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Chapter 223

Wesley exaggerated as he described how heavy the rain had been that day and how fast the river's current had been.

Jerome's eyes widened in shock. He turned to Feena for confirmation, and when she nodded, he got to his feet.

His voice was filled with sincerity as he looked at Jack and said, "Jack, you are incredible. I can't thank you enough. If it weren't for you that day, I might not be standing here now. You saved my life. You're not just a hero-you're my savior. Please, allow me to show my gratitude properly."

Without hesitation, Jerome gave Jack a deep bow. It wasn't just a polite gesture. Only someone who had been there and truly understood the danger of that moment could appreciate just how extraordinary Jack's actions had been.

Silas finally snapped out of his daze, his chest swelling with emotion. He stepped forward and called out, "Jack, our family owes you a great debt. I thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

He followed Jerome's lead and bowed deeply. Seeing them stand, Feena's family members immediately rose as well, bowing low to Jack to express their gratitude.

Jack panicked, waving his hands. "Please, don't do this! It's been so long. There's no need to keep thinking about it. Feena, help your grandfather up."

He quickly stepped aside, avoiding their bows entirely.

But Feena didn't move. She felt a deep sense of gratitude herself. If anything, she believed Jack deserved this kind of respect. Instead of helping her grandfather, she stood up as well, intending to bow to Jack herself.

Jerome spoke again, "Jack, our family will never forget what you've done. You didn't just save me you're now an honored guest in our home. If you ever need anything, anything at all, you can always come to us."

Just as they were about to bow again, Jack turned his head away in frustration. His voice was firm as he said, "You're all my elders. If you keep doing this, I really don't know how I'm supposed to stay here. Besides, I think anyone would have stepped up in that kind of situation."

His tone left no room for argument.

Jerome saw that Jack truly wasn't comfortable with the attention. With a chuckle, he sat back down, nudging Silas to do the same.

"Alright. I suppose I got a little carried away," Jerome admitted. "But I'm really happy that we've found you. No matter what, you have to stay at our house for a while."

Then, he turned to Feena. "Feena, I used to worry about you hanging around those kids with their bright red and green hair, all dressed like circus performers. But seeing that you've got a friend like Jack, I can finally relax."

Feena instantly understood what he meant. Many of her musician friends followed trendy styles, their bold fashion choices standing out in the eyes of the older generation. She stuck out her tongue playfully, then stole a quick glance at Jack before immediately lowering her head.

Jerome continued, "Feena, remember-'birds of a feather flock together.' You should surround yourself with good people. And if you ever decide to get married, I'd fully support you choosing a young man with Jack's character."

Feena's face instantly turned red.

She stomped her foot and protested, "Grandpa! What are you even talking about? Jack and I are just friends!"

"Friends?" Jerome said with a straight face. "Well, a boyfriend is still a friend."

It was obvious he liked Jack. He had received the kind of life-saving kindness that couldn't be repaid, so if he could match his granddaughter with the young man, why not?

Feena spun around in frustration, refusing to talk to her grandfather anymore. But she couldn't help sneaking a glance at Jack from the corner of her eye, curious about how he would react to all this-especially since she had turned him down once before.