

A Life Beyond Limits

Chapter 15

The game began.

Seth took the first shot, his movements confident and practiced. Then, it was Jack's turn.

Seth's skills were undeniably impressive. He had received professional billiards training as a child and even considered pursuing a career in pool before his passion for music took over.

Even now, despite being a hobbyist, his level was leagues above the average player.

When Seth missed a shot, it was Jack's turn.

Jack's stance was striking. It was standard yet graceful, exuding a unique aura.

Each time his cue connected with the ball, the crisp sound was followed by the satisfying sight of the target ball sinking into the pocket.

The girls who had initially cheered for Seth couldn't help but admire Jack's performance.

Quiet murmurs of approval spread among them. To their surprise, they found themselves rooting for Jack to win.

The first round ended with Jack losing, though by an incredibly narrow margin.

He calmly pulled out 100 dollars and handed it to Seth.

Wesley tugged at Jack's sleeve and whispered for him to let it go, but Jack shook his head silently, refusing to say a word.

In the second round, after adapting to Seth's playstyle and familiarizing himself with the table, Jack began to shine.

He won the second game with a spectacular 60-point streak, pocketing two hundred dollars.

In the third, he scored 80 points, earning him 400 dollars.

By the fourth, Jack's precision reached new heights. He scored 100 points and won 800 dollars.

And in the fifth round, Jack pulled off a jaw-dropping 120-point streak, bringing in a massive 1,600 dollars.

The onlookers were stunned, their expressions shifting to one of awe and disbelief. Jack's performance was nothing short of monstrous, his dominance on the table utterly terrifying.

One of Seth's companions, a short man with shifty eyes, couldn't hold back his frustration. With a sneer, he barked, "Not happy about it? Then, come at me. Let's see if you've got what it takes before I break your legs!"

Jack was about to lash out when the cyber cafe's main door swung open. The group that had been playing Skybound Wars, led by a tall guy and an afro-haired girl, stepped out.

As soon as Seth caught sight of them, his eyes lit up, and he immediately forgot all about Jack. He dashed over with a fawning grin plastered on his face.

"Hi, Zane. What brings you here? If you're out having fun, why not call me? I'm bored to death at home!" he said eagerly, practically wagging his tail.

Seth turned to the afro-haired girl and her friends, quickly throwing out greetings with a servile enthusiasm that bordered on embarrassing.

The onlookers who knew Seth stared, utterly stunned by his sudden display. And when they realized he was sucking up to Zane, they were even more astonished.

Some in the crowd knew who Zane was. And more importantly, what kind of influence he wielded.

To them, Zane was the kind of person who existed in a stratosphere that they could never hope to reach.

Yet, here Seth was, chatting him up. Even if he came off as desperate, it was still enough to prove the breadth of Seth's connections.

The girls nearby couldn't help whispering among themselves, planning how they might use Seth to get an introduction to Zane.

Zane's gaze landed on Jack, his expression darkening as he asked, "What's going on here?"

Seth sneered. "I ran into a few clowns who thought they were tough. His dad is just a farmer, and he had the nerve to set me up just now. I was just about to teach him a lesson."

The short guy chimed in, eager to please, "Yeah, Zane. Why don't you show them how it's done?"

Everyone knew Zane had a taste for fights, so the short guy jumped at the chance to attack him.

Jack was unfazed, and he asked coldly, "Are you all done talking?"

"You're still running your mouth?" Seth barked, motioning to the group. A dozen guys closed in around Jack.

The girls screamed in panic, while Feena grabbed Seth's sleeve, trying to pull him back. "Don't do this!" she pleaded.

But Seth brushed her off impatiently. "Stay out of this. This is men's business."

Zane, lighting a cigarette, smirked and leaned back, clearly ready to enjoy the show as Jack got beaten to a pulp.

Jack said suddenly, his voice low and dangerous, "Zane, have you forgotten about our little agreement already?"

Zane froze. He stared at Jack, whose cold, piercing eyes were filled with a terrifying intensity. A flash of memory hit Zane like a thunderbolt, and his face shifted through several shades of pale.

He threw the cigarette to the ground and crushed it under his heel. Lowering his head slightly, he muttered, "Master."

Though his voice was low, it cut through the tension like a blade.

That single word landed like a thunderclap in the silent crowd.

Zane, someone from a prominent family, a top-tier player in their social scene, and a powerhouse in his own right, was calling Jack "master"?

Seth and the short guy stood frozen, their mouths hanging open wide enough to swallow a whole egg. They couldn't believe their ears.

The girls, who moments ago were fawning over Zane, were now trembling, their eyes wide with shock and disbelief.

Who was Jack, really? And what kind of power did he hold over someone like Zane?

It was as if two worlds—one elite and untouchable, the other mundane and insignificant—had collided in the most incomprehensible way, let alone Zane addressing Jack, the farmer, as "master".

To Zane and the short guy, the shock was bone-chilling, like stumbling upon a horror movie scene in the middle of nowhere at midnight.

Jack seemed satisfied with Zane's obedience, but his irritation toward Zane's earlier arrogance hadn't subsided.

With a sharp glance, Jack said, "Since you're calling me 'master,' you should know what to do next, right?"

A flicker of humiliation passed through Zane's eyes, but he clenched his fists and suddenly swung a punch straight into Seth's face.

Seth yelped, caught completely off guard. Staggering back, he shouted, "Zane, why the hell are you hitting me?"

"Because your mouth stinks. Who else deserves it if it's not you?" Zane snapped, his frustration from Jack's earlier reprimand spilling over as he used Seth as a punching bag.

The short guy, trembling, asked cautiously, "What's going on, Zane? Why are you—"

He had originally intended to attack Zane, but unexpectedly, his attempt had backfired. The punch Seth received felt unfair.

Neil Grant, the chubby guy who was with Zane, kicked the short guy. "Get lost! Did Zane ask for you?"

The short guy tumbled to the ground, too scared to speak up.

The few girls who were watching were dumbfounded. Their expressions shifted from disdain to awe.

To be called "master" by Zane? Just who was this person?

The so-called "farmer's son" now seemed to have a mysterious air about him. After all, even the city's top officials would show respect when meeting Zane.

Feena was confused by what was happening too. Jack being called "master" by Zane was beyond her expectations. Her mind was struggling to catch up.

Zane and Neil were going at it fiercely, while Seth and the short guy could only cry for mercy, not daring to fight back. The only thing they could do was scramble to get away.

Unable to watch any longer, Feena stepped forward and whispered to Jack, "Jack... you should tell them to stop. If this keeps up, someone might get seriously hurt."

Although Feena didn't understand why Zane and Neil were backing down to Jack, she knew that Jack didn't come from a wealthy background.

If something happened to Seth, Jack would likely be held accountable, and it could ruin him.

Jack decided to call it off.

"Alright. No more fighting," he demanded.

After Zane and Neil stopped, Seth and the short guy were both battered beyond recognition, barely able to be identified.

The two of them were undoubtedly regretting their actions, realizing they had provoked someone they should not have messed with. What followed was completely beyond their expectations.

After Zane and Neil had given Seth and the short guy a good beating, Zane turned to Jack with a slightly sarcastic tone. "Master, are you happy now?"