Limits 217

Chapter 217

Jack had secretly investigated Flynn before. He knew that while Flynn came from a wealthy family, it was still impossible for him to wield such absolute power on his

own.

What was truly fearsome, however, was the man backing Flynn-Tristan.

As the heir to the Sandalwood Group and its future leader, Tristan's influence was enough to make anyone fall.

Every time Jack thought about Sandalwood Group and Tristan, an indescribable rage surged within him. But against such a colossal force, even he had no choice but to temporarily back down.

In terms of physical strength, Jack was undoubtedly formidable, but Tristan's elite bodyguards were no pushovers either.

In terms of wealth, Jack was nowhere close. If Tristan ever found out that Jack owned Drakengard, a single word from him could completely destroy the company.

And in terms of power and influence-if the Sandalwood Group was a vast sea of stars, then Jack was merely a dim speck of light within it.

Sometimes, one simply had to admit defeat.

At Jack's current level, Sandalwood Group and its vast network of connections were an insurmountable force.

Jack understood that challenging Tristan and Sandalwood Group at this stage was no different from seeking death. The outcome would undoubtedly be tragic.

So, even though he knew Tristan was behind everything, he had no choice but to endure it for now.

As for the connection between Flynn and Tristan-now that Jack knew, he decided to temporarily drop his plans for revenge.

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With Drakengard Games expanding rapidly, the issue of providing a company car for the CEO had become a priority.

After all, a car was not just a means of transportation-it was a reflection of the CEO's and the company's status.

If the vehicle wasn't up to par, it could lead to people questioning the company's strength or, worse, give others an opportunity to spread rumors and cause unnecessary trouble.

It just so happened that a grand car exhibition was set to take place at the Alnewgo International Exhibition Center, not far from the university.

Luxury car brands from around the world would be showcasing their latest models at the event.

Patrick even went out of his way to send Jack a list of the cars that would be exhibited, allowing him to choose whichever he liked.

Jack could pick any luxury car he desired, and the company would cover the cost.

Meanwhile, Bella also found Jack and reminded him to fulfill his previous promise —to run with her every evening and help her improve her physical health.

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As Jack entered his second year of university, his studies gradually fell into place. Compared to the carefree days of freshman year, sophomores were now well- accustomed to campus life. They had shed their initial awkwardness and transformed from clueless newcomers into seasoned students.

But what excited them most was the chance to stand at the university gates and welcome the incoming freshmen.

They still remembered how lost and naive they had been when they first arrived- how they had been led around by their seniors. But now, it was their turn to do the

same.

All around the campus, banners were hung to welcome the new students, alongside humorous warnings like, "Beware of fire, theft, and seniors."

Patrick, Thomas, and even Patrick's ex-girlfriend, Sophie, had already left the campus, as if bidding farewell to their youth.

Yet, this century-old university had never lacked new life and fresh energy.

The locust trees still stood tall, their lush green branches swaying in the breeze- witnessing generation after generation of graduates leaving, and batch after batch of new students arriving.

Just yesterday, Feena had called Jack, inviting him, Phoebe, and Wesley to visit her new home the next day.

As her father's business flourished, Feena's parents had purchased a new house in Alnewgo.

When they learned that Feena still kept in touch with her old friends from Perthter City—especially Jack, Wesley, and Phoebe-they were delighted and extended a warm invitation for them to visit.

Jack gladly accepted.