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Chapter 183

Flynn had personally seen people who were rich and powerful in their own right, even the people who were considered to be leaders, bow their heads to the Lycans. They had no choice but to forgo their pride and act as if they were but mere subordinates to them.

That was what true power looked like.

With that sort of all-encompassing power and control, it had been as easy as breathing for Tristan to ruin Jack.

Just thinking about Jack filled Flynn with so much hatred. He couldn't forget how he was humiliated by Jack on the basketball court. After that incident, Phoebe never gave him her time of the day again. The shame that he felt had been difficult to bear.

Now that Tristan had helped him with his revenge, Flynn thought it only right to repay his kindness by organizing a banquet in his honour.

However, Flynn's journey towards Alnewgo Clubhouse was anything but smooth- sailing.

On his way there, he encountered several unfortunate incidents.

Firstly, the roads were extremely packed and left traffic in a standstill. To make things worse, there was an accident.

A young cyclist had collided with an old man. The man had fallen to the ground, shouting out in pain.

The cyclist had offered several times to send the old man to a hospital. The old man refused, waving the cyclist away.

Flynn's curiosity had been piqued by the scene. He parked his car on the side of the road and approached the commotion, wanting to watch the rest of the incident unfold.

He was completely caught off-guard when the old man suddenly grabbed his shirt and declared to the crowd that Flynn was the one who had knocked him over.

Flynn stared at the old man in shock. He had just wanted to see what the fuss was about. He had no idea that he would get involved against his will.

Flynn hurriedly explained that he was only a bystander and didn't know who the old man was. He told the crowd that his innocence would be proven once the CCTV footage was reviewed.

However, the crowd had decided to side with the old man even when they didn't know the full story. They blamed Flynn for the accident and insisted that he was the one who ran into the old man. There were even some who suggested to dismantle Flynn's car to teach him a lesson.

Flynn was caught in a scuffle with the old man when he noticed his BMW coming to life. Someone had broken into his car during the commotion, and Flynn could

only watch helplessly as the thief sped away in his car.

Flynn was incensed. How dare the thief steal his car in broad daylight?

He took out a stack of cash and threw it at the old man. "Just you wait, you old fart, I'll deal with you later."

Flynn broke away from the crowd and chased after his stolen car.

Luckily for Flynn, the thief did not drive the car too far away. Flynn spotted his BMW parked at a corner on the road.

Flynn picked up his pace. After realizing that the car was stopped in a dead end, he bellowed, "Motherfucker, you think you can get away with stealing my car? I'm gonna make you regret ever being born!"

The car door swung open. Jack exited the car, lips curved into a wide smile.

The color drained out of Flynn's face after he realized it was Jack. His legs

trembled and his knees nearly buckled in fear.

Flynn whipped around, hoping to make a quick escape. Except, the only exit had been blocked.

Caspian and his group were glaring at Flynn.

"Jack Holland... What do you want?" Flynn asked, fear coloring his voice.

"You know better than anyone else why I'm here, Flynn," Jack replied, his voice cold and unfeeling.

At that moment, Flynn knew that the truth had been exposed. He kept backing away while shaking his head.

"What are you saying? I don't understand."

Jack began to laugh. His laughter sounded like that of the devil. "Did you know? I paid a little visit to Alex Shore earlier. Everything that you've done while hiding in the safety of the shadows-shall I list them out one by one?"

Flynn's face was contorted with fear. He knew there was no way out for him.

Caspian rushed forward and landed a solid blow on Flynn, causing Flynn to fall to the ground with a loud cry.

Jack stared at Flynn. His eyes were void of any mercy as he said, "You could have taken the high road and lived an easy life. But you chose to walk into hell with your own two feet."

Flynn scrambled to his hands and knees and continued to back away from his attackers. He had seen the murderous glint in Jack's eyes and knew that his life was in danger.

For the first time, Flynn regretted making an enemy out of Jack, but it was too little too late.