instinctively clenched into a fist.

It was fine if you didn't forgive, but you still wanted to humiliate me?

The next second.

Jack's voice suddenly became extremely cold.

"What do you think your apology can change?"

Hana pursed her red lips and was about to rebut.

But after glancing at the scattered photos on the floor, she was shocked.

She forcibly lowered her head and looked at the photos facing the ground.

Her shock gradually turned into panic and horror.

"You, how do you have these pictures?"

The almost shriek echoed in the office.

Jack coldly smiled, "What do you think?"

The cold stern voice was like a cold wind from the underworld.

In that instant, the office's temperature dropped to the freezing point.

The chill seemed to enter Hana's bones and engulfed her. Her delicate body couldn't help but shake.

Her beautiful eyes widened and stared at the photos on the ground in horror.

Those photos were captured when she was alone with Jack in the hotel in the capital city!

And in the photos, Hana's demeanor was extremely enchanted and charmed in her sleepwear.

The angle of the shooting was also very well planned. Every photo looked flirtatious and imaginative.

It was hard for people not to think of anything just by looking at the photos.

He stared at Hana who was in shock.

Jack's disdainful smile grew stronger. His eyes also gradually narrowed, "These photos you took, can't

you remember who you gave them to?"

Boom!

Hana's body trembled like she was hit by a thunder.

In that instant, she looked at Jack in panic and horror. Her heartbeat was fast, and her speech was

incoherent.

"A...Amber Knight?"

Bang!

Following Hana's doubtful questioning, Jack's vigor suddenly soared, and he slapped the armrest of the wheelchair.

It was overwhelming.

It coerced her with terror.

In that moment, Hana's body felt weak from panic and almost knelt on the ground.

Looking at the racy photos on the floor, Hana was at loss and she shook her head murmuring, "That's impossible, impossible. How could she give the photos to you?"

Jack's eyes were filled with endless killing intent.

He coldly said, "In your eyes, is my relationship with my wife that vulnerable?"

He raised his hand and pointed at the photos on the ground, "You think a few photos can separate me and my wife?"

Those confident words sounded like thunder.

Hana's face was pale from shock and she was speechless.

Jack coldly said, "Did you think that the reason I humiliated you in front of the elders in the Hughes

meeting hall was only because of the scene in the capital city? Let me tell you, these photos and your dirty methods are the reason why I said those words that time!”

Bang!

Hana’s delicate body shook again. Facing Jack at this moment, she felt dark, petty, and fearful.

It wasn’t because of the disparity in their status.

It was because of the shame from public criticism due to her unethical methods.

He stared at Hana.

Jack squinted his eyes and bloodshot gradually covered his eyeballs.

He placed both hands on the wheelchair. They instinctively clenched into fists and his knuckles cracked.

Almost!

He almost let Hana succeed!

It wasn’t only Amber’s suspicions on him; it was also his suspicions on Amber.

Additionally, the mysterious man’s tattered note let Jack and Amber’s relationship reach an extreme in

a short period of time.

Although Jack was angry about the scene in the capital city, he was more puzzled on what Hana wanted from him.

When the photos fell into Amber's hands, it provoked Jack's wounds!

It was despicable, obscene, dirty!

At that moment, Hana, who was once enveloped in the brightness of a superstar and the halo of being a member of Powell family, had become a nobody in his eyes.

No, it already started at that moment in the Hughes family's meeting hall.

Hana was flustered. She had fallen into a state of loss and trance, "You, how did you find out? This, isn't, isn't it..."

But, before she could finish it.

Jack forcibly interrupted, "Isn't it almost successful?"

Hana fell silent, she evidently admitted it.

"I admire your decisiveness. Right after I left the hotel, you immediately proceeded to push it to my wife's side by sending that man to give her those racy photos, so as to raise her suspicions."

Jack rubbed his nose with stern eyes, “And did you know? Coincidentally, I also got some hints. Your despicable method confirmed my guess and made me raise suspicion of my wife as well. If it continues, it will indeed become what you wished for.”

Hana looked at Jack puzzled.

The next second.

Jack slowly put down his right hand and said aggressively, “But I promised before. At that moment my wife was crying, I’m already at fault! That night when I was still in doubt, after my wife woke up from her nightmare and hugged me in tears, all suspicions disappeared along with the confession!”

Chapter 585 By September 8

The cold voice echoed through the office.

Hana’s face was pale, and she was scared and panicked.

Jack’s words, like an invisible hand, pushed her into the dark abyss.

Hana felt her head was spinning.

She was dizzy.

She was really in charge of the situation all the time.

Actually, she was a little shocked when she first saw the photos, because when she sent someone to give the photos to Amber, and that person reported Amber's reaction to her, she was sure that Amber would bear it and would not give the photos to Jack.

Then she just needed to wait. The rift between Jack and Amber would deepen over time and then they would break up completely.

From the beginning to the end, Hana never panicked.

Because she let people secretly watch Jack and Amber's reactions. The more intense their reactions were, the more confident she was.

She grew up with the belief that if she liked someone, she would pursue him and she would get what she wanted.

Although Kerry and others knew about it, she never lost her confidence.

But now, her self-confidence completely collapsed.

Her plot had long been known and resolved by Jack and Amber.

Jack had explained it to Amber very clearly. The couple was honest with each other.

And it was just because Amber woke up with a nightmare and cried in Jack's arms!

At this moment, Hana was completely stunned.

Her body trembled slightly, and her face turned pale to the extreme.

Hana had extremely mixed feelings.

Was that true love?

"Well!"

All of a sudden, Hana curled her lips and gave a sad smile, "I didn't expect that my elaborate plan was lost to your wife's tears, just tears."

"Pa!"

Hana suddenly raised her hand and slapped herself.

With tears in her eyes, a red and swollen palm print quickly appeared on her beautiful face.

Jack had always been indifferent to her.

Hana laughed with tears. The more she laughed, the delightful she was and the louder she laughed.

"I seem to have really offended your love. I despise love too much."

"You don't have love, so you don't understand."

Jack said directly.

His relationship with Amber had been strengthened after a lot of experiences.

This scene had happened many times.

Shirley, Ivy, and Rena who was overseas had liked Jack.

The only thing that made Jack guilty was that he once suspected Amber.

Amber chose to trust him again and again, but he once indeed doubted her!

It was not until that night when Amber woke up from a nightmare and cried in his arms that he realized

he was wrong.

He was suspicious of a woman who was afraid that he would abandon his wife and son!

"Yeah... I never had love."

Hana laughed mockingly, looking lonely and embarrassed, "I want to have, but you don't agree!"

Jack's expression was indifferent and his eyes were cold.

All the anger turned into two words.

"Get out!"

The relentless rebuke reverberated in the office.

"Jack, I'm the member of the Powell family. Don't you think you're too rude and offensive to me?" Hana

looked at Jack in tears, trembling.

Jack suddenly felt it was funny and laughable.

The people of the Powell family were great?

Could the people of the Powell family ruin others' marriage by mean and dirty means at will?

The smile on Jack's face disappeared.

Jack said coldly, "If you don't offend me, I won't offend you. But if you offend me, I don't care whether

you are the person of the Powell family."

Jack's words were very domineering.

Hana also had a strong sense of frustration.

Since she began to remember things, she had always been proud of her identity as a member of the

Powell family, because this identity made her superior no matter where she went.

Even in the Hughes family, she was able to sit in a formal meeting room that rarely opened.

But now, for the first time, she felt frustrated.

Just because of a man.

Hana staggered towards the door.

When she opened the door and was about to step out, she whispered, "I'm sorry."

"You're really sorry for us," Jack said.

Hana finally burst into tears.

"Click!"

The office door was closed.

Jack sat upright in his wheelchair with a cold expression and anger in his eyes.

A few seconds later,

The office door was pushed open.

Mr. Ward came in with a strange expression.

"You've been here a long time?" Jack asked.

Mr. Ward nodded. He heard the whole conversation between Jack and Hana in the office.

He was shocked yet a little strange.

Hesitated for a moment, he said, "Young master, don't you think your attitude was too bad? She's from

the Powell family!"

"The Powell family? Did I go too far?"

Jack raised his eyebrows and Mr. Ward was stunned by his sharp eyes. Next, Jack said slowly, "If I didn't explain to Amber in time, my marriage would be ruined by her whim. Then, do you think I went too far or she went too far?"

"The Powell family..." Mr. Ward went on.

All of a sudden,

Jack's aura was getting stronger.

At the moment, he was domineering and unrivalled.

"The Powell family? Are the powerful and noble people born with their standing? By September 8, I will deal with those troublesome people! The Powell family..... I'm not afraid of it!"

Then,

Mr. Ward was shocked, in a trance.

Jack's words echoed in his ears like thunder.

At this moment, facing Jack, Mr. Ward even had the feeling of facing the lofty mountains.

Jack was too overbearing, like an invisible hand, choking Mr. Ward's throat and letting him suffocate.

"Go home!"

Jack squeezed out two words.

Mr. Ward finally recovered from his panic.

He took a deep look at Jack.

Young master's growth was very fast. It was the first time Mr. Ward had seen such a person!

Then he pushed Jack to the first floor of DT real estate agency.

A cool wind came.

The leaves of some Chinese parasol trees not far away were somewhat yellowed.

Cool wind cut away the roots of leaves like a knife, letting the yellow leaves falling.

Mr. Ward was stunned... September 8...

September 8... It was getting closer!

Mr. Ward's eyes were deep and he turned to look at Jack in his wheelchair.

Could Young master really become a king and deal with those troublesome people?

"Ho..."

Taking a deep breath, Mr. Ward returned to TM Villa District with Jack.

When Jack got back to the villa,

Amber was sitting in the garden, wearing loose maternity clothes and quietly making flower arrangement.

Daisy carefully trimmed the branches and leaves of each flower and handed them to Amber.

Occasionally, when Amber was not satisfied, Amber would pick up the scissors to trim them again.

Seeing Jack, Amber smiled, "Honey, do you think my flower arrangement looks good?"

"It's nice." Jack was still a little angry, but he still smiled at Amber.

His forced smile could not deceive Amber.

Amber frowned and walked up to Jack with a big belly, "What's the matter with you? Why do you look unhappy?"

Chapter 586 It's Us Against The World

Her voice was gentle.

Jack's heart instantly filled with warmth.

His lingering anger seemed to have been smoothed.

Mr. Ward called Daisy away at the right timing.

Now, only Jack and Amber were left in the garden.

Then, he spoke, "That woman came to look for me when I was about to get off work."

Amber's gaze flickered and her smile seemed forced.

Slowly, she stood up and walked towards the table as she said casually, "It's okay. It's normal for girls to come knocking at your door when you're so perfect."

"Hey, you should listen to the whole story first."

Jack wheeled the wheelchair and followed Amber to the table before he smirked, "Don't you want to know what happened?"

While Amber was arranging the flowers, she replied, "I'm guessing you guys took some pictures, drank a little wine, took off some clothes..."

Her jealousy was coming through to Jack.

Jack quickly raised his right hand, as if to swear to the heavens, "I never thought about those things with her."

“Oh right. But you thought about doing her, am I right?” Amber threw Jack a sideways glance. Then, she squinted her eyes, which exuded a sense of coldness that sent chills up Jack’s spine.

The next second.

Amber picked up a pair of scissors and waved it in front of Jack.

Her hand suddenly moved downwards.

In an instant, Jack clamped his legs tightly together instinctively.

Fortunately, Amber was able to stop her movement in time. She provoked him, “If you dare to do anything with her, I’ll end you!”

“Ouch!”

Jack sucked in a deep breath.

He felt a breeze of cold wind blowing against him.

He then chuckled, “I scolded her, and she left after that.”

“Oh.” Amber went back to arranging the flowers, looking as if she didn’t care at all.

Jack stared at the pair of sharp scissors in Amber’s hand and swallowed hard.

Then, he took a look at Amber's calm and serene expression again.

He was a little puzzled, "Hey, you were not like this when you had a nightmare the other day. You were crying in my arms, so how could you forget the pleasure and be so cold towards me now?"

"Hey!"

Amber froze for a moment as her pretty face flushed with redness immediately.

Then, she threw the scissors in her hand to the table in embarrassment before turning around to pinch

Jack's cheeks as she whined, "Can you not be a pervert in front of your baby? Act like a father, can you?"

Jack's face didn't hurt at all, so it was obvious Amber didn't put in much strength in pinching him.

His gaze traveled downwards towards Amber's huge belly, raised his hand, and stroke it gently, "The baby probably can't hear us."

"No matter what, you are not allowed to talk dirty to me."

Jack felt aggrieved, "What's wrong? Can't I do that to my wife?"

"You..."

Amber groaned in embarrassment.

She released Jack and ignored him as she continued arranging the flowers.

Jack did not leave as well. Instead, he was trying to get on her good side by helping her choose the flowers and delivering them to her so she could trim them.

This scene was peaceful and tranquil.

When Jack was immersed in choosing the flowers, Amber, who was focused on her own task suddenly asked.

“Babe, did you suspect me before too?”

Jack was stunned. His hand froze mid-air for a moment.

“No...No, I never did.” Jack smiled.

“I felt it. It happened before I woke up from my nightmare and cried in your arms when I was harassed by Hana Powell’s people at the hospital.”

Amber did not look at Jack. Her gaze was still fixed on the vase, but it was burning brightly, “A woman’s sixth sense is pretty accurate, you know?”

Freaking sixth sense!

Jack turned solemn instantly.

However, he quickly put down the flowers and held Amber's hands. He apologised sincerely, "I'm sorry."

Once he said that, Amber's gaze turned dim almost right away.

The both of them were silent for a few seconds.

Amber forced a smile on her face and then said, "It's nothing, but promise me there's no next time!"

"Of course!"

With a smile on her face, Amber snuggled into Jack's embrace and said softly, "You need to remember that you are the armor that is protecting me and our baby, and we are your safe haven. Even if the whole world is against you, we will still stand by your side unswervingly and wait for you to come home."

Jack went into a daze.

Amber's gentle words were like a hammer that smashed right on his heart.

He was hit by a wave of emotions.

It suffocated him.

One can only feel the pain if they had lost something they once had.

One would only know the hopeless desperation that came from the abandonment of someone they cherished.

One would only know how difficult life had been after experiencing it themselves.

After going through so much and getting something you once cherished back, you would then understand happiness could not be bought with money.

This must be what happiness felt like.

“What’s wrong?”

Amber got out of Jack’s embrace and looked at him who was staring into space.

Jack only sucked in a deep breath and turned his head to one side as he smiled, “It’s, it’s nothing.”

However, Amber failed to notice the ripples that flashed across Jack’s deep eyes when he turned his head away.

Midnight.

After Jack put Amber to sleep, he was unable to fall asleep himself.

He sat on the wheelchair and headed towards the balcony. He even got himself a dozen of beers along the way.

It had been a long time since he last relaxed here.

When Jack arrived, he was surprised to find that Mr. Ward was laying on the couch with a can of beer in his hand. He seemed to be in a daze.

“Mr. Ward, you can’t sleep too?”

Jack smiled and approached him.

“Young Master?”

Mr. Ward was shocked, then hurriedly got up and assisted Jack to the couch so he could lay down.

Then, he went to the other chair on the side, “Young Master, you’re not sleeping too?”

“I’m not sleepy. After Lyndall got attacked by George’s man the other day, my mind had been in a mess.”

Jack sighed as he frowned.

“I’ve been thinking about it too.”

Mr. Ward turned to look at Jack and said lowly, “I kept wondering about the note the mysterious person

left for you. What does it mean exactly?"

"What does it mean?"

Jack rubbed his nose and snickered, "He's the most suspicious one in this master plan. I don't care about the note anymore. I bet it just wanted to ruin my relationship with Amber. As for their motives, I can't really say anything about that as well."

When Jack returned to TM Villa District from DT real estate this evening, he had told Mr. Ward about the stupid note.

Mr. Ward rubbed his nose too, "Indeed, the mysterious person is the most suspicious one. But I still felt like something is off."

As he said, he took a sip of beer.

Then, he lifted his right index finger, "First of all, the mysterious person helped you to find Lyndall.

Then, he saved both of you in the woods. Only then did he kill the guy from the Powell Family after that.

"Let's say the mysterious person deliberately did all that to frame you so that the Powell Family would

punish you. This explanation doesn't seem right to me. I doubt this guess as well."

Jack did not retort.

He could still remember what happened back in the woods clearly.

It made sense.

Surely, Jack had his own pride to withhold as well.

In that situation, since the mysterious person was able to penetrate the tree trunk with a stone and startled the man who was expelled from the Powell Family, that meant he was capable of piercing the stone through Jack's skull as well.

Jack could've been killed right on the spot, but the mysterious person did not do that. Instead, he framed him for the murder. Was all this even necessary?"

Jack asked calmly, "What's your second point?"

Chapter 587 Dark Net Murder!

Mr. Ward groaned.

Slowly he raised his second finger, "The Powell family member is the one who has been expelled from the Powell family. In other words, he is no longer a Powell family member. Such a person, whether it is the Hughes family or the Powell family, he is not worth mentioning, just like ants."

Jack nodded, his eyes deep.

A member of the Powell family who was not in the Powell family's genealogy was insignificant.

If the mysterious person was really the murderer, using such a person who simply carried the surname

Powell in an attempt to bring troubles, planting and arguing, this would be useless -- a redundant thing.

In the situation at that time, it would have been more effective to tell the mystery person to kill Jack

instead of going around in a big circle with the intention of letting the Powell family kill Jack.

"What if the mysterious man was not behind this? What if he really helped me?" Jack said.

Mr. Ward slowly raised his third finger, "The third is that the mysterious man is the most suspicious

now, and... there is also the note he left for you to prove it."

Jack scratched his head in distress.

What Mr. Ward said is exactly what he had been confused about.

From the assassination of Lyndall to the appearance of the Powell family, until now, everything could be

intertwined to form a complete context.

But no matter how he thought about this, there were always flaws and surprises in this context.

It was like a pool of clear water, and there were always a few inexplicable clusters of sewage that could not disperse.

Taking a deep breath, Jack suppressed his jumbled thoughts.

He shrugged, "I don't understand it for the time being, maybe after a while, it will be clear."

Mr. Ward nodded, finished the bottle of beer, took the beer that Jack had brought, opened two bottles, and handed Jack one of them.

"Now, we will just have to wait and see what happens."

Jack took a sip of beer and the autumn made his beer a little bit more chilly.

He grinned, suppressed the coldness in his mouth, and asked, "The fact that I'm not dead, should have caused quite a stir in the Hughes family."

Just as he said that.

Mr. Ward suddenly couldn't help but laughing.

Holding back a smile, he said slowly, "The night that you and I left, Old Madame Hughes vomited blood and passed out. Killian took a gilded coffin and had it moved into the courtyard of Old Madame

Hughes. As a result, the rope ripped, and the servants who carried the coffin were so shocked that they

were all wounded and howled."

"Oh?"

Jack raised his eyebrows and laughed very happily. He laid his head back and finished the bottle of beer. He laughed, "Everyone thought that Jack would die, but they don't know that I can walk out of that room alive. If Old Madame Hughes vomited blood on the spot, how good would that be?"

Mr. Ward continued, "Archer thought that you were dead, so he rushed to the old master to pay his respects, but the master scolded him until he left that room, very embarrassed."

"What a useless, Archer is really mentally retarded." Jack's eyes were sharp, and he spoke bluntly about this uncle who was a close relative.

Mr. Ward stretched and shook the swing gently, "That night, the Hughes family seemed calm, but everyone was already shocked. If it hadn't been for the master to suppress them, I guess they would have screamed. "

His words seemed to be emotional, but also a little solemn.

Jack looked at Mr. Ward and smiled helplessly, "The Hughes family, since we have chosen this path,

we can only rely on my father for shelter. As for his power, it is really insignificant."

This was not Jack speaking nonsense.

He had been to the Hughes family several times and saw it clearly.

Those who really decided the important matters of the Hughes family were all those who could enter the chamber of parliament.

Especially Old Madame Hughes had the strongest edge.

If it weren't for the protection of his father, let alone whether the members of his would help Jack, even if they helped, it would not play a decisive role.

It was always only a few people at the top that determined the whole situation.

The whole game was just a game of those few people.

The people under his command were all pawns and waded to drive.

What's more, now his father's situation in the Hughes family was also extremely poverty stricken.

They had to know that even Archer, the "brother", was mentally disabled and connected with outsiders, so he kept helping Old Madame Hughes.

Jack could see the situation clearly, not to mention Mr. Ward had been closely following Patrick.

Mr. Ward saw the situation of the Hughes family more clearly than Jack, so he sighed.

There was a long silence.

Mr. Ward smiled suddenly, "Young Master, you seem to have forgotten one thing."

"What is it?"

Jack raised his eyebrows and looked at Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward squinted his eyes as they shot out cold killing intent, spitting out one word between his teeth,

"George!"

As he said that.

On the breezy rooftop, the killing intent suddenly surged.

The temperature instantly became icy.

Jack rubbed his nose and smiled strangely, "Are you still hesitating?"

"I am not hesitating, if I tread as on eggs, it is difficult to become a big man, I have been honest for

twenty years, maybe a little too honest."

Mr. Ward resolutely said, "But this is a matter of the Hughes family's inviolable law. If you really want to

do it, you have to think about it. If you are caught by the Hughes family, George's heir status alone will be enough to keep the master away from being able to save you."

He decided to support Jack in killing George, but he didn't go to the point of acting impulsively.

George's status as an "heir" made this assassination extremely dangerous.

If they weren't careful, they would fall into an irreparable situation!

But if there was a careful plan and the right time, the heir... why couldn't he be killed?

Under the throne, there were countless bones, he personally told Jack.

When Patrick competed for the position of the head of family, it's not like... he never killed anyone.

Jack smiled coldly, rubbed his nose, frowning gradually.

He was lying on the recliner, looking at the stars in the sky.

He smashed his mouth and said, "As long as George gets out of the Hughes family, there are ten thousand ways to kill him, but what if he doesn't get out of the Hughes family?"

Mr. Ward looked startled and frowned.

A deep voice followed, "If George doesn't leave the Hughes family, he won't be killed even if you had the ten thousand ways. Even if you kill him, it will be a dead end."

"Then we can only wait."

Jack smiled bitterly, "It's also funny to think about it. If others want to kill the head of Hughes family, they can invite a killer to come to the Hughes family and put my dad in a deadly situation. Now that we want to kill an heir, it's more difficult than killing the head of the family."

Just as he said that.

"What?!"

Mr. Ward raised his brows, and a sharp light burst in his gloomy eyes.

Almost at the same time, Jack's eyes flickered, as if he had realized something.

Jack turned his head abruptly, and met Mr. Ward's gazes.

His eyes flickered, and his expression was radiant.

A few seconds later.

The two said at the same time, "Dark Net, secrete assassinations!"

Compared to blatant assassinations, or secretly setting up a siege, as long as George did not step out of the Hughes family, it was difficult to implement.

But the Dark Net Assassin Squad was completely different!

The Burton family wanted to kill Jack with someone from the Dark Net, and it caused him to wander in front of the death gate several times.

That was a place... that was not out in the open!

"It's just that, who should we ask to release it?" Mr. Ward hesitated. "Although the Assassin Squad can release the assassination missions anonymously, but caution is the parent of safety, I feel that we shouldn't ask our own people to publish it."

Jack waved his hand and smiled weirdly, "I have someone, my dad... has already prepared it for me."

Chapter 588 Executed and Killed!

"What?!"

This was unexpectedly for Mr. Ward and he looked at Jack suspiciously.

Jack gave a weird smile.

His eyes were deep.

If he used that force to publish the mission on the Dark Net Assassin Squad, he should be... able to hide the truth, right?

The following week, Jack was always traveling between the company and his home, and sometimes he would take time to visit Lyndall.

Everything seemed ordinary.

One early morning.

Jack left the TM Villa with Mr. Ward and Brent early and went to the airport.

Unlike going to the Hughes family, this trip, with lessons learned, Jack felt that it was safer to take Brent with him.

When going to the Hughes family, it was an unstoppable disaster by manpower.

But this time, if there was danger, manpower could also block out manpower.

They arrived at the suburban airport, after boarding the plane, Mr. Ward finally couldn't contain the doubts in his heart, "Young Master, where are we going?"

The decision was made that night a week ago until now.

Jack never revealed any information, even when he set off just now, he never mentioned it to Amber or Daisy.

Jack rubbed his nose, "The North, Jeweline Group!"

Mr. Ward and Brent were shocked.

The next second.

Mr. Ward showed a look of joy, "I feel ashamed, I did not expect that you still had this card. If you use this card to publish the task, even if the Hughes family wanted to track it down, it would be extremely difficult!"

They had to know, when Patrick disappeared, the Hughes family tried their best and never found out where Patrick was.

But Jack, from a little bit of clues, he slowly figured out his clues and ran to the Jeweline Group to hit his target.

The Jeweline Group was also worth tens of billions in size.

Curled up in the North, it was called the leader.

Such an existence, if it weren't for digging out everything, even with the power of the Hughes family, it would be extremely difficult to trace the origin.

What's more, the forces that were chosen to release the mission were cautious, avoiding the one

percent chance of being discovered.

While being delighted, Mr. Ward also suddenly realized.

"Young Master, you deliberately waited for a week before leaving, just to hide the traces of itinerary of today as much as possible?"

Jack nodded without evasiveness, "The Powell family just intended to killed me and failed. The Hughes family was shaken. God knows how many eyes are staring at me. If I was impatient and went to the North without stopping before, I would definitely be noticed. Obviously, the purpose of this time is completely different from the last time."

Mr. Ward nodded in agreement.

The last time they went to the North was to find Patrick.

With Patrick's return, the issue of the Jeweline Group would soon be forgotten.

But this time they went to the North was for Jeweline Group to go to the Dark Net Assassin Squad to issue a mission to assassinate George.

If they were not careful, it would inevitably affect everything else.

"Is the itinerary of plane concealed?" Jack asked suddenly, he had specifically asked Mr. Ward before leaving.

Mr. Ward nodded, "I had to ask some people, but we have successfully concealed the whereabouts."

As he said, Mr. Ward laughed to himself, "Our trip is basically unknown. If we were to have an accident, no one would know that we had it."

"We should be talking about good luck, Mr. Ward, what are you talking about?"

Brent complained to Mr. Ward.

As a former mercenary leader, he had experienced life and death and crawled out of a mountain of dead people countless times. Brent was still very superstitious about the word "luck".

Mr. Ward smirked and stopped talking.

Soon, the plane took off.

Jack looked at the sea of clouds outside the window, his mind floating.

I had imagined to use the Jeweline Group again many times.

But I didn't expect that so quickly, the Jeweline Group would have to be used to release the assassination mission.

He rubbed his nose.

Jack sneered coldly, "George, when you experience the density of assassinations of the Assassination Squad, when you are hovering in front of the gates of death, will you regret that you acted as a messer when the Powell family came to the Hughes family ?"

Although the Powell family came to the Hughes family from the very beginning, the truth had been ascertained, Jack was destined not to be punished.

But George acted as a scrambler to disrupt the game, and it was a real.

Even now it seemed that George's previous actions were full of ugliness.

But beware!

The person... should be killed!

...

At the Hughes family.

In the small courtyard.

"Hachoo!"

George sneezed hard and rubbed his nose, "It's cold in autumn, did I catch a cold?"

Inexplicably, a chill swept through his body.

He subconsciously wrapped his clothes tighter and looked at the leaves scattered in the small courtyard.

"Jack, Jack... This time the Powell family let you escape. You really made the Hughes family drop our jaws in surprise."

George's eyes were sharp, his killing intent was stern and he said, "Because of you crippled bastard, grandma vomited blood and fainted. This alone, whether it was grandma, or Killian and Uncle Carter, they probably all want to rip you alive."

Speaking of this, the sneer on George's face grew stronger.

On the other side.

Inside the Hughes family Buddhist temple.

The sound of chanting was endless, the golden Buddha statue was set there.

The sandalwood was burning.

It made the whole temple quiet and peaceful.

Old Madame Hughes knelt on the futon, facing the golden Buddha, twisting beads and chanting.

That day, she was so angry that she vomited blood and fainted, after she woke up until now, her old face was still a little pale, with a sense of weakness.

With the chanting, from time to time there would be a cough and frown.

In the peaceful Buddhist hall, Old Madame Hughes chanting was not at all peaceful.

Carter and Killian on the side looked at the appearance of Old Madame Hughes, worried.

The two dared not to persuade her.

Because they all knew that Old Madame Hughes had terrible temper since she woke up after the faint.

It was like a barrel of explosives, if they were not careful, she would explode at one point!

Snap!

Suddenly, Old Madame Hughes opened her eyes with frowning brows, her eyes were fierce and

impatient, she slammed the Buddha beads on the ground.

The buddha beads scattered and rolled to the ground.

"Mom!"

"Grandma!"

Carter and Killian were frightened and panicked.

"Jack... ahem, ahem... Jack... you crippled bastard, you, ahem, ahem... what on earth do you have to do with God of Death, why? Why does he just not accept you?"

The roar was mixed with several violent coughs.

The next second.

Old Madame Hughes stood up trembling, glaring at the towering golden Buddha.

She gritted her teeth and said, "Buddha, I sincerely worship you, molding the golden body, chanting in the morning and evening, three incenses in the morning and evening, bathing and fasting, your majestic Buddha can't beat the God of Death, and is there no way to send that bastard to hell?"

"Mom, calm your anger!"

Carter courageously persuaded.

Old Madame Hughes trembled and coughed violently.

Suddenly, her ears moved, she heard a noise in the courtyard outside.

She turned around abruptly, and sternly scolded, "Which idiot who is not afraid of death touched the

coffin?"

"Mom, the coffin has to be taken out, it is unlucky to put it in the yard!" Carter said.

"Jack is not dead, that's what's unlucky!"

Old Madame Hughes gritted her teeth and glared at Carter and Killian, "Remember, the coffin is placed in the yard, that is a shame. Shame that is supposed to alert us!"

After Carter and Killian responded in panic.

Old Madame Hughes looked cold and waved, "Drag those idiots that packed the coffin outside and bury them. Don't kill and don't make them bleed. It's the first day of the month, I am vegetarian and cannot see blood... Amitabha Buddha."

Chapter 589 Reduced To A Servant

The aircraft landed at the airport. Just as Jack and the other 2 walked out of the airport, they saw a line of Mercedes Benz G-class waiting by the roadside. There were over twenty of them and it drew a lot of attention! Jack frowned as he sat in the wheelchair.

Soon he could see Gilbert and Jeweline running towards him. Jeweline was extremely excited to see

Jack again. He was able to get to his current status in the Hunter family all thanks to Jack. Previously in

the Hunter family, he was being sidelined and belittled. Even his father as the head of the family disregarded him.

But after an interaction with Jack, his status in the Hunter family took a drastic change.

“Jack...” But before Jeweline could greet Jack properly, Jack said solemnly, “Why did you make this so grand?”

Gilbert and Jeweline were stunned when they heard this and exchanged looks. Was this considered grand? It certainly was not to them. The Hunter family was considered the ‘local emperor’ in the North.

Twenty over G-class to escort them was nothing compared to Gilbert’s birthday which had the roads cleared and a banquet attended by ten thousand well-wishers.

But Gilbert smiled and apologized, “I’m sorry Mr. Hughes, I just wanted to welcome you and ensure your safety.”

Jack frowned. Such a welcome may invite too much attention and risk his safety instead! He came in secrecy and even his flight records had been suppressed and kept from the public domain. It was all to reduce the likelihood of the dark net getting news of his travel plans and issuing an assassination attempt.

Now as soon as he landed, the twenty-over car convoy of the Hunter family had practically announced his arrival. That essentially negated all of his efforts to keep this trip a secret. Before he came, he had already instructed Jeweline to keep it low profile but he still did this.

Jack rubbed his nose and then said sternly, "Let's get out of here immediately." Brent wheeled Jack and walked towards a G-class with Mr. Ward.

Gilbert and Jeweline looked at each other. Gilbert realized what was happening and then questioned Jeweline, "Jeweline, how did Mr. Hughes instruct you before he came?"

Jeweline mumbled, "He told me to pick him up from the airport without any extravagance."

Gilbert was speechless. He raised his hand and wanted to slap Jeweline causing Jeweline to dodge away from him.

Gilbert ground his teeth and berated, "You fool! Mr. Hughes already told you not to be extravagant and yet you asked me to come in a convoy?"

"Is this extravagant?" Jeweline pointed at the convoy of twenty plus G-class, "Isn't this our most basic procedure for receiving guests?"

Gilbert was dumbfounded and fumed in fury. This fool...

In order to ensure Jeweline's status in the Hunter family, Gilbert was glad to see Jeweline drawing nearer to Jack. Jack also appeared willing to interact with Jeweline as the recent phone call to Jeweline proved. Gilbert was fine with all these. But his precious son was not detailed in his handling of things!

"What are you waiting for? Catch up with them!" Gilbert yelled and kicked Jeweline's backside.

After getting into the car, the convoy of G-class left the airport.

Jack, Brent, Mr. Ward, and Gilbert were in one car while Jeweline was being kicked by Gilbert to the car behind.

Gilbert felt nervous and wrung his hands as he looked at Jack who appeared stern. He was Patrick's right-hand man and his achievements today were because of Patrick's gift to him for his dedication. So

Jack was in some sense was his benefactor's son!

Now, their reception at the airport had caused Jack to be so upset and cold towards him.

"Not to be repeated," Jack said coldly and broke the silence in the car.

Gilbert heaved a sigh of relief and quickly nodded, "Yes, yes, yes... I will remember Mr. Hughes'

words."

After a pause, Gilbert raised to look at Jack and then smiled, “Mr. Hughes, for what purpose did you come to the Jeweline Group in secrecy?”

“Mr. Ward, Brent, I’m going to take a nap. Wake me up when we arrive.” Jack ignored Gilbert and leaned back to rest.

Gilbert was stunned but then it dawned upon him that it was probably inappropriate to discuss the matter at that moment which was why Jack ignored him. Gilbert didn’t pursue the matter while Brent and Mr. Ward began to chat with each other.

At the Hunter residence.

The extensive manor was like an oasis in the desert. They were the richest family locally and, in this area, their status was comparable to the Hughes family. There were numerous visitors to the manor daily. People and cars everywhere.

But today, the place was solemn and serious. There weren’t the usual hustle and bustle at the entrance because Gilbert had given the order that the Hunter family would only receive one guest that day!

The convoy of twenty plus G-class drove into the carpark. After Jack expressed his displeasure, Gilbert

had informed everyone to keep his visit a low profile.

After they got out of the car, Brent wheeled Jack while Mr. Ward followed closely behind and walked into the Hunter residence.

Gilbert and Jeweline followed closely behind. The rest of the people were strictly ordered to remain in the cars until they entered the residence.

Gilbert's study was a place which he carried out most of his work. He would normally not entertain his guests in the study.

Jack sat in the wheelchair with Mr. Ward and Brent on either side of him.

Gilbert sat in front of the desk and waited respectfully for Jack to speak. Jeweline was arranging for tea to be served. All these were as Jack had requested. They dispensed with all the usual protocol of receiving guests to their residence. This caused Gilbert to feel uncomfortable as he was not a good host.

However, Jack's eyes twitched involuntarily when Jeweshine entered the study to infuse tea.

After the last time they met, Jeweshine's status in the Hunter family had taken a huge dive. Jack heard that Jeweshine was stripped of all authorities and resources in the family. But never had he expected

Jeweshine to become a servant in the Hunter family.

Jeweshine was once regarded by many as the potential head of the family but now he was reduced to a household servant.

“Mr. Hughes?” Jeweshine was surprised to see Jack. It was all because of Jack that he was in that position today. After the initial shock, Jeweshine lowered his eyes as his fury flashed in his eyes. But even when he looked down, Jack could feel his animosity. Jack gently grinned and ignored him.

It was Jeweline who yelled, “Jeweshine, what’s wrong with you? You’re here to infuse tea and not to speak!”

Jeweshine’s entire body shuddered, lowered his head, and narrowed his eyes like a serpent. His eyes glared with evil anger.

“I’m sorry, master Jeweline.” Jeweshine lowered his head and focused on infusing tea.

Jack stared at Jeweshine as he pondered deeply and continued to grin. Brent also frowned as he looked at Jeweshine with suspicion. Brent unconsciously leaned onto the side of Jack’s wheelchair.

After Jeweshine served the tea and left, Jack instructed Brent and Mr. Ward to wait outside the study.

This made Gilbert and Jeweline compose themselves.

“Jack, this is my father’s study and no one would dare to come near it,” Jeweline said.

“This matter is of utmost importance and I can’t be too careful.” Jack had always been very careful and deliberate. He would not allow his carefully devised plan to fail.

Jeweline was about to speak when Gilbert glared at him and said sternly, “Jeweline, get out and stand outside.”

“Dad, I...” Jeweline was stunned but when he saw Gilbert’s stern expression, he quickly walked out of the study and closed the door.

Gilbert smiled, “I’m sorry, Mr. Hughes, Jeweline is still young and I’m afraid that he would impede your important plans.”

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Jack smiled gently.

Gilbert then asked solemnly, “Might I be so bold as to ask Mr. Hughes, your purpose for coming over in secrecy?”

“I’m here to seek your assistance,” Jack said.

Gilbert’s expression changed drastically, stood up and said respectfully, “Please state what you need.”

Everyone in the Hunter family thought that it was Gilbert's efforts that took the family to their current status but only Gilbert knew that it was all due to Patrick's support for him. It was clear to him and even after Jeweline became the head of the family, that they had to repay their debts to Patrick and now Jack.

A puppet would always be a puppet. How would he dare to have his master request anything of him?

Jack smiled as he signaled for Gilbert to take a seat. He then spoke solemnly, "I came today to request that you help me approach the dark net assassin squad to issue an order to kill someone."

"Who?" Gilbert was startled.

As the head of the Hunter family which was valued at tens of billions, he had some understanding of the dark net assassin squad. But for Jack to go through him to have the dark net assassin squad issue the kill order, that meant that the target was a prominent figure!

Jack rubbed his nose and wheeled himself towards Gilbert. He leaned towards Gilbert and whispered.

Kaboom!

Gilbert was stunned and his face turned pale with his eyes and mouth wide open.

“Mr. Hughes... this, this... is a death sentence!” Gilbert was unable to control himself due to the shock.

The Hughes family was high and mighty and controlled immense wealth. With such status, each one of them was society elites and if any one of them was hurt by outsiders, the Hughes family would not sit idly by. Not to mention... that the subject was a potential heir!

With such a status, it would definitely incur the boundless wrath of the Hughes family!

“Why should you be afraid when I’m not?” Jack raised his eyebrows and scoffed, “The dark net assassin squad would be able to protect your identity. You need not worry.”

Gilbert frowned tightly and he could not hide his horror. Though Jack spoke lightly of it, Gilbert knew the danger and terror of the consequences.

It was so silent in the study that one could hear a pin drop. The air was thick and tensed.

Jack did not push the matter and simply sipped tea. When Jack decided to kill George, even Mr. Ward hesitated, what more Gilbert.

It was like trying to extract a tiger’s tooth. Any mistake and the person would end up being devoured by the tiger.

George started to instigate trouble when the Powell family went to the Hughes family. At that point,

Jack already decided that George's days were numbered.

Jack would hesitate when it came to the innocents. But when it came to his enemies, particularly someone who repeatedly tried to kill him, then he must be decisive. If he didn't even dare to kill his enemies and treat his enemies with compassion, then he would be his own greatest enemy.

"Huff..." Gilbert exhaled just as Jack was about to finish his cup of tea. At this point, he looked determined and without the indecisiveness he had displayed a moment ago.

With a smile, Gilbert nodded and assured, "The Hunter family will carry out your wishes."

"Great, issue it tonight." Jack nodded and was very pleased with Gilbert's attitude. Gilbert no longer hesitated and firmly agreed.

After a pause, Gilbert tried to change the subject, smiled, and said, "I've already ordered our residential chef to prepare a banquet. I hope that Mr. Hughes will accept my invitation to stay at my residence tonight."

If these humble words were leaked out, it would ignite the entire social circle. How could the high and mighty Hunter family be reduced to such a lowly level? In the North, countless people seek to visit the

Hunter residence and spend a night there. But now, it was the Hunter family who requested someone to stay!

“Okay.” Jack did not refuse and agreed.

Since the matter had been decided, then there was nothing else to discuss. If Gilbert could be groomed by his father, then Jack could believe in his abilities. Jack, Mr. Ward, and Brent were led to their respective rooms after leaving the study.

After Jack left, Gilbert became melancholy and solemn. Jeweline noticed Gilbert’s expression as he entered the study. He closed the door and then asked curiously, “Dad, what did Jack talk to you about?”

Gilbert looked at Jeweline and he was most concerned about Jeweline’s ability to keep a secret. If anything of it was to leak out, then it would bring forth the devastation of the Hunter family.

Gilbert took a deep breath and said, “Be his spear!”

“Spear?” Jeweline was stunned, “I’m sure Jack didn’t need us to be his spear.”

“What the hell do you know? How many people would die to be his spear and but couldn’t? Go and keep Jack company.”

Gilbert chased Jeweline away. He sat as he pondered with worry and helplessness.

Although Jack said that he wasn't afraid. If Jack really was not afraid, then why would he ask for the

Hunter family's help? Even if the dark net assassin squad could protect the identity of the customer, it

would somehow be found out through investigation, especially when the intended target was the

potential heir of the Hughes family.

Even if the risk was a one in a thousand, the Hunter family was now shouldering this risk for Jack.

"It's time for me to repay the hand that fed me..." Gilbert heaved a sigh.

On the other end.

Jack rejected the arrangement of one to a room and decided that three of them would share a room.

He was still a cripple to outsiders and it would be a hassle if he needed any help.

"Master, that Jeweshine was acting strange," Brent said after the Hunter family servants left the room.

"I thought that I was the only one who felt that." Jack rubbed his nose and grinned. Mr. Ward's

expression darkened as he was chatting with Gilbert and didn't notice.

Brent said proudly, "At least I'm a warrior who crawled from a pile of dead bodies. I am very clear of the

difference between anger and desire to kill.”

Jack nodded as that was why he kept staring at Jeweshine. He then raised his hand and pointed

towards the door and said, “Jeweline will come soon, ask him about it.”

Just as he said, someone knocked on the door. Knock knock knock.

“Jack, it’s me, Jeweline, can I come in?” Jeweline asked.

Brent went to open the door and Jeweline smiled happily as he walked in. But his smile waned when

he looked at Jack’s legs. He noticed it when Jack exited the airport but he didn’t dare to ask as Jack

looked very stern.

It wasn’t until now that he asked, “Jack, your legs...”

Jack smiled, “It’s alright, it was just an accident. It was a miracle that I lived.”

Jeweline’s expression changed drastically and his eyes turned red immediately, “Will you be able to

stand again?”

Jack simply smiled but didn’t answer. To Jeweline, Jack was just trying to put up a brave front.

“Jeweline, what’s the matter with that Jeweshine?” Jack changed the subject.