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Chapter 121 On Your Knees!

The sounds and voices were echoing in the room.

It was as if the air was frozen.

The two mid aged mens pupils went small, their faces showed surprise.

Mister Ward and Brent were pale in their faces from the shock.

Mister Ward said to Jack hurriedly, 'Master Hughes, dont lose your temper.

As he said so, he turned to Madam Hughes to explain, "Madam Hughes, | apologize to you on behalf of Master Hughes, please excuse him.'

"Huhl"

Madam Hughes snorted cold, she didn't even look at Mister Ward who was on the floor, instead she was fixed on Jack, her eyes were slightly squinted.

Since the start, Jack had no other emotion on his face except for the coldness.

He stared Madam Hughes in the eyes, and made no intention to back away.

Since the moment he entered the room, he recognized that Madam Hughes was reading

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from the sin expiation Buddhist scriptures,

'Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva PurvaPranidhana
Sutra'.

But he came here carrying sins, to ask for forgiveness, he wanted Madam Hughes to concede, so he swallowed his anger.

But Madam Hughes kept reading her prayers, and ignored him, if it wasn't Mister Ward, who interrupted her, Madam Hughes

might have really kept reading the prayer a hundred times.

The time she needed to read it a hundred

times, he might have died due to excessive blood loss.

He was really there to ask for forgiveness.

But he wasn't a pushover, neither was he a hothead.

Madam Hughes was already using the scriptures for the dead to against him, why would he keep enduring?

Mister Ward looked very anxious, and as he was staring at Madam Hughes, his eyes reddened.

When he entered, he as well noticed what Madam Hughes was reading.

But he didnt dare to interrupt her.

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If it wasn't for Jack's condition to gradually worsen, he as a servant, would never had the balls to do so.

Who knew that Jack as well recognized the prayers she was reading and he went so far to say it out loud right in front of Madam Hughes.

This was great disrespect!

In that moment, Madam Hughes got up, and went to the computer, then she turned off the prayers, and stopped to pause. The room was deadly quiet.

Both Mister Ward and Brent, and the mid aged man with graying temples were staring at Madam Hughes, and felt suffocation.

After a moment.

Madam Hughes suddenly started to laugh, "Well, well, you really are the son of Patrick, with your shrewdness, your courage, | guess | am of no use anymore, since you are butting against me.

Even though she was laughing, everyone in the room noticed the coldness in her voice.

As she finished speaking, Madam Hughes turned around to stare at Jack.

"Now that you know to open the wound to

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beg me to concede, why should I not release your soul from your body?"

Jack's pupils narrowed.

In that moment, he felt he was read through by Madam Hughes.

Because she knew that I was going to open the wounds, that's why she was reciting the prayers?

What a mean old bitch!
"Kneel down!"

Madam Hughes demanded, her eyes looked furious.

Jack's brows knitted while he was undecided.

His eyes showed his struggles, with his right hand he had to put pressure on his wound, so hard that he almost buried his fingers in the wound.

A man didn't go on his knees, unless it was in front of god, or his parents.

If he did now, it meant that he surrendered to the Hughes family's powers!

And Madam Hughes came to send punitive forces against him!

"Master Hughes, kneel down!"

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Mister Ward said to him, his voice was trembling, and his eyes red.

No matter how calm of a person Mister Ward usually was, now he clearly was scared.

Madam Hughes had the most high position in the Hughes family.

In this situation, even if old Master was there, he wouldnt have the powers to turn the situation around.

If Jack was to be disinherited, it would have been all for nothing.

"Master Hughes..."

Brent wanted to say something, but then stopped, his eyes flashed.

"Huh..."

Jack exhaled deeply, his cold face

suddenly showed a smile, "Alright, I will kneel down."

Then, he endured the horrible pain shooting from the wound on his stomach, and kneeled down slowly.

It looked like the moment was in slow motion.

Jacks pale face was showing a smile, but his eyes were shining.

His hands were subconsciously clenched

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to a fist, his veins were popping out.

Even his tightly bit teeth were making noises.

This was a humiliation!

This was the biggest humiliation since he was born into this family.

Even though he didn't want to kneel down, he had no choice but to do so.

If he did, he still had the chance to be the winner.

If he didn't, he would become an outlaw, or maybe even worse.

Poof!

When his knees touched on the ground, his heart beat loudly.

That moment, Jack's consciousness was a little blur, his head was empty.

"And I thought you were made of steel, a cross breed, but who knew that your knees could bend?"

Madam Hughes was standing above Jack, staring down at him, her eyes were filled with dissatisfaction and hate, "You have hurt my grandson, Killian, what do you deserve?"

Mister Ward got worried, "Madam Hughes, didn't the family already talk about that?"

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"Humphl"

Madam Hughes swooshed her hand, her eyes looked furious, "He was bullying my grandson for being a good and nice boy, and now he wants to mud this water, does he really think | am already dead? Killian was such a lively boy, and was beaten to that extent, is that something one knife wound could make up?"

Good boy?

Nice?

Jack laughed, his eyes were filled with anger.

She was taking his side, how can she send punitive forces against him!

"Madam Hughes, Master Hughes has already gotten the knife wound, don't you see it?"

Mister Ward was supporting Jack, his eyes were still red, his body trembling.

"You are just a servant, who are you to talk!"

Madam Hughes knitted her brows, her eyes were widened, then she threw a look at Jack, "He is a bastard, he has no right to be equal to my grandson Killian! Last time it was George, this time it's Killian, you really are

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something!"

Jack's smile on his face widened.

Bastard?

He really was one!

"Madam Hughes, Master Hughes is still blood related to Old Master, he is still a child of the Hughes family!" Mister Ward couldn't help but to act against his role.

Madam Hughes's words were not just taking someone's side, they were for sure not sending punitive forces against anyone.

She just wanted Jack to be dead!

And as a servant, if he couldn't protect his master, what was he good for?

"Do you know how important the Hughes family is? Who the hell is he?"

Madam Hughes was staring at Mister Ward, her long and bony fingers were pointed at Jack, "He is just a bastard, given birth by a whore, how is he the child of our family?"

'But.

Mister Ward wanted to say more.

Brent, who was also kneeling on the floor, was filled with anger, and wanted to argue.

The room was filled with the smell of gun

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powder.

The murder intent was obvious.

Minister Mable had his brows knitted, he looked at Jack with a serious gaze.

"Really well said!"

Jack said loudly.

In that moment, Madame Hughes, Mister Ward and Brent were all startled.

Then, while they were staring at him.

Jack was slowly standing up, still holding his wound, "You are right, | am just.a bastard, and | am made of steel, | cannot bend!"

"You... kneel down right now!" Madam Hughes stared at him angrily.

In the Hughes family, nobody dare to be disrespectful to her!

And outside the family, nobody dared to be SO provocative!

"Since you don't really see me as a Hughes, since | am just a bastard, any you are disrespecting my mother, why should | kneel down in front of you?"

Jack was filled with anger, his eyes were sharp as a knife.

That moment, he was riding the high

horse.

Chapter 122 My Son!

Whoosh!

Mister Ward and Brent were as if they were hit by lightning, scared to death.

Mister Ward had tears running down his cheeks, and despair was written on his face.

This was the end!
YOu.

Madam Hughes was furious.

This bastard dared to talk to her like that?

This was outrageous!

The Hughes family was in her hands, she was aloof from the world, no matter who they were, everyone respected her.

In her heart, Jack was the family's head's child.

If she was happy, she would call him a bastard.

If she wasn't in a good mood, he was nothing to her.

Not even a bastard.
But now.

Jack took a step toward her, majestic and eye catching.

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"I respect you, you are Madam Hughes, if I don't respect you, who would you be?"

These words cause Madam Hughes' face to change colors.

With her self-cultivation, her mind was

agitated, raging, her face flushed, her teeth clenched.

But, Jack made no intentions of backing off.

Instead, he took another step forward.

"You came to send punitive forces against me, I gave you face and opened my wound again, with my blood I want to trade for you giving in."

"I wanted you to take a step back, not for you to force me into a corner, using prayers to release my soul from my body."

His voice sounded like thunder, awakening the deaf.

Jack wasn't stupid.

Madam Hughes' intentions were to send him to hell before his father found out.

He could back off, he could endure it, he could even drop to his knees.

But to force him to wait for death, no ways.

The air in the room was as if frozen,

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making it hard for anyone to breath.

The two mid aged man with graying temples had their brows knitted deeper, they were looking at Jack with sharp eyes.

Mister Ward and Brent were pale in their faces, both of them crying.

Everyone knew that the powder kit had exploded.

Completely exploded.

Madam Hughes looked pale in the face, she was trying to catch for air while staring at Jack with eyes that were about to murder him.

She had always been head of the family, she had the powers, ever since she entered this family.

She was like a god overlooking everyone like ants.

She was so used to her position, that today, since she has met someone who dared to pull her off her chair, she had trouble to calm down.

Suddenly, Madam Hughes went back to her char.

She stared tightly at Jack, her teeth were clenched, Young man, dont be too arrogant.

This was a warning.

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But Jack only snorted.

He took another step toward her, his eyes were ice cold, then he said, "If I wasn't arrogant, how could I be a young man?"

Whoosh.

Madam Hughes was as if hit by lightning.

Her chest was lifting up and down, she almost spit blood.

"You, you bastard... today I will have you die a grave-less death! Even if your father is head of the family, I will not allow you to live!"

She was full of murderous intentions.

Madam Hughes had never wishes to kill someone so strongly.

Today as she saw Jack, heard his speak, and saw him act, she forgot about all her dignity that she had kept over the years.

"Try me.

Jack raised his brows, his gaze deep, and laughed, 'I am only three steps away from

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Jack was as well filled with murderous thoughts.

He was warning her just the same way she did.

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If he was going down, he was going to pull her with him.

Since his childhood, he had to carry the name of a bastard, it took great work to walk out of his shadows, and reach where he was today.

Just talking about himself, he was sure that he had made it.

So, even if it was Madam Hughes, she had to be buried under his body.

And his mother would have the protection of his father, she would be fine.

And then.

Madam Hughes expression was fixed, her pupils were narrow.

Her power was the result of her influence.

Her body had reached high age, if Jack took those three steps, he could kill her easily.

Neither George nor Killian could take it up with Jack, and they were the elite children of the family, both of them had enjoyed the best Combat Skill training. If they couldnt beat him, then Madam Hughes couldnt count on the two men to protect her.

And, she never doubted Jack's words.

A bastard could do anything.

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Time was standing still.
Everything was frozen.

Mister Ward and Brent didn't know what to think, their world had crushed.

The two men with grayed temples hadn't shown their opinion since the beginning, they only sat aside and watched.

Jack and Madam Hughes were staring at each other, none of them moved back.

If the world got wind of this scene, it would have been a big deal.

The Hughes family was a supreme super clan.

No matter how rich or powerful one was, they had to surrender in front of them.

And now, there was this youngster, who wanted to cause Madam Hughes blood to splatter with just three feet away from her.

Time was passing slowly.

Outside the room, one could hear the spattering noise of water running.

Suddenly.

A deep voice that contained endless coldness was heard from behind Madam Hughes and the mid aged man.

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"Madam Hughes, that is my son!"

This simple sentence had the effect of a bomb.

Everyone was surprised.
'Its old Master!

Mister Ward had a light of hope in his eyes, as if he was holding on to the last hope of staying alive.

Brent was as excited and clenched his fists.

The med who were sitting on chairs suddenly stood up and bowed in front of him.

"Old Master Hughes.'

"Mr. Mable, no need to be so formal.'

Behind the bamboo shoots, a thick deep voice replied the mid aged man.

"Humph.

Madam Hughes who was sitting on a chair snorted, she laughed with anger, "Patrick, you arrived pretty fast!"

"Not as fast as you.'

Madam Hughes' laughed, then she raised her hand to point to Jack, "Take a look at this little bastard, he is so provocative, who is he to compare himself to our elite children? Who is

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he to be in our heritage?"
Jack was stunned.
His emotions were suddenly messy.

His eyes were staring toward the bamboo shoots.

He could make out that there was a dark and blur shadow behind them.

It has been more than 20 years, the first time since his birth.

Jack squinted his eyes, and tried hard to see the mans face clearly.

But it was too dark, so dark that he couldnt see anything.

Then, Patrick's voice was heard again.
"Madam Hughes, what did he do wrong?"

He asked in return, and it cause Madam Hughes to pause, then he quickly added, "He is not a bastard, he is my blood and flesh!"

Whoosh!

Now Jack felt as if he was hit by lightening, his body trembled.

"Blood and flesh', those words were as if there was a big hammer that hit him on his heart.

Patrick did not pause, he kept talking his

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words ringing.

Just as Jack before, he was pompous and domineering!

"He wasn't acting provocative. Anybody who was forced to the ground would take his chances to fight for life, and on top of that his mother was being disrespected, anyone would

want revenge. His temper really just looks like me!"

"Since he is my son, why would he not be a heritage of the elite children of our family? George is still recovering from his injuries of legs at home, and Killian would have already been buried if not protected by family rules,

how can you say that he is not better than those two?"

"Madam Hughes, I am the head of Hughes, I have the say!"

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Chapter 123 My Fierce Father

Patrick's voice was echoing in the room.

It was a unusual calm voice, but it was carrying a dominance, causing nobody being able to reply to it.

This kind of aura, only the head of Hughes family could spread out.

Madam Hughes looked pale in her face, her tiny body was trembling, and her teeth were clenched.

Patrick was the head of his family, but he was Madam Hughes junior.

Asa junior, to contradict her as a senior, showed no respect.

This kind of behavior was forcing Madam Hughes into a corner, and left her with no face.

Mr. Ward and Brent were admiring him for that, with red eyes, they were staring towards the shadow behind the bamboo shoots.

Patrick's words were Clearly stating to save Jack.

Even Minister Mable was surprised. As was Jack.

He suddenly felt tears coming up.

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The father he had never met, was he really so fierce?

"Patrick, even though you are the head of this family, how do you dare to speak to me like that?"

Madam Hughes spoke with her teeth bitten, "Where are your Hughes' manners?"

"What do you want to tell me?" Patrick's voice was suddenly carrying a slight banter.

"He is a bastard child, and he talked back to me, he was acting unfilial, and you as the head of this family, are not acting according to our rules, instead, you are taking him under your wings, where is your obedience?"

Madam Hughes suddenly pointed towards Jack, her momentum was growing again.

In the Hughes family, there were strict family rules, and being filial was one of the most important ones.

This was one of the reasons why the Hughes family could exist in this hidden world without being taken down, instead, they had held the place high above the clouds overlooking the others.

"How was he disobedient? If it wasn't for you pushing him so hard, why would my son talk back to you? He came here to you with a

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wound that he opened himself again, to ask
for your forgiveness, you as his ancestor, what
did you do?"

Patrick's voice suddenly deepened.

Madam Hughes eyes were widened and
glowing, she threw a gaze towards Minister
Mable.

He paused, and hurriedly looked down.
In the room, the air stood still.

The smell of gun powder was getting
thicker.

Jack didn't say anything, he knew that this
situation was now between his father and
Madam Hughes to be solved.

But then, what Madam Hughes said next,
suddenly made Jack's heart ache.

Madam Hughes bit her teeth, and said,
"What if today, I insist on killing this bastard?"

She was filled with murderous thoughts.
Her voice was ice cold.

As soon as she said that, the room felt as
if the temperature sank a few degrees.

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Patrick snorted, "Do you really think I am
still the same Patrick I sued to be? The one

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that was forced to leave his family and return to the Hughes family? Madam Hughes, today, I have the say in this family!"

"Since I am the head of this family now, do you think I will allow you to hurt my woman and child?"

His words were dominant, with no intentions to take a step back.

Bang!

Madam Hughes was furious, and banged her hand on the table.

"Patrick Hughes, I will let you watch how this bastard dies right in front of your eyes!"

As she said so, Madam Hughes yelled towards the door, "Guards, kill this bastard child, Jack!"

In just a moment.

Madam Hughes' three servants who were waiting in the grove, rushed into the room.

"Brent!"
Patrick yelled loudly.

Before Patrick even said anything, Brent had already stood in front of the door like a tower with his tall body.

With his tall built body standing right in front of the door, the three servants were

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immediately stunned.

"Patrick!"

Madam Hughes was so furious that she was trembling all over, her eyes were widened with anger, she was not the dignified and elegant woman anymore.

"I am not dead yet!"

Her voice was echoing in the room, hurting in the ears.

"Madam Hughes, Jack is my son!"

Patrick spoke slowly, "If this is really what you want, I don't mind to add another name in

the Hughes' ancestor's hall!"

His words had the effect of thunder.

Jack had his surprise written on the face, he felt a big wave catching his heart.

What a man!

My father really is fierce!

His words carried the intentions of killing Madam Hughes!

He ignored all of the Hughes family rules!

In that moment, everyone in the room was stunned.

Nobody would have thought that Patrick would say something like that.

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"|... Madam Hughes had to control herself, her breathing was heavy.

But before she could finish her sentence.

Patrick said, `(Madam Hughes, you and | are not that close, if you are going to respect the agreements we had made, | will still respect you, but if you ignore it all, then next year at the tomb sweeping day, we are going to visit your gravel"

Bang!

Madam Hughes was so furious, her eyes filled with anger, and banged her hand on the table, before she started cursing.

"Well, Patrick, no wonder you are the head of this family now!"

"This bastard being so disobedient is clearly coming after you!"

`| must have been blinded when | chose you to lead this family!"

Madam Hughes continued to curse with the ugliest words, it made her look like a crazy woman.

Everyone was just Staring at her in disbelieve.

A while later.

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Madam Hughes waved her hands, "Let's
go!"

She threw a hateful look at Jack, then she
walked out of the room angrily, taking her
three servants with her.

"Do you really think I am so easy to deal
with?" Patrick laughed behind the bamboo

shoots.

Then.

The room returned to its silence.

Minister Mable smiled, and bowed towards
the shadow behind the bamboo blinds.

"Old Master Hughes, we will leave for now:
"Minister Mable, thank you for your time."
"No need, it is my honor to serve master.

He shook his head, smiling, actually
Patrick had arrived at the Four Impressions
Club long ago, and he knew about it, but he
still did as Patrick asked and did not tell
Madam Hughes about it.

Only this way, Patrick had the chance to
observe everything from behind the bamboo

shoots.

As he was leaving, he passed by Jack, his
eyes were deep, and bowed towards him as
well with a smile.

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"Thank you." Jack smiled and nodded to them, his face was still pale.

When he left, the room fell silent again.

Jack looked at the shadow behind the blinds with mixed feelings.

That shadow had not moved since he was there.

But he used the most dominant words, ignored all of the family rules, and scared Madam Hughes away.

This scene, Jack had dreamed about.

He had dreamed about it for more than 20 years!

A while later.

Jack laughed, "Dont you wanna come out?"

"I have to leave."

Patrick said, and started walking outside. Suddenly, Jack was startled.

Even Mr. Ward and Brent were stunned.

He was already here, why would he not wanna see him?

"I hope the first time I get to see you, will be when you enter the Hughes family!"

Patrick's voice came from afar, then he

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coughed a few times.

"Old Master Hughes, your health...'

Mr. Ward asked with a different expression.

'I am okay.'

Patrick's voice went further away.

Mr. Ward's look was deep, then he turned and looked at Jack.

When he saw him, he paused.

Jack's eyes were reddened, and watery.

He didn't run after him, but spied upon Patrick's shadow.

Instead, he stayed in his spot, and cursed with a trembling voice, 'Asshole.'

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Chapter 124 Unfaithful

Mr. Ward and Brent helped to support Jack as they were leaving the Bamboo Grove.

The gray haired man was waiting on the bridge.

"You should bring young master to the hospital as soon as possible."

"Thank you, sir."

Jack smiled towards Minister Mable, 'Sorry to disturb you.'

He was someone even Aiden had to follow, Jack didn't want to offend him, he was better off with another friend instead of another enemy.

As Minister Mable was watching the three of them leave, his gaze deepened.

A while later, he smiled, "Who would have thought, that the Young Master of Hughes family would be hidden on my property. Seeing Old Master Hughes attitude today, I guess the young master will soon be very successful."

Leaving the Four Impressions Club.

Brent was driving the Rolls Royce as if it was a race Car.

They had wasted a lot of time in the

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Bamboo Grove while Jack's wound was continuously bleeding, his face had lost all colors, if they didn't get him into a hospital as soon as possible, everything would point to a disaster.

Madam Hughes had the intentions of reading Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva Purva Pranidhana Sutra one hundred times, and leaving Jack to bleed to death in the meantime, this was ruthless!

The good news were that they arrived at the hospital in time and the doctors fixed Jack up, he was going to be okay.

In the ward, Jack looked at Mr. Ward and Brent, who were both looking nervous, and smiled, "I am alright, why are you both still so miserable?"

Mr. Ward and Brent exchanged a look , but didnt speak.

Jack knew that he was different, if something happened to him, even if Mr. Ward and Brent could regain his father's trust, they would end up in a disaster.

SO he just changed the topic, What do you think, is this going to be over now?"

His father had chased away Madam Hughes in his dominant way.

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He didn't even care for the family rules, daring to blackmail Madam Hughes with death.

Jack could not understand this Hughes family at all.

A family that was above all, that could ignore all rules, and view a normal human being as unimportant as ants.

Would Madam Hughes really accept her defeat against Jack's father?

"I don't think so."

Mr. Ward's gaze was deep and troubled, "The Hughes family is very difficult, there is Madam Hughes, who is above all, the elite children who are the heritage of this family and all waiting to take over the position of the family's leader, and in between, there are a bunch of factions who work against each other."

No wonder!
Jack laughed helplessly.
In just a moment, Jack was visibly moved.

The Hughes family was so complicated, and yet his father sent Mr. Ward to him.

Not only to save his mother, but also to allow him to have a chance to be an heir to the

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family.

This had a deep meaning.

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TM Villa District.

Aiden was holding his cigar, standing in front of the window like a statue, staring into the night view outside.

The thick smoke coming from his cigar was lifting into the air.

On the floor were the fallen ashes.

He has been standing there like this for almost an hour.

Knocking on the door.
It pulled Aiden back into reality.

"Sir, Madam Hughes has taken her private jet and left." His butler told him from behind the door.

"She left?!"

Aiden's face changed, and asked worriedly, "How is Jack doing?"

"Jack ripped his wound open before he entered the Four Impressions Club, now he has already left, and been admitted to the hospital for treatment." His butler said.

Whoosh!

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Aiden felt as if hit by lightning.

He took off his golden framed glasses, and rubbed his eyes, "Did, did nothing happen at all? Did Jack get any other injuries?"

With his experience, of course he knew what it meant when Jack opened his wounds before entering the Four Impressions Club.

But coming out without any further injuries meant for him to be alarming.

His butler said, "No.
"That's not possible!"

Aiden's eyes widened in surprise, his body softened, and he fell into his chair, "How is this possible? This is impossible..."

He repeated again and again, as if he was hysteric.

Madam Hughes came to this city with such huge turmoil, and even Killian had told her that Jack would be coming, for him to take care of him.

Madam Hughes was clearly here to send punitive forces against Jack, she wanted to take revenge for Killian.

And now, Jack was doing well in the hospital.

Madam Hughes had left the city in a hurry.

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This must be a joke!

"Sir, I have made sure that I got the right message, there have been no mistakes. The butler said, as if trying to calm Aiden down with a bucket of cold water.

In the lights, he was sitting in his chair, his eyes were as deep as a black hole.

After a long time, he started to laugh bitterly, he put on his glasses, and said, 'I guess this time I made the wrong bet.'

Then he yelled to his butler, "From tomorrow on, annul the supply boycott for DT:

The following days were calm. Everything was done in an order.

But the fact that all the suppliers had annulled their boycott towards DT was giving Jack mixed feelings.

He knew that this was the doings of Aiden, his choice of riding on the fence.

He didn't really care, Aiden could do what he wanted, as long as Aiden didn't end up on his side.

He had been unfaithful once, so he would never trust him again.

Before, Jack was still feeling thankful

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towards Aiden, because he really had helped him.

Then Killian appeared, and if it wasn't for his mother, he would have taken the risk and forced him out of his way.

Later, if it wasn't Killian, who had taken it on with him in this city, Aiden would never have soft hearted towards him.

With the annulment of the supply boycott resulted in the fact that the suppliers Aiden had helped find now came to DT again.

Jack had asked Corbin to decline those immediately, then sent out a message on their website.

They announced that they would cooperate with EnRich in all their West shantytowns projects.

With that, they successfully denied all the small suppliers who were looking for their chances.

The days passed quickly, and it was the last day of the month.

In the ward.

Corbin came with a pile of documents from the office, and was just reporting to Jack.

"Jack, are you sure you want to start the

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pre-sales of all three estate?"

When he finished his report, Corbin asked worriedly.

One company was not allowed to start the pre-sales of multiple estates at the same time.

But similar to DT, who was having their estates in the same district, were quite often.

It was a big risk to take, because that would cause the buyers to shift their focus-

I am sure.

Jack nodded his head, "To open them at the same time is to get the funds as quick as possible, even though it might lower the popularity, I have already prepared myself, I don't think it will sink all too much with what DT has achieved so far.

"Alright:

Corbin didn't ask more, he looked at Jack's injury, So, the ceremony tomorrow...

Jack looked down, and said with a smile, "This will not get in my way, I will be there in time, you can go home now.

After Corbin left.

Jack knitted his brows, deep in his thoughts.

"Master Hughes, what are you thinking

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about?" Mr. Ward asked.

Jack raised his brows, "Tomorrow is
already next month, Amber should be back
with her parents.'

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Chapter 125 Jack is Not Bad At All!

"Are you nervous?" Mr. Ward asked.

Jack put on a smile and replied, "What do you think?"

Mr. Ward gently rubbed his chin and said with emotion, "Young master, the son-in-law eventually has to meet their father and mother-in-laws."

Jack didn't know what to say in response to that.

However, it would be a lie to say that he was not nervous at all.

Although he had met Ambers parents when he was fresh in university all those years before, but it was different from now.

Back then, he was just Amber's friend, but now he was her boyfriend.

To make things worse, he was someone who had a divorce previously.

This fact alone was enough to degrade his image in her parents' heart.

Ever since he parted ways with Amber last time, they didn't really get in touch with each other often. Now that they were reunited, he also needed to meet Ambers parents.

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What would happen this time around?

The more Jack thought about it, the more he felt uneasy.

When he was able to get three housing areas booked in advance last time, he was even able to keep his calm.

However, he somehow felt restless this time around when he was going to see Amber again.

Mr. Ward could see that Jack was very nervous with the way his brows were all knitted up, so he laughed to calm Jack down, "Young master, the way you are looking right now is exactly how your father used to look like when he was seeing your mother's family members a long time ago.

"My parents?"

Jack looked towards Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward froze momentarily as a strange glint flashed in his eyes. Then, he waved his hand to dismiss his own words, "It is just some old history which is not worth mentioning anymore."

Not worth mentioning anymore?

Jack felt doubtful when he heard that.

Since he never had a father all along, he

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knew very little about his parents' past.

Mr. Ward's words suddenly piqued his interest in this subject.

However, Mr. Ward quickly ended this topic before it even started. There was something ominous about this whole thing.

The next morning, the attention of the citizen in the whole city was focused on West Shantytowns the moment the sun appeared in the horizon.

After an encouraging period of pre-sales, almost everyone knew that DT real estate agency would pre-sell three housing estates.

The explosive pre-sales event of Dragon Garden from not long ago was still fresh on everyones mind, and it was only a brief period of time after that eventful day before this pre-sales occurred with much fanfare. This time around, three housing areas were open for sales!

Based on the housing prices of the houses in West Shantytowns, even if three housing areas were opened for booking, it barely put a dent in their popularity.

When Dragon Garden was opened for sale last time, all units were sold in just one day,

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which disappointed a lot of people preparing to grab one unit for themselves.

This time around, with three housing areas being opened for booking, the number of units was large enough to reignite the passion of those disappointed people from last time.

Buying a unit this time would mean a great bargain for these people, so naturally they were very enthusiastic about this event.

However, as Jack and his team expected, with the sales of three housing areas ongoing at the same time, everyone's attention was readily dispersed.

Each housing area was being visited by many buyers and onlookers, but the crowd around each area couldn't compare to the situation at Dragon Garden last time where the visitors had managed to form a long queue. The sight was magnificent.

After the ribbon-cutting ceremony that signified the commencement of the pre-sales was done, Jack immediately went back to the office building of DT real estate agency.

He sat in front of his computer and scrutinized the real time data that told him the actual sales volume of those three housing areas.

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Although the transaction volume wasn't especially outstanding, the data showed that it was actually rising steadily. With such a trend, it was just a matter of time before every unit was sold off.

"Jack, this event isn't as exciting compared with that Dragon Garden event last time. I reckon the media probably would be at

a loss of idea when it comes to creating a buzz out of this."

Corbin felt a little helpless when he compared the atmosphere surrounding Dragon Garden from last time to this current event. He felt a little empty in his heart.

If they had planned separate pre-sales for each of their three housing areas, they would be able to recreate that buzz for several more times!

It was the prime opportunity for DT real estate agency to take center stage during this period of time!

"Once is enough."

Jack smiled with a relaxed expression as he pointed at the monitor of his computer, "What we are going after is the actual sales volume. It is better to make tons of money silently and remain low-profile."

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Corbin also focused his gaze on the changing numbers on the monitor too and he found himself satisfied with the current state of things of this pre-sales.

Despite that, he was still unable to fully comprehend Jack's words, "Shouldn't we spread the name of our agency even further with the constant media exposure? | think that would help us in the long run by cementing our good image in people's hearts, no?"

"A tall tree always attracts the wind!"

Jack uttered these words with a solemn expression as he continued to stare at the data on his monitor.

Corbin lowered his head as if deep in thought.

In this pre-sales event, a black G-class Mercedes Benz slowly rolled to a stop by a road not far from the housing areas on sale. The car window was winded down and a middle-aged man who looked impressive came into view. He had white hair which was combed into an immaculate style. He was craning his neck out of the car window to get a good view of the commotion in front of the pre-sales building.

The middle-aged man slowly nodded with a smile, "This young man has been doing well,

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it seems.'

"Dad, why do you even think that he's doing well? Jack has made a terrible mistake this time.'

In the car, a voice rebuked him, "The last time around, that pre-sales event was something never seen before and it was the talk of the town. I can't believe that they don't make use of that reputation properly, and they even open three housing areas for booking this time. Arent they being too greedy? If he could recreate the buzz that could hold a candle to their previous event, the DT real estate agency would definitely be an unshakable company in the citizens hearts.'

"Oh, I saw that video on the internet some time ago. He has blatantly confessed his love for my daughter in public, so it was only natural that it had caused a sensation at that time.'

The middle-aged man joked, "Do you still think that it was the pre-sales even at that time that was the talk of the talk? I think that my daughter was the one who was the talk of the town!"

"Dad..."

That female voice sounded a little powerless.

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"You old geezer, why are you making fun of your daughter like that?" That gentle voice sounded again wryly.

That middle-aged man let out a guffaw while rolling up the car window.

Then, the G-series Mercedes Benz roared to life once again.

In the car, that middle-aged man was studying a piece of document intently.

A meaningful smile was forming on his lips, and from time to time he would nod lightly.

By his side, there were two women who were glancing at him.

One of them was none other than... Amber!

There was an attractive woman seated beside Amber, and despite looking mature, she was able to maintain her figure and appearance well as if time didnt really rub off on her that much.

If they were seen by outsiders, those people would never have thought that they

were actually mother and daughter. They resembled a pair of sisters more.

In reality, Amber had returned to the city together with her parents last night.

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The fact that she was spending time with her parents coupled with Jack's pre-sales event caused her to decide not to inform Jack prematurely of her return.

This morning, her father suddenly suggested to go to the scene of the pre-sales event to get a good look of the situation.

This was why they had appeared not far away from the sales building.

"Dad, why are you thinking so highly of that silly guy?" Amber was a little stunned.

Jacks greedy disposition which caused him to give up on making DT real estate agency the main topic of the city for a long time was a pretty stupid move in Ambers eyes.

The West Shantytown had so much untapped potential, and by making moves on it slowly with a plan in mind, Jack wouldn't need to worry about the sales of his housing areas. On the contrary, he could slowly cement DT real estate agency's reputation in the people's hearts.

If a corporation wanted to have a long-lasting development in the city, acknowledgement given by the citizen surrounding it and also a good reputation was essential.

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However, judging by her father's reaction, she felt that something was wrong about his opinions.

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"You silly girl

The middle-aged man gently rubbed Ambers hair and said meaningfully, "A tall tree attracts wind, and the bullets of a gun always hit the birds who emerge from their hiding first. If one were to act too brashly and expose oneself in such a high-profile way, he might attract misfortune instead."

He pointed at the bustling scene of the pre-sales event and continued, "The West Shantytowns is a huge piece of cake with so much untapped potential which is also targeted by many. If DT real estate agency somehow causes a lot of sensation with their events, it would only further fuel emotions of envy of those people who are jealous of the agency. They might not be afraid of getting their data or money stolen but it is always dangerous to get targeted but unscrupulous people."

"The business field is like a war territory, conspiracy and back-stabbing happen all the time. Which one would you choose: flaunting oneself in public or simply earning the big bucks from behind the scenes?"

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As he finished his explanation, the middle-aged man cupped his chin and revealed a faint smile.

"Jack is really not bad. That time when I first saw him, I never imagined that he is someone with such broad vision."

As she listened to his father's words of compliment being thrown at Jack, Amber only felt secretly happy. She somehow felt that those compliments were rubbing off on her despite the fact that she was not the one being complimented.

With a glint in her eyes, she suddenly asked, "Then, have you guys decided when to see him?"

