

Read Novel No Way Back Chapter 13

No Way Back Chapter 13- Imprint

Hugh Croft was following Jane Fowler all this while.

He heard the argument between Jane and Peter Fowler.

He noticed the sadness in her eyes when she admired the families enjoying their time while she walked alone along the riverside.

She was like a powerful beast that hid the excruciating pain no one knew.

It was only late at night that they would hide in a corner and nurse their wound.

There was something mysterious about Jane.

Hugh found that to be captivating.

She was like the moonflower that only blooms at night.

Hugh could feel that they were of the same type of people

He had felt that from the moment he laid his eyes on her.

Now, he was sure of it.

Jane watched the man hiding in the darkness, yet the darkness surrounding him couldn't shield the nobility and arrogance in that man.

Danger!

She could sense the extreme danger coming from the man standing before her.

Her powerful sixth sense reminded her of the danger every second she stood there.

Still, she felt a sense of familiarity coming from him.

The same feeling Hugh Croft had for her.

Why were they having such a feeling toward each other?

She had never felt like that for anyone other than the Fowlers.

"Who are you?"

Jane asked, trying her best to keep cool.

Hugh stepped out from the shadow after hearing her question.

The first thing that Jane saw on the man was the top–grade leather shoes.

Covering the long, slender leg was a pair of smooth, well–tailored suit pants.

He wasn't wearing a coat and had only a clean blue shirt.

The blue shirt he had on blended well with the darkness he walked out from, elevating the elegance and the well–defined facial features that spells “ART.”

There was no other word to define what Hugh Croft looked like.

No words were found in the dictionary to define Hugh's good look.

Jane felt this man might probably be the most prestigious and good–looking man she had ever seen.

He was graceful and carried an aura of nobility with him.

He spellbound even Jane.

“Hugh Croft.”

Hugh generously announced his name.

“You are Hugh Croft?”

It was a name everyone in Stormton City knew.

Hugh Croft! Was there any meaning hidden in this name?

He was the President of the D.Y. Group and the youngest person in charge of the Croft family.

Not only was he able to manage the entire D.Y Group alone, he even doubled the profit and earnings of D.Y. Group every year.

Hugh Croft's name decorated the top ten listings of Forbes' List of Billionaires.

He was also the youngest President ever recorded in the Forbes' List of Billionaires.

The rest of the presidents on Forbes' list were usually in their middle–aged or above sixties.

Jane had heard about Hugh Croft.

He was ruthless and wouldn't think twice about taking harsh measures. Whoever offended him would wish that they were dead.

Jane never doubted Hugh's words.

She, too, would be afraid of someone with such nobility and astute presence.

Everything seemed to make sense if he was the legendary Hugh Croft.

But why would a person like him appear in such places?

"I think you've noticed that I am the one watching you from the private room on the fourth floor at Nightshade

Bar."

Hugh explained as if he'd sensed the confusion Jane had.

"Okay!"

No wonder Jane felt the same danger coming from his eyes.

"Why is such a big shot like you following me? I'm certain your motive isn't like those lowly humans with horrible taste, right?"

Jane had already started stepping backward.

She was exploring the escape routes around her.

Although cowardice was not a word she had in her dictionary after being rebirth, she was playing with that

idea.

The man standing before him was too dangerous.

Running away wasn't such a bad idea in certain circumstances.

She couldn't tell what Hugh Croft wanted from her.

"Are you a person with Omega blood type?"

His sudden question caught her off-guard.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"You know what I'm talking about. You've already exposed yourself. You are one with Omega blood type."

"I am, too. You should have felt the sense of familiarity on me, am I right?"

Since he had already exposed her, there was no point in her to keep denying it.

With his capability, he could have her investigated with a snap of his fingers.

"So, what do you want, Mr. Croft?"

"I want to sign an agreement with you, to sleep with me."

Jane frowned slightly.

His proposal seemed familiar.

Why did it sound familiar to the job Andy recommended to her?

Was Hugh Croft the one that announced the search for people with Omega type blood in the Darknet to have an agreement to sleep with him?

"That's too sudden. Let me think about it."

Hugh was definitely her type.

He was incredibly good-looking, powerful, and came from such nobility.

But every rose has its thorns.

After having a second chance at life, Jane wanted to live freely and spend the rest of her life with someone who cared for her. She wanted no attachment at all.

Although Jane wanted to be in love, being with someone like Hugh Croft was too risky.

There was a high risk of her losing her life by the side of a man like Hugh Croft.

Perhaps she should just forget it.

"Would you leave me your contact?"

A moment of silence enveloped both of them.

Hugh's question was concise and in a pleasant manner.

Jane was at a loss for words on how she should reply to him.

“Your number, perhaps? Or WeChat?”

Hugh repeated his question, thinking that Jane might not understand his question.

Words did not come easily out of his thin lips.

There were not many people with whom Hugh would be so patient.

Jane was one of them.

It was like an imprint.

It was on the first time he set his eyes on her.

He had imprinted on her.

The smell of her drove him crazy.

Perhaps it was because they had the same blood type.

Or perhaps they were the same type of person.

Perhaps, it was the wound that had frozen their heart that drove them together.

“Okay!”

Jane gave both her number and WeChat ID to Hugh.

It was not that she did not want to lie about it.

The reason was simple.

Even if she kept it from him, he would know.

He would be able to dig it out anyway.

Jane never liked pointless resistance.

Hugh scanned through Jane’s WeChat profile.

She had a simple user name, which spelled Jane.

She had a picture of The Simpsons family of five as her display picture.

Hugh only had a full mark "" as his WeChat ID.

His display picture was a pitch-black photo.

"Added you. If there's nothing else, I'll leave first."

"About your proposal, I'll think about it. Give me some time."

Jane only wanted to keep her distance from this dangerous person as far as possible.

"Wait!"

Hugh spoke.

"Yes, Mr. Croft?"

"Your name?"

Hugh stared at her before he continued, "I don't know your name."

"Jane Fowler. May I ask, Mr. Croft? Can I leave now?"

"Okay."

It was totally out of Jane's expectations.

Hugh Croft let her leave without another word.

Jane certainly wouldn't let Hugh catch her. She left as fast as her feet could take her.

After Jane left, Hugh was left standing on the spot.

He totally ignored the men lying on the ground, groaning in pain.

It was indeed Jane Fowler who beat them up.

They felt as if every bone in their body was broken into pieces.

Drowned in unbearable pain, they had no care about the conversation between Hugh Croft and Jane Fowler. Furthermore, the man standing before them was someone they never wanted to meet, let alone offend.

Hugh Croft was the Lucifer of Stormton City.

At this moment, a man that seemed well-trained respectfully approached him, "Mr. Croft."

Hugh calmly spoke, "Clean up this place. I never want to see these people in this world again."

His tonality was soft.

"He spoke as if it was just another ordinary conversation about the weather with his staff, not an order to take the life of others."

Taking people's life was nothing to Hugh Croft.

It was as easy as a walk in the park.

He had gotten so used to it.

"Yes, Sir!"

"Mr. Croft, does the lady from earlier also have Omega blood type?"

Hugh threw him a sideways glance. "Did you hear what we said, Life?"

That one glance was enough to send Life Croft kneeling on his feet and immediately drenched in sweat.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Croft! I did not do it on purpose."

There was a reason behind the name Life Croft.

Life did not become Hugh's bodyguard after going through all the tests meant for Hugh's security details.

He was named Life because Hugh Croft saved his life.

He wouldn't have been alive if not for Hugh.

That was where Life Croft got his name.

The meaning behind his name was him bearing Hugh's life.

Life Croft was willing to trade his life for Hugh's without a second thought.

Despite being willing to die for Hugh Croft, Life couldn't escape the threat of being killed by him first. He was so scared for his life that he was already on his feet.

Hugh Croft was like the King of Darkness, and it seemed natural for him to have ultimate control over his branded slaves.

“Never mind.”

Hugh let him off easily.

There was no punishment for him.

But that sent Life’s heart racing even faster.

That seemed like a bad omen.

No one could get hold of Hugh’s emotion.

He’d rather that Hugh punished him.

A punishment would seem the better option than him being so ‘forgiving.’

“She will come to me, be it sooner or later.”

Hugh muttered under his breath.

People with the Omega blood type were gifted with extraordinary talent and physical quality.

But they would have neverending nightmares as a side effect.

Hugh was cold-blooded and heartless, and he would kill unblinkingly.

But he would be a gentleman to those he had imprinted on.

He felt a sense of obsession and possessiveness toward Jane.

There would be one day that Jane would eventually agree to enter an agreement with him with a willing heart.

It would be an agreement to sleep with the Devil.