

## Chapter 16

"I'm quite satisfied. You did well, but next time, make sure to hit them harder. Otherwise, it'll seem like you've missed a meal," Jack said casually.

Neil shot a cold glare at Jack, and the afro-haired girl along with the haughty girl both cast contemptuous looks at him, clearly unimpressed by Jack's act of bluffing.

But Jack couldn't care less.

Once everything had settled, Zane walked over to Seth, pointing a finger at his nose as he scolded, "Remember this! Keep your eyes open from now on, or I'll end you!"

"Yes. You're right. I won't do it again," Seth said submissively, his earlier defiance completely wiped out by the beating. He now appeared meek and obedient.

Zane snorted, still harboring some resentment towards Jack. He didn't even bother to greet him before walking off.

With nothing more to stay for, Jack decided to leave as well, taking Eddie and Wesley with him.

Feena and the others had no idea what kind of relationship Jack and Zane had. As they saw them leaving, they didn't dare stop them, their faces full of confusion and uncertainty.

Eddie and Wesley were in awe of Jack. The scene had been so intense and thrilling.

To see Jack turn things around was truly impressive.

They knew that if Zane had refused to back down, their situation would have been disastrous.

They had seen how vicious Zane and Neil could be. Seth had been beaten into an unrecognizable mess. If it had been them in his place, they wouldn't have stood a chance.

Yet, thinking back on how badly Seth had been beaten, a sense of satisfaction lingered.

After leaving the entertainment hall, the three of them were discussing what had just happened when Jack suddenly remembered his jacket was still in the pool hall.

He told Eddie and Wesley to head back without him and turned to retrieve his jacket.

When he entered the pool hall, Jack grabbed his jacket and was just about to head out when he suddenly heard a roar coming from a corner. "Don't touch them! If you want to fight, come at me!"

Jack recognized the voice, it was Zane.

He walked toward the sound and, sure enough, found Zane and his group surrounded by a group of young men who looked like trouble.

The situation didn't look good.

One of the thugs, a fierce-looking guy with a buzz cut, holding a sharp knife in his hand, sneered and threatened, "You've got some guts, huh? Too bad someone gave us orders. Today, none of you are getting out."

The group of thugs numbered more than ten, surrounding Zane and the others with no way to escape. Although Zane and his companions were from wealthy backgrounds and seemed experienced, they couldn't help but feel a sense of fear in the face of this kind of danger.

"What's going on here?" A loud, commanding voice rang out, and Jack stepped forward.

Although Jack didn't think much of Zane and his crew, since Zane had kept his promise, he couldn't just stand by and do nothing. After all, Jack had earned that "master" title, so he might as well step up.

The buzz-cut thug scowled and snapped, "Who the hell are you to challenge me? You've got a death wish?"

Two of his lackeys immediately stepped forward, blocking Jack's path, trying to prevent him from getting any closer.

Zane and the others watched in shock, unable to believe that this seemingly ordinary young man was actually stepping in to help.

Neil sneered. "Get out of here. This has nothing to do with you."

Although they were surrounded, they didn't want the son of a farmer to come to their rescue. It was just a casual "master" title earlier. Did he actually think he was a master now?

Jack spoke calmly, "As your master, I can't just stand by when my underlings are in trouble. Otherwise, who's going to respect me?"

The afro-haired girl scoffed. "You really think you're a master just because we called you one? Do you even know what you are dealing with?"

Yet, for some strange reason, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of respect for Jack.

The buzz-cut thug was further enraged by Jack's arrogance. He growled, "Fine! I'll make you kneel and sing for me today. Get him!"

With a flurry of noise and a cloud of dust, the sound of a triumphant song rang out.

"Every night in my dreams... I see you, I feel you..."

The once cocky buzz-cut thug now found himself kneeling on the ground, lined up with his underlings, looking utterly ridiculous.

Their expression was one of total humiliation, especially that of the buzz-cut thug, who had been beaten so badly that his face was swollen. It almost seemed like he was going to cry too.

Jack pulled off his shoe and slapped the thug's face hard. "Sing louder! Let me hear you!"

The buzz-cut thug whimpered in pain. "Every night in my dreams..."

Zane, Neil, Leo, the afro-haired girl, and the others all stared wide-eyed, their faces full of disbelief as they watched Jack.

The scene of Jack fiercely smacking the buzz-cut thug brought to mind a famous line from a movie. "I'll take on ten!"

It seemed that this guy not only outsmarted them, but his violent tactics completely outclassed theirs.

If Zane hadn't stepped in earlier, Seth and the others would have been in an even worse position.

After Jack finished giving them a harsh lesson, he gave the buzz-cut thug a hard kick in the rear.

The thug flew through the air like a kite with its string cut, and, with the help of his underlings, he awkwardly scrambled away.

Jack clapped his hands and casually said, "You're safe now."

Zane and the others finally snapped back to reality, expressing their gratitude.

"Thank you! You've certainly exceeded my expectations," Zane said.

Neil, ever the one to swallow his pride, added, "I apologize for what I said earlier."

Leo, visibly excited, spoke up, "Jake, I admire you so much! Can you teach me how to take on ten people at once too?"

Jack shook his head. "It's nothing special. Otherwise, how would I be your master?"

For once, Zane didn't get angry at Jack's remark. Instead, he calmly said, "Let's be friends, shall we?"

It was the first time he genuinely wanted to make a friend out of someone from a humble farming background.

However, Jack looked at Zane's outstretched hand and shook his head. "Forget it. Let's part ways here."

Without another word, he turned and walked away, catching up with Eddie and Wesley.

Once Jack had left, Mona Warren, the haughty girl spoke up. Her tone was filled with resentment.

She sneered, "What's so impressive about him? He's just the son of a farmer. He doesn't even know his own worth. Does he think that just because he can fight, he's special and can be part of our team? Dream on!"

Zane gave her a soft reprimand, his voice calm but stern. "Mona, keep it down."

Mona froze, trembling at the command, and immediately fell silent.

Meanwhile, Zane and Neil, for the first time, began to understand why Jack had so easily turned down their offer of friendship.

From Jack's actions, it was clear that he was a smart, independent young man with his own sense of pride.

It was his self-awareness that made him realize the insurmountable gap between himself and people like Zane.

Too many people had tried to climb up and blend into their circle, only to end up humiliated.

After all, circles like theirs were largely built on mutual benefit and the exchange of interests.

Jack, with his integrity and pride, couldn't make those kinds of exchanges of interest. He had nothing of value to offer Zane and the others, and forcing a friendship would only end in disappointment.