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Chapter 116 Small Matter

When Jack rushed to the hospital.

Mr. Ward was already waiting for him in the hospital.

When he saw Jack's injury, Mr. Ward's pupil was tightened as he was completely shocked.

They did not greet with each other. Jack's face was completely pale then he was immediately sent to the emergency room.

Bang!

Mr. Ward turned around and gave a punch on Brent's chest. He was furious at Brent.

"Asshole! I ask you to look after Young master, is that how you look after him?"

Brent sighed and lowered his head in silence.

"Mr. Ward..." Lone Wolf wanted to explain.
Bang!

Mr. Ward instantly slapped on Lone Wolf's face.

He sounded angrily. "You have no rights to speak!"

Lone Wolf was shocked and lowered his head in silence too.

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"Mr. Ward, it's our fault for not protecting the Young master." Brent replied calmly.

Both followed the Old master but Mr. Ward's position was way higher than Brent's. It was because Mr. Ward was the Old master's confidant.

Mr. Ward had always handled matters calmly. At this moment, his anger showed that he was extremely mad!

Not to mention that Jack was really injured.

Sometimes it had nothing to do with right or wrong as a follower. If the person whom the follower followed was hurt, he was always wrong even if he was right!

After a while.

Mr. Ward finally let out of his breathe and asked calmly, "Say it, what happened?"

Brent replied calmly. He explained clearly about everything which happened in the villa.

Mr. Ward's expression instantly changed. The more he listened, the faster his heartbeat.

He did not expect that Jack would use this method for revenge.

This method caused both sides to suffer heavy losses!

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Perhaps this method was only used on someone who treated himself so badly right?

Most importantly, this was a very good idea!

"Huh..."

Mr. Ward could not hide his surprised expression and sighed, "Young master must have suffered a lot for the past years."

If it wasn't from Jack's childhood experience, Mr. Ward could not imagine that Jack would be so cruel at himself at such age!

"Mr. Ward, what are we going to do now?" Brent asked.

"The Young master leaves a room for the Old master to resolve this matter, Old master will settle the upcoming problems later."

Mr. Ward gazed deeply as he took out his phone and sent a message.

After a few seconds, he received a message.

He immediately sneered when he read the message, Killian Hughess action is fast!"

"What's wrong? Brent asked. Lone Wolf looked at Mr. Ward in curiosity.

"Killian is flying back to the family with his private plane. Mr. Ward said.

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Brent's expression instantly changed. "Is he planning to return to the family to file complaints first?"

"I will head back to the Hughes family immediately. I can't let the family listen to him on this matter" Mr. Ward said in a deep tone.

Brent hurriedly replied. "Mr. Ward, please head back home first. I will take good care of Young master here."

The top priority task was to head back to the Hughes family before Killian started to take his shot. It was to completely disrupt the matter.

If Mr. Ward went back home late while Jack's violation of family rules was confirmed, everything would be too late. Not to mention about Mr. Ward, even Jack's father would not be able to do anything about it!

As the sky started to get darker.

There was a pungent smell of medicinal liquid in the ward.

The monitoring system was beating slowly.

Jack slowly opened his eyes. He suddenly smiled when he saw himself in the ward.

"Young master, you're awake!"

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Brent and Lone Wolf hurriedly gathered around him.

After Mr. Ward left, they had been waiting outside of the emergency room.

Jack's injury was not serious. He lost a lot of blood when he was sent to the hospital therefore the rescue team was busy doing the blood transfusion until late evening.

When Jack saw Brent and Lone Wolfs expressions, he smiled and asked, "I'm fine, why are you two so nervous?"

They looked at each other for a while.

Brent smiled bitterly, "Cant we be nervous? In the afternoon, you fainted not long after entering the emergency room. You are rescued by 8 bags of blood transfusion."

Jack smiled lightly and looked around the ward. He frowned and asked, "Where is Mr. Ward?"

"We just stepped out from the villa and Killian immediately takes a connecting flight back home.'

Brent explained, "Mr. Ward worries that Killian might file a complaint to the Old master to accuse you for violating the family's rules. Therefore, he quickly rushed back home first.'

Jack nodded.

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It was as he expected.

Killian chose to go home first simply because he wanted to seize the opportunity to accuse Jack for violating the family's rule.

He left some rooms to solve the problems. If Mr. Ward did not react then he would not be Mr. Ward anymore.

Jack turned his head weakly and looked up at the night sky outside.

He muttered, "I think that the result of the argument should be out by now, right?"

Brent shook his head, "I have been trying to contact Mr. Ward but his phone keeps turning off."

"Okay."

Jack responded but he did not say anything much.

The last time when Mr. Ward returned to the Hughes family, Jack already lost contact with him. Therefore, he was not surprised that he lost contact with Mr. Ward again this time.

He secretly counted the time as he looked up at the ceiling.

Jack's mother was still in the LJ Hospital. He did not want his mother to know that he was injured. Therefore, he was sent to another

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hospital for rescue.

Counting from the time when he started recovering from his injury, perhaps he could recover before his mother was discharged from the hospital. Then, he could pretend to be fine in front of his mother to cover up this matter.

What Jack worried the most was about the pre-sales of the three real estates at the beginning of next month.

something terrible might happen in the Hughes family since Killian was going back home. Jack was worried that this matter might affect the pre-sales of the three real estates at the beginning of next month!

It was better to wait quietly at this moment. It was to see if his father whom he

never met before would suppress the affairs in the family.

Therefore, Jack did not think of anything else.

Killian was the person who caused Jack's mother to be admitted to the hospital. Jack will avenge on his mother as he was her son. It was beyond his limit that he was able to leave some rooms to get the matter resolved.

Everything was up to the destiny as he did

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everything that he could. The rest was up to the luck that was given by his father and the Hughes family!

The whole night was completely silent.

The next morning, Jack did not wake Brent and Lone Wolf up.

Instead, he tried to contact Mr. Ward by himself.

In the end, he was disappointed because Mr. Ward's phone was still turned off.

"Young master, youre awake early?"

Brent's voice sounded lightly as he did not want to wake Lone Wolf up.

Jack smiled bitterly, "Its good enough to sleep now.'

Brent smiled back helplessly. He joked, "Are you feeling scared right now?"

"I'm always feeling scared but | still have to do it." Jack raised his eyebrows.

At this moment, Lone Wolf was awakened.

He looked at Jack and Brent and stood up, "Mr. Hughes, Brent, I'm going to buy breakfast.

"We have no appetite."
Jack and Brent responded together.

Lone Wolf nodded and subconsciously

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took out his cigarette. He quickly put it back when he saw Jack.

"Its okay, just smoke.
Jack smiled, "Give me a stick."

Lone Wolf took out the cigarette box again. He gave a stick each to Jack and Brent.

Then, Brent and Lone Wolf were used to it as they lit it up and smoked.

Jack tried to smoke after he lit it up. He was choked with tears instantly and coughed violently.

He then helplessly squeezed out the cigarette butt and threw it into the rubbish bin, "I still can't smoke cigarette to drown my Sorrow.

At this moment.
Jack's phone rang up.

He took it out and looked at it casually. He was instantly stunned.

As Brent and Lone Wolf were blowing the cigarette smoke, they were puzzled.

Lone Wolf asked, "Mr. Hughes, what's wrong?"

Jack put down his phone and smiled effortlessly, "It's a small matter. My father transferred 10 billion Yuan into my Bauhinia

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bank card.'

His calm tone seemed like as if he was telling such an unimportant matter.

It sounded like a thunder when Jacks words went into the ears of Brent and Lone

Wolf.

The next second.

Both Brent and Lone Wolf coughed violently as they were choked by the cigarette smoke.

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Chapter 117 Fighter Jet Escort, "True dragon" Descend

Looking at Brent and Lone Wolf who were choking and coughing, Jack laughed.

One billion was enough to make them both surprised, to him, the information behind this one billion was more important.

For once.... fate was on his side!

For all those efforts he made, his father and Mr. Ward did not let him go to waste after all.

As for the rest, he wasn't worried.

As long as he was still standing on the board and not eliminated, he still had a chance to fight on!

After a stretch, Jack smiled and said, "Lone wolf, go and buy some breakfast, I am Starving.

"Yes, Mr. Hughes."

After Lone wolf left, Brent returned to his senses, and smiled in relief, "Young master, your effort was not in vain, old master and Mr. Ward succeeded:'

"Well, there should be some trouble coming up.

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Jack rubbed his nose, a deep gaze, "This matter cannot be settled so easily. Killian isn't a person that can swallow his anger."

Brent nodded as he pondered something.

He took out his phone and redialled Mr. Ward's number.

When he pressed the hands-free button, the system showed that Mr. Ward switched off his phone.

"Don't worry, if anything happens, Mr. Ward will contact us soon." Jack consoled him.

For the next few days, Jack was recuperating in a hospital.

Jack left Lone Wolf to look after him, as Brent went to LJ Hospital, Jack's mother's side to cover for him.

His mother was hospitalized; it would undoubtedly take a toll on her health if she knew what had happened to his son.

As for DT company, he directed the entire company through Corbin.

Coupled with the assistance of Drago from Drago real estate agency from the sidelines, there won't be any problems for a while.

After all, he held absolute control over all Drago real estates share even though it was

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tainted as it was forced upon Drago by Mr.

Ward to hand it over. But Drago didnt dare to act rashly in this matter.

Otherwise, he would have lost even more.

Even though they lost contact with Mr. Ward, everything finally settled down for Jack.

At TM villa district.

It was noon, yet Aiden was not even hungry.

He was in a state of anxiety to the point of not eating and drinking for the past few days.

The sudden departure of Killian had made all his plan to side with him foil instantly.

And for what happened that day, he had heard a few words from the TM villa

management.

Jack led men and charged into Killians home. After Jack left, Killian also left with injuries.

The mere brevity of the information made it impossible for him to deduce what had happened that day.

From what he knew about Hughes family, this not just a simple beating and Killian departure was out of the ordinary.

On one side, the sudden departure of

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Killian.

On the other hand, Jack, who was still lying in the hospital.

The question of who to side with, made Aiden start scratching his head.

Everyone wants to follow someone that can lead to success.

There was no exception for Aiden too even he had been the best businessman in the city.

But when you follow the dragon, only that can lead to success.

If you follow a worm, it's all doom-and gloom.

Knock! Knock!
There was a knock on the door.

"Go away! | told you | dont want to see anyone!"

Aiden scolded angrily.

With his temper, he would not be in such an uncontrollable state usually.

But now, Hughes' family's affairs had made him on edge.

"Master, theres a call for you from a gentleman named Hughes'

An old man said from the outside of the

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door.

"A phone call?"

Aiden looked stunned, his eyes lit up and quickly ran to open the door and walked to his own office.

When he heard Killian's voice on the phone, this immediately lifted Aiden's mind.

"Mr. Hughes, why did you leave all of a sudden?" Aiden asked the question that had been bothering for him for days.

"So what?"

On the phone, Killian remained condescending, as if he was commanding an order, "Tonight there will be a Hughes' family personal jet landing in your city this evening. Do receive them thoughtfully.'

"Yes, of course, I'll do my best to receive them.'

Aiden replied and asked, "Dare I ask, whom of the Hughes' family is it?"

"You already dared yourself, why even bother to ask?"

Killian's cold tone was filled with disdain, "Remember, to be a dog, you have to have the consciousness of one. A dog doesn't ask its master questions!"

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snap!

The phone hanged up.

Aiden's face flushed red, and he looked dumbfounded.

Underneath the gilded frame glasses, there was a hidden fury.

In a split second, his fury was out, and he smiled at the corner of his lips, slowly placing down the phone.

He mocked himself, "Yeah, I'm already a dog."

Midnight.

The airport located on the outskirts of the city was not quiet.

The waiting hall was brightly lit, with the occasional announcement from the airport Staff.

And there was aircraft landing and taking off.

As this behemoth airport with enormous passenger flow, even it was already middle of the night, it still shone the vibrance of its energy.

Only one runway was eerily empty.

No aircraft ever occupied the runway, even though many planes were landing and taking

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off.

As if it was an anomaly in this suburban airport.

In the distance, a light appeared.
A black Rolls Royce Phantom was leading.

Behind the Phantom, there are nine black Mercedes-Benz GLS500.

They were driving in a straight formation,
with great imposing manner.

Had it been daylight, the sight of it would
have attracted a lot of attention.

But it was late at night, the sight to behold
was covered by night, as stealthy.

The Rolls Royce Phantom stopped at the
side of the runway, a door opened.

Aiden walked down from the car.

The night breeze was cool, and he
instinctively wrapped himself in his clothes.

"Master, its late at night, put on a coat.

An old man followed him out of the car,
ready to drape the coat in his hand over
Aiden's shoulder.

"No need.'

Aiden raised his hand to refuse, his gaze
deepened.

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As Killian said, that night... he was a dog.

Facing the Hughes' family, he was indeed only to be qualified as a dog.

Since Killian phoned him about the person what he was about to meet that night. It must be genuinely someone significant from the Hughes' family, a True Dragon. It would be disrespectful to receive him or her in a trench coat.

"Its about time, right? "

Aiden looked around while murmured in a low voice.

"How do you know master? The butler asked.

"Aiden smiled faintly and said, "Look at the planes at the airport:

At some point, the airport, which was filled with traffic, had now become silent.

No planes were landing or taking off. As if everything was frozen in time. Too quiet!

Rumble...

Suddenly there was a loud rumble from the distant night sky.

The rumble was like rolling thunder,

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deafening.

The roar of the engines was different from an ordinary airliner. It was more powerful, more surging and deafening.

Almost as soon as Aiden heard it, the thundering sound was already above of his head.

Aiden looked up and vaguely saw a huge black shadow zipped past him.

In that instant, his face was horrified, and his heart was beating wildly.

"Was, was that... a fighter jet?"

Aiden exclaimed, his face flushed red. His heart trembled, "A fighter jet escort...'

As he exclaimed, his pupils contracted for what he saw.

A whole ... fleet of ten fighter jets!

And Aiden saw the fleet of ten fighter jets to be circling a slowly descending civilian jet!

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Chapter 118 Worthless Aiden!

In the night sky.
Fighter jet engines roared and thundered.

The winds were like a great invisible hand,
pressing them down with force.

They were supposed to be tools for war,
yet they were reduced to mere escorts.

The scene was to behold.

Even with Aiden's experience, it wasn't easy
to calm down at this point.

And everyone in the departure hall had
also been distracted by this spectacular
scene.

There was an uproar throughout the hall.
Everyone was stunned.
Rumble...

It was coupled with the roar of the fighter
jet.

The private jet slowly landed on the
runway and began taxiing.

When the civilian jet came to a complete
halt, the fleet of ten fighter jets burst into a
thundering roar in the night sky.

Like thunderstruck.

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The immense sound.

Following that, the ten fighter jets' fleet held a curved formation, turned around and head back. They disappeared in the night sky.

Even though the time elapsed was short, one second was enough to leave an indelible impression on everyone.

"Master... the departure hall has gathered some crowd, The butler whispered.

Aiden returned to his senses and gave a faint smile, "Hughes' family's "true dragon" has descended, having ten fighter jets escorting. It is not something that can be blasphemed by mere normies?"

With that, he led the way quickly towards the private jet.

Gradually, Aiden's gaze deepened, and he pondered quickly.

As he approached the jet, his face grew redder, and his heart beat faster and faster as if it was about to jump out of his chest.

Tools of war used as an escort had shown the supremacy of the presence of the private jet.

From what he knew about Hughes' family,

only two could come out in such a grand manner.

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One was Patrick Hughes, and the other was Madam Hughes.

Whoever it was, they were both real dragons that roam the heavens to Aiden.

And for him, a mere mole, to receive such dragons was like a pilgrimage, a true privilege of all.

As Aiden, the most powerful businessman in the city, who could be as calm as a toad in the sun, walked towards the private jet with a formal manner with a hint of squirming.

With the night descended, the suburban airport looked like it was frozen in time.

The private jet was just like a beast in the night.

When Aiden led his men to the private Jet, the hatch swung open at the same time.

"Greetings!"

Dozens of men led by Aiden bowed and welcomed with great volume.

The sound was like a tidal wave.
"Get up, An old woman voiced out.
Madam Hughes!

Aiden had an instant decision in his mind, and he slowly looked up.

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In sight, an older woman with silver hair, holding her bamboo cane, was being assisted down the stairs steadily.

The black, red cheongsam set Madam Hughes' temperament to perfection.

With a radiant face, brilliant starry eyes, and neatly tended silver hair. It was difficult to tell the actual age of Madam Hughes. This also created an aura of nobility that people look up to her.

If she hadnt been in a high position, overseeing all others, she wouldnt have been able to cultivate such temperament.

"Your humble servant Aiden, here to greet Madam Hughes:

Aiden quickly stepped forward after a slight bow and raised his hand, ready to assist Madam Hughes off the jet.

"I don't know you, and I don't want to ask how you knew I will be here tonight."

Madam Hughes spoke calmly, but with a high and outlandish attitude, "Dismiss yourselves."

Aiden stood rooted.
He was full of embarrassment and fear.

Killian ordered him to greet and receive

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Madam Hughes, but he had not expected any of this.

"Hmmm?!"

Madam Hughes raised her eyebrow and thumped her bamboo staff in her hand.

Aiden shook with fear and hurriedly explained, "Madam Hughes, I am a good friend of Killian. And when he knew you were coming to the city, so he ordered me to welcome you and at your disposal."

In desperation, Aiden could only mention about Killian.

Now that he was able to meet Madam Hughes herself. It was indeed a heavenly opportunity for Aiden.

Hadnt he been choosing to help either Killian or Jack, just to look for an opportunity to rise to the top?

And now, if he could leave a great

impression on Madam Hughes, It would be an unimaginable boost for his future.

After all, Aiden was not an indecisive

person, he had great success in business and he always made quick decision when needed.

In one sentence, he had told Madam

Hughes the friendship with Killian, his power in the city, which qualified him to be at Madam

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Hughes' disposal.

"Grandson Killian?"

Sure enough, when she heard that her grandsons name, her face eased up a little. No longer as cold as she was a moment ago. Instead, she put up a warm smile.

In Hughes' family, the position of Madam Hughes was transcendent. Although she was not the head of the family, even the head of the family had to consider what she says and does.

Among the younger generation, Killian was the only few that can please Madam Hughes.

Aiden, who was good at reading people's minds, was delighted when he saw the look on her face.

But before he could spill another word, Madam Hughes waved her hand, "Enough, you are Killian's good friend, I won't bother with you. But little boy, your power is not worth mentioning, so dismiss yourself and your

men.'
Boom!

Aiden, who was overjoyed, was struck by lightning when he heard this.

There was an instant feeling of frustration.

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If someone else had said this, Aiden would have just scoffed.

Because in this city, his power was over the roof.

Yet these words came out from Madam Hughes!

Aiden was self-aware that in the eyes of Madam Hughes, he may be considered only as a mole. But his so-called power was not taken seriously by Madam Hughes.

The words left him speechless, unable to reply.

At that very moment.

A car engine roared in a distant.

A blinding light showed up.

In an instant, it caught everyone's attention.

Aiden squinted his eyes against the bright light.

An elongated Hummer like a beast was coming this way.
"Little boy, this is what you call some power."

Madam Hughes smiled faintly and said to Aiden.

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Aiden frowned.

A mere elongated Hummer to greet
Madam Hughes was... too trivial, wasn't it?

How can it be compared with his fleet of
luxury cars?

Screech!

Hummer raced and stopped in front of
everyone.

With that, a door swung open, a middle-
aged man with white sideburns stepped out of
the car.

Boom!

When Aiden saw the middle-aged man, his
mind went blank, and he was dumbfounded.

In this city, he had his wits.

But he didn't expect that the person whom
Madam Hughes described as "with some
power' would be his... idol!

"Madam Hughes, I am sorry. Your servant
arrived late." The middle-aged man humbled
himself and gave an apologetic smile.

"It doesn't matter, let's go.

With a calm reply, she walked towards the
Hummer.

The man walked quickly to the front,

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carefully opened the door for Madam Hughes.

And he reached his hands out to shield her head.

He raised his hand most respectfully.
Aiden was completely stunned.

Ever since, Aiden was to one to flatter this mid-aged man, he had never seen he flatter anyone else!

Before he came back to his senses, the Hummer had already taken off.

And during that time, the man had never noticed him, as if he didn't even exist.

The Hummer roared along, ignoring the airport security system.

soon, it was driving back on the road.
Inside the car.

The middle-aged man said respectfully,
"Madam Hughes, the person you asked me to inquire about, Jack, is now recovering from his injuries in the hospital. Do you want to go see him right away?"

Madam Hughes smiled and replied, "Have you ever seen | pay respect to visit someone else?"

The middle-aged man stunned, aware of his wrong words, and his eyes showed a

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glimpse of panic.

Hastily changed his words, "Have a rest
first, I will arrange for Jack to pay you a visit."

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Chapter 119 Interrogation And Judgment!

As the first ray of sunshine fell on the ground.

Jack opened his eyes and realized that the patient room had one additional person. Mr. Ward looked exhausted as he leaned on the sofa and slept while using a hand as a makeshift pillow.

Jack was elated and looked with a questioning gaze towards Lone Wolf who was already awake.

"Mr. Ward, Mr. Hughes is awake." Lone Wolf simply shouted.

Jack frowned. The reason why he looked towards Lone Wolf was that he didn't want to disturb Mr. Ward's rest. For Mr. Ward to be in the patient room meant that he must have traveled through the night.

Mr. Ward opened his eyes and looked at Jack. He tiredly wiped his face and smiled, "Master Hughes, I instructed Lone Wolf to wake me up as soon as you woke up.

Jack nodded, frowned, and asked, "How's the Hughes family?"

The matter was handled in accordance with the family regulations. However, there

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remained some difficult issues to resolve. Killian was certainly one of the heirs of the family and in the eyes of the Hughes family, Jack was just an outcast bastard.

If what his father and Mr. Ward did to muddle the issue was accepted as resolving the issue, then Killian's status would be totally diluted.

On hearing this, Mr. Ward smiled bitterly, "The reason why I rushed back was because of this issue. Madam Hughes has arrived in this city."

Madam Hughes? Jack was stunned and his pupils constricted.

After he overcame the initial shock, he smiled helplessly, "I didn't expect to force out this big character of the Hughes family. Looks like Killian's status is extraordinary in the family."

Mr. Ward looked on helplessly and was rather melancholy.

Madam Hughes' status in the Hughes family was beyond everything. Being the only remaining person of her generation in the family, she was like an Empress dowager who influenced everything from behind the scenes.

Although she didn't control the Hughes

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family, even the head of the family would have to respect her. Otherwise, the term filial piety' was enough to suppress the head of the family.

After taking a deep breath, Mr. Ward said, "That was why Old master ordered me to rush back for fear that Master Hughes cannot handle Madam Hughes."

"Hal" Jack laughed, "If she's here to interrogate me and deliver her judgment, I'm afraid Mr. Ward also cant handle her!"

Mr. Ward laughed to himself but did not retort Jack. He was only the family servant. When Madam Hughes came to the city to interrogate Jack and deliver her judgment, he was truly unable to handle it and he did not have any right to interfere. He rushed back as he wanted to be by Jack's side and was worried that Jack would do something impulsive and blow the matter beyond redemption.

Mr. Ward said, "Perhaps Old master ... would also come over.'

Father? Jack was stunned and he immediately became very perturbed. Suddenly he was extremely conflicted within him. Hesitation, uneasiness, and resentment... all sorts of feelings became entangled together.

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If his father came, how ... how was he to face his father? At that moment, Jack's state of mind became erratic and panicky.

"Master Hughes, you will eventually have to meet your father." Mr. Ward could sense Jack's thoughts and smiled calmly, "It's just that this issue had brought forward everything. Old master was just worried that you can't handle Madam Hughes.

"When will he arrive?" Jack asked.

"Should be tonight. Mr. Ward said, "Madam Hughes made a sudden decision to come and Old master still had to handle some matters and couldn't leave as freely as Madam Hughes.'

Jack nodded and said with a profound expression, "Do not alarm my mother over this issue. His mother had regained her consciousness at the hospital and Brent was there to confirm that she was alright. But he was not sure if a meeting after twenty over years would be joyous or traumatic for his mother.

"Understood." Mr. Ward nodded.

As soon as he said. The door to the room was opened and three men in black suits walked in. This made Lone Wolf frown and sprung up ready to confront them.

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The leader of the group said firmly, "Jack, Madam Hughes summons your presence." The tone was cold, lofty, and sounded arrogant.

It happened so soon? Jack and Mr. Ward exchanged looks in surprise.

"Summon?"

Jack smiled and looked at the three men, "Do you think that I can leave this hospital with my injury? She can come and visit me."

Mr. Ward's eye twitched. What Jack said was directly challenging Madam Hughes. The so-called "summon" was the term Madam Hughes used to emphasize her status. Even old master was being summoned by her!

"Ha! Since you're alive, you must go regardless of your condition' The man in suit scoffed. "If you're dead and Madam Hughes still wants to see you, we'll carry your coffin to

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her.

Jack narrowed his eyes and was deflated.

As Jack was about to respond, Mr. Ward replied politely, "Tonight at eight o'clock, I would bring Master Hughes to call on Madam Hughes."

"The four impressions club just outside the city." The man mentioned the location and left.

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The exchange was short and to the point. High and mighty, cold and lofty. They didn't even show any respect to Mr. Ward.

"Mr. Ward, it doesn't appear that you command much respect in the family. These three rascals don't even show you any respect. Jack teased.

He didn't think of trying to hide and not visit Madam Hughes. Since Madam Hughes already came to the city, it was impossible for him to avoid her. His response to the three men was simply because he felt disrespected by their attitude.

Mr. Ward rubbed his chin helplessly, "They are the personal servants of Madam Hughes and I'm Old master's servant. They naturally wouldn't show me any respect. The internal matters of the Hughes family are too complicated."

At that moment, Lone Wolf became flustered. "Mr. Hughes, this Four Impressions club..."

Jack raised his eyebrows and looked at Lone Wolf.

"You want to say that the Four Impression club is a private club open only to this city's most influential people?" Mr. Ward smiled and said.

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When he was sent by Old master to assist Master Hughes, he had already done thorough research on all the influential and powerful people in this city. It was easy based on the information collected by the Hughes family intelligence network.

"Yes!" Lone wolf nodded his head and said solemnly, "When I was at the underground fight club, I heard the boss mention that this club was only for the elite of the city. Only people like Aiden Lott and Drago Chou could be invited to join."

"Even Aiden had to be invited to join the club?"

Jack smiled wryly. Aiden and Drago used unscrupulous means to gain success in this city. In this process, wouldn't they already been 'invited'?

But very quickly Jack's expression turned serious and perturbed. "If the meeting is held at the Four impressions club, then tonight's questioning session would be tough to handle."

"That appeared to be the situation." Mr. Ward nodded and looked worried, "If because of this Madam Hughes registers Master Hughes' misgivings, then in the future DT Real Estate Agency will have a difficult time in this

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city."

Jack frowned deeply and said solemnly, "If Aiden were to be involved in welcoming her, then it may be easier to resolve this."

If it was Aiden, then he wouldn't need to worry about other aspects other than just focusing on handling Madam Hughes.

But now he was being caught between a rock and a hard place. Jack was at a loss of what he should do.

"I'll contact Old Master." Mr. Ward hurried out of the patient room.

At seven oclock that night. The night had fallen.

Jack and Mr. Ward sat in the Rolls Royce and headed to the Four Impressions club. Brent drove the car while Lone Wolf did not go with them. It was inappropriate for Lone Wolf to go because of his background. Tonight, Madam Hughes intended to interrogate and possibly punish Jack. It wouldn't be good for too many people to be present.

The atmosphere in the car was extremely gloomy. Jack and Mr. Wards expression was extremely sullen. Mr. Ward occasionally looked at the cell phone in his hands.

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Suddenly, Brent's announcement broke the silence in the car, "Master Hughes, Mr. Ward, we'll soon arrive at the Four Impressions Club."

"Okay." Jack acknowledged and then braced up in his seat and suddenly raised his right fist.

Bash!

With immense strength, he forcefully struck down on his bandaged wound. Jack winced and grunt in pain. Very quickly the wound bled and fresh blood seeped through the bandages.

"Master Hughes, what are you doing?" Jack's sudden actions shocked Mr. Ward.

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Chapter 120 Chanting

Jack endured the horrible pain that came from his wound.

He leaned on the seat, and breathed heavily, he couldn't hide the pain that he was in.

His voice was trembling, as he laughed, "If she is about to send a punitive expedition, then I can't just arrive as if nothing happened, that would be my wrongdoing."

Mr. Ward looked suffocated.

He felt a heavy rock on his chest, his mood was stuffy.

What Jack just did there was in his eyes a helpless move, this was only for Madam Hughes to see.

If the one who was injured was Killian, he would have never done that.

In the Hughes family, Killian was Madam Hughes little baby, if he was hurt, he only needed to whine a little in front of Madam Hughes, and she will do everything to take revenge for him.

But Jack, he had to rip open a wound that was almost healed, to beg Madam Hughes for

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her forgiveness!

Both of them were children of the Hughes family, but they were treated so differently.

'Its alright, Mr. Ward.'

Jack comforted him, then he said to Brent, "Stop looking, let's go inside, before the blood starts to clot.'

Brent gave a fake laughter, then he drove the Rolls Royce again, but the smile on his face, was bitter and helpless.

The birth of a person, was so unfair.

In the night, the Four Impressions Club was hidden in the forest midway up the mountain, as if they entered a small plot of

land on the mountain.

It was the most elite club in town, even people like Aiden and Drago needed an invitation to enter, any normal rich and powerful person had trouble to enter.

This made out the mystery and name of the Four Impressions Club.

Even Jack didnt know about it.

The towering gate was built in a ancient way, the tall walls were surrounding the club.

In front of the gate, the name "Four Impressions Club" was hanging up high, two

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big red lanterns were also hanging in the air, spending red light.

It was solemn, respectful and mysterious.

From outside, they could see flashlights once in a while, when guards were taking their rounds on the property.

Jack was taking in all this.

Not long after, the Rolls Royce stopped in front of the gate.

"Please show your Invitation Letter'

A mid aged man wearing an ancient suit came to the car and smiled at them, asking

neither humble nor pushy.

"Invitation Letter?" Brent knitted his brow.

The mid aged man smiled, "You need a Invitation Letter to enter.'

Mr. Ward smiled and said, "Madam Hughes is staying in this club, we are here to pay her a visit.'

As he was speaking, he turned to introduce Jack, "This is Young Master Hughes.'

He heard.

The mid aged man's face changed, his smile widened, he didnt stand as straight and tall as before anymore.

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'Lam sorry, let me double check.'

Mr. Ward's face darkened, "Since when do you need to double check for Young Master Hughes to enter your little club?"

The man was undecided.

Even if it was Aiden who was in front of him right now, he would have kept asking for a letter.

But, he had seen that even the owner of this club was behaving humble and respectful in front of Madam Hughes.

"Please come in. The mid aged man made way.

The Rolls Royce slowly drove into the club, the man took a little security cart and followed them, to show them the way.

Jack laughed strangely, if one was powerful enough, none of the rules applied.

The club was very big, it had different buildings and pavilions, and scenery.

They followed the security cart to a further part of the club.

There were no river, no pavilion and buildings around, only a bamboo forest and a little water flowing, quiet and calm.

"Please exit your car and walk further,

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Madam Hughes is in the Bamboo Grove.' The man got off his cart to tell them.

Jack held his wound and got off the car, Mr. Ward and Brent supported him as they slowly walked towards the grove.

Every time Jack raised his foot, it would pull on his wound, and pain shot through his body, he looked in a very difficult position.

They hadn't walked far, when a little house appeared in sight.

It was simple, completely different compared to the club.

'Madam Hughes, Jack is here to see you.

Mr. Ward took a step forward, and raised his voice to call.

'Come in.

A voice came from inside the grove.

Mr. Ward and Brent helped Jack inside, while he was holding his own wound.

While they were walking, Mr. Ward warned him again, 'Young Master, if you can endure, please do.'

Jack laughed bitterly.

His eyes flashed, while his right hand moved to his wound subconsciously.

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If he didn't understand that rule, he
wouldnt have ripped open his almost healed
wound with his own hands.

He came from a very dark place in life, and
he understood, sometimes, you had to
surrender to climb further in the future.

The door to the grove opened.

The three men wearing suits, who came to
see Jack during noon, were all inside.

The first one immediately made a
welcoming gesture, "Madam Hughes is inside.'

In the room, the lights were bright.

The air was filled with the smell of
sanders.

And they could hear the chanting of
Buddhist prayers.

Madam Hughes was sitting in the master
seat, her eyes were closed, holding her prayer
beads in the right hand while she was chanting
along the song.

On the side, Minister Mable was sitting in a
Square position, looking over her.

When he saw Jack enter, he said in a
lowered voice, "Madam Hughes, Jack has
arrived.

Madam Hughes frowned, but she didnt

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open her eyes, instead, she kept skipping her beads and chanting the prayers.

Minister Mable realized that the three should wait.

Jack held his wound and nodded towards Minister Mable.

This person, was a very valued person, since she hadn't made him a pickle, he wasn't stupid enough to offend her.

He stared at Madam Hughes who was still chanting, and his eyes went cold while he pressed his lips together.

Even Mr. Ward had surprise written in his eyes.

Time passed by slowly.

The chanting of the prayer was echoing in the room.

Madam Hughes made no intentions of pausing her prayers.

But Jack's wound was still bleeding heavily, the blood was passing through between his fingers, dripping on the floor.

His face was pale, and his body weak.

Brent knitted his brows, he knew Jack's condition too well.

He had no choice but to gesture to Mr.

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Ward.

Mr. Ward hesitated for a while, then he

looked at Jack, and his eyes became
determined.

"Madam Hughes, Jack is here to see you...'
His voice was soft, humble and respectful.
Just as he said that.

Madam Hughes, who still had her eyes
closed, suddenly stopped, her brows were
tightly knit, and she slowly opened her eyes.

Her eyes were filled with anger.

"You are just a servant, how dare you
interrupting me reading my prayers!"

Madam Hughes threw her beads on the
table, the anger could be seen on her face, "Do
you know that I have to read those prayers a
hundred times to ask for blessings for my
family, and you dare to interrupt me?"

Mr. Ward's face changed, and he knelt
down.

"Please forgive me, Madam Hughes, I just
noticed that Jack's condition is getting worse,
if we wait much longer he might bleed out and
his life will be in danger'

"Humph!"

Madam Hughes raised her brows, and was

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just about to say something.
In that moment, Jack burst into laughter.
This laughter, interrupted Madam Hughes.

Then, Jack lowered his head to look at Mr.
Ward.

'And what if I die of bleeding?'

As he was speaking, his face turned
colder, his voice carried anger, and he looked
straight at Madam Hughes when he said,
"Aren't you chanting the 'Ksitigarbha
Bodhisattva Purva Pranidhana Sutra'? If I really

died, isn't that a perfect chance to expiate my
sins?"

