

Born Winner 591

Chapter 591 Human Thought Was Forever Evil and Unpredictable than Ghost

After he heard Jack asking about it.

Jeweline revealed a satisfying smile.

He shrugged his shoulder and sat on the sofa carelessly, "Luckily, Jack helped me at that time. Since

then, my father establishes me as the next master of Hunter Family. My father also takes away all the

wealth and right of Hunter Family from Jeweshine. He is no difference than a servant now."

"So, you keep him by your side?"

Jack was surprised with his generous heart.

About the matter in the study room, it was Jeweshine who did not allow others to serve them.

Even if Jeweshine became a servant, he would be Jeweline's close servant.

"Yes, what does it matter? That dude has been bullying me since young, his fate totally changed now. I

should let him experience the feeling of being degraded," Jeweline simply said, he could not control

himself to smile complacently.

Because of ability reason, he was not treated well in Hunter Family.

Even his father ignored him as well.

That was why previously he had indulged himself in the dispirited life of debauchery and sexual pleasure.

Every year in any celebration, during their family gathering, he was bullied and teased by Jeweshine and the others.

Even during his biological father's birthday banquet, Jeweshine and the others criticized and reproached him.

Now, he could finally take revenge and staged a comeback.

After hearing that.

Jack, Mr. Ward and Brent looked at each other.

They could feel the helplessness from each other's sight.

Finally, Jack rubbed his nose and reminded him, "Jeweshine loses everything because of you. Initially, he is the most popular candidate to be the heir but he becomes a slave ultimately. Do you ever think of what is his feeling? You don't stay away from this kind of man, but keep him by your side. You are sleeping with snake and befriending with wolf, do you know what it means?"

Jeweline was startled.

Although he was generous, he was not silly at all. He could understand what Jack meant.

Snake was cold-blooded while wolf was wild and untamed.

Both of the animals would seek revenge for their grievance!

“It should not be, right?”

Jeweline was a bit uncertain, “Ever since he follows me, he is always veracious. In addition, other than

the attitude I treat him is a little bad, so far I do not treat him overly harsh. I am the next master of

Hunter Family, he will not have the courage, right?”

“Take care of yourself,” Jack did not want to elaborate anymore.

Jack had given him the necessary reminder, it was enough.

It was up to Jeweline to make his own decision.

As a human, no one could replace anyone. Everyone tried their best to pull through.

Nevertheless, Jeweline’s response made Jack understand that why his status in Hunter’s family was

always in an embarrassing situation.

Jeweshine’s eyes flickered a little. He showed a dull face and recalled the scenes when he brought

Jeweshine along with him.

But Jack's words made him nod at last, "Jack, I got what you mean. I will ask Jeweshine to stay away from me."

"It seems that you don't care all just now, why do you change your mind suddenly?" Mr. Ward said playfully.

Jeweline smiled foolishly and scratched his head, "My father taught me that I should listen to what Jack said because I am lack of ability."

He still remembered that his father told him the difference between 'following the right leader' and 'becoming the outstanding leader'.

It was difficult to become an outstanding leader to rush towards the sky.

But by following the right leader, it was hundred times easier to rush towards the sky, as long as you followed... the person that could become the outstanding leader. Then, it was enough.

After hearing that.

Mr. Ward laughed and shrugged his shoulder. He looked at the sky outside and said to Jeweline,

“You’re worthy to be taught. It is still early now, how about bring me to have a stroll to experience the local customs and practices. I will teach you something new.”

Jack and Brent were speechless.

Mr. Ward started to be playful again.

Jeweline was smart. He understood tacitly and stood up quickly. Then, he said to Jack and Brent, “Let’s go together.”

“Get lost!”

Jack said out the word straight away.

Jeweline looked at Brent, he was about to open his mouth.

But Mr. Ward held Jeweline’s shoulder and said, “He is a stubborn and silly man, he will not understand it. Only both of us go together will make it. We will have our dinner just in time.”

After both of them left.

Brent could not help but sit down, “Mr. Ward seems unable to change his behaviour.”

Jack shrugged his shoulder, “A leopard never changes his spots. Furthermore, he is old already.”

He stopped for a while.

Jack asked playfully, "How much probability do you think Jeweshine will have?"

"What probability?"

Brent was confused a while, then he got it instantly. He raised his hand and touched his neck

subconsciously.

After seeing Jack nodded, Brent then lowered his head and started to think.

"I seldom get along with him. If I make a judgement based on his resentment, it is difficult. But the probability does exist."

Jack nodded, actually he also could not evaluate the probability.

But he knew one thing.

Human thought was forever evil and unpredictable than ghost.

Once in heaven, once in hell.

The thing that changed was not only the environment, but also...human thought as well.

The sky of the North got dark quite late.

The sun set when it was 8 p.m. Then, the night came gradually.

Mr. Ward and Jeweline came back.

All of them walked towards the banquet hall together.

There was only one table in the luxurious and solemn banquet hall.

Under Jack's request, Gilbert did not invite others. There were only him and Jeweline accompanying them.

The table was full of delicious delicacies and a variety of feast.

The case was settled.

Jack and the rest enjoyed their meal and chitchatted with Gilbert and Jeweline relaxingly.

They proposed a toast to each other and chitchatted cheerfully.

The atmosphere in the hall was peaceful and harmonious.

There were only a few people in Hunter's family that know about the arrival of Jack and the rest because Gilbert purposely kept it as a secret.

So, the banquet hall was as if isolated from the Hunter Family.

At the dark corner that was not far away from the banquet hall.

The surrounding was deserted and silent.

The corner was covered by the lush forest.

However, there were two people staying at the deserted corner under the night sky.

“Don’t you...hate him?”

The low and coarse voice was heard, he said with a smile, “You should know that you’re indeed the one supported by everyone to be the heir but you become a servant now and serving the useless person.”

“I hate it! But what can I do?” Jeweshine’s eyes emitted a sharp and resentful light. He smiled mournfully, “His father is the old master, his father is dominant in Hunter Family. He is supported by his father, his position to be the next master will not be grabbed away.”

“I offer you a chance to stage a comeback.”

“What?”

Jeweshine stretched his body, as if a person who was dying in despair trying to grab the last chance to save himself.

Next second.

He felt that his right hand was held by the person standing in front of him.

After that, a thing was stuffed in his hand.

A low and coarse voice was heard gradually, "If you settle this, the position of being the old master of

Hunter Family and the ten billion assets, it all belongs to you."

After finished talking, that person left.

Jeweshine stood at the same place, his right hand was grabbing the stuff. He kept clenching and

unclenching it.

While his emotion was not stable, his strong resentment arose in his heart.

In the past, he was the well-known best candidate to be the heir of Hunter Family.

Even if he did not make any contribution and continued his life stably, he must become the next master

of Hunter Family.

However, Jack's appearance changed his fate totally.

He lost everything and became a slave. He even needed to serve wastrel like Jeweline that he always

disdained.

The sudden changes made a comeback for Jeweline but it was a nightmare for Jeweshine.

“Whoosh...”

In the dark, the strong grumbling voice reverberated, “No one can change my fate, because since I was born, I am destined to be a dignified person. If my fate has been changed, then I will change it myself!”

Chapter 592 Blood Stained the Banquet Hall

In the banquet hall.

There was a lot of laughter.

With Mr. Ward and Jeweline Hunter who had a “deep friendship” between different generations around,

there would definitely have a lot of funny chats during the banquet.

Jack Hughes smiled and looked at Mr. Ward and Jeweline joking while sitting in his wheelchair.

Brent had been sitting beside Jack to protect him.

Gilbert Hunter who sat on the owner's seat had been paying attention to Jack's expression who was looking at Jeweline.

That expression was like how an elder brother looked at his younger brother.

He didn't feel any dissatisfaction and he was having fun with it.

This had made Gilbert feel extremely relieved. He felt relieved in his heart as Jeweline who was silly but was also silly fortunate.

He couldn't surpass the other offshoots' capabilities from the family for more than twenty years.

In the end, he was extremely lucky. He met Jack and they had a good relationship. His identity had completely changed. Before that, he was only an unworthy guy who came from a wealthy family.

The fact that he had a good relationship with Jack.

No one could stop Jeweline from being the next head of the Hunter family!

As his father, he had been wanting to let his own son inherit all the family wealth he hardly earned that was worth more than ten billion.

However, his son's capabilities were not too great and it could be seen by the others. He could only reconcile on the matter and train the offshoots.

Now... he finally felt ease in his heart.

"Jeweline, you couldn't just talk only. Go and drink a toast with Mr. Hughes." Gilbert scolded Jeweline.

Suddenly, Jeweline who was talking in an exaggerating manner with Mr. Ward raised his wine glass

and stood up.

He and Mr. Ward were talking the most and also drinking the most wine.

At the moment, Jeweline was drunk. He looked at Jack and said with a serious look, "Thank you Jack for all I have today."

After saying this, he suddenly showed a fatuous smile and pointed at the wine glass, "I don't want to talk more. Everything I want to say is in this wine. I will drink it. Jack could drink as your will."

"You silly guy."

After Gilbert heard his words, he suddenly covered his face with his hands and felt helpless.

If Jeweshine Hunter or the other outstanding young men from the Hunter family were here, they would have given an extremely good speech to praise Jack.

However, his own son said the words "I would drink it, you could drink as your will". He had acted so unctuously.

Jack smiled and raised his wine glass, "You have already drunk it, I would be so bad if I do not drink it."

After saying that, he raised his head and finished the wine.

Gilbert awkwardly looked at Jack, "I am sorry, Mr. Hughes. Jeweline has always been acting casually

like this. It is not easy to teach him.”

“It’s fine. He looks real in this way.”

Jack waved his hand. Jack looked at Jeweline who was in front of him as if he could see himself from the university last time.

At that time, he really had a hard time.

However, when he studied hard while working as part-time, he would also rarely go to eat some barbecue skewers and drink to enjoy himself.

At that time, he also said the same words as Jeweline. He would say the words “I would drink it, you could do it at your will.”

Gilbert was stunned for a while. Then, he felt relieved as he smiled.

After drinking for a while.

Jeweline and Mr. Ward didn’t lose their enthusiasm at all. They put their arms on the other’s shoulder while drinking. The only thing they hadn’t done was to become sworn brothers.

Jack and Gilbert also drank a lot. Their eyes looked drunk.

Even Brent who purposely tried to stay sober felt a little dizzy.

Jeweline shook the bottle of wine in his hand and said helplessly, "It's finished again. Jeweshine, bring more wine."

Creak...

The door opened.

Jeweshine carried a tray. There were two extremely valuable Maotai wines on the tray. He slowly walked in.

He looked calm and even a gentle smile could be seen on his face.

When Jeweshine walked to the table, he lowered his head to open the wine. He poured the wine for Jack and the others.

Everyone was chatting and laughing during the banquet. No one would pay attention to Jeweshine.

After all... no one would pay any attention to a servant.

Furthermore, everyone was drunk.

After pouring the wine, Jeweshine didn't leave.

He stood beside and waited for his next orders. He looked extremely respectful.

“Come, let’s all raise our wine glasses together.”

Gilbert got up and raised the wine glass while smiling.

Jack also raised his wine glass.

Only Brent who was still sober unintentionally glanced at Jeweshine when he got up.

At the moment.

His pupils contracted and the light was glowing brilliantly in his eyes.

He had been fighting in the warzone for years and he had a lot of experience because of his injuries.

Brent’s senses had become extremely sharp.

His eyesight had no exception too.

His unintentional glance had made him notice that there was some white powder on Jeweshine’s right

index finger.

And Jeweshine seemed that he had noticed the white powder on his index finger. He raised his right

thumb and gently cleaned it.

Suddenly, Brent immediately acted unusually compared to just now as he laughed, “Since this little guy

is here, why don't we drink together?"

After he said the words.

Jack and the others' movements were stopped.

Jewshine was shocked as he looked at Brent who showed a warm smile on his face.

The banquet hall immediately became silent for a second.

Jewline said, "Brent, how could Jewshine drink with us? He only came in to bring us the wine."

After saying that, he waved his hand at Jewshine to tell him to leave.

However.

"He has already been here. What's wrong to let him have a drink? He is also a member of the Hunter family. We are drinking here but he is standing beside us. My young master would never do such a thing," Brent said.

Jack who was beside him was already drunk.

However, after listening to Brent's words, he couldn't help but raise his head to look at Brent.

The drunkenness in his eyes had slightly faded.

'It was strange. Brent had never made any move without asking for permission.'

'Furthermore, Brent had never taken any initiative in this banquet tonight. And he even did this to Jeweshine.'

Jack subconsciously looked at Jeweshine and he slowly squinted his eyes.

Then, Jack laughed as he said, "Since you have been here, come and have a drink together. Let us forget our grudges after this glass of wine."

The laughter was echoing in the banquet hall.

At the moment, Jeweshine stood in his place and looked calm.

However, there had been tides in his heart already.

Even his back was wet because of his cold sweat.

He looked at Jack and Brent. His pupils contracted as he looked at the two bottles of wine on the table.

The blue veins around the corners of his eyes looked like they were twisting.

When Jack said the words.

Jeweline also stopped talking. Gilbert smiled at Jeweshine as he said, "Jeweshine, whether you can get the resources and power of the Hunter family depends whether you want to drink this glass of wine.

Mr. Hughes has taken his initiative to forget about the grudges between two of you.”

Everyone from the Hunter family had clearly known about Jeweshine’s capabilities.

Gilbert also clearly known about it.

However, because of Jack, he had to fight against Jeweshine to the end.

However... now Jack had taken his initiative to forget about the grudges between them. It was a piece of good news for Gilbert.

With Jeweshine’s capabilities, if he could be trained to become the right-hand man of the Hunter family, Jeweline would have another alpha wolf that could assist him after he became the head of the Hunter family.

“Old Master, I, I...”

Jeweshine’s face showed a panic look. His sweat had slowly appeared on his forehead. Suddenly, glowing light could be seen in his eyes, “I, I have a cold. I just took some cephalosporins.”

However.

After he said the words.

Brent suddenly moved. His tall and strong body gave a strong pressure to the others and he rushed

towards Jeweshine like a big mountain.

As Brent moved, the warm smile on his face also disappeared. His face looked cold, fierce, and serious.

Gilbert, Jeweline, and Mr. Ward who were drunk didn't expect his sudden move at all.

"Ah!"

At the same time, Jeweshine who was frightened shouted, turned, and ran outside.

His plan was exposed!

If he managed to escape, he could still live. However, if he couldn't escape, he was destined to be dead!

He had to fight for the slim chance!

However.

Whoosh!

When Jeweshine was running out of the banquet hall, the sound of strong wind was suddenly heard.

Burst!

Jeweshine who was running vigorously suddenly stopped in place. Blood gushed out from his throat like a fountain.

At the moment, blood had stained the banquet hall...

Chapter 593 Brent Was Injured

In the banquet hall.

Time seemed to stop.

The pungent smell of the blood could be smelt in the air.

Jeweshine Hunter stood in place. Blood gushed out from his neck and it was extremely shocking.

The loud sound that Jeweshine's body fell onto the blood on the ground was heard.

Everyone immediately sobered from being drunk.

"Brent, catch the person!"

The light was glowing brilliantly in Jack Hughes's eyes as he shouted.

At the moment.

Brent rushed out of the banquet hall.

At the same time.

Jack quickly moved his wheelchair towards Jeweshine. Gilbert Hunter closely followed him.

Mr. Ward and Jeweline Hunter had become a lot sober. However, they were too drunk. Even though they wanted to get up to follow them, they could only sit in place.

Mr. Ward looked serious and fierce as he poured the wine that Jeweshine had poured for them just now onto the ground.

Splash...

At that moment, thick smoke could be seen.

The ground that was paved with white marble immediately turned black. A lot of bubbles could be seen on the wine after the thick smoke.

“Poisonous!”

Mr. Ward said with a deep voice.

Jeweline who was beside him was frightened as his face looked pale. He recalled that he almost drank the glass of wine and he suddenly felt extremely terrified. He subconsciously took a step back to keep himself a distance from the wine on the table.

Jack turned and had a look. He ignored him.

He then looked at Gilbert, "Mr. Hunter, please help me to turn him over."

Gilbert shook his head to make himself sober. Then, he moved forward.

Jack sat in his wheelchair and he looked serious. He showed a deep look on his face as he stared at the back of Jeweshine's neck.

A small budge that looked sharp could be seen on his neck.

When Gilbert turned Jeweshine's corpse over with a sweaty face.

A throwing knife had been precisely thrown on Jeweshine's neck. The throwing knife penetrated his neck and only the handle of the throwing knife could be seen outside his neck.

He was killed with one blow!

Jack's pupils contracted.

It was easy to kill a person. It only needed to throw the throwing knife and hit the vitals.

Putting aside the other conditions like lighting, he didn't only hit the vitals but he also had a strong force. It couldn't be done by an ordinary person!

Even he couldn't guarantee he could do it.

"An expert!"

Mr. Ward's voice sounded behind him.

Jack turned and looked at Mr. Ward. At the moment, although Mr. Ward still looked tired because of the drunkenness, his eyes had looked sober now.

After noticing Jack's gaze.

Mr. Ward smiled bitterly, "I am sorry, young master. I was careless tonight."

As a family servant, he had become drunk in the banquet. It was something he mustn't do.

He thought about what had happened just now. If Brent hadn't noticed that something was odd and stopped them.

After everyone drank the wine, then the consequences...

After thinking about it, Mr. Ward didn't feel good as he was nervous. He was extremely frightened.

Jack didn't care who did right and who did wrong.

In fact, even he didn't find out. He was also careless.

Who would have thought that they would encounter this kind of matter in the house of the 'emperor' of the North?

When he and Brent reached the Hunter family, they had already expected Jeweshine would plot a rebellion after noticing Jeweshine's reaction when he made tea.

However, they didn't expect the rebellion would happen this soon and it was so serious.

They had planned to kill everyone here!

And... someone had planned this behind the scenes!

After taking a deep breath, Jack pointed at Jeweshine who didn't die in peace, and asked Mr. Ward,

"Did Brent have this precision and force?"

Mr. Ward thought about it for a while and he nodded, "He should be able to do it."

"Is it different from the technique that a stone pierced through the tree trunk in the jungle at that night?"

"They are not the same." Mr. Ward shook his head, "Humans are living things and we could move. The

tree couldn't move. However, the tree trunk is much harder than human skin and flesh. It was done

using pure brute force to pierce through the tree trunk with a stone. It is hard to determine whether

which one is stronger as one is using skill and the other is using brute force."

"Who wants all of us to die on the table?"

Jack squinted his eyes. His serious look and murderous intention could be felt in the entire banquet hall.

It was like the temperature of the entire banquet hall had dropped dramatically.

Gilbert at the side was extremely terrified.

He stared at Jeweshine who didn't die in peace on the ground. At that moment, his body started to tremble.

The Hunter family had been conquering the North. They were superior as if they were in a higher position that could look at every ordinary living.

However, Gilbert had clearly known in his heart.

Whether him, the Hunter family, or the future Jeweline, were merely puppets!

They were merely puppets of their master!

Patrick Hughes was their master! Jack was also their master.

Now, their master was almost killed in his own house. It was a horrendous crime for him!

Bang!

Gilbert's body became strengthless and he kneeled on the ground. He kowtowed harshly on the

ground, "Mr. Hughes, please forgive us. I was careless. I never thought that such a ruthless and cruel bastard would appear in my family. Mr. Hughes, please punish me heavily."

He said the words because he wanted to tell Jack that Jeweshine's actions were not related to the Hunter family. Besides, he also wanted to show his awareness of being a puppet. If the master had suffered, then the puppet should be punished!

"Dad..."

Jeweline's face looked pale as he looked at the terrified Gilbert who was kowtowing.

"Jeweline, you also kneeled down!"

Gilbert harshly clenched his teeth and angrily glared at Jeweline.

Jack waved his hands, "Get up. This matter is not related to you."

The wine that Jeweshine had poured was from the same bottle.

If Brent didn't notice that something was odd, not only three of them would die. Gilbert and Jeweline would die too.

This matter was obviously done by the person behind the scene who killed Jeweshine after realizing

their plan had failed.

He killed Jeweshine to stop him from revealing his identity!

He had really completely cut off the clues.

Gilbert was frightened as he got up. He said, "I will ask someone to investigate our whole family."

"No need. It will only make it more chaotic." Jack waved his hand and waited quietly.

About five minutes passed.

The sound of footsteps was finally heard outside.

Jack raised his head and looked at it.

Mr. Ward, Jeweline, and Gilbert also looked in the direction of the sound.

Brent hurriedly returned to the banquet hall.

However, when he walked into the hall and exposed himself under the light.

Jack's expression suddenly looked serious.

Mr. Ward and the others also showed a shocked look.

Brent smiled bitterly while covering his left arm with his right hand. He slightly let go of his right hand

and a bleeding wound could be seen on his left arm.

“I was careless. When that guy was escaping, he turned back and gave me a stab.”

“He could even hurt you. It doesn’t seem so simple. I don’t think it was only because of your
carelessness.”

Jack was shocked. Brent’s skill was trained with his blood and his life. He had also fought his way out
of Black Hell.

Although he could walk out of Black Hell because Brown Hughes had held his back.

However, Jack had fought his way out of Black Hell too. He knew how hard was it to walk out of Black
Hell.

If Brent wasn’t a true expert, how could he let the powerful Hughes family be convinced and let the

Hughes family willing to hire him to be the ‘head of the instructor’ to train the elites from the Hughes
family?

“He should be slightly stronger than you.”

Jack’s voice was deep and low as he said to Brent.

At the same time, his eyes looked deep as he looked at the throwing knife on the throat of Jeweshine’s

corpse.

'Such precision.'

'Such strong force.'

'It was hard to determine which was better compared to the force needed to pierce a tree trunk.'

'But he was even stronger than Brent...'

Suddenly, Jack thought of a person in his mind.

'That... mysterious man!'

Chapter 594 Be Careful!

Jack did not reveal his speculations publicly.

Gilbert quickly found a few of his cronies and had Jeweshine's dead body disposed.

Once the most popular candidate for the patriarch, but now he was buried in such a quiet and sorrowful manner.

Afterwards, Jack, Mr. Ward and Brent returned to the bedroom.

None of the three was sleepy.

Brent's injuries had already been bandaged and there was no major problem.

Mr. Ward had also sobered up a lot.

Both of them frowned thoughtfully as they looked at Jack.

“Young Master, have you already guessed it in your mind?” Mr. Ward asked in a deep voice. After following Jack for so long, he understood Jack’s attitude and demeanor.

Jack raised his head and looked outside the window.

Understanding his meaning tactfully, Brent got up and walked out.

Two minutes later, Brent returned to the room.

Only then did Jack’s expressions eased and he said in a low voice, “Mystery man.”

“Is it him again?!”

Mr. Ward and Brent were both startled.

Ever since Lyndall had been assassinated, the mystery man had appeared abruptly and had been following everything that Jack had experienced, consistently hiding himself.

Just one person, but with extreme power, enough power to be able to lead even the Powell family to come to the Hughes family...

Mr. Ward who was accustomed to seeing storms and typhoons, still couldn’t stop himself from

trembling in fear in front of such a person.

More importantly, they still didn't know anything about the mystery man until now.

Only Jack and Lyndall alone had met him once.

And even then, he was under full body disguise.

Jack rubbed his face with his hands. He looked up at the ceiling and said helplessly, "Who the hell is

he?"

"Our whereabouts are exposed. Should we just terminate the plan?" Mr. Ward quickly grasped the main

problem.

This trip to the North was originally meant to let the Hunter family to take the bullet.

But now the sudden appearance of the mystery man signified that their whereabouts were exposed. In

case the mystery man decided to disclose the matter of George's assassination then the whole

meaning behind taking the bullet was lost.

"Terminate?"

Jack shook his head and sneered, "Even the God of Death can't save the person I decide to kill. You

want me to give it up just because of a mere mystery man?"

His words were full of contempt, his tone was domineering.

Mr. Ward and Brent looked at each other and said no more.

Brent said, "We should return tomorrow immediately. What if we hit a snag because we are not on our own turf? I am worried."

Jack and Mr. Ward looked at Brent at the same time.

The three words 'I am worried' rarely came out of Brent's mouth.

And to be said in so bluntly and firmly.

Looked like Brent was really afraid of the consequences.

The night was spent in quiet.

When the day came.

The Hunter family, which had been silent for a whole night became vivacious again.

The only difference was perhaps that the Hunter family was missing a person.

Jack didn't pay anymore attention. Gilbert knew how to handle this matter, so he didn't need to worry about it.

Early in the morning.

Jack and the other two bid farewell to Gilbert and Jeweline, and began their return journey.

The Mercedes-Benz G Wagon traveled along on the deserted highway all alone.

The cold night's wind had swept a lot of grit and dust on the highway.

The car speeded along the road setting off a storm of dust behind it.

In the car.

Brent was driving.

Jack and Mr. Ward sat in the backseat.

A laptop was placed in front of Mr. Ward. After he did some work on it, his grave expression relaxed.

“Young Master, the Assassin Squad has already released a mission to kill George, offering a reward of one billion US dollars.”

Jack nodded, his eyes narrowing and revealing the endless chill in them.

‘George... you are next. Now, even if you regret it, it's too late.’

As soon as the mission of the Assassin Squad was released on the Dark Net, George was going to be dominated by the fear of death.

Having personally experienced the assassination mission of Dark Net Assassin Squad once.

Jack knew perfectly well how the fear of death dominated every emotion.

The huge reward was enough to make the killers ignore the identity of George as the successor of the Hughes family. They were soon going to come swarming, desperately rushing forward regardless of everything.

Because in the eyes of the killers, George was already a walking treasure-trove.

“Young Master, I feel like it is necessary to investigate the mystery man with all of our strength.”

Mr. Ward said as he closed the laptop. His voice was low and his expressions serious.

The mystery man had appeared again and again. Ever since Lyndall’s assassination, the mystery man’s shadow could be detected in almost everything.

This was by no means a good sign!

“Investigate it thoroughly.” Jack took a deep breath and said with awe-inspiring expressions, “He is like the dragon, people can barely see find his head, it is time to pull out its head. Let us see who the hell he is.”

He had been continuously suspecting on which side the mystery man stood.

But now Jack was almost sure that the mystery man's real purpose was to point a sword at him.

Not knowing his position, Jack also could have just ignored it.

But after determining his position, if he still didn't take actions, it would have been like lying with the tiger and sleeping soundly.

This sharp sword that was hidden in the dark.

It was enough to assassinate him, and to kill him with just one blow!

Even Brent's protection would not have been able to stop it.

Crash

Suddenly.

A big hole burst into the front wind screen of the G Wagon.

The cracks spread through the glass like a rippling spider web instantly.

Crunch

Sudden attack.

Brent looked terrified and immediately stepped on the brakes to stop the car.

In an instant, the relaxed atmosphere inside the car turned tensed with attention.

Jack looked cold and stern, staring sharply at the stone on the front wind screen.

Even though the car belonged to the Hunter family and had not been modified in any special way.

The strength of the wind screen should have been enough!

Yet, a stone, not only cracked the glass but also... completely penetrated through it.

It was completely embedded in the front wind screen.

“This is not an accident. It was thrown by someone!”

Brent said in a deep voice and immediately got out of the car to check.

Jack and Mr. Ward looked at each other at the same time, seeing horror in each other’s eyes.

Fortunately, nothing happened after Brent got out of the car.

After pulling the stone out of the wind screen, Brent returned to the car.

This took only a few seconds.

But Jack and Mr. Ward had already accumulated a lot of greasy sweat on their palms.

“Young Master, there is a note stuck to the stone.”

After getting back into the car, Brent handed the stone back to Jack.

“Mystery man...”

Jack’s expressions changed drastically as his heart sank horribly.

This strategy was not used by him for the first time.

Last time at the Capital City Hospital, the mystery man had used the same strategy to drive a wedge

between him and Amber.

Thinking of that, Jack hurriedly unfolded the note.

His pupils shrank to the extreme as soon as he saw the content.

Besides him, Mr. Ward was also dumbfounded and he exclaimed in alarm, “What does he mean by

this?”

The content of the note was extremely simple.

Merely two words. However, it left both Jack and Mr. Ward extremely puzzled.

The content was: Be careful!

Careful about what?

What should they have been careful about in this vast barren land?

Wasn't mystery man the one who should be most careful?

How come he was throwing stones and passing notes to them?

As Brent started the car again.

Jack slowly folded the note, frowning at it.

It was Mr. Ward, whose eyes suddenly flashed as if he had just realized something.

"Young Master... is he provoking?"

Chapter 595 Sudden Assassination!

Provocative?

The corner of Jack's mouth twitched, showing a cold smile.

His face was full of depression.

He pinched the note into a ball with his right hand.

Indeed.

The most important thing they should be careful of was the mysterious person.

Now the mysterious man threw stones to pass the word "careful".

If that was not a provocation, what else could it be?

How rampant and arrogant was this person, to be doing this, deliberately reminded the target to be careful.

Jack suddenly felt a little funny.

He lowered his head and couldn't help laughing.

This scene stunned both Mr. Ward and Brent who was driving.

Mr. Ward was surprised, "Young Master, what are you laughing for?"

"Interestingly, this mysterious man has repeatedly pointed at me and was about to kill me. He could have killed me but didn't. Even if he wanted to do it now, he had to be reminded. This is the first time for me to see someone tease and provoke"

Jack smiled, raised his hand and rubbed his face. When he took his hands off his face, it was already covered with frost, "It's just that he played me as a fool. I wonder if he can kill me."

When they heard these words.

Mr. Ward and Brent who was driving looked stern, their eyes gleaming with fear.

Because with this sentence said.

The two of them could clearly feel the majestic chill that arised from Jack's body.

It was stinging to their bones!

They had been with Jack for a long time.

Both of them knew that Jack was truly in a state of anger at this time.

"Young Master, it's better to return to our territory first." Mr. Ward said.

As a servant, Mr. Ward felt it necessary to remind Jack to calm down.

In the North area, there were barely any people, and everywhere was yellow sand.

Even if there was a powerful Hunter family, lying entrenched in the North.

But there were times when they cannot reach.

If something happened on this road, it would take forever for the rescue team of the Hunter family to come.

However.

Just as he said that.

A loud roar suddenly came from behind the car.

As the same time that the sound was heard.

Mr. Ward and Brent's bodies trembled, and their pupils shrank to the extreme.

This sound... was clearly the roar of a helicopter propellers!

Jack narrowed his eyes and did a bloodthirsty sneer, "You want us to return to our own territory first,

but they don't want us to return."

When saying that.

Jack turned his head and looked behind the car.

Through the rear windshield.

In the blue sky, he could see two helicopters, they looked like two eagles that were fixed on their prey,

shooting down from the sky.

The propellers that were turning in an extreme speed made a vibrating sound that was deafening in

their ears.

It twirled up a massive wind, especially the sand that was on the sides of the road, making it twirl

through the air.

This sound... it was huge!

Within the moment, Jack thought of the time when he was in the North to see his father, the incident

that happened in the old Forbes town.

But this time... was it the same?

Or... were they connected?

A thought came to his mind.

His body suddenly trembled hard, he could see that the door of the helicopter was opened, and two

black and thick guns were slowly tugged out from the door.

"Brent, my life and Mr. Ward's life are in your hands now!"

Jack raised his brow and smiled, he didn't have panic in his eyes.

Just as he said that.

Bang bang bang bang...

The two heavy guns started firing within the second.

There was a rain of bullets.

Just like a waterfall, it quickly shot towards the Benz G class.

Brent, who had seen the weapons through his rearmirror, grabbed tight to the steering wheel, and at

the same time as he stepped on the gas pedal, he quickly turned the steering wheel.

He made the Benz G class to move quickly in a high speed on the road, quickly hiding from the rain of bullets.

But even then.

Being faced with the rain of bullets of the two guns.

That was pouring down on them like water buckets.

Even though they ducked from most of the bullets, some of them would still hit their car.

The car was very stable built, but faced with bullets, it was weak like a piece of paper.

Only within over ten seconds.

Their car was covered in bullet holes.

Jack and Mr. Ward were sitting in the back row, looking stern, both hands holding on tight to the car.

In that situation.

There was no way to hide from the bullets in the car.

All their strength was used trying fight against the gravity that was caused by the high speed snaking.

The only reliance they had was Brent's abilities to drive... and their luck!

In the sky.

The two helicopters were making loud sounds.

The two weapons were firing, filling the air with bullets that were rushing down.

This scene was like as if in a movie.

But this scene was really happening.

Facing the invasion of the bullets, Jack could even feel that they were going through the car, quickly howling from beside his body.

Bang!

One of the bullets hit the armrest of Jack's wheelchair, the armrest was deformed.

"Young Master!"

"Young Master!"

Brent and Mr. Ward's faces changed drastically, and looked at Jack in horror.

"I am okay."

Jack pressed out a smile, he was fortunate that the bullet only passed by him, and he got away with it.

When hearing that.

Mr. Ward and Brent's expressions calmed down at the same time.

But none of the two noticed.

When Jack was smiling, a vein on the side of his eye was jumping like crazy, it was at his temple, and he was sweating.

When the bullet hit his armrest, it brought high temperature, and there were fire sparks.

In that moment, it burned in Jack's flesh on his left back shoulder.

But Jack knew, in that moment of time, if he showed any signs of panic.

It would be enough for Brent and Mr. Ward to panic as well.

The same thing happened back then, and his father had taught him about it.

Brent who was driving, looked at Jack in his rear mirror.

He had been in two of these kind of assassinations with Jack.

The difference was that they were not the same.

The Jack right now, even Brent was secretly shocked about.

Being able to contain such calmness, Jack's growth was horrific!

How tenacious was he now?

But, with the attack of the two helicopters in the sky continuing, shooting down bullets.

Brent's eyes suddenly became nervous and serious.

Even he was sweating on his hands, his eyes flashed fiercely like the ones of a wild animal.

Different than last time, they didn't have Patrick who had prepared a RPG inside the car, that time, no matter how brutal they were followed, they had something to fight back with.

But this time, they had nothing prepared.

The two guns were swooshing through the air, they had no ability to fight back, they were simply a living target.

Brent who had been on the battle field many years knew what this meant.

Having no way to fight back, and no way to escape.

Death... was simply a question of time!

And he had a feeling that this time won't be long.

Unless there was a miracle.

While he was controlling the Benz G class to snake in high speed forwards, trying to hide from the bullets.

Brent's eyes were slowly revealing a desperation, looking at the desert that was to the sides of the road.

Would there be a miracle in such a place?

However.

Just as he had a thought.

Brent's eyes shot out a spirit of essence.

In a split of a second, his heart was taken by waves.

"This place... really had miracles?"

Chapter 596 Him?

That moment.

Brent almost forgot about the firing weapons that were shooting behind him from the helicopter.

His eyes turned sharp as he was staring at the right side mirror.

He stared at it with wide eyes as if he had seen a ghost.

In the rear mirror.

A SUV was rushing towards them in a crazy speed on the desert sand, twirling it into the air.

His speed was even faster than the Benz G class.

Under that kind of speed, the SUV was bumping up and down, with an attitude of cars breaking and people dying, rushing forward.

After the shock.

Brent suddenly felt his goosebumps all over.

He could clearly see that there was a big thick RPG fouling sticking out of the SUV.

Within a split of a second.

Brent suddenly realized a very significant question.

Was this... a friend or an enemy?

Maybe there was no miracle, but it was death arriving!

In that moment, the horror of death was creeping from Brent's feet to his head.

The next second.

Swoosh!

A load was released from the RPG fouling from the SUV.

The moment the canon shot out of the fouling, there was smoke behind it, as it lifted up.

The focus of the two helicopters were on the Benz G class all the time.

They didn't notice the SUV behind themselves at all.

Until the moment when the canon was shot into the sky, the helicopter had not made any effort to hide

from it.

Boom!

There was a loud vibrating sound.

One of the helicopters that were shooting down on them, was transformed into a big ball of fire, while

the smoke elevated, the helicopter crashed into the ground.

Boom!

There was another explosion, that made the ground shake.

The terrifying blast wave swept across all directions in an instant, setting off endless yellow sand.

This was a sudden scene.

Jack and Mr. Ward in the car were shocked.

When the two looked back, they happened to see that the helicopter that was in the air just now had turned into a fierce fire.

Jack and Mr. Ward were immediately stunned.

"The miracle has come, it turns out that this shithole can actually have miracles!"

Brent banged his hands on the steering wheel, and at this moment, his eyes were red with excitement.

This was a sudden scene.

They were caught off guard.

The helicopter that was left in the air also suddenly stopped shooting.

Taking advantage of this time, Brent slammed the gas pedal and drove the dilapidated Benz G class towards the distant city.

However, the fire was only suspended for less than a minute.

The killer in the helicopter quickly recovered from his shock.

The heavy machine gun fired again.

A rain of bullets poured down.

However, with the support of the SUV on the desert.

No matter if it was Jack or Mr. Ward or Brent, it was obvious to them that the helicopter vented its firepower again at this time, and it was no longer as unscrupulous as before.

He did not maintain a straight flight in the air, instead consciously swayed out of an arc, which should be to protect himself from the off road attacks.

With and without a strategy.

At this time, a decision was made.

Jack secretly breathed a sigh of relief, "This time, it's really not a fate."

As he spoke, he looked deeply into the desert, moving forward frantically, bumping up and down the SUV.

The situation just now, didn't he know it was a desperate situation?

There is no resistance at all, pure exhaustion.

But the car... could it win the plane?

It was obviously impossible.

Now, with the support of the SUV, this trapped fight finally had a turning point.

It was when Jack looked at the SUV.

The RPG barrel reached out from the car again.

Without hesitation, he pulled the trigger with a single blow.

Whoosh!

The canon dragged a tail of smoke into the sky.

The helicopter that had been prepared this time, everything looked as it had been planned, avoided the canon dangerously.

Immediately, the gun was turned, and a rain of bullets instantly poured down on the SUV in the desert.

In an instant.

Not only Jack, but even Brent and Mr. Ward, were also sweating and worried for the SUV.

It shocked the three of them.

That the SUV while facing the crazy shooting of the helicopter, it didn't mean to dodge in the slightest.

Still at high speed, bumping straight forward.

Allowing the bullets of the heavy machine gun vent in the car.

Was this guy... crazy?

They were a distance away from the SUV, Jack couldn't see who was in it.

But now this scene made him feel endless madness.

He couldn't help his throat and his whole body tighten.

"Look!"

Mr. Ward yelled suddenly.

Jack's eyes narrowed.

he saw the RPG fouling reaching out of the SUV again.

In a split of a second.

A cannonball flew into the sky.

The SUV that did not dodge at all, at this time, facing the helicopter venting its fire, they just became a straight line.

The canon that rushed into the sky dragged a straight trail of smoke in the air, which was accurately aimed into the helicopter cabin.

Boom!

There was a loud sound.

The flames were surging.

The helicopter, which was still firing a second ago, instantly turned into a flaming mushroom that rose into the air.

Then, it crashed heavily to the ground, and again a deafening explosion turned into a raging fire.

It was quiet.

Inside the car was deadly silence.

Whether it was Jack, or Mr. Ward or Brent, they were all in disbelief at this moment.

Even if both planes were shot down now, and the crisis was lifted.

But the three of them still couldn't recover.

It was too crazy!

It was a totally desperate way of fighting!

Facing the crazy shooting of the helicopters, he did not dodge or evade, just to fire out the second canon.

"This is a lunatic!"

Brent was the first to react, with his experience on the battlefield, he couldn't help but blurt out.

After the words were spoken, he himself couldn't tell whether he praised or insulted the person in the SUV.

"He is not only a lunatic, but also a desperate lunatic, a powerful lunatic." Mr. Ward was dazed.

If there had been a second of hesitation or disparity just now.

It would not be the helicopter that crashed.

It would have been the SUV!

The overwhelming burst of fire without dodging the machine gun was fatal to any normal car!

However, the person in the SUV did it!

Jack exhaled heavily, and he felt the pressure was off from his chest.

He rubbed his nose and chuckled lightly, "Which madman just desperately saved us?"

From the beginning to the end, his eyes were always on the SUV.

Just because of the distance.

Jack tried as hard as he could, he still couldn't see the person in the SUV.

There was no one in the wilderness.

In this place of the North, and without informing the Hunter family for help, Jack racked his brains but couldn't figure out who had come up to help them in this crisis.

Buzzing!

In the distance, there was a roar of an engine.

As if he knew Jack's curiosity.

The SUV, which had been driving crazily in the desert, slammed the steering wheel and drove directly onto the highway.

As the distance gradually got closer.

The person in the driving seat of the SUV finally came into Jack's eyes clearly.

When he saw him thoroughly.

Jack was shocked, his eyes suddenly burst into horror.

As if he had seen a ghost, his hands clasped the wheelchair armrests tightly.

"Why is it him?"

Chapter 597 Patrick Hughes' Attitude

At that moment.

Jack Hughes was shocked.

He stared with eyes wide open at the figure in the SUV in disbelief, as if he had seen a ghost.

Mr. Ward and Brent both got confused at the same time.

Both of them looked at the figure in the SUV and they were stunned as well.

Unfamiliar.

The figure was extremely unfamiliar to them for they've never seen him before.

Even though they were separated by a distance, the moment they saw the man in the SUV, they were

sure they had never seen him.

But Jack's reaction revealed that he knew him!

Mr. Ward hurriedly asked, "Young master, do you know him?"

The next second.

Jack, who was still in shock, tried hard to squeeze out a word.

"The mysterious man!"

Those three simple words were like thunder.

Bang!

Mr. Ward and Brent were dumbfounded.

Jack's words blasted like thunder in their ears.

They only heard about him from Jack for they had never seen the mysterious man before.

But Jack would never mistake him for someone else!

However...

They were just talking about how the mysterious man provoked them, but now he suddenly rescued them.

One second, they were in hell, then suddenly they were in heaven.

Taken by surprise, Mr. Ward and Brent felt like they sprained their back.

What... was happening?

Whoosh!

On side of the highway, the SUV slammed the accelerator and ran pass the Mercedes Benz G-class.

They looked at the SUV going further away.

Brent was stunned that he didn't step on the accelerator to catch up.

But Jack also didn't order him to do so.

At this moment, Jack was so stunned. He stared blankly as he sat on his wheelchair.

He had already slowly got clear in his thoughts about the mysterious man.

But now that he appeared again and saved them from a hopeless situation.

It hit him like a string punch and turned his thoughts into a mess.

Everything seemingly came back to the starting point.

Was the mysterious man... his friend or enemy?

Two helicopters suddenly appeared to chase after them, just right after the mysterious man threw the note at them.

It was clear that the mysterious man's note wasn't a prank like what he and Mr. Ward had thought.

Contrarily, it was a serious reminder!

When the mysterious man crashed the two helicopters with the car a while ago, he was saving them.

But, what about the things he did before?

For example... in the Hunter villa last night, he urged Jeweshine Hunter to kill them by putting poison in

the alcohol, but it was unsuccessful; thus he killed him on the spot.

One who could have such precision and strength.

One who was much stronger than Brent.

Even if Jack thought long and hard, he still couldn't name a few people at the level of this master.

Apart from his uncle, Brown Hughes, in Black hell, Jack could only think of the mysterious man as the other person from his memory!

He tried to kill them before, but now he saved them.

He must be crazy!

The more he thought about it, the more he got confused and felt that his head was about to burst.

He subconsciously looked at Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward felt Jack's gaze. He waved his hands and bitterly smiled, "Young master, I'm also very

confused right now. I can't understand this person's actions at all."

Inside the severely damaged car, there was only silence.

Because of the gun fires from the helicopter a while ago, the car couldn't properly work now.

During the entire drive, the car made creaking metal sounds and the wind howled as it entered the car.

Only these two sounds existed in the car.

Their suspicion about the mysterious man enveloped Jack and Mr. Ward like a layer of fog.

After a long while.

Brent suddenly said, "Young master, both the chase of the helicopters a while ago and last time we met

the old master here was strikingly similar. Instead of thinking whether the mysterious man is a friend or

foe, we need to think why those people on the helicopter wanted to kill us."

Jack's eyes narrowed.

Brent's statement cleared his messy thoughts from the mysterious man into this hunt and kill incident.

They were both in the North.

And both included hunt by helicopters.

Jack was not surprised at all that Brent could connect this incident to the incident of last time, when

they went to meet his father.

But now that he thought about, it was too similar.

He already did his best to hide his whereabouts when he came to the North. Even the plane and flight

number were hidden as he boarded with an undocumented identity.

This assassination couldn't be related to the Hughes family.

His biggest enemy right now were Madam Hughes and the other Hughes relatives.

After taking a deep breath, Jack looked at Mr. Ward deeply, "Mr. Ward, how much do you know about my father's enemies?"

Mr. Ward was stunned.

He lowered his head and frowned as he thought.

After a few seconds, Mr. Ward slowly opened his mouth and spoke in a disheartened tone, "Actually, due to the fame of the Hughes family, they've always been targeted. Though they're in a high position, those who wanted to pull the Hughes family down never disappeared. They are all considered enemies of the Hughes family."

"But the old master has always been careful and secretive in doing things. Sometimes, he does them by himself and won't let me help him. That's why, I don't know a lot about the old master's enemies."

Jack calmed down, deep in thought.

What Mr. Ward said was simple.

He meant that the enemies he knew wouldn't do such a thing.

So the one who did this must be someone he didn't know.

This son of a bitch...

"Maybe...I need to talk about this with my father."

Jack murmured and turned around to look at the highway behind him.

The raging fire from the two helicopters could still be seen from afar.

Suddenly, he remembered the scene in the capital city where was rounded up by the Deadpool

Mercenary in the TM Villa District after the Burton family ordered the Dark Net Assassin Squad to start

the mission.

This was even more dangerous than escaping from a death trap.

If this only happened a few more times.

But he couldn't expect miracles to just happen.

However, things would turn bad...sooner or later.

When they reached the airport.

It was almost noon.

But Jack and the other two didn't seemingly stop.

They directly entered the VIP passage to return with a private jet.

Because of the fatigue from moving around for a day and night, he was constantly stressed.

So as soon as Jack boarded the plane, he fell asleep.

When Mr. Ward woke him up, the plane had already landed at the suburban airport.

When they returned to the TM Villa District, it was already nightfall.

Daisy Hill cooked a lot of dishes, and the entire family happily ate the meal.

After dinner, Jack accompanied Amber for a walk as usual.

She couldn't do vigorous exercises since she was pregnant, but moderate exercises were still necessary.

They chatted, but Amber didn't ask about why Jack suddenly left and what he did.

So Jack didn't say anything.

They implicitly understood each other and came back home.

After he helped scrub and clean Amber's body and comforted her to sleep.

Jack then pushed himself on the wheelchair to the villa's rooftop.

The night was chilly.

And a cool breeze blew.

When Jack arrived at the rooftop, Mr. Ward was already there waiting for him.

"What did my father say?" Jack asked.

After he decided to talk to his father.

Jack asked Mr. Ward to contact his father so they could meet up.

However, as he spoke.

Mr. Ward helplessly shook his head, "The old master doesn't want to see you."

"What?" Jack was a bit angry, "Didn't you tell him what happened?"

"I already told him."

Mr. Ward spread his hands, "But the old master told us to not intervene for the mean time, and just pretend that nothing has happened."

What?!

Jack was horrified and completely stunned, "What kind of attitude is that?"

Chapter 598 George On the Verge of Breakdown

On the rooftop.

The cool breeze was blowing.

Jack was sitting in his wheelchair, after a moment of stagnation, the feeling of depression struck him

hard.

Life was at stake, yet a simple "Do not interfere," had halted them.

What the hell was this?

"Young master."

Even Mr. Ward looked helpless, not to mention Jack.

Even if it were Mr. Ward who heard Patrick's response, he would have been confused as well.

But with his knowledge of Patrick, he still consoled Jack, "There must be a reason why old master

didn't want us to interfere. As he has a different perspective than us."

Jack smiled.

He looked up at the starry sky.

“Alright, we will just stay out of it.”

His words were filled with helplessness.

As Mr. Ward said, his father and Jack had a very different point of view.

For what Jack saw, were the two assassination attempts that happened in the North, which was life-threatening.

But his father might have thought of something else from a different aspect.

“Have a rest now, Mr. Ward.”

Jack despondently pushed his own wheelchair, turned around and left the rooftop.

Mr. Ward stood there and didn't follow him close behind.

He waited for Jack to leave for almost a minute.

His expression gradually became melancholy and despondent. His gaze fixed on the doorway to exit the rooftop, there was an unbearable feeling inside him.

“How long can old master hide from young master with this attitude?”

The soft murmur echoed throughout the rooftops.

And disappears with the evening breeze, vanishing into thin air.

For the next two days.

Jack return to his working routine and back to his effort.

During that time, he also visited Lyndall. According to Director Lansing, Lyndall's condition was completely stable and only needed some time before he could be discharged.

For this, Jack was secretly relieved.

But there was still something that needed Lyndall to be discharged before everything was to be settled.

Since Lyndall had chosen to follow him.

The following days were peaceful.

Everything went smoothly.

Without George and HT real estate agency as stirrers.

And with the assistance from Aiden and Drago, DT real estate agency's development in the city was as strong as ever.

DT real estate agency also expanded to the surrounding city under Corbin's guidance.

Although Yael was still in the hospital for the time being.

The Quinn family and their family business in Amelia's control were actually doing well.

Amelia's ability had already been proven when she was in University.

Jack found it ridiculous that the Quinn family failed to see both Yael and Amelia as the treasure of the family. All because of the bloodline prejudice.

Instead, under Jack's guidance, they shone brightly.

Whether it's Yael or Amelia, they could become the mainstay of the next generation of the Quinn family.

Even if they couldn't be the head of the Quinn family.

Unluckily...

Prejudice would forever be a gigantic obstacle in one's heart.

Ciara's entertainment company had ceased collaboration with Hana Powell. They had found another big star and the project was progressing in an orderly manner.

In these past two days, it was peaceful for Jack.

While Jack was comfortably living his days, someone else was extremely uncomfortable.

In Hughes' mansion.

The grand and lofty atmosphere was changed dramatically.

For the past two days, the entire Hughes' family seemed to be shrouded in gloom.

It was extremely depressing.

Even the air was suffocating.

Inside a small courtyard.

George sat fearfully on a stone bench in the courtyard, with a pistol placed on top of the stone table in front of him.

Every now and then he would even glance around in terror and panic.

"George, are you serious?"

Ivy looked at George's terrifying look and was somewhat speechless.

In the past, George was fearless and was not afraid to be stingy. But in just two days, he had completely changed into a different person.

"Seriously?"

George was surprised for a moment, he clenched his teeth and said, "You said it like it was nothing.

Because it's not a matter of your concern, this didn't happen to you."

“You...” Ivy was a little furious, her eyebrow raised.

But no words came out of her mouth.

George lifted his left hand, which was covered with bandages and still bleeding faintly.

“This hand was almost sliced off. Now it’s useless!”

Not waiting for Ivy’s replies, George raised his right hand and tore his clothes.

His tanned skin was covered with ghastly wounds. The smaller wounds were not yet scabbed, the

larger, deeper wounds were still covered with bandages.

This scene made Ivy’s expression change dramatically.

Her gaze was dull.

“Ivy, why are you silent?”

George’s eye turned red, but his face still couldn’t hide the look of fear as he gritted his teeth and said,

“For two fucking days you almost get killed dozen times in the House of Hughes family. And every time

you know you’re stepping one foot on the hell’s gate, will you still say it’s nothing serious?”

“I...”

Ivy choked on her words; she had come to visit him because she knew that George had almost died

from assassination. She wanted to console him.

After all, they both fought Jack and ended up in the same boat.

But George's injuries terrified her.

In mere two days, there was already a dozen of attempted assassination!

And this happened inside the grounds of the Hughes' mansion.

Were all these assassins fucking crazy?

One after another, sacrificing the lives themselves just to assassinate George. All those that failed were executed on the spot. Were they all mad?

"Have you tried to investigate it?" Ivy asked.

"It's under investigation. Not only I am investigating it, but I've also reported it to the head of the family.

So that he could mobilize the Hughes family's intelligence agency to help the investigation." George

scratched his head in frustration, "But we haven't figure out anything yet. And I don't even fucking know what I did wrong to attract such bloodbath."

With that, George grabbed the gun in front of him.

“I haven’t even closed my eyes for the past two days. As I’m always ready to face those lunatic assassins.”

He took his gun and pointed at the main entrance, “You saw it when you came in, didn’t you? As there’s no clue of what is going on, I could only order my servants and guards to secure the perimeter of the Hughes courtyard. So that we could have maximum security, or else someone might die.”

Ivy’s face was filled with fear.

When she entered, she did see hundreds of guards, heavily guarding the perimeter of the courtyard.

At that very moment.

“Enemy attack!”

A shrill growl was heard outside of the courtyard.

Ivy’s face changed dramatically.

George’s body trembled, his eyes reddened and full of despair, “Again and again damn it, is there no end to it?”

As he spoke, George was so frightened he was on the verge of tears.

He turned around and ran into the mansion shocked to the core, pistol in hand.

Even on entering the doorway, he carelessly tripped and fell. However, he quickly got up and rushed inside as if nothing happened.

Ivy was terrified. She almost screamed as she covered her mouth with her hands.

Just as George was being assassinated.

Inside the study, silence filled the air.

Patrick sat quietly at his desk, looking at the paper report presented to him.

“Dark net, assassins’ organization, mission...”

Patrick murmured softly, echoing in the study. His gaze deepened as he pondered.

From the first time George was almost killed, the Hughes family took it seriously.

Those who dare to enter the magnificent house of the Hughes family to assassinate were directly provoking the sanctity of the Hughes family.

Even if was an ordinary member of the Hughes family, no one would turn a blind eye.

Not to mention the heir to the Hughes family!

As the Ghost that tried to kill Patrick, his head was still hung on top of Hughes’ memorial gateway.

A dozen of assassinations over two days was frantic and bizarre in every way.

Such a frequency of assassinations almost drove George to the brink of breakdown.

But, looking at the report in front of him, Patrick's eye shone with light. He suddenly acknowledged something.

The next second.

Click!

Patrick lit a lighter and the flame rose.

And then... the report was burned to ashes.

Chapter 599: 599 Who Else?

In the yard,

A pungent smell of blood filled the air.

A dozen servants and guards of the Hughes family gathered together.

There was a body lying in a pool of blood on the ground.

Ivy stood by, looking at the body on the ground, she felt chill ran down her spine.

As one of the heirs of the Hughes family, she had experienced a lot.

The assassination was not too surprising for her.

But... Looking back on that scene, Ivy showed a look of horror with her face pale.

The killer in the pool of blood, after being found, ignored everyone and rushed crazily and directly to George's room.

It was not until more than a dozen servants and guards killed him that he fell into a pool of blood and finally released his gun and knife.

The killer was not afraid of dying and carried out an assassination like a moth to the flame.

How attractive was George in the eyes of those killers?

"Mr. George, the killer has been killed."

A servant shouted to the room, claspng his fist.

Soon, George poked his head out of the room and looked around in panic and fear.

The servant who reported to him quickly understood what he meant, and then ordered the servants and guards to go out of the yard and search around.

After making sure there was no danger around him, George staggered out of the room.

George stared at the body in the pool of blood, and the panic and fear on his face disappeared,

replaced by a terrible sneer.

"Click!"

When Ivy and others felt shocked, George loaded the pistol.

Then he pointed his gun at the body in the pool of blood.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

A series of shots rang out in the yard.

The bullet penetrated into the body and caused a lot of blood.

All the bullets of the clip had penetrated the body in a flash.

The body... The body turned into wasp nest. The body was beyond recognition.

As the gunshot stopped,

In a moment, it was very quiet in the yard.

The air around seemed to be frozen.

With strange and frightened expressions, all people felt cold as if they had fallen into an ice cave.

"Hum... Hum..."

George stumbled back and slammed the pistol in his hand to the body. Then, he laughed ferociously,

bent over, pointed to the body and suddenly yelled, "Weren't you going to kill me? Come on, I will let you die without burial place and let you die without a whole body. Fuck, do you think I'm so easy to be killed? I am the heir of the Hughes family. Stupid! Who can kill me in the Hughes family?"

He was rampant, furious and insane now.

George, with scarlet eyes and horrible laughs, was like a demon, making others scared.

Ivy and the servants and guards who had been guarding George for the past two days, were shocked and frightened.

"Ivy, have you seen it?"

Suddenly George, with scarlet eyes, looked at Ivy and laughed hoarsely, "Can you say what you were saying just now? If it's you who's been through these things, do you still feel relaxed?"

"I..."

Facing these questions, Ivy was stunned, her body trembling.

After seeing the assassination, Ivy knew what she had said to George was too inappropriate.

But now George made her feel scared!

A person who could ruin a corpse must be super terrible to the living people.

In the face of Ivy's silence, George curled his lips with disdain and breathed heavily.

Next second,

He suddenly straightened up and growled.

"I am the successor of the Hughes family. Who can kill me in the Hughes family? You all are just

bastards. Come on!"

The sound reverberated in the yard like thunder.

"George..."

With a terrible expression, Ivy murmured and dissuade, "Calm down, now all the people of the Hughes

family are helping you!"

"Calm down?"

George shocked, waved his hand and ferociously roared, "You haven't experienced what I have

suffered and you don't understand my feelings, so you have no right to dissuade me. Are you not afraid

of being struck thunder and lightning?"

Ivy trembled and became angry, with her pale face.

Then,

George, like a madman, looked up again and growled, "Come on, don't you want to kill me? Who can kill me in the Hughes family! Who else? Who else can kill me?"

"Bang!"

Before he could finish his words,

A shot resounded suddenly in the sky.

"Pu!"

The blood splashed on Ivy's face instantly, which made Ivy's eyes widen to the extreme and made Ivy stunned.

George who was almost crazy suddenly froze.

The horrible expression on his face was also disappearing.

He slowly lowered his head and looked at his chest. The red blood was gushing out of the hole in his chest, and even the smoke was rising.

George slowly raised his right hand and touched the bleeding hole. After his hands were stained with

blood, he slowly raised his hand and put it to his lips. Then he put out his tongue and licked the blood on his hand.

Next second,

He shook and fell to the ground.

"Ah!"

Ivy's screams rang through the yard in an instant.

At this moment, Ivy was scared to the extreme, grabbing her hair tightly with both hands, very crazy.

"The gunfire is over there!"

The servants and guards finally came back to their senses and surrounded George on the ground in an instant.

Outside the yard, the sound of intensive and rapid footsteps sounded.

More guards swarmed into the yard, while some guards rushed toward the tall building where the gunfire came.

The sudden scene made everyone shocked.

No one had thought that the killers come in groups, instead of coming alone.

The servants and guards just guarded around George's house cautiously, but they completely ignored the higher places in the Hughes family.

In the blink of an eye, the yard became noisy.

The situation was tense.

All of them were facing enemies.

"Help, help... Call the doctor quickly..."

Face distorted, Ivy's pale face was covered with blood, which made her beautiful face terrible at this time.

She staggered into the crowd and held George on the ground.

Shaking, she reached out her right hand to feel the tip of George's nose.

She felt George's weak breathing.

With complex emotions, she finally calmed down a little.

Ivy suddenly turned her head and yelled, "Hurry up! If George dies, you two hundred people will be buried with him!"

Shouting so loud that her voice was even a little hoarse.

George was shot and the whole people of the Hughes family became nervous.

In just two days, there had been more than ten assassinations, which had affected the dignity of the

Hughes family.

The Hughes family had never been challenged like this.

Only five minutes after the shooting, the shooter was caught on the spot.

What all the people of the Hughes family didn't expect was that the shooter killed himself at the

moment of being captured.

This made everyone helpless. If they could catch a living killer, they would be able to find out the real

reason why George was assassinated so many times.

But after more than a dozen assassinations, they didn't catch anyone alive.

Until now, George and all the people in the Hughes family were confused.

In the study,

Patrick sat upright.

Listening to the person of the Hughes family outside report about the thing of George, he was very

calm.

After the person outside left,

Patrick gradually looked at the ashes on the table.

Three seconds later,

"Good boy. Like father, like son!"

Patrick smiled happily, raised his hand and swept away the ashes on the table.

Chapter 600 A Family Meeting

A war of gunshots disrupted the entire Hughes Family.

The gloomy skies that had been looming over the family for the past two days from the assassination

seemed to have gotten darker when George was shot.

At the courtyard of George's villa.

The number of his servants and guards had been increased to 500 people. It wouldn't be exaggerating

to say that the place was fully packed.

The members of the Hughes Family were standing in the house.

Some looked gloomy, some sullen, while some looked calm as usual...

The Hughes Family was one that stood high above as they looked down on all the other wealthy families from the top of the pyramid.

It was deadly enough that people barged into the Hughes Family's territory and ran wild around here.

What more to say assassinating the heir to the head of the Hughes Family here!

This was not only a provocation to them, but it had disrespected the Hughes Family. It was as if they had been dragged down from their throne into the mud! And even stepped on for that matter!

Everyone was suppressing their anger and trying to keep their rationality.

The room was so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

All of their gazes were fixed on the doctor who was treating George before his bed.

There were three doctors and nine nurses, whom all were the experts comparable to the best in the world.

In a short time, the medical team had managed to turn George's bedroom into a surgery room, and they were ready to perform an operation to save him.

However, under the intense stares of the Hughes', all the doctors and nurses were nervous. It was evident from the beads of sweat on their foreheads.

Finally, with the heave of a sigh from one of the doctors, the silence in the room was broken.

Slowly, the doctor removed his gloves, then his mask before sighing in relief, "Thank god that the bullet did not hit any vital organs or his heart when it went through his chest. Young Master George is safe now."

At the sound of that, the other members of the Hughes Family loosened up too.

Some were even letting out the breath they had been holding in for too long.

"Doctor, when can he regain consciousness?" Ivy asked.

"As the bullet did not cause any serious injuries, Young Master George should be able to wake up in one or two days." The doctor replied.

"Thank you, doctor."

Killian, who was by the side pushed his spectacles up the bridge of his nose before instructing the

servants behind him, "Prepare some reward for the medical team."

All the three doctors and nine nurses widened their eyes in surprise.

Anyone who treated any member of the Hughes Family would be nicely rewarded.

What more to say if it was the heir to the head of the family who they saved this time around!

When the medical team left.

A voice travelled from outside all of a sudden.

“Madam Hughes has arrived!”

In an instant, everyone’s expression became serious as they stood up and prepared to welcome her.

“Welcome, Madam Hughes!”

All of them greeted loudly towards the outside of the villa.

Madam Hughes was the eldest in the family and had everyone’s respect.

Her position was a lot higher than the rest, and even the family head had to respect her well.

As Carter supported Madam Hughes, she walked into George’s room slowly.

When she saw George lying on his bed, lifeless and unconscious, her walking stick fell to the floor.

Thud!

Madam Hughes stepped on her walking stick angrily and scolded, “Bastard, they’re such bastards! No

one dared to humiliate us like this before!”

Her voice was thunderous.

It was loud enough to induce fear in everyone present.

Everyone could feel the fury through her words.

The next second.

Madam Hughes turned around in determination. In an instant, she changed into another persona completely, as if the person who was hurrying earlier wasn't her. She didn't even seem tired anymore.

Everyone could notice the authoritative look on her face. It was like she was the head of this family.

Slowly, she spoke in a stern tone, "Where is Patrick Hughes? Where is he when something this serious has happened in our family? Does he remember that he is the head of the Hughes Family? George is one of the heirs, so is Patrick still going to sit idly by after something this serious has happened? Does he not care about us being humiliated at all?"

All of her words were questioning and sharp.

It made everyone's expressions change instantly.

Suddenly, amidst the crowd.

A stern voice erupted, "Madam Hughes is right. It has been two days since the incident. We, as the

elders of this family, kept quiet on the matter because we trust that the head would take charge since this is about our reputation. But Patrick still doesn't care even when George had been shot! We cannot sit and wait around anymore! It's time for us to have a family meeting and discuss it!"

Surprised gazes were shot in the direction of the man who spoke.

Archer stood amidst the crowd, tall and with his back straight.

When he felt that everyone was looking at him, he even lifted his chin a little proudly.

Usually, Archer had a high status in the family because of Patrick.

However, everyone knew that Archer, though he had a high status, was just a good-for-nothing.

This put him in an awkward position in the family.

Now that something so serious had happened, it was a good chance for him to shine!

How could he possibly let go of such a perfect chance to show off his status?

"I agree with Archer!" Madam Hughes stomped her walking stick and ordered, "Go and invite the Old

Master to the meeting hall. It's time to call for a family meeting!"

.....

Ten minutes later.

At the Hughes Family's meeting hall.

It was silent.

Once Madam Hughes sat down next to the seat at the head of the table, everyone else took their seats

as well.

Carter and Archer were here too.

There were even more people compared to the time when they had a dinner with Jack!

Everyone had a stern expression on their faces while waiting for what was about to happen.

The intense oppression which came from everyone sunk the room into a dead silence.

Finally.

A voice came from outside the meeting hall.

"The Old Master has arrived!"

All of them finally had some emotions in their eyes.

They averted the gaze to the door of the hall.

However...no one stood up!

When Patrick Hughes entered the hall, his gaze was cold as he stared at everyone else indifferently.

He did not move forward immediately.

Instead, he stood at the door, and soon after, his stern voice echoed throughout the hall, "All of you are leaders in the Hughes Family. Even if there's an emergency, you shouldn't forget your manners, should you?"

It was silent.

No one was saying anything in the hall.

All of them stood still, then slowly averted their gazes to Madam Hughes.

Madam Hughes, who was sitting down exuded an oppressing aura that seemed to prevent the rest from moving.

"Old Master, George was shot. We cannot sit idly by anymore, and that is why we called for this meeting. It is an emergency, indeed."

Archer sat down while lifting his chin high, trying to immerse himself in this so-called glorious moment of his.

"Once again, another family meeting which was called without any authorization."

Patrick let out a strange laugh and walked towards his seat. However, he did not sit down, "I'm becoming more powerless as the Old Master."

Madam Hughes frowned slightly.

Everyone could hear how much Patrick was loathing this from his tone.

But Archer only continued, "Old Master, it's not that we are not respecting you, but this is about the reputation of our family. It's truly an emergency, so we had no choice but to call for a family meeting."

"Hah!"

Patrick tugged at the corner of his lips.

The next second, he was already in front of Archer. He moved as fast as the lightning.

With his big hand, he slammed it on Archer's head and held it forcibly.

Bang!

Archer's head was slammed hard to the table, and it made everyone's expression changed drastically.

"Ignoring the fact that you don't respect me as the Old Master, but how dare you, a useless piece of shit provoke me?"

Patrick held tightly onto Archer's head and pressed it to the table as he sneered, "The assassination of an heir was enough to make you guys disregard the rules and force me to hold a family meeting. But... when I was assassinated, why didn't you guys panic like this?"