Limits 177

Chapter 177

A group of youngsters were singing and laughing cheerily in an opulent private room at a place called Alnewgo Clubhouse.

Some of the young men were well-dressed and carried themselves with pride. They sat on the couch with beautiful women in their arms.

Alex stood in the middle of the room, steadying himself on crutches. He looked humble and respectful. He'd been given a good beating not too long ago and had yet to fully recover. In fact, he'd sneaked out of the hospital to report to someone important on his progress.

"Are you telling me Jack Holland is Soul, that uber-popular legendary singer?" A voice filled with hatred rang out. It belonged to Flynn.

He'd been hiding in the shadows since Jack had given him a beating at the hospital. He'd watched Jack like the latter was his prey as he'd waited for the right opportunity to get revenge.

Flynn hated Jack with a passion. He would never forget the humiliation Jack had brought him on the basketball court as well as at the hospital. He'd sworn to himself to ruin Jack and make him pay the price.

He'd been secretly investigating Jack and had discovered the scandal about the latter partnering with Patrick to set up the plug-in studio. He'd tried to use the public opinion to destroy Jack's reputation, but the latter had been too sly.

The authorities had investigated the matter for a long time but had failed to find any evidence of Jack colluding with Patrick. Ultimately, the matter had blown over without any consequence.

Flynn would never have expected Jack to have yet another identity, though-Soul, the singer who had taken the Internet by storm. This discovery infuriated him!

Alex was honest with Flynn. "That's exactly what I'm saying. He's Soul, and he's recently signed a contract with Starlight Entertainment."

"Good. Great! He must've worked hard to get this far-I'm going to destroy his career!" Flynn sneered menacingly and waved to dismiss Alex. Then, he asked, "Is Tris here yet?"

"Mr. Lycan is having fun in the Prime Room, Mr. Osborne. Do you want to see him?" a staff member asked.

"Take me to him right now." Flynn got up and headed to the Prime Room. He stood outside, waiting respectfully to be summoned. He didn't dare barge into the room without permission.

About ten minutes later, the guard finally came out. "Please enter, Mr. Osborne."

Flynn immediately put on an ingratiating smile and headed inside. The Prime Room was decorated lavishly. The main color scheme was yellow, and there were images of lions carved on the walls.

A young man whose face was unclear sat in the middle of the room on the throne- like chair. He had an arm around a beautiful woman as others danced sexily around him. The scene in the room was invigorating.

He looked like the king of the world as he sat there; everyone was respectful and fearful of him. Even someone of Flynn's upbringing didn't dare act rashly before him.

The young man waved a hand to dismiss the women. Then, he said, "My time is limited. Cut to the chase."

Flynn lowered his head respectfully and said, "Someone is out to get me, Tris. I'm begging you to help me."