

Born Winner 821

Chapter 821 Bold Thoughts

The breathing was labored and the voice was raspy.

In an instance, the mood in the room became exceedingly arousing. Amber was shuddering as if she was burning inside. Her face was blushing, enhancing her tenderness. Her eyes were closed and her eyelashes were trembling just so slightly.

She slowly and carefully approached Jack. The gap between them seemed so far.

Under the dim lights, Jack's drunk and weary eyes looked at the approaching Amber and grinned. He takes in her fragrant scent and which made his heartbeat race. Their lips drew nearer but Jack's gaze started to darken.

He raised and placed his hand onto Amber's shoulder and stopped her advance. His sudden actions startled Amber. She opened her eyes and looked at Jack in bewilderment and asked, "Hubby, what's wrong?"

Jack slurred in his drunken state, "Did you wake mom up when you came over?"

"Of course not." Amber smiled, "So you're worried about me waking her up?"

Jack shook his head and replied, "That's great. Go back now, don't let her find out and worry about

you.”

What?! Amber was stunned and was dumbfounded.

Jack continued, “You just had a miscarriage and are still weak. When you were discharged, Director

Lansing reminded me that we should not have sexual intercourse during this period.”

“Don’t you want to?” Amber started to fluster and became worried.

“Of course, I want to! I’m a man!” Jack said sternly, “But because I’m a man, I have to consider for my

woman and endure my desires. How can I be so selfish and not consider your health? A miscarriage is

close to going through childbirth and you should still do your confinement. If not, you may have a

lingering illness that will plague you for life!”

“But...” Amber was disappointed, her lips quivered, and looked puzzled.

Before she could continue her sentence, Jack said solemnly, “Listen to me and go back to sleep with

your mother. After this period, I will satisfy you whenever you want to.”

When she saw that Jack was determined, her eyes shifted and hesitated for several seconds before

nodding reluctantly. She slowly got out of the bed and walked back to her room.

Jack looked at Amber as she walked out and smiled.

After the door was closed, Amber no longer harbored the raging desires.

It was dark and quiet inside the room. Amber was bathed in the dim moonlight. Her beautiful face was expressionless and devoid of emotions. She ground her teeth as she wrung her hands.

...

The night ended peacefully and the sun rose.

Steve and Rosie packed up their luggage early in the morning. Jack instructed Mr. Ward to send them to the airport. He had arranged for a private plane for them out of concern for their safety. Jack and Amber only walked them to the entrance of the bamboo courtyard.

Before this Bloody trap is over, they could not take their safety for granted. Both Jack and Amber had been mentally prepared to isolate themselves for a period. Just like the time when they were targeted by the Dark net assassin squad.

Both Steve and Rosie understood the need for this and they repeatedly advised and comforted Amber before they left. The family of three had a group hug and were very emotional before Steve and Rosie left.

After they left, Jack walked forward and gently patted Amber's back, and comforted, "Don't be sad, your parents may come back after we weather past this period. They should go back now in consideration of their safety."

"I understand." Amber lowered her head and wiped her tears.

Thereafter, she turned and walked into the hall.

Brent and Daisy looked at each other in surprise as they stood beside Jack.

After her marriage to Jack, Amber now lived very far from her parents. Their current reunion was so short-lived and in such dire circumstances. Though Brent and Daisy had not gone through such an experience, both of them could feel Amber's heartache.

After the mysterious man returned, he no longer remained in the shadows. The key reason was his physical condition prevented him from doing so. Jack also would not allow him to remain in the background to protect him. Now that he was severely injured and was in no position to remain in the shadows to fight off any killers that may attack Jack. It was suicidal for him to do so.

Jack had this intention when the mysterious man was wounded at South Maine and even more so now

that he was more severely wounded.

“Go and comfort her.” The mysterious man said to Jack.

Jack shook his head and said, “I’m helpless in this situation and I don’t really know how to comfort her.”

He smiled bitterly at the mysterious man.

Brent and Daisy’s expression likewise revealed their agreement on this matter. It was indeed because

of the Bloody trap that they had to arrange for Steve and Rosie’s abrupt departure.

It was unavoidable for Amber to feel upset so how ... could Jack comfort her? Surely they could not

risk Steve and Rosie’s safety just because Amber could not bear to be apart from her parents. Or

perhaps Amber should have left with her parents?

Everyone knew that the former was impossible and they equally knew what would be the outcome of

the latter.

Amber was Jack’s wife and her status was different than Jack's. Similarly, the killer’s ‘attitude’ towards

Amber would be different.

Jack sighed again and shrugged. He then signaled to Brent, Daisy, and the mysterious man to go to

the courtyard for a seat.

“What’s up?” The mysterious man asked.

Jack replied, “I was thinking about this. Firstly, perhaps I can ask my father if it was time that we maneuvered, secondly ...” Jack paused and his eyes narrowed as he rubbed his nose.

Jack grinned and said, “I have a bold idea!”

“What?” The mysterious man asked curiously.

Jack smiled as he looked at the three of them and continued, “I will need your help for this to work but it will be very dangerous.”

“What?” Brent eagerly asked.

Jack took a deep breath and pondered for three seconds. He was very focused and then slowly said, “I need you to capture a killer during the next assassination attempt!”

What?! Brent, Daisy, and the mysterious man were astonished.

Jack said with a straight face but when he sniggered when he noticed their shocked expressions, “I know that it’s very dangerous, that’s why I said that it was a bold idea...” Before he could finish, Jack felt a large hand on his forehead.

Then, the mysterious man said, "Strange, you don't have a fever, how come you're spouting nonsense?"

Jack was speechless...

Even Brent and Daisy looked at Jack with bewilderment.

Brent said with reservations, "Master, your bold idea is not only dangerous, but it could also be suicidal!

The skill level of these killers, it's as good as attempting to capture a lion alive!"

Chapter 822 Endure For Three Months

Jack laughed awkwardly when he saw their astonished expressions and felt rather silly for even

suggesting that. Indeed, even the mysterious man could be injured at this level of assassinations. Jack

had also fought the Lord Ninja Iga and understood well the deadly skills of these killers.

Truth be told, even if he were to fight with Iga again, he may not be able to capture Iga alive. The first

consideration of all killers was to determine an escape path and thereafter the assassination objective.

But once the assassination attempts start, the killer would go all out to attain the objective or die trying.

Just as the case in the hospital. Did Iga even have any opportunity to escape? It was obvious that he

was able to. At least at the point when he temporarily blinded Jack, he had that opportunity to escape.

It was easy for these highly skilled killers to escape. It was also very easy for them to commit suicide.

So it would be extremely difficult for Jack and the rest to prevent the killer from committing suicide!

“Is it really impossible?” Jack persisted.

Brent shook his head while Daisy pursed her lips. The mysterious man shifted his hand from Jack’s

forehead to his shoulder and gently patted, “Of course it’s impossible.”

Jack was speechless...

Then Jack said with disappointment, “In this case, wouldn’t that mean that I will never find out who is

behind these assassination attempts?”

“So you want to capture the killer to find out the reason for killing you?” The mysterious man asked as

he raised his eyebrows.

Jack nodded, “Among all those powers that want me dead, I can only think of the Kool and Hughes

family. As for the Bloody Angel, Iga Clan, and the other shadow organizations, I can’t figure out why the

hell they are after me.”

“Now that we are amid these assassination attempts, the only means of getting an answer was from

the killer’s mouth. Even if I get killed, I want to know for what reasons I am being killed.” He spoke with

an intense tone of resignation.

The mysterious man simply waved his hand, "You won't get an answer even if you capture one of them alive. Those who know the reason won't come to kill you and those who come to kill you wouldn't know the reason." After a pause, the mysterious man said solemnly, "Even when Arrows came to kill you or those two Ninja Lords, they were just the weapons. The masterminds are hiding in the shadows."

The atmosphere of the courtyard tensed up as the mysterious man spoke. His simple words were like a formless hand that snuffed out Jack's hopes.

What the mysterious man basically said was it was no use to question those killers. The only way of finding out the truth was to get to the mastermind. But... was it possible to get to the mastermind?

Jack felt hopeless just thinking about it and took a deep breath.

Jack then mumbled, "Then I can only wait for my father to use the might of the Hughes family to suppress this."

Brent and Daisy looked at each other gloomily. They had discussed this the night before. Although Brent was drunk and his memory about this was hazy, what they concluded caused them to become disillusioned.

“Even if there is no outcome, you only need to wait for another three months.” The mysterious man broke the silence, “So long as you triumph over the rest and secure the position as the head of the Hughes family, all these will come to an end.”

Jack, Brent, and Daisy looked towards the mysterious man. Jack’s eyes lit up like a dying man grasping onto straws. He rubbed his nose and smiled helplessly, “In the end, it’s all about status.

Now... I’m a nobody without any status.”

Brent and Daisy’s expressions changed.

Brent placed his hand onto Jack’s knee and comforted, “Master, don’t fret, three months is a short time.”

Jack nodded and smiled bitterly, “I hope that on that day, I can walk together with Amber with our heads held high into the Hughes Residence and smoothly claim the crown of the family.”

“When you take over the crown from your father, those who try to kill you will have to reassess their interests.” The mysterious man said as his eyes glimmered, “At that time, who they were commissioned to kill is no longer the potential heir of the Hughes family but the head and the authority of the Hughes

family!”

The mysterious man paused and then said, “So now, you need to preserve yourself and ... endure.”

Jack looked at the mysterious man and smiled, “Rest assured that I had mastered the art of endurance when I was growing up. I certainly can endure for three months. I had been in the darkness for more than twenty years. Now that I’ve come into the light, will I worry about going back into the darkness for a while?” Jack’s demeanor changed as he spoke. Suddenly, he exuded a bone-chilling frostiness.

The mysterious man, Brent, and Daisy all felt this chill and inadvertently shuddered inside them.

However, Brent and Daisy were worried for Jack. It was the mysterious man who said crisply, “Have you read the ‘Tao Te Ching’ that I gave you?”

“I started but haven’t touched it for a long while.” Jack came to his senses and pursed his lips and continued, “Go ahead and do your stuff. I will take my free time now to read the ‘Tao Te Ching’ to kill time.”

The mysterious man winked at Brent and Daisy and then the three of them excused themselves and returned to their rooms.

In the past when faced with the Bloody trap and risks of assassination attempts, they would never allow

Jack to remain on his own in the courtyard to read a book. But just now the chill that Jack exuded ran down each of their spines as if they should disregard the Bloody trap for the time being.

After all, according to the mysterious man's assessment, there should not be any assassination attempts in these couple of days. What Jack radiated just now felt as though Jack had gone towards the darkness!

Once the three of them had retired to their rooms, Jack lowered his gaze and then pursed his lips as he took out the 'Tao Te Ching' from his pocket and started to read.

This was a scripture that withstood thousands of years.

Jack read this scripture so many times that he could memorize it but each time he read it again, he would have new insights into its teachings.

Time ticked slowly by...

Jack became engrossed as he read until Mr. Ward came back and walked into the courtyard and greeted him. Jack was awakened from his trance-like state.

"Master, Mr. and Mrs. Knight had departed safely." Mr. Ward reported as he looked around and finally

fixated on the 'Tao Te Ching' which was in Jack's hands.

His pupils constricted as he thought to himself, 'Was ... Master in a trance?'

"Mr. Ward, I would like you to contact my father and ask him if he could stop this bloody trap?" Jack

said and then handed the 'Tao Te Ching' to Mr. Ward and continued, "I have enough of this scripture.

Please help me get some Buddhist scriptures and send them to my room."

Chapter 823 Overpowering The Bloody Trap?

This was...

Mr Ward held the Tao Te Ching and couldn't help but be lost in thought for a while. His brows furrowed.

At first, the mysterious man wanted Jack to control his bewitchedness. He picked specifically both

Buddhist sutra and Tao Te Ching for master Hughes. Yet Jack only chose to keep the Tao Te Ching

instead. But why was he reading the Buddhist sutra now?

Was it because he was bored with it?

Mr Ward glanced down at the Tao Te Ching. The incomprehension in his eyes grew more assertive.

"Go on."

Jack urged on and pushed himself to the central hall in his own wheelchair.

Without saying anything further, Mr. Ward turned around and walked out.

Whether it's Tao Te Ching or Buddhist sutra were very important in suppressing the bewitchedness in

Jack. And the mysterious man was very clear about this.

If it could suppress Jack's bewitchedness, what's wrong with reading Buddhist sutra or Tao Te Ching?

In central hall.

Amber was inside her room. The door was tightly shut.

The mysterious man, Brent, and Daisy were sitting on old-fashioned wooden chairs. They were holding a cup of tea in their hands while quietly enjoying it.

But none of them were in a peaceful state of mind which was revealed by their furrowing brows.

When Jack entered the hall.

The mysterious man was the first to put his teacup down and asked suspiciously, "Why did you give the

Tao Te Ching to Mr Ward? You don't want to read it anymore?"

After hearing this.

Brent and Daisy also looked at Jack worriedly.

"Nah, I'm just tired of it."

Jack waved his hand and said with a smile, "I've asked Mr Ward to help me find a few more Buddhist sutra. Since I'll be staying in the bamboo grove for a while anyway, I'll read a few more of the Buddhist sutra as a way to meditate and concentrate. Didn't you also bring the Tao Te Ching and a lot of Buddhist sutra for me?"

"Ah, okay."

The mysterious man visibly sighed with relief.

Brent and Daisy looked relieved.

Everyone knew that Tao Te Ching and the Buddhist sutra were the keys to meditate and suppress the bewitchedness in Jack's heart. Until now, the truth was still unknown to him.

If Jack did not continue reading these scriptures because he was tired of reading them, that would be real trouble.

Once this happened, it meant that there was nothing to suppress Jack's bewitchedness.

Only then, the truth could be told to Jack.

"Amber hasn't come out yet?"

Jack glanced at the closed door of Amber's room with distress.

The mysterious man nodded.

Immediately, Jack said, "Ms Hill, please go to Amber's room later. Help me comfort and console her. I'll head back to my room to rest for a while. There are still a lot of things that needed to be handled with Lyndall through video call."

"Okay!"

Daisy nodded.

With that, Jack was pushing his wheelchair back to his room.

The curtains were shut.

Jack simply turned on a bedside lamp so that the room was dimly lit.

Then he turned on his computer and had a video call with Lyndall.

Nowadays, it could be described that Lyndall was in a position of great power.

But many things were difficult for him to grasp in a short amount of time. Even though Lyndall was a former underground king, and he ruled it with an iron fist.

So, it was still up to Jack to weigh in and distantly direct Lyndall on leading the company.

There were still three months before his father's birthday.

Even though what he had accomplished had far surpassed every Hughes family's younger generation's achievements, he still didn't dare to give up yet.

To be chosen as one of the heirs to the Hughes family was definitely the pinnacle of the Hughes family's generation.

Three months was neither long nor short.

During this time, the tables would be easily turned over by other heirs if he didn't continue to work hard.

As the biggest contender... was Killian!

With Madam Hughes influence, Killian was the better successor than Jack as Killian was more popular in the Hughes family.

Jack would never allow Killian to overtake Jack in three months because a bloody trap!

Time was the best tool.

For one who was satisfied with the current status and did not seek to advance. One would soon be eliminated out of contempt by time.

Learning was like sailing against the current. If you did not advance, you would fall behind.

This principle fit on everything, in fact.

If Jack chose to maintain his current status during these three months while Killian forged ahead with the help of the crowd. By the time of his father's birthday, there was a possibility that he would be overtaken by Killian.

What's more, there were many Hughes family heirs. So many that what Jack had met was a drop in a bucket.

When the video call was finally connected.

Jack and Lyndall exchanged pleasantries and were soon engaged in working arrangements.

It was as if Lyndall knew Jack would be looking for him.

The night before, he had already put together all the information regarding DT real estate agency, the Quinn family's business, and the entertainment company controlled by Ciara Wattson in the capital city.

At that point, Lyndall was able to make a quick and thorough report to Jack as if he had been there.

And for some slightly smaller matters, Lyndall also had methods to tackle them in advance. He only required Jack's approval to implement it immediately.

Jack was delighted with Lyndall's work.

After all, Lyndall was once an underground king. And the things under his command, no matter how big or small were no less than a company.

Even though he didn't grasp Jack's business knowledge thoroughly, he was able to have this kind of progress. It had already made Jack deeply impressed.

With them busy at work.

Time flies.

By the time Jack and Lyndall had discussed the arrangements, it's getting late.

After he hung up the video call.

Jack leaned back in his wheelchair. He closed his eyes while his right hand gently pinched the bridge of his nose.

Knock, knock, knock.

There was knocking on the door.

"Who is it?"

Jack slowly opened his eyes and asked with a tired voice.

"Young Master, it's me."

The voice of Mr Ward rang out at the door.

"Come in."

Jack said.

Squeak...

The door swung opened.

Mr Ward walked in with a thick pile of Buddhist sutra in his arms and placed them on the desk with a

complicated expression. And on top of the Buddhist sutra still lied the Tao Te Ching.

Mr Ward wiped his forehead before saying, "Young master, all these Buddhist sutras have been

carefully selected by me. I also let the mysterious man look at them again before sending them to you

together with the Tao Te Ching."

"Thanks."

Jack glanced profoundly at Mr Ward and nodded his head.

"Young master, have you just finished with the affairs?"

Mr Ward glanced at the computer. This was what he had heard from Amber and the others said when he came in just now.

"Well, there are big and small matters. And since Lyndall has just taken over, there are some stuff he can finish with the assistance of Corbin and Amelia. But there's still some stuff that I need to do it myself."

Jack rubbed his eyes tiredly, "This day of dealing with affairs is more tiring than a day of training."

Mr Ward smiled, "Don't worry, I am here. I will also do my best to help young master in every way possible. Don't worry about it."

"Thank you, Mr Ward."

Mr Ward smiled and said, "It's getting late, young madam and Daisy have already made dinner.

Everyone is waiting for young master. Just now they all know that young master is busy, so none of

them have dared to disturb young master. Only I have dared to disturb young master just now."

"Having dinner is also important."

Jack cocked the corner of his mouth and narrowed his eyes as he smiled, gesturing for Mr Ward to

push him outside while asking, "By the way, I asked you to speak to my father and ask him if he could overpower this bloody trap. How did he respond?"

Chapter 824 Remain Unchanged? Concerned about My Life?

Mr. Ward's eyes glinted as he walked.

After hesitating, he smiled and said, "Let's eat first, Young Master."

"Okay."

Jack nodded.

When Mr. Ward pushed Jack to the restaurant, the table was already full of all kinds of delicious food.

Amber Knight, the Mysterious Man, Daisy Hill and Brent were all present.

"Hubby, come here!"

Amber waved with a smile.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

Jack went to his seat and replaced the chair with a wheelchair.

After Mr. Ward sat down, they started eating, chatting with each other.

Jack suddenly asked again, "Mr. Ward, how does my father see the Bloody Trap?"

Hearing those words, everybody got silent.

They all were looking at Mr. Ward with apprehension.

At that moment, also the Mysterious Man looked differently.

Bloody Trap.

All those powers were on the prowl, lurking everywhere with killing intents.

The people present, including the Mysterious Man, could only defeat hardly with his strength.

As for a definitive solution... it was almost impossible!

That Bloody Trap could not be solved easily just relying on the power of an individual.

When facing a majestic power, only an equivalent or higher power could deal with it and solve definitely that situation.

And the Hughes Family...was obviously the best hope!

And yet.

Mr. Ward slowly put down the chopsticks in his hand and picked up the napkin to wipe the corners of his mouth.

He moved slowly but as long as he was doing that action progressively, his expression darkened.

The hearts of those who clearly captured the change in Mr. Ward's expression sank.

Even if Mr. Ward still didn't open his mouth, his answer...was clear to everyone.

Of course.

Mr. Ward said, "The Old Master will make the Hughes Family remain unchanged for the time being."

When he said out that, the atmosphere that seemed to be relaxant and happy before became very cold

and tense.

Although they all guessed Mr. Ward's answer just from his expression, everyone couldn't help but felt

gloomy and disappointed.

"If he keeps the Hughes Family no change, I'm afraid the Blood Trap...will last at least three months!"

The hoarse and solemn voice of the Mysterious Man echoed in the restaurant.

Brent and Daisy looked at each other.

They already talked about that before.

Just as Mr. Ward said that sentence, their guess was about to become reality.

Without the strong support and suppressing of the Hughes Family, the major powers would not have

the slightest fear, and would obviously act recklessly.

Just as the Mysterious Man said, that Bloody Trap would last at least three months.

Moreover, that was an optimistic estimate.

As for a pessimistic one...

That was less than three months.

Or maybe three months later, at Patrick Hughes' birthday party, Jack could not be able to take the crown of the next Master!

In either case, the cost of all that was Jack's...life!

Mr. Ward had a sad expression and looked very down in the dumps.

He looked slowly at Jack with pity, with reluctance and with the tenderness of an elder to the younger.

"When I reported that thing, I didn't expected such a result."

"Is that all he said?" Jack asked, raising his eyebrows.

Mr. Ward nodded, "Yes, just that."

A quick answer.

But it made Jack laugh.

When everyone saw Jack's smile, they got stunned.

Amber raised her hand subconsciously and landed on Jack's left hand, holding it softly.

"Honey, it's okay. You still have us."

"Of course I'm okay."

Jack was smiling, but when looked at Amber, his expression became extremely cold.

"I just think it's funny! My father wants me to take over his business one by one. Now that his son is suffering from this Bloody Trap, he can just simply order the Hughes Family to remain no change. This kind of attitude is so cold and cruel!"

His cold and sharp voice suddenly made the atmosphere in the restaurant become extremely cold.

Amber's throat tightened as Jack stared at her.

Also Mr. Ward, Brent and Daisy looked very solemn, and a little bit indignant.

Jack already experienced that situation more than once.

It was not the first or second time they went through it with Jack.

But never before Patrick acted so indifferently and looked on without lifting a finger.

When his son asked him for help, he just rejected with some simple words.

Because of that, the three of them wanted to talk out a bit more about Patrick, but their throats were tightened and they didn't know where to start.

Da-da...

The knuckle of the Mysterious Man's right hand tapped lightly on the table.

He was also the most emotionally stable of the group.

Raising his eyebrows, the Mysterious Man looked deeply into Jack's eyes and said with a hoarse voice,

"Maybe he didn't take the initiative to hold back, but...he's passively staying put. Or perhaps...it's not the right time?"

Apparently, the Mysterious Man was looking for a way out of Patrick's decision.

Mr. Ward and the others looked at the Mysterious Man in succession.

"You mean the Old Master is blocked by the Hughes Family?" Brent asked.

The Mysterious Man laughed jokingly, "A father won't never kill his own son. If he's not forced, how could he respond with just one sentence to this kind of situation?"

Brent and the others got it.

That's true, the same situation had already happened many times.

Every time, Patrick had protected Jack either dominantly or kept it secret. Anyway, he never was as indifferent as now.

But that time, his quick answer "stay put" was too weird.

Taking the initiative to stay put was ridiculous.

Being forced to remain unchanged was quiet probable. It must be known that the whole Hughes Family was never united as a whole. However, it seemed very calm, but in reality, its factions were surging with rage.

And for the so-called "it's not the right time", Mr. Ward and the others didn't think too much about it.

That was just an irrelevant guess. Otherwise...what was the so-called "right time"?

"Young Master, what the Mysterious Man said makes sense."

Mr. Ward whispered, and patted the back of Jack's hand with his left hand, "The Old Master has always been concerned about your and Mrs. Hughes' lives, and you have seen in the past that the Old Master would not hesitate to shake the whole Hughes Family and bomb the Burton Family for you. His short and categorical answer should indeed contain something."

“Concerned about my life?”

Jack smiled and looked at the delicious food on the table, but he had no appetite anymore.

Then.

Under the frightened eyes of everyone, he just stood up and strode into his room.

Bang!

The door thundered.

The door was slammed shut.

In the restaurant.

The atmosphere was extremely tense.

When Mr. Ward realized that Brent and the others were staring at him, he had a self-reproach and

embarrassed smile, “It’s my fault that the Young Master lost his manner, it’s just my own fault.”

“I will talk to him.”

Amber stood up and pushed the wheelchair towards Jack’s room.

Jack’s uncrippled legs were his trump card.

However, at that moment, Jack was ignoring that trump card. He got up and directly went back to his room, showing that he was not as calm as he seemed.

Amber just stepped to Mr. Ward's side.

Mr. Ward stood up and stopped Amber, smiling awkwardly, "Mrs. Hughes, all this happened because of me, I should personally go to the Young Master to apologize."

Chapter 825: 825 Jack's Fury

It was dark inside the room. Only the occasional flare of the cigarette sparks pierced through the darkness as smoke lingered in the air.

Jack sat by the slightly opened window and slowly smoked a cigarette. The moonlight shone through the gap in the window and lit his gloomy face.

Mr. Ward opened the door without knocking and came in with the wheelchair.

"Master..." He softly greeted. When he noticed that Jack did not react to him, he left the wheelchair next to the bed and walked to Jack and said, "Master, I'm sorry I misspoke."

Jack's eyes lit up, looked at the closed door and then at Mr. Ward and smiled, "You didn't. I was overly worked up." His tone was disappointed and absolute.

Mr. Ward smiled bitterly and said with regret, "It was my failing but what the mysterious man said made

sense. What if that really was the case?"

"Continue." Jack raised his eyebrows and grinned.

"Your father really did let down you and your mother over the last twenty plus years. But now he had been trying to make it up to you." Mr. Ward started to explain.

"Of course I know that he is trying his best to compensate me." Jack shrugged and continued, "But certain things cannot be compensated!"

"For example?" Mr. Ward frowned and asked.

"For example kinship, for example mutual love, for example blood ties, for example his responsibilities as a husband." Jack said sternly and continued, "If he can't help me, then forget about me. If he chose to reunite, then he should go all out to make up for the past. I certainly cannot do what he did." Jack became agitated as he said.

He stood up in anger and then continued, "For example, does he know what my mother likes? Does he know what I like?"

"He doesn't!" Jack yelled furiously.

Mr. Ward pursed his lips and did not know how to reply to Jack.

“I know what my wife likes and what my mother likes.”

“I can never let go of my wife because I am not Patrick Hughes. I will never allow my wife to go away. I

will never allow myself to become like him and abandon his wife and child for twenty over years and

then one day remember, oh... I have a wife and child and I need to look for them again!”

“Mr. Ward, based on age, you can already be my grandfather. Do you think that it was right for my

father to do what he did?” Jack’s anger lingered within the room. Mr. Ward could feel his pain and

agony. Mr. Ward smiled bitterly and could not reply to Jack.

Outside the room.

Amber, the mysterious man, Brent, and Daisy looked quietly at the bedroom door. They could hear

every word that Jack said even when Jack suppressed his voice.

The four of them were unsettled and looked at each other awkwardly. But what Jack just said truly

was... Just as they were pondering...

Jack continued, “Now, just this very moment during this Bloody trap, he could simply say that he can’t

deploy his men, he was unable to help. This... is this what a man does?”

It was dark inside the room. Under the watchful eyes of Mr. Ward, Jack took out another cigarette, lit it, and took a long draw.

He smiled as he exhaled the smoke as if he was releasing this frustration, "He said that he wanted me back. Now we are facing the bloody trap, all the ridiculous entities want me dead. Which one of you aren't hurt for protecting me?"

"I yearn for my father to provide some help and support and yet he swept me aside with a reply that he can't move his men? He didn't even bother to explain why he couldn't help me leading us to speculate at the dining table. Don't you think that was laughable?"

"This... what the hell is this?" Jack lamented.

Mr. Ward maintained his bitter smile. He slowly took a cigarette from Jack's cigarette pack and lit it for a smoke.

Outside the room.

Amber, the mysterious man, Brent, and Daisy looked at each other and could detect each other's

helplessness and resignation. A simple sentence of "Unable to help" was too insincere and dismissive!

Why couldn't Patrick spend some effort to explain to Jack as a father even if he was helpless to do anything? If for some reason he could not explain freely, then why couldn't he do it secretly? How can he be so slipshod when he was the head of the Hughes family?

"Master..." Mr. Ward exhaled the smoke, smiled bitterly, and said calmly, "You can relocate your wife.

Although Old Master was late by twenty over years, didn't he also find your mother and you? He had already tried his best to give you everything and more."

"He even sent me and Brent to your side to support you. Do you know our status when we were with Old Master?"

"One is a trusted servant who could represent Old Master for carrying out his orders while the other is his most trusted bodyguard. Once we left, he was practically exposed to all dangers!"

"Then what?" Jack's gaze sharpened and smiled.

Smack! Mr. Ward threw the cigarette on the floor and stomp it with his foot. He said confidently, "Old Master will never abandon you. He must have his reasons for telling you that he can't help! I misspoke tonight and I apologize to you. Next, you must believe that no matter what happens, Brent and I will protect you with our lives."

“Whatever Master wants me to do I will never hesitate and likewise Brent. As long as Brent and I are alive, you will be safe!”

“Ha ha ha... ha ha ha” Jack suddenly laughed. His laughter was strange which revealed his sorrow.

“What a tragedy, what a joke! Patrick Hughes’ debts have to be borne by you and Brent. Mr. Ward... thanks for everything!”

“I will do anything to serve you. Please don’t be angry and have an early rest.” Mr. Ward bowed respectfully and excused himself before opening the door to leave.

It was dark inside the room but Jack saw Amber, the mysterious man, Brent, and Daisy at the doorway.

Smack! He threw down his cigarette and turned to face the window as Mr. Ward closed the door.

After the door closed, Jack heaved a sigh and then sat back into the wheelchair.

Outside the room.

Mr. Ward was filled with sadness.

“Mr. Ward...” Amber looked at Mr. Ward with mixed feelings.

Mr. Ward shrugged and then smiled bitterly, “This pain is deeply seated within master. I thought that it

had been gradually resolved after Old master's repeated efforts but I didn't expect the wound to be so deep. Tonight... I had committed a great mistake."

"Yeah, Master had never gotten over this." Brent lamented.

The mysterious man then said, "When you apologized to him, he had utilized your apology to vent his frustrations. This is already doing a lot to protect him from descending into darkness. You had done the right thing."

Chapter 826 Burglar Napoleon

What the mysterious man said brought relief to Mr. Ward, Brent and Daisy. Indeed... what was worrisome was Jack has a darker side. When he could not vent his frustrations, his pent-up angst would push him towards the darkness. It would do him well to vent out his frustrations.

"Can I go in to see him?" Amber was very worried for Jack.

"Let him be alone for a while. This is his emotional trauma and he needs time to get over it." Mr. Ward shook his head solemnly and said with regret.

The mysterious man nodded and said, "It's late, we should all rest. From tomorrow onwards, we need to be extra alert." He paused for a while and then said sternly, "Based on my assessment, the battle at South Maine had reduced the prowess of the various organizations." He chuckled and scratched his

head and continued, "Perhaps it's not reduced but when we were able to kill most of the killers who they sent, they had to send more killers who should be arriving soon."

On hearing, Mr. Ward, Brent, and Daisy's expressions changed drastically. The atmosphere immediately became tense.

After several seconds of silence, Brent said, "From tomorrow morning, Daisy, Lone Wolf, and I would enhance the security of the bamboo courtyard, inside and outside. We will ensure that the security is airtight."

"Great!" The mysterious man answered.

...

It was late in the night and all was quiet. Most of the city had fallen into slumber and only certain spots of the city were awake and bustling with life.

For example... bars and the underground fight club.

Aiden was the silent owner of the underground fight club and it was rare that he came to this dark and violent place. He was dignified and a person of social class. The underground fight club attracted many

unsavory people, many with shady backgrounds and identities. It was not befitting of Aiden's status to be closely associated with these people.

Even the manager of the underground fight club was extremely surprised to see Aiden.

"Mr. Lott, are you satisfied with tonight's lineup?" The middle-aged manager gently bowed as he respectfully reported to Aiden.

Aiden placed down the wine glass, brought the cigarette to his mouth, and gently drew a smoke. He held the smoke in his mouth as he looked towards the arena cage. There was a brutal fight going on and each blow was a violent body punch.

The crowd roared each time blood was splattered. Blood, gore, money, death, all were happening in this dark den of thieves.

"What's that kid's story? He doesn't seem to fight well." Aiden looked at one of the fighters outside the cage.

It was a short man without a shirt on. He was agile but he was weak in terms of strength and fighting skills. He was subdued within a short time by his opponent. Blood covered his chest while his face was swollen and his eyes seemed to be erratic.

To Aiden, this chap seemed to be out of his league and was doomed to lose in all his fights. Though he did not come often to the underground fight club, he had seen enough of such fighters to make the judgment. Furthermore, it was obvious from the way he fought in the arena.

The manager scanned and chuckled, "He isn't one of our club's fighters. He is a thief and had built up a reputation for himself on the streets. He loves to gamble and the word on the streets is he has a huge debt. Now the debtors are after him and so he came to our underground fight club to make some money."

"Fight for money?" Aiden raised his eyebrows and asked, "How much does he owe?"

Aiden was sharp. He knew that even if a burglar had debts, he would first choose to steal and cheat rather than come to risk life and limb at the underground fight club for money. Of course, to the burglar, the lure of the underground fight club was not the fight in the arena but ... the opportunities that he could earn from fixing a fight and win from the bet wagers.

"Wow, Mr. Lott is sharp!" The manager praised and then chuckled, "This chap is smart. He came to fight at our club and bet on himself to lose. That's why you are seeing the scene downstairs. But not to

worry, in such a situation, we will match him with the right fighter. Although a hundred thousand isn't a large amount, we will make sure we teach him a lesson and he would have to spend a good half of that amount for medical treatment after we break his limbs."

Nothing is left to chance at the underground fight club. Anyone who dared to fight here would be aware of the price to pay.

They can earn this money, but there was a price to pay!

"Interesting. Looks like this chap has some balls. To think that he dares to come and blatantly con money from us." Aiden scoffed as he exhaled the cigarette smoke.

Ten minutes later.

Bash! A punch landed firmly on the burglar's face. Blood splattered into the air and the spectators roared loudly. The burglar grunts in pain and falls onto his own pool of blood.

The fight was over!

Another fight began ten minutes later.

The burglar endured his intense pain, wiped down the blood from his body and looked at his betting slips, and grinned when he saw how much he had won.

“Heh heh... Aren’t I a genius? With three more fights like this, my debts would be cleared and I will be debt-free. This is faster than stealing.”

He kept his betting slips and was about to leave.

Then, a group of men rushed in.

Damn it! The burglar’s expression changed drastically and was quickly pinned to the ground.

Aiden walked in with the manager and approached the burglar. With a cigarette in his mouth, Aiden looked down at the burglar and calmly said, “What’s your name?”

“Napoleon!” The burglar quickly replied. He knew that it would do him no good to resist.

“Napoleon, it’s a good name. But you are not living up to the name as a man should.” Aiden said coldly and raised his left foot and stepped onto Napoleon’s head and continued, “Are you aware that no one has ever dared to con us of money. You must count yourself lucky that you are alive with all your limbs intact.”

“What? Your fight club dares to run a gambling joint and won’t allow me to con you of some money?”

Napoleon screamed in discontent but what he said worked up the surrounding men and the manager.

However, Aiden started to laugh heartily, "Looks like I'm right to let them go easy on you. You chap have some guts!"

Then, Aiden looked down and said sternly, "You need to face up to your deeds. I made them go easy on you not because I want to let you off, but I don't wish to let a talent end up crippled or dead..."

Chapter 827 How Much Do I Get Paid for Helping You Out?

The sky at night was dark.

It was getting colder with every rainfall in the autumn.

It began to sprinkle.

On the road, there were only vehicles that sped by from time to time.

Out of the blue, a beam of bright light appeared and streaked on the road.

A car rapidly moved to the remote corner at the roadside.

Screech!

The car stopped.

The door was opened.

A black package was thrown to the side of the road.

Then, the door was closed and the car sped away.

Everything happened within three seconds.

In the blink of an eye, the road regained its tranquillity, except for this remote place at the roadside.

There was an additional linen package that was moving.

Zap!

A hole was made after the linen package was torn.

Napoleon, who was black and blue struggled to get out of the package. He knelt on the ground and spat a mouthful of blood onto the ground.

His appearance was even more wretched and miserable than that in the underground boxing arena.

The light raindrops soaked his body.

Napoleon lay on the ground and stared at the blood on the ground, dazed and lost in thought.

Painful!

His entire body was having severe pain!

It was as if his body was going to fall apart.

But, the only thing that made him glad was that he was still alive.

And...

He hurriedly took out the cheque in his pocket. His eyes darkened.

The number on the cheque was not the huge amount that he had exchanged earlier, but his principal, one hundred thousand yuan.

“Damn, it’s really like robbing also has it’s principles.”

Napoleon cursed indignantly.

At this time, a text message appeared on the phone in his pocket.

When Napoleon picked up and looked at it, depression instantly appeared on his pale and blood-stained face.

The content of the text message was very simple. ‘Tomorrow morning, pay the minimal payment of 500,000 yuan. Otherwise, you will die miserably without a burial place.’

The minimal payment of the gambling debt he owed was 500,000 yuan. This was merely the initial interest, not the total gambling debt. But if it was paid off, he could also be able to relax for a few days.

When he went to the underground fighting club, he had figured out the one-to-five odds of the opponent’s winning rate so he placed all one hundred thousand yuan as a bet on the opponent. As

long as he did not lose in a too “fake” way, after a match, he would get five hundred thousand yuan.

But...

“Damn, my life is not valuable, take it if you want, I...”

Napoleon was so furious that he directly edited the text message, intending to reply.

But when he was still editing, the other party sent another message, “By the way, we’ve found out

where your mother lives!!!”

Threat!

A naked threat!

Napoleon was stunned. For a moment, his heart seemed to be completely clogged.

That kind of feeling drove him crazy and his eyes reddened.

His family was not well off. His father died when he was born and his mother was blinded due to illness

when he was a child.

That was why he wandered on the streets and was completely tainted with vices. His stealing skills

were practiced and mastered from wandering on the streets since his childhood. These were the skills

that enabled him and his mother to survive.

Mother was the most important in his life.

Mother was also the only belief that made him continue to live in the world.

Because he clearly remembered how his blind mother desperately protected him when he was being bullied on the streets as a child.

He had ever thought that as long as he could ensure his mother die peacefully and naturally, then he would...simply and blindly live in this world until he died.

But now, the other party was threatening him with his mother's life!

At this moment, the drizzle that dropped on Napoleon's body made him feel as if there was a heavy downpour with a bone-chilling coldness.

A hint of panic appeared in his reddened eyes.

He quickly deleted the text message and reedited it.

"Don't act recklessly. Five hundred thousand yuan will definitely be given to you tomorrow morning. If you hurt my mother, I'll kill all your family members!"

He put the phone away.

Perplexed and annoyed, Napoleon was sitting on the roadside. He fished out the crumpled and bent cigarette and lit it.

He scratched his head in annoyance.

Money again.

Everything was caused by money!

How the hell would I think of go and gamble?

No, in addition to serving my mother, I also even went to the brothels on the street to look for women. If I did not gamble, what else could I do?

It was just that he gambled using too much money!

But...Within a night, where could he get five hundred thousand yuan?

When one was poor, one would have many deceitful trickeries and when one was wealthy, one would be kind-hearted and having consciences.

At once, various dangerous and live-and-death ways came to Napoleon's mind.

He raised his head and slowly glanced at this remote area.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up.

“Hold on, it seems that I’ve been fucking thrown to the suburban villa area, huh?”

Napoleon looked in the direction of the road towards the distant group of buildings. His eyes sparkled

and his lips that were holding the cigarette also curled, “That group of buildings across the street

seems to be Longines Villa?”

Snap!

After a finger snap, Napoleon rubbed his hands and strode towards Longines Villa area and murmured

while walking, “I have to be a thief once. I hope that I can get enough amount at once!”

Although Longines Villa area was not the best villa area in the city.

And it was not worth mentioning compared to TM Villa District that had the most expensive price.

But for Napoleon, those who could live in a villa were rich people.

If he had a break-in to a big house with nobody around and was able to find a huge amount of money,

he should be able to get five hundred thousand yuan.

If it really could not make it...he would have a break-in to another house!

He skilfully avoided the surveillance of the villa area.

Napoleon was very agile and he directly sneaked into the villa area.

After spending half an hour, he finally identified a villa that seemed to have the highest possibility for him to break in.

This was a detached house and obviously, the owner of the villa was very rich. It was highly possible that he could get five hundred thousand yuan by having this single theft.

The most important thing was that.

The entire villa looked a little bleak and only a window on the second floor was with the light on.

Napoleon had walked around three times in order to determine this. This meant that there may be extremely few people living in the house!

So...this would be his choice!

Napoleon had practiced the skill as a thief for more than ten years. At this moment, he was fully utilizing it.

He entered the villa garden easily. The garden was totally silent as if the ghost in the night was out there. He did not directly go to the front door because there might have been a very clear and thorough

monitoring device at the villa's front door.

After bypassing the surveillance device on the wall, Napoleon found a good blind spot for climbing and then along the wall pillars, he directly climbed up to the second floor. But, the window selected by him was tightly closed. He tried twice and could not open it.

Napoleon could only choose another entrance.

When Napoleon looked at the lighted room that was not far away, he hesitated. Finally, he still chose to take a risk.

He carefully climbed over, intending to bypass the lighted room.

But, his inadvertent glance made him stop all his movements at once.

“Oh, so beautiful!”

At this moment, there was only one thought in Napoleon’s mind. Even his breathing also almost stopped.

Inside the room.

As he thought, there were only two people and both were women!

An old woman and a young woman.

The old one was an aunt in her fifties. With a bowl in her hand, she was standing in front of the young woman.

Whereas, the woman who made Napoleon's heartbeat instantly stop was sitting dumbfoundedly on the bed.

The snow-white long dress outlined her extremely outstanding physique.

Even though there was a few haggardness, paleness and sluggishness on that extremely charming face, its enviable beauty was still difficult to be hidden.

"Amber, I was asked to take care of you. Don't make things difficult for me, be obedient and eat some rice, okay?"

The middle-aged woman helplessly consoled Amber.

However, Amber was unmoved. Her gaze was blank and her pale lips did not even move a bit.

"Amber, please don't give me a hard time. I have a bedridden spouse at home and I have no children. If I can't take care of you well, I'll lose this job and my life will be..."

Amber's eyes finally flickered and gradually regained focus.

She looked at the middle-aged woman and said with a deep voice, "Okay, I'll eat! In addition, if you help me out, I'll give you two million yuan, which is enough for you and your spouse to live the rest of your life."

The middle-aged woman froze instantly and looked at Amber in shock.

"Not enough? Five million yuan? Ten million yuan? Or, tell me the amount you want!"

Amber had already put her limit to the lowest. She wanted to go out, she wanted to go back!

But, the middle-aged woman sighed, "Amber, don't make fun of me. I'll only earn what I deserve to get.

I don't dare to get this kind of money."

Amber closed her eyes and no longer made a sound.

Napoleon, who was lying against the wall, was filled with righteous indignation.

"Damn, who the fuck is the person who surprisingly detains such a beautiful lady here?"

This was the thought in Napoleon's mind.

But then, his mind abruptly came out with an idea.

He could not help but ask directly, "If I help you out, how much would you pay me?"

Chapter 828 Escape

In the room, there was silence.

Napoleon's words, however, like a thunderbolt from a sunny sky.

Instantly exploded in the room.

Amber abruptly opened her eyes and looked out of the window in shock and joy.

The middle-aged woman also looked terrified. She immediately turned her head to look at the window,

"Who is over there?"

Snap!

Napoleon's feet easily landed on the edge of the window. Then, he bent his body and entered the room easily.

When he landed and stood still in the room.

Amber was overjoyed at once!

Someone was there!

Finally...there was the hope of escape!

On the other hand, the middle-aged woman was in a state of fear and horror. She subconsciously took

two steps back and shouted with a trembling voice, "Who, who are you? Quickly leave here, otherwise,

I, I'll call someone!"

"From my appearance, can't you see that I'm a thief?"

Napoleon looked down and sized up himself. He ignored the middle-aged woman, stared at Amber and rubbed his hands excitedly, "I originally intended to steal a few hundred thousand yuan but now I've got a big one as I can be a hero to save a beautiful woman. Pretty woman, if I help you out, how much would you pay me?"

"I'll give you whatever amount you want!"

Amber's hands uncontrollably clenched the edge of her dress hard and she said in ecstasy.

She wanted to go back!

She wanted to go back to Jack's side to expose the fake "Amber" and to expose the identity of the evil

Mysterious Man.

Even at any cost or even if it would cost billion yuan, she still wanted to go out!

"Amber!"

The middle-aged woman was terrified so she hurriedly stopped her.

But, Amber ignored her and said seriously to the thief in front of her, "If you help me out, I'll offer you

glory and fortune!”

“Hiss~”

Napoleon sucked in a breath of cold air. His expression was serious, “I didn’t receive much education, you don’t lie to me.”

Amber instantly became anxious.

But before she spoke.

The middle-aged woman who almost shrank to the corner, yelled at Napoleon with a frightened expression, “You, you get lost quickly, or I’ll really call someone, by then, you’re done!

Her voice was trembling and full of fear.

Napoleon’s face looked serious. Even if he was black and blue, but after he rubbed his hands, his face immediately showed a smugness that would make others extremely have the intention to beat him,

“Just scream, if you have the ability, just scream. The louder you scream, the more excited I am. I can beat ten old women like you. I’ll definitely do the deal today!”

The next second.

Napoleon's legs moved. Being a thief, his fighting skill was not good enough but his speed and agility were definitely outstanding!

Even if he was injured all over, it did not affect his speed much.

In a flash of lightning.

Napoleon directly rushed to Amber, yanked Amber's wrist and with a strong pull, he directly pulled Amber up.

"My big gold mine, don't be afraid to jump down from the second floor!"

As Napoleon spoke, he had already pulled Amber towards the window. At the same time, his left hand held the curtain hard and directly pulled the curtain down. Then, he waved his hand and tied it to the radiator under the edge of the window.

To slide with the help of the curtain, even if the length was not enough for them to land safely, he was confident to take Amber safely and securely land with the rest of the distance.

At this moment.

Amber's pretty face was full of ecstasy.

Her heart even leapt to her throat and was throbbing wildly, as if it wanted to leap out.

Ecstasy, excitement...

All kinds of emotions eliminated her previous gloom and resentment.

Escape!

As long as she successfully escaped, she would be able to return to Jack's side to expose everything.

"Husband, Mom and Dad...you guys wait for me! I'll definitely come back! I, Amber, won't allow anyone to replace me!"

Looking at the windowsill that was getting closer and closer, at this moment, Amber felt that time had become slow. Every step was apparently slowed down.

This feeling made her annoyed and disgusted. She gritted her teeth tightly.

Finally.

Napoleon pulled Amber to the windowsill.

"Don't be afraid, you just need to close your eyes and we'll land on the ground very quickly!"

Napoleon reminded her and he was about to pull Amber to leap to the edge of the window.

But at this moment.

Whoosh!

A wind roar suddenly sounded.

It was even with a hint of ear-shattering sensation.

Almost at the same time.

'Bang'. A vase was smashed on Napoleon's back.

"Puff!"

Napoleon felt as if his back was hit by a sledgehammer. His waist instantly bumped into the edge of the window and his upper body bent and bumped onto the windowsill. Simultaneously, he spat a large mouthful of fresh blood.

And with this smash.

Amber, who was expecting to escape, instantly felt that all the slow actions had abruptly dissipated.

As if a dream was shattered.

Frantic, collapse, despair...

The feelings that she had when she was being imprisoned by the Mysterious Man before enveloped her again.

Her eyes reddened and were filled with tears.

Also, at this moment.

The cold and stern voice of the middle-aged woman rang out abruptly behind her.

“Are you sure...you want to fight with 10 people like me?”

“Damn, old woman, you surprisingly play dirty?”

Napoleon abruptly turned around and fiercely wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth. With

a terrifying face, he furiously stared at the middle-aged woman but in his eyes, there were fears that

could not be concealed.

Although he was not strong enough, he was at least a street gangster since childhood.

She managed to smash him with a vase and caused him to spit blood on the spot. This was not

something that an ordinary person could do!

At the same time.

Amber also turned to look at the middle-aged woman in shock and dismay.

The middle-aged woman at this moment no longer had the helplessness and grievance that she had

when facing Amber just now. On her wrinkled face that was full of chloasma, there was only endless stern coldness.

She totally did not look like a middle-aged woman who was pressured and worried about not being able to earn a living.

“I originally intended to scare you away using the identity as an ordinary person but since you’re looking for death, don’t blame me then.”

The middle-aged woman slowly moved forward but she was looking at Amber. Her coldness reduced and there was a point of gentleness, “Amber, sorry for letting you see blood, it’s my fault for not serving you well.”

“You, you’re not an ordinary auntie who was hired! Why, why are you helping that demon?”

Amber growled hoarsely. At this moment, she totally collapsed and her tears were streaming down like rain.

“Demon?”

The middle-aged woman gave a startled eek and laughed, “No, I was hired by him but I’m not an ordinary auntie. He let me monitor you. Seeing that you’re young, I want to take good care of you but

who knows that there will be such a stupid gangster to come and cause disturbance?”

“You’re the one who’s a stupid gangster! All your family member is a stupid gangster!”

Napoleon was immediately boiling with rage and he pointed at the middle-aged woman and cursed angrily.

‘Wham’. At this moment, Amber suddenly turned around and knelt in front of Napoleon, crying and begging, “Please, please help me out. As long as you can help me out, I can give you one and even ten billion yuan.”

“Don’t worry, since you’re willing to give me one and even ten billion yuan, even if you’re bullshitting, I’ll also help you out today, even Jesus also can’t stop me!”

Napoleon said with righteous indignation and spat a mouthful of blood foam towards the ground,

“Damn, today is really terrible. I got beaten when boxing, my money was robbed and when I wanted to steal money and take someone away, I was also beaten by an old woman, fuck!”

The middle-aged woman sneered when she faced Napoleon’s angry curses.

“I’m not a stupid gangster! I’m the person ranked fifteenth in Azrael List of Assassin Squad, Wuchang,

the Wuchang of Black White Wuchang that kills people...”

Chapter 829 There Was Really Light... In this World?

A bone-chilling laughter reverberated in the room.

The Dark Net Assassin Squad?

Azrael List?

Black White Wuchang?

Napoleon was full of confusion now. He had a blank face at the moment.

For him, this was uncharted territory, and about the so-called “Fifteenth place”, he had long lost any sort of response to it.

However, Amber who was on one side had a drastic change of expression.

She had experienced countless times of danger by Jack’s side.

She was acutely aware what the Dark Net Assassin Squad meant more than anyone!

Brent and Daisy were both assassins hailing from the Dark Net Assassin Squad!

Despite that, never once would she imagine that the middle-aged woman who was watching over her

like a nanny and stuck to her like a shadow had an even higher ranking than Brent and Daisy on the

Azrael List!

Taking Daisy as an example, she was five ranks higher than her.

Amber was just an ordinary person, so she wouldn't have any clear grasp of the difference in strength between martial artists.

However, despite her ignorance, she knew that the higher one's ranking was on this type of list, the difference in strength between the person being ranked would become increasingly smaller. They wouldn't have too much of a drop off from one person to the next person.

If the gap in their ranks was too large, it would mean that... the strength between such two person would be like heaven and earth.

"My name is Amber!"

All of a sudden, Amber twisted her head around at the indignant Napoleon. Her pale face had a look of resolve on it, "Remember my name, and look for a man whose name is... Jack Hughes. He is the president of DT Real Estate Agency."

"What?"

Napoleon stared at Amber with a perplexed expression. His livid face was now clouded with confusion,

“What do you mean by that? You’re not running away now?”

“There’s no need to run away. You won’t be a match for her.”

Amber shook her head with resignation, and her smile was forced and dry.

At this moment, she no longer had the ecstatic feeling of being able to get out of this pinch alive. What replaced that void was a feeling of endless despair and helplessness.

Napoleon looked a little unconvinced as he raised his right hand and pointed at that middle-aged woman.

“Don’t you fret now. With me here, don’t mention Black White Wuchang, even if the Lord of hell is here, I would still make him kneel down in front of me and beg for mercy.”

However, the next second, just as he had finished his proclamation, a huge gust of wind exploded all around them.

In the midst of the chaos, both Amber and Napoleon had a complete change of expression. They were completely shaken.

Boom!

Without being able to react, Napoleon felt a huge hand which gave him the sensation of being locked

by ancient tree trunks grabbing his finger.

With a bone-chilling crack, Napoleon's initial arrogant voice instantly turned into a heart-wrenching shrill.

His now broken finger was held by and caressed by Black White Wuchang, and she seemed to increase the pressure on his finger, which caused Napoleon to be shrouded in endless agony. He then flopped to the floor uncontrollably.

At this moment, Black White Wuchang was exuding an immensely chilly aura. While he continued to ramp up his force on Napoleon's finger, there was a grotesque and frosty smile hanging on his lips.

"Let him go! Let him go!"

Amber was completely flustered as she threw herself at Black White Wuchang, seeing that Napoleon was in pain.

Black White Wuchang didn't even try to dodge her.

She simply raised her left with her palms facing away, making a pushing motion, which easily sent

Amber sprawling on the floor.

Her cold voice boomed, “Ms. Knight, I will just watch over you without hurting you, but this bastard here has to die”

Her voice was like a message from hell.

In an instant, Amber felt herself being drenched in icy water with sub-zero temperature.

Her eyes were like saucers which were directed at Napoleon. Her lips and body were both shivering imperceptibly.

No, he couldn't die here.

He was innocent!

He was here not by his own volition!

“I beg you, let him go, let him go... What has that evil incarnation promised you? Whatever he can give you, Jack and I will give you hundred, no, thousand fold to you!”

Amber continued to struggle, and with a loud sound, she knelt on the floor. Her tears had poured out of her eyes, and her cries were sorrowful.

When faced with Black White Wuchang who had seemingly “transformed”, Amber knew very well that she had no chance to even slow her down. Besides crying and begging, she had no other cards to

play.

While her wails continued, Amber didn't even hesitate as she brought her head down to the floor.

This scene made Black White Wuchang stop for a moment.

Napoleon who was screaming with agony stopped for a moment too.

With his origin and his past circumstances, he had long gotten used to getting the cold treatment from people around him. He was marred, harmed and backstabbed over and over again. Since he was a child, he didn't have any choice but to survive on the streets, which directly led to his dilapidated state today.

His living environment pushed him to become who he was today. Ever since he was a child, he knew he had to survive with his own strength.

He used to be thin and feeble. While he learned the ropes of surviving on the streets, he had to resort to robbery and schemes in order to live on. He had no other alternatives.

He was already one with the darkness, which made the scene he was witnessing in front of his eyes a strange and incomprehensible one. He felt that his gaze was wavering.

This was the first time!

The first time someone other than his mother had begged for his sake.

He knew that Amber's purpose was to get him out of this situation alive so that he could ask for help from a man called Jack. He knew that it was for their only chance of surviving, that was why she was lowering herself so much and resorting to begging.

Nevertheless... This was still the first time!

The one and only true time... someone other than his mother had done this!

Suddenly, Napoleon chuckled while his expression was one of confusion. His chuckle morphed into a laugh, "This is really funny. In the past twenty years, I lived like a dog on the streets... but today, why do I suddenly feel a mixture of emotion swirling within? There was really light... in this world?"

What?

While listening to Napoleon self-deprecating laughter, Black White Wuchang's plump figure suddenly jerked up, and her face which was littered with wrinkles and dark spots formed an astonished expression as she stared at Napoleon.

Although she had snapped one of Napoleon's fingers, as a top assassin, she knew how to deal a huge

blow to someone by just manipulating one part of his body. This enormous sense of pain wasn't something any ordinary man could just take on.

However, according to what she was seeing now, Napoleon was simply laughing to his heart's content, and his expression was weirdly serene... as if there was no pain at all.

The next second, Napoleon who almost knelt down on the ground suddenly let out a shout.

His sculpted body came alive like one of chimpanzee's as his legs kicked off the ground, launching himself into the air. Then, he morphed into a viper and slithered around Black White Wuchang.

He was as fast as lightning.

Even Black White Wuchang couldn't react in time as she felt a jolt of panic.

In the last second, Black White Wuchang shouted, "Stronghold Stance!"

Black White Wuchang knew what Napoleon was scheming, so she lowered herself abruptly in a wide-legged stance, and her palms pushed out in the left and right direction.

With a loud booming sound, the air itself seemed to explode.

Napoleon's legs which were locked around Black White Wuchang were blown away by that outburst of

force.

However, at the same time, Napoleon slammed his left palm onto the ground and he leveraged the enormous strength siphoned from his waist to help himself to his feet.

He looked like a bloodthirsty hound now as he swooped in and bit Black White Wuchang's right wrist.

With a spurt, fresh blood splattered everywhere, and the intense smell immediately filled Napoleon's olfactory faculties.

At this moment, his gaze was terrifying as he made sure his teeth was inseparable from Black White Wuchang's right wrist. He was even moaning akin to the sound of a mad hound.

"Let go!"

Under that terrifying pain, Black White Wuchang could even feel her arm throbbing with numbing pain.

Her right hand let go of Napoleon's broken finger and with another outburst of energy, her left hand launched forward with her palms connecting with Napoleon's face.

The force was so huge as if a hammer was being brought down.

In an instant, Napoleon's face immediately became swollen, and his nose and ears were now flowing with blood.

Despite the lash-back, Napoleon didn't loosen his bite.

His ferocious gaze homed in on Black White Wuchang like a mad dog. He was glaring at her with blinding intensity.

This scene was taken in completely by Amber who was still kneeling on the ground wailing.

It was a terrible shock.

Her fragile body which was trembling let out a wail than soon turned into an uncontrollable gasp of terror...

Chapter 830 A Coincidental Full Effort

"Let go!"

With a loud declaration sound, an iron-clad left palm was landed on Napoleon's face.

Each of those attacks were accompanied with great force.

For an existence who was listed as the number fifteenth strongest assassin on the Azrael List, the

strength of her hands could break even metal and concrete.

This attack alone blew Napoleon away, and there was obviously more of those blood coming out of the cavities on his body.

However, there was a disgruntling and chilling sound of meat being compressed, which meant

Napoleon didn't even loosen his jaw. He was chewing at her hand with even more strength.

This sight alone angered Black White Wuchang more than anything. His anger was boiling now.

She didn't hold back after this.

With a loud slapping sound, he attacked yet again with her palm.

"Let go of my hand!"

Bang!

"Let go of my hand!"

Bang!

"Let go of my hand!"

...

In the room, huge slapping sounds were interrupted by regular shout of war from Black White

Wuchang.

The lighting was blinding in the room.

Napoleon's body continued to tremble while he took on her non-stop attacks. He didn't look like he was

going to fight back.

His teeth was digging into her wrist for a long time, and they were digging into the skin with such intensity that it showed no signs of him planning to come free.

On the other hand, Amber was shell-shocked by what she was watching.

Napoleon almost convoluted face was splattered with blood.

On Black White Wuchang's wrist, blood was gushing out of where he was biting, and it trickled down to the ground by passing through her palms. There was a pool of blood forming on the ground.

The whole scene was incredibly heartrending.

Anybody who saw this would have the same reaction was Amber.

Black White Wuchang was getting overwhelmed by anger as she allowed the agony from her wrist to be absorbed by her.

In her eyes, Napoleon was no ordinary man.

However, at the moment, with how Napoleon was behaving like a mad dog, she had a feeling that she was being humiliated.

As she continued to roar, she launched forth with countless attacks of her palms, and her speed was slowly increasing too.

With her strength, she had countless ways to make Napoleon let go of his jaw. She could even send him to death's door on the spot if she wanted.

But at this moment, she felt a strange incomprehensible sense of embarrassment.

Under the fueling of her burning rage, she had secretly decided that if she were to kill this mad hound, she would do it in the most violent and inhuman way.

She wanted to force Napoleon to let of his teeth with her own strength, and then she would swat him to death in one go.

That was the outcome she was envisioning.

That was the only way to wash away the sense of embarrassment she was feeling.

In the room, Black White Wuchang's bashing sound was echoing.

Slaps after slaps came raining down on Napoleon's face, like the thunder striking the ground.

In just a few seconds, Napoleon's face was slowly losing recognition.

It was unbelievably swollen, and his eyes was now two lines.

On his bloody face, while her bashing continued with vigor, it felt like his skin was going to break apart at any moment. His veins were visible under the constant pressure.

It was as if time had slowed down at this moment.

Napoleon's eyes were barely slits, and his diminished gaze was directed at Amber who had lost her soul.

Blood continued to cover his eyesight, which caused Amber to appear red in his eyes.

But, despite his grave condition, Napoleon somehow saw Amber glowing amidst his blurry sight.

"Yes, in this world... there is really light! Since I was young, besides mummy, she really shines on me a little piece of sunlight... If I were to die just because I want to save her, it would be a worthy cause.

Perhaps, she would be able to get out of this alive after my death. Perhaps she would take good care of my mum."

"She must be a rich woman. That's right... DT real estate agency must be that agency which made a lot of sound on the market earlier. Jack... Amber... it seems that something is coming back to me..."

"If my mum is able to live a good life from now on, I would gladly... sacrifice my worthless life."

Barrages of thoughts came crashing down like lightning in his mind.

At this moment, his eyes which were pressed into lines suddenly glowed with a strange light.

He didn't loosen his jaw just yet.

As he absorbed Black White Wuchang's attack, he took a step forward.

All four of his limbs were wrapped around Black White Wuchang's body tightly like tree vines.

At the same time, his lips and tongue were fluttering slightly despite all the blood in his mouth.

Finally, what resembled a dog's grunting and moaning came out of his mouth.

"Run..."

Because of all the blood in his mouth and the fact that his teeth was sunken into something, it made pronouncing something extremely vague and hard.

However, Amber and Black White Wuchang could make out what he was saying!

Black White Wuchang was completely stunned. Her left hand which was raised was frozen in mid-air.

"Have you gone mad? You mad hound! Yes, you are a mad hound! You're just a thief, and just because of something so trivial, you're planning to give your life away? I have never encountered something so perplexing in my entire life!"

In the room, Black White Wuchang's furious musings was booming in the space.

As for Amber, her initially wavering and unfocused gaze found something to focus on.

Tears were starting to blur her eyesight.

However, she didn't avert her gaze from Napoleon.

Was he planning to keep Black White Wuchang busy with exchange of his own life so that she could run away?

At that moment, Amber was completely flustered. There was a invigorating pain piercing her heart.

In her eyes, Napoleon was innocent!

He was just a thief!

However, this seemingly trivial and fateful "meeting" had turned into her biggest chance of running away. This was made possible because of an exchange of his own life!

After taking in a huge breath, Amber slowly stood up.

While she was still blurred by her tears, conviction crept into her expression.

She slowly moved to where the table was and picked up a tea cup.

With a loud smash, she smashed the cup into pieces.

Amber picked up one of the broken shards and placed it against her neck. She gripped it with strength, and the shard was very sharp shard.

When the shard connected with her neck, she felt a momentary stabbing pain, and blood started to form on her pale white neck.

She furrowed her brows and turned around with resolve.

“Black White Wuchang! Let him go now, or else I will kill myself now!”

She was going to threaten with her own death!

This was the one and only solution Amber could think of to get out of this precarious situation.

She couldn't stop Black White Wuchang. Even if she were to combine strength with Napoleon, they still wouldn't be a match for her.

However, in the past few days, she was confined to this spot, and Black White Wuchang was interacting with her as her maid. She was taking good care of Amber's life.

Amber must have thought that her life must carry some meaning.

Of course, this was just a wild speculation. Perhaps, for someone as vicious as Black White Wuchang,

her life wouldn't even matter even a tiny bit.

But the turn of events unfolding in front of her didn't allow her to contemplate even for a second.

Even if this was a one-in-a-million chance, she still needed to give it a try. She wanted to do her best to protect Napoleon who was innocent.

As her chilly voice sounded with an imminent threat, Black White Wuchang who was doing a beat down of Napoleon suddenly froze. Her face slowly turned around to face Amber.

Her furious face now had a newfound confusion mixed within.

At the same time, Napoleon who was still biting her wrist jolted for a moment and his pupils contracted to the limits.

At that moment, his bloodied gaze was locked onto Amber.

A plethora of emotion was surging through him like waves of tsunami.

Napoleon was really stunned.

He only felt something closely resembled this from his mother.

He had gotten used to days of darkness, so when a ray of sunlight pierced through that murky world, it

felt like he could relish in that warm embrace.

“Miss Knight, please calm down!”

Black White Wuchang yelped loudly, and then she followed that with a series of cursing, “This is crazy, this whole thing is crazy. This is just a chance encounter, so why are you both ready to give up your life just like this?”

Black White Wuchang felt completely shaken up by what she was witnessing now.

“Let him go, or I will kill myself now!”

Amber said with utter conviction, but deep down inside, she felt strangely calm.

At least, with how Black White Wuchang was reacting to her actions, she could see things were going her way.

As long as Black White Wuchang was wary of her ending her own life, then perhaps... there was a chance that she could save Napoleon.

At that moment, Amber’s eyes slanted at Napoleon, “Remember a man called Jack. Go look for him.

My name is Amber Knight!”