Limits 701

Chapter 701

Jack shook his head. "If you're trying to convict me, show me the evidence."

Mike slammed the table hard. "It looks like you don't see the seriousness until it's too late. If I don't take care of this today, I don't deserve to be here."

He picked up the rubber mallet that had been prepared, signalling for the stout officer to turn off the camera. Another officer grabbed Jack's hands, placing a cloth underneath, and instructed Jack to spread his fingers. Before Jack could react, Mike swung the rubber mallet down with full force.

At the sound of bones cracking, Mike asked, "Do you confess?"

Jack shook his head. Mike kept swinging the mallet, striking relentlessly until his hand grew sore from the effort.

Mike finally spat, "You're a tough one, aren't you? Lock him up for now." Then, the officer locked Jack in the detention center.

At noon, Rex met with Mike. "How is it going?"

Mike lit Rex's cigarette for him and said with a frown, "Rex, this punk is tight- lipped. He wouldn't even back down after I smacked him in the head. No matter what I did, he wouldn't confess to it. What should we do now?"

If Jack didn't break, once the time limit passed, they wouldn't be able to convict him. However, letting go of Jack was out of the question. Releasing him would cause utter chaos. If he was going to die, it had to be in the detention center.

Rex smiled. "I've told you before. As long as we get a confession from him, I have all the authority to handle him as I please."

"Got it!" Mike chuckled slyly with confidence.

Then, Jack was thrown into a punishment chamber. The stench was unbearable, with the air thick with a putrid, hopeless smell of decay. Seven to eight vicious- looking inmates were locked up inside the cell.

As Jack entered, violent offenders stared at him with intimidating gazes.

A young prison warden said, "Maxwell, you've got fresh meat. Go easy on him."

This statement was a double entendre.

A man with a full face of scars grinned slyly. "Don't worry. I'll make sure we give the warmest welcome to our new friend."

Then, two prison wardens gave Jack a sympathetic look and left.

Shortly after, the surrounding inmates started looking at Jack once over suggestively.

A skinny and tall inmate asked, "What's your name?"

"My name is Jack Holland. Pleased to meet everyone," Jack cautiously replied.

"Damn. Did you bring any cigarettes?"

"I've brought a pack. You can take it." With trembling hands, Jack took the pack of cigarettes and handed it over.

"Shit! Do you know how we do things around here? Get on your knees now!" one of the inmates roared.

"There's a bar of soap in that corner. Get your ass there, and grab it for me," another inmate ordered.

Jack appeared terrified. "I-I don't see any soap."

Then, chilling laughs resounded across the cell.

The prison boss, Maxwell Granger, let out a wicked grin. "Guys, it looks like we've

got ourselves a fresh one! Have your fun. If he breaks, I'll take the blame."

The thugs leaped in excitement. "Thank you, Maxwell!"

Jack staggered backward, his face filled with panic. "W-What are you guys doing?"

"Too good to pick up the soap, huh? You're asking for it," one of the inmates snarled threateningly.

Jack finally realized the danger he was in. He shouted desperately from inside the cell. "Help! Officer, they are trying to kill me!"

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The only response he received was a loud clang of the guard locking the cell door behind him.

As the metal doors closed shut, Jack suddenly turned around.

The face that was on his face moments ago vanished, replaced by a bloodthirsty, savage gleam in his eyes.

Everyone was startled—Jack's gaze was more terrifying than any ghost they had ever witnessed.

Maxwell shuddered, suddenly feeling as if the young man before him had morphed into a demon.

Before Maxwell could question him, Jack suddenly hurled himself toward him.

What followed was a chorus of wails and screams. "Ahh! Help! Murder! Please have mercy on me. I'll never do it again!"

"P-Please, I beg you. Don't..."

"Please don't kill me. I still have a mother and a son waiting for me at home. I won't ever do it again. Ah!"

"Ah! Help!"

Shrill, miserable screams echoed in the cell, and inmates from neighboring cells burst into mocking laughter. No doubt about it; another piece of fresh meat was getting torn apart.

However, life in the cell was unbearably dull. As long as there was entertainment, it didn't matter who was getting beaten; they were just happy to have a show.

Two prison guards were squatting and smoking outside the cells. They found it eerie to hear the shrill screams inside.

Worried, the young guard said, "No one would die, right?"

"There's nothing to worry about. Even if someone dies, there will be someone responsible for it." The experienced prison guard was used to such situations and was unbothered.

The young guard felt somewhat assured, but still felt something was off after carefully listening to the happenings inside.

The shrill screams sounded as if they came from a group rather than one person.

However, this was nothing more than a fleeting thought. He couldn't help but laugh.

A student was no match for the group of thugs.

Besides, everyone locked up was scum; anyone who died would just be one less troublemaker in the world.

When the sun rose the next day, the young prison guard opened the door, allowing the thugs to come out for fresh air. However, he realized no one exited from the second cell.

He shouted, "Maxwell, where the hell are you? Come out now!"

No one responded to him.

Confused, the young prison guard entered, only to find the newcomer, Jack, sleeping on Maxwell's upper bunk bed.

The surrounding inmates were doing push-ups on the floor, and their hands were trembling, their faces pale. They had clearly been at it for a long time.

A few inmates were lying on the ground, foaming at the mouth from the beatings they endured.

The worst off was Maxwell. His head was shoved into the toilet bowl at the corner, unmoving. It was unclear if he was dead or alive.

The young prison guard was dumbfounded. "What is going on?"

"Sir, they had passed out from exercising the whole night," one of the inmates stuttered as he explained.

The young prison guard walked over to Maxwell to take a look.

His mouth was stuffed with excrement, and his entire body reeked of filth. Then, the young prison guard turned around to look at Jack, who had just woken up, and he finally understood what had happened- Jack Holland was no pushover.

Over the next few days, Mike continuously interrogated Jack, but Jack remained as unyielding as a rock. There was no way to break him.

If they couldn't get him to speak, without solid evidence, it was a matter of time before they had to let Jack go.

In fact, Mike had illegally detained Jack, and if this were discovered, Mike would be in serious trouble. The day before Jack was scheduled to be released, Boris, who had heard the news, paid a substantial sum to secure a visit.

"Jack, Megastar Entertainment Club had been destroyed. Even Caspian had been stabbed, and he's still not out of the woods." Boris explained everything that happened. Tears welled up in his eyes.

Everyone was either injured or had escaped. They were in a disheveled state.

Even Alnewgo's underground society had placed a death sentence on Jack and his gang.

The leadership of the Mordor District had been replaced by a person named Victor Grayson, who took over the position.

Chapter 703

Additionally, a reputable local lawyer, Ronan Daane, had filed an infringement lawsuit against Genesis Games, and the court had officially accepted the case.

Adding to the turmoil, a wave of mysterious fund sell-offs triggered a sharp decline in the stock price on the Masdaq Stock Exchange.

Jack's eyebrows furrowed tightly after listening to Boris' update. He never expected so many changes to happen within these last few days.

Leslie had really pulled out all the stops, even managing to rally so many allies to his side.

From the looks of it, not only would he need to handle Genesis Games when he got out, but there was a group of people waiting for him to deal with one by one. Soon, Jack was released.

No matter how much Mike applied pressure to him, Jack refused to confess.

Plus, Boris hired a lawyer for him. After illegally detaining Jack for a few days, Mike had no choice but to release him.

When the prison warden came for Jack, he was comfortably lying on the bed in his cell. A few of the inmates were managing his feet and back.

If they were not massaging him hard enough, Jack would slap them in the face.

When Jack saw the prison warden, he got ready to get off his bunk, only to find one of the inmates kneeling on the ground, forming a human step for him to use.

Jack was surprised to know that he was released-he thought he was going to stay here for longer.

Come to think of it, life inside the detention center was surprisingly comfortable.

The inmates sharing the same cell with him were respectful toward him, offering him the best of their food and drink. He had someone to massage his back and feet every day. When he got off the bunk, someone would bend down and offer themselves as a human step for him.

Whenever he ran out of cigarettes, someone from the outside would send him premium cigarettes. Lounging with a cigarette in his hand, he was surrounded by people eagerly serving him. He was living a life more comfortable than that of a king.

When he finally walked out of the detention center, there was no cheering crowd or firecrackers. Not a single soul was waiting for him. Only a few stray dogs wandered aimlessly near the gate. His men were either injured, crippled, or on the run. There was no one left.

When Jack was released, he immediately called Boris and discovered that Boris was taking care of Caspian.

Recently, Caspian had finally escaped death.

Although Fabian had pinned him to the table with a knife back then, the blade hadn't pierced his heart. By sheer luck, he managed to survive.

Caspian did not admit himself to the hospital. He stayed in a secluded house during his recovery period to avoid being ambushed at the hospital.

Jack nodded at the updates and said to Caspian, "Rest as much as you can. I'll handle everything from here."

After comforting Caspian, Boris drove Jack back.

Just as they entered the car, a Buick silently glided past. The car window rolled down, and a black gun was aimed at them.

Jack noticed it from the rearview mirror and shouted, "Watch out!"

At the same time, he pushed Boris' head down.

Almost at the same time, a gunshot rang out. A bullet shattered the var window, whizzing past Boris' face by mere inches. Boris barely escaped from death.

A loud bang sounded as a second gunshot rang out.

This time, there was no bullet. Instead, a scream of agony echoed from inside the Buick.

Jack felt it was strange-could it be that there was a mole amongst the group? The Buick suddenly revved its engine and sped forward like an arrow. Jack immediately spun the wheel and sped after it.

Both cars were in a high-speed chase on the road. Soon, they were on the highway, leaving the hustle and bustle of the city behind.

Without a slight hint of hesitation, Jack pushed the car to its limit, sending the Buick driver into a panic. Suddenly, the driver swerved, and the car slammed into a nearby tree with a loud bang. The front end of the car was poorly smashed, leaving the vehicle immobilized.

"Let's see if you can still escape." Jack and Boris got out of the car.

Jack even nonchalantly lit a cigarette. After a short while, the door of the Buick slowly opened, and three young fellows got out of the car with arms around each other.

One of them had blood all over their face. There were shards of metal on his face, and two of his fingers were blown off.

Chapter 704

Boris mocked, "Haha! They look like chickens that had their feathers blown off."

It explained why the agonizing scream that followed the second gunshot that left no bullet-this was their own doing.

Jack asked lightly, "Who sent you?"

"My ass!" the blonde young man, Barry Blunt, said arrogantly, aiming a homemade musket at Jack.

Unwavered by fear, Jack stared into the barrel of the musket and said, "I dare you to take the shot if you're not worried about the barrel exploding."

Their homemade musket had no safety features. They may lose their lives if the barrel exploded.

The man who had his fingers blown off was a living example.

Barry didn't dare fire the shot. At this moment, the scar-faced young man shouted, "Don't worry about it, man. There are only two of them, and we have knives. Let's take them down."

Barry nodded. Ignoring his other partner, who was rolling on the ground in agony, he lunged toward Jack with his knife.

Jack swiftly moved to the side, dodging the tip of the blade. Then, Boris punched Barry's nose from behind.

Barry let out a shrill scream, crashing to the ground as his world spun before him.

The scar-faced man swung his knife at Boris' head, but Jack kicked him away with force, sending him crashing into the Buick. His body collided with the car, and blood scattered everywhere.

Jack scoffed as he walked toward Barry. Barry was terrified to his wits' end.

Jack grabbed Barry's neck and asked, "Who sent you?"

Barry was stubborn and spat on Jack. "Kill me if you must. I'll never betray my boss!"

"Let's see how long you can hold out."

Jack pinned Barry to the ground. He picked up a rock and smashed it onto Barry's palm.

"Ah!" An agonizing scream echoed.

Barry was terrified and surrendered. "Don't do it again. I beg you. I'll tell you everything."

The scar-faced man roared, "You are a good-for-nothing son of a bitch!"

"You're no different." Boris walked to the scar-faced man and slammed a rock hard on his fingers.

With every strike, the scar-faced man's resolve weakened. By the time the third finger was hit, he was already pleading. By the fifth, tears streamed down his face as he sobbed. "Please stop! I'll tell you everything!"

Jack got up and said, "I only need one person to answer my questions. The one who tells me more and faster gets to stay alive. If you hide information from me or take your sweet time answering me, you're dead meat."

The two thugs eagerly nodded, signaling that they understood.

"Who's trying to kill me?" Jack said.

"Victor Grayson," Barry answered first.

"Where does he operate from?"

"At Elite Bar." Barry was still the one who answered.

"Who is he?"

"He works for Axel Kane."

Barry sensibly sold out his boss without leaving any details behind. He was willing to say anything to stay alive.

Jack nodded, signaling he was pleased.

Over there, Boris had already gotten on his feet. He grabbed the scar-faced man,

who was still scheming, and dragged him toward the woods.

Soon, agonizing shrieks echoed from the woods.

Shortly after, Boris returned with a bloody knife in his hand.

Barry stuttered, "W-What did you do to him?"

"I chopped off his hands and cut off his tendons. From now on, he'll be nothing

more than a walking corpse," Boris said casually as if it wasn't a big deal.

Chapter 705

Barry was so terrified that he lost control of his bladder and bowels. "P-Please... I-

I've told you everything I know. P-Please don't kill me."

Boris said with a saccharine smile, "I won't kill you."

He swung a brick at Barry, and he fainted to the ground.

Boris turned to Jack and asked, "Jack, what should we do with him?"

"Don't let him off too easily either! Break his limbs and shatter his bones."

These sons of bitches almost cost Jack and Boris their lives earlier-they had to teach them a lesson.

Boris nodded and went to handle Barry.

It was then they noticed the fool who fired the misfired shot was just staring at them blankly. He was obviously terrified.

Boris was overwhelmed by rage and kicked him to the ground. Not only did he shatter his remaining fingers, but he also cut off his tendons and swung a brick at him.

These bunch of thugs were crippled. Whether they could survive would depend entirely on their own fate.

After handling them, Boris asked, "Jack, where are we heading next?"

"The Elite Bar," Jack said solemnly.

When they arrived at the bar, the atmosphere seemed lively.

This bar was tucked away from the bustling center of the Mordor District, nestled by the lakeside with a beautiful, serene setting. The interior of the bar was lavish, far surpassing the Megastar Entertainment Club.

Before stepping into the bar, they could hear the deafening disco music inside. The young people were having the time of their lives.

Recently, this bar had enforced a membership policy.

To guard against potential retaliation, only customers with membership cards were allowed to enter the bar for dining and entertainment over the past few days.

Recently, Victor had gained widespread support. Since successfully taking Caspian down, he had become an admirable idol among the small-time thugs.

Many thugs willingly came to enjoy the entertainment, hoping to catch a glimpse of their idol.

A young couple was making out in a dark corner by the entrance of the bar.

Jack walked over to them and patted the young man's shoulder. "Dude, what are you doing?"

The young man was displeased at the interruption. "Who the hell are you? Get lost. Don't bother me."

With a smile, Jack asked, "Are you a member of this bar?"

"Yes." The young man wore a grim expression, unsure of what trick Jack was trying to pull.

"Great!" Jack suddenly swung his fist at the young man's face, and the young man fainted, foaming at the corner of his mouth.

The woman wanted to scream, but Boris knocked her out with a punch before she could make a sound.

Jack found their membership cards on them. Then, he strode into the bar with Boris.

The bouncer raised his hand, stopping them in their tracks. "Membership cards, please."

Boris handed the cards to him. The bouncer glanced at the cards, and his pupils shrank. "Why is this card in a woman's name...

Before he could finish, Jack clocked him hard and laid him in the bushes.

As they entered the bar, they were suddenly faced with a group of young people swaggering around them. They walked in a cocky strut, arms draped around beautiful women, and gave a glance at Jack as they passed.

Boris, who hid in a dark corner, said, "Victor Grayson is the leader of the group of young people."

Jack nodded and entered the bar for a drink. Not long after, the group of young people returned, dancing on the dance floor. A group of women flocked toward them, vying for their attention.

Victor seemed to have one drink too many. He said to two of his underlings, "You two, bring me to the restroom. I need to take a piss."

Chapter 706

The two lackeys quickly got up and held Victor.

To avoid drawing suspicion, Jack and Boris entered the restroom ahead of them.

Victor arrived at the restroom. He shoved the lackeys and entered, barely steadying his steps.

As he closed his eyes, enjoying the freeing sense of relief, he suddenly felt a wave of heat from behind. When he turned around, he realized that a strange man had peed on him. Victor was outraged. "You blind son of a bitch! How dare you take a piss on me! Are you looking for trouble?"

Embarrassed, Boris said, "I'm sorry. I've mistaken you for a urinal."

"Fuck! I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

Victor raised his hand and was about to slap Boris across the face, but Boris swiftly twisted Victor's arm. Victor let out an agonizing shriek. "Let me go! Do you even know who I am?"

Boris said nothing and kicked Victor's elbow.

Victor screamed and almost passed out from the pain.

The lackeys, who were standing at the door, heard screams from the inside. As they peered their heads to take a look, Jack, who hid in one corner, swung his huge fist at them, landing a powerful blow to their faces.

The lackeys collapsed on the ground, foaming at their mouths. Then, Jack dragged them into the restroom like two dead dogs.

After a while, Jack and Boris exited the restroom, each carrying a burlap sack.

The bouncer was alarmed and asked, "What are you doing?"

Jack said, "Mr. Grayson was craving pork, so I brought two pigs over, but Mr. Grayson didn't want them, so I had no choice but to carry them back."

The bouncer kicked the burlap sack. Then, he clapped and said, "Move along. These two pigs seem pretty chunky."

"You're right." Then, Jack and Boris strutted out of the bar.

When Victor and the underlings regained their consciousness, they realized they had been tied up, and a river was flowing beside them.

Victor roared, "Let go of me, you son of a bitch!"

Jack said in a deep voice, "So, you're Victor Grayson, huh?"

Victor snarled, "So, you know who I am. You should let me go!"

"Slap him, Boris," Jack ordered.

Boris had prepared a huge brick and hit Victor with it. Victor let out an agonizing scream as the entire palm of his hand shattered into pieces.

He was bawling in tears from fear. "W-What do you want?"

"We'll decide once we're done with you!" Jack let out a cold laugh.

"Please don't! I beg you. Let's talk this out calmly."

Victor had always been the one towering over others, never imagining that one day he would be the one being crushed. Just like that, his hand shattered.

After teaching him a hard lesson, Jack asked coldly, "Did Axel Kane put you to this?"

Victor frantically shook his head, denying it. "No."

Jack pried Victor's mouth open and punched his teeth.

Blood filled Victor's mouth. He was in so much pain that he couldn't even cry. Jack asked again. "Is it Axel Kane?"

Victor couldn't hold it in anymore and had no choice but to nod, admitting to it. Jack let out a chilling laugh. "What a ruthless man! How dare he try to kill me!" Trembling, Victor asked, "Please, can you let me go? I beg you! I'll do anything for you."

"Let you go? Of course. Plus, I'll make sure every strand of hair on your head remains untouched." Jack grinned fiercely. "However, before I let you go, you need to do something for me."

"W-What is it?" Victor felt a knot in his stomach as he caught Jack's malicious gaze.

Jack retrieved three black pills from his pocket. He placed one in Victor's mouth and the remaining two pills in each of the lackey's mouths.

Shortly after, as if possessed, the two lackeys moved toward Victor. With no choice, Victor reluctantly tore off his clothes and, in humiliation, allowed them to do whatever they wanted to him.

Then, the air was filled with groans, screams, sounds of satisfaction, and excitement.

Chapter 707

Jack seemed to have given them too huge a dose. The intense ordeal lasted for more than an hour.

Eventually, the three were exhausted.

Jack quietly handed Victor a knife. "Kill one of them."

Victor's face turned pale as he asked, "What?"

"If you don't kill them, they will kill you."

Victor's eyes gleamed with menace as he suddenly lunged forward and stabbed his lackey with the knife.

"Good. You kill without even batting an eye. How ruthless!"

Jack laughed maniacally like a demon had overtaken him. "I just recorded how you killed your lackey. A billion-pixel high-definition video, where everyone will be able to see even the tiniest detail, like your nose hairs. What do you think? Should we post it online?"

Victor was so terrified that he collapsed to the ground. At the moment just before he lost his consciousness, he thought he was doomed. There was no way he could recover from this.

Although taking Victor down gave Jack some satisfaction, the real culprits were Axel Kane and Fabian Scarborough, who pinned Caspian to the table.

Jack recently discovered that Axel was a force to be reckoned with in Alnewgo's underworld society-bringing him down would take considerable effort.

However, before taking Axel down, he needed to get to Leslie first.

The Clines were deeply connected to Axel. It was likely the Clines were the ones who pulled the strings behind Axel's actions against Jack.

Leslie had been in high spirits over the past two days.

Axel showed up, and Jack was locked in the detention center, suffering a severe beating.

Unfortunately, Jack was a one lucky bastard. Not only did they fail to get him to confess, but Jack managed to beat up the boss in the punishment chamber.

Jack was a force to be reckoned with. However, no matter how powerful a force he was, he would be stripped of it soon enough.

Although Jack didn't meet his end in prison, the recent plunge in Genesis Games' stock price brought immense satisfaction to Leslie.

Another thing that pleased Leslie was that, after Ronan issued the lawyer's letter, along with a small bribe from Cline Corporation, the journalist who had exposed the high-speed rail project as a hoax to steal national funds and public insurance money acted as though nothing had happened. As a result, Cline Corporation's high-speed rail project regained its spotlight, regaining more popularity than ever. Not only did it appear on the news, but it also gained popularity among various banks, agricultural initiatives, and financial products.

Some elderly folks were skeptical of these financial products. However, their concerns were immediately eased as soon as they heard the staff say, "Do you not know about this product? It is all the rage and featured in the news! It's part of our country's key development project!" With those words, they would quickly forego their hesitations and happily make the purchase.

They even introduced these products to their families and friends.

However, Leslie celebrated too soon.

Just as Cline Corporation was raking in profits, a crisis finally erupted.

An anonymous source posted online, exposing that the high-speed rail project under Cline Corporation's flagship was a scam.

This source claimed that the high-speed rail project was merely a cover-up to

scam national financial support and the money of its citizens.

The land in the Newlight District of Alnewgo, purposed to build this high-speed rail project, was abandoned with no signs of any construction.

This was the biggest scam of the century.

The moment the news was released, it immediately gained the attention of the public, including Cline Corporation.

As the Deputy CEO of Cline Corporation, Leslie immediately activated an emergency public relations protocol.

First, he contacted the publisher of the headlines and attempted to threaten or persuade them to delete the article, leaning slightly more toward achieving his goal through intimidation. Additionally, Leslie utilized his connections and requested that the relevant parties block the publishing account.

However, the truth would eventually come to light.

Chapter 708

Just as Cline Corporation was celebrating its success in managing the crisis and sealing the leaks, the rumors had already spread, only growing louder.

The platform with the most heated discussion about this was Haven Net's social media platform.

Initially, only anonymous and insignificant accounts were reporting this issue. However, large accounts with thousands of followers started speculating about this massive billion-dollar scam.

With a few people fanning the flames, the incident quickly snowballed out of control.

Haven Net even launched a questionnaire, asking if Cline Corporation's high- speed rail project was truly for the good of the country and its people or just an enormous Ponzi scheme built on siphoning off government subsidies and public investments.

Haven Net's network had a massive global presence with nearly 600 million users, including many influential figures. The public discussions only grew louder and harder to contain.

The cat was out of the bag.

The local media had begun to notice this and widely reported it. They couldn't hold off the truth any longer.

The way things unfolded had completely caught Cline Corporation off guard. They were forced to launch a crisis PR campaign on one front, while on the other, they urgently investigated how the leak had happened in the first place and how it had triggered such an overwhelming wave of public scrutiny.

First, they cast their suspicions on the reporter who sneaked into the factory site. However, after capturing the reporter and beating him up, the reporter refused to admit he had done it.

After all, Cline Corporation's high-speed rail project was a ruse to scam governmental funds and public investments.

The so-called factory site was nothing but a desolate wasteland. The entire story simply couldn't withstand public scrutiny.

However, it was still mere speculation and suspicion; there was no hard evidence to prove that Cline Corporation was scamming funds.

As Cline Corporation gathered the relevant parties for a press conference and assembled a legal team to file lawsuits against the slanderous accounts, evidence surfaced-they were videos filmed from hidden cameras, the location of which was unknown.

The CEO of Cline Corporation, Benjamin Cline, appeared in the videos. Occasionally, the general manager of Cline Corporation, Easton Rhodes, and the Deputy CEO of Cline Corporation, Leslie Cline, would appear.

The conversations had nothing to do with the high-speed rail project.

For example, during the conversation, Benjamin inquired with the owner of the leaked footage about the PR handling of the reporter. The footage owner replied that it had been completely taken care of through a mix of threats and bribes.

Another video footage was filmed after the matter was exposed on Haven Net. Besides managing the PR crisis, Benjamin issued orders to expedite the construction of the high-speed rail factories and facilities in the Newlight District of Alnewgo, creating the illusion that everything was legitimate.

The last footage showed Leslie and Benjamin discussing the details of moving the funds overseas.

The evidence was undeniable. It was nothing more than a massive scam to swindle government subsidies and illegally raise funds from the public.

With the truth exposed, Benjamin gave a few orders. First, they had to initiate the emergency response plan immediately. No matter what it took, they had to contain the negative impact. The top priority was to keep the elderly investors calm. The last thing they could afford was a full-blown run on their funds.

Second, after stabilizing the elderly investors, they had to explain themselves to the relevant parties to stall time, and simultaneously, prepare an escape plan and flee the country if there were any signs of trouble.

Third, they had to find who was responsible for this.

Chapter 709

It was apparent that all signs pointed to Ronan as the one behind the leaked videos because he was the only one present when the conversations happened.

Additionally, where Ronan stood was precisely where the video footage was recorded from. Now, even if Ronan tried to deny it, there was no way to clear his

name.

When Ronan saw the footage, he was utterly stunned.

In truth, Cline Corporation had treated Ronan quite generously, making him a key insider in the whole affair. His fate was not tightly bound to the Clines. He had no reason at all to betray them.

However, matters had an unexpected turn. From every angle, it was apparent from the footage that Ronan was the one who leaked them.

Ronan was worried that the Clines would misunderstand him, so he quickly looked at Benjamin, swearing that he hadn't recorded those videos or leaked them.

However, no matter how Ronan explained himself, there was no way the Clines would believe him.

They were initially worried Ronan would make a run for it, but everything worked out perfectly—the dumbass decided to knock on their door, saving a lot of trouble for Cline Corporation.

Benjamin and Leslie dragged Ronan into a private room, binding him tightly. Then, they lashed him mercilessly with a huge whip. As a reputable lawyer, Ronan had never suffered such torment before. Within moments, his skin was torn and bruised, and he was crying out for mercy, begging them to stop.

After lashing him, Benjamin snarled, "Our family has treated you so generously. I never thought you good-for-nothing son of a bitch would do something like this. Tell me who ordered you to do this?"

Roan shook his head, wailing pitifully. He was clueless as to how the videos were leaked. How could he explain himself?

Ronan couldn't give them an answer, so Benjamin and Leslie continued to whip him.

After knocking Ronan unconscious, they splashed a bucket of water to wake him up. Seeing that he still refused to reveal the mastermind behind everything, they began to use all forms of torment to break him.

After a long torment, Ronan was on the brink of death, barely clinging to life.

Benjamin and Leslie were about to throw Ronan to the dogs when suddenly, something slipped from the seams of Ronan's clothing-a hidden camera, almost impossible to notice.

The camera was so hidden that an average person would never notice it. Even Ronan did not see it.

It was this contraption that secretly recorded the interactions between Ronan and the management of Cline Corporation.

Even Ronan didn't realize that it was planted after Jack's men captured him.

Jack first locked Ronan in the barn for one night, then injected him with a tranquilizer. As Ronan drifted in and out of consciousness, a hidden camera was secretly planted on him.

The camera was hidden in an extremely clever and tiny manner, so cleverly that Ronan never noticed it. The footage was recorded without his knowledge.

Staring at the camera, Benjamin and Leslie finally realized that they had been played, while Ronan was too naive to realize it.

Come to think of it, Ronan was such a dumbass.

Initially, he thought he had outsmarted everyone, but in reality, he had walked right into someone else's trap without realizing it.

All the wrongdoings had finally caught up to him. Plus, someone had to take the fall for such a massive blunder Cline Corporation was entangled with.

Benjamin and Leslie would never confess to it.

From the looks of it, Ronan was the perfect scapegoat.

In the past, Ronan was treated with utmost respect because they had to rely on

his exceptional lawyering abilities, but now the facade had crumbled; he was

worth nothing more than a bag of trash in Cline Corporation.

Benjamin and Leslie wanted to beat the hell out of the bastard to vent their frustrations before fleeing the country.

After beating Ronan up, Benjamin and Leslie frantically brainstormed ways to move their assets when, suddenly, Benjamin received a call.

Chapter 710

After receiving the call, Benjamin wore a grim expression.

"What's the matter, Dad?" Leslie asked anxiously.

He prayed that the authorities wouldn't come knocking just yet. After all the bribes and favors they'd spread around, it shouldn't happen so soon. They should have enough time to make their escape.

Benjamin said sternly, "Many elderly folks from a farm cooperative in the Newlight District heard from an unknown source that we were conmen, and they are demanding that we return them the money they spent on our investments." Leslie leaped in rage. "Why are these old hags causing so much trouble?"

Benjamin nodded. "Now, we need to do what it takes to stabilize this bunch of old hags. We can't let them make things worse than they already are."

Leslie nodded and said, "Dad, let me handle this. I'll head to the farm cooperative in the Newlight District right now."

"Okay!" Benjamin nodded. "You need to emphasize that you are the son of the owner of Cline Corporation when you're there. Earn their trust, and spin the biggest, juiciest promise you can to stall time. Also, bring some cash with you. If things get tense, hand out some money to calm the crowd down, at least for the moment."

These elderly folks couldn't resist the sight of money. They would calm down quickly once they were tossed a little something.

Leslie drove the Bentley and headed toward the Newlight District with a few of his staff.

When they arrived at the destination, he was welcomed with a group of elderly folks causing a commotion.

The staff members were struggling to persuade the elderly people about how the country supported the high-speed rail project and how substantial the future profits would be.

It was like buying a chicken that laid an egg, then the egg hatched into another chicken, which laid another egg. It would be generation after generation, endless and ever-growing, bringing them endless profit that would never run out.

However, the group of elderly folks was skeptical. They shouted, "Give us our money back! We no longer wish to invest in your project. We don't care about the profit. Everything will be fine once you return our money to us."

"Exactly! We don't want a single cent of the interest you promised. We only want our initial investment."

"My son is still lying on a hospital bed and is in dire need of this money for his treatment! Please, I beg you. Give me my money back!"

"My family is still hoping to use that money to buy a house! If you do not return our money, we will pursue legal action and involve the authorities to uphold what is right for us."

There was even an elderly woman who started becoming physically aggressive.

Completely overwhelmed, the staff scrambled away in panic. Finally, their eyes lit up when they saw Leslie walking toward them.

They quickly went to him and said, "Mr. Cline, you're finally here! Please save us."

Leslie nodded confidently, waving his hand to signal them to calm down. "I'll handle it from here."

The staff, visibly relieved, quickly turned to the elderly folks and announced, "Everyone, please calm down! This is our manager, Mr. Cline. He has full authority to handle this matter. If you have any concerns or demands, please bring them directly to him."

Hearing that the manager had arrived, the elderly crowd swarmed over and surrounded Leslie. All of them spoke at once, their voices rising in frustration, as they repeated the same demands. "Give us our money back! If you don't, we'll take this to the authorities!"

"You're a scammer! How dare you con us out of our hard-earned money!"

"If you don't give me my money back, prepare to have my blood on your hands."

Leslie maintained a bright smile. After listening to their concerns, he said with a pleasant tone, "Everyone, please calm down. Our high-speed rail project is a key national initiative, and it's currently running smoothly with continuous profits. I assure you that the funds you've invested will return to you with interest, along with your principal."