Limits 301

Chapter 301

The next day, Jack happened to be free. Leo and Caspian arrived as scheduled, bringing along a group of sidekicks for their usual training session.

Thanks to Jack's rigorous instruction and patient guidance, Caspian and his crew had significantly improved their skills. Even Leo, who had progressed more slowly, had made remarkable strides through sheer determination and hard work.

After just half an hour of training, Leo was already gasping for breath.

At that moment, Jack's phone rang. He answered it, and Joshua's urgent voice came through, "Jack, where are you? Isaac was attacked-he nearly lost his life." Jack's expression instantly turned cold. "What happened?"

Joshua replied, "I don't know the full details yet. All I know is that Isaac went out to buy some fruit for Miranda. At the school gate, a group of thugs surrounded him. If he hadn't run fast enough, he might have been—"

"Where is he now? I'm on my way." Jack didn't wait for more details; he was already heading back to the dormitory.

Over the phone, Joshua told him Isaac was in the infirmary.

Jack rushed out, with Leo, Caspian, and the others following closely behind, unaware of what had happened.

When they reached the infirmary, they found the area crowded with people. Isaac lay on a hospital bed, receiving an IV, looking disheveled and exhausted. Miranda was crying beside him, while Joshua and Queenie looked on anxiously.

Jack stepped forward, concerned. "What exactly happened? Where are you hurt?"

Isaac forced a weak smile. "It's just some superficial wounds. Damn... I never thought I'd ever find myself in this situation. Luckily, all that basketball paid off—if I hadn't run fast enough, I might not be here right now."

Hearing that it was only minor injuries, Jack finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Isaac's expression then turned serious. "Jack, you need to be careful. I'm sure this was Leslie's crew. The guy leading them is called Julian Mercer. Word is, he wants you dead."

Julian Mercer? Jack had never heard of him before, but he wasn't particularly concerned.

He simply told Isaac to rest well, gave him a few words of advice, and then left the room with Leo, Caspian, and the others.

As they walked down the hallway, Jack hadn't even spoken yet when Leo said in a hushed voice, "Big Jack, Julian Mercer is a big name in our area. Only Leslie could have convinced him to get involved."

Leo used to call Jack "Mr. Holland," but Jack had insisted on "Big Jack" instead, finding it more fitting. Leo had just received this information from people connected to Leslie-likely thanks to Zane's influence.

Jack frowned and turned to Caspian. "Is he that dangerous?"

Caspian nodded. "Julian is definitely a big player. He collects protection fees from several establishments, fights viciously, and has a crew backing him up. I've had personal issues with him in the past."

At the mention of Julian, Caspian's expression darkened. Clearly, the grudge between them ran deep.

Just then, a younger member named Rusty Fenton pointed to a long scar on Caspian's face. "Boss, that scare on Caspian's face—Julian gave it to him."

It turned out that Caspian had once clashed with Julian, and in that fight, Julian had left him with a deep scar across his face. Later, Julian used his connections to get Caspian thrown into prison for three years, where he barely survived multiple attempts on his life.

After listening to Rusty's account, Jack suddenly chuckled. "Caspian, tell me. Where does Julian usually go?"

Chapter 302

"Not far from here, there's a bathhouse called Scarlet Bloom Lounge. Julian and

his crew frequent the place," Caspian answered.

Jack turned to Leo. "Are you sure Leslie sent Julian after me?"

"Yes," Leo confirmed without hesitation.

Jack flicked away his cigarette and stood up abruptly. "Let's go. Tonight, we're paying Scarlet Bloom Lounge a visit."

The moment he spoke, the group erupted in agreement. Caspian's eyes gleamed -he had been waiting for a chance to settle the score with Julian.

But soon, a trace of worry crept onto his face. Scarlet Bloom Lounge was Julian's stronghold. Jack's plan was no different from walking into a lion's den.

Leo shared the concern. "Isn't this a bit reckless?"

Jack smirked. "With me here, nothing will go wrong."

Leo's hesitation vanished instantly. "Then, count me in! There's no way I'm missing out on this."

Caspian added, "Boss, if you help me get my revenge, my life is yours."

After checking in on Isaac, the group left the campus, hailed a few taxis, and set off toward Scarlet Bloom Lounge.

Upon arrival, they found the place lavishly decorated. The moment they stepped inside, they were surrounded by women dressed in fitted slit dresses, heavily made up and oozing flirtation.

"Hey, handsome, want to relax upstairs?"

"Gentlemen, we offer all kinds of services-guaranteed satisfaction."

"How about a massage? The naughty kind—"

Caspian and the others took it in stride, exchanging playful banter with the women. Jack, though slightly uncomfortable, kept his composure. Leo, however, was visibly uneasy-his privileged upbringing had never exposed him to a place like this. The women, sensing his inexperience, teased him even more.

Jack shot Caspian a look. Catching on, Caspian waved off the women. "We're here for a proper massage. Get someone to set it up."

The women, losing interest, quickly dispersed. Just then, one of their younger crew members rushed over to report. "Boss, I checked-Julian is in the main bath."

Jack nodded and motioned to the group. "Let's go. Get a few attendants in there."

They entered the steaming bathhouse. The pool was filled with burly men, and the bath attendants here looked far more professional than those at the entrance. A few muscular workers-some even Black-were scrubbing down clients with great efficiency. Their arrival drew curious glances from the others.

At the center of the pool, a group of shirtless men sat around a floating table, playing poker as they soaked. Seated at the head was a heavily built man with a Dueling Serpents & the Sacred Stone tattoo across his chest. A thick gold chain hung around his neck, glinting under the steamy lights and floating on the water. His face was broad and fierce, exuding an unmistakable aura of dominance.

Beside him, a few women giggled and fawned over him, carefully scrubbing his arms and shoulders.

Caspian discreetly gestured toward him, signaling to Jack that this was Julian Mercer. Jack took note and slowly moved toward him, settling into a nearby spot and calling over an attendant.

Just then, Julian completed his poker, winning a round. He tossed some cash to one of the women beside him, who laughed and quickly pocketed it.

Julian took a drag from his cigarette and exhaled lazily. "So, how's the job coming along?"

Chapter 303

Duke Rowland shuffled the poker card and said, "Don't worry, Boss. Everything's been taken care of."

Julian grinned smugly. "Those clueless punks dared to act up on my turf? They're asking for it. That Robert was useless-he actually let himself get wrecked by trash like that!"

Duke nodded in agreement. "That kid ran fast today. Otherwise, I would've crippled him."

Julian asked, "Did you spread the word?"

"Yeah, make sure everyone knows. If that Jack guy has any guts, he won't keep hiding-he's as good as dead."

At that moment, Jack had confirmed his target and cautiously approached. "Excuse me, gentlemen, which one of you is Julian Mercer?"

Julian glanced up coldly. "Who the hell are you, bug? Why are you looking for me?"

Jack smiled. "Mr. Mercer, I'm Jack Holland. Heard you were looking for me?"

At the mention of his name, Duke's face twisted in shock, and he shot to his feet. "You're Jack Holland?"

"That's right."

Jack's expression turned cold in an instant. With a swift motion, he grabbed Duke's throat and slammed him into the pool with a devastating strike. Then, in one powerful kick, he sent Julian crashing into the water.

Caspian and the others, seeing the fight break out, wasted no time and lunged at Julian's crew, delivering a relentless onslaught.

Thanks to Jack's training, his crew moved like a pack of tigers. Julian's men didn't stand a chance, and within moments, they were completely overwhelmed.

The women on the sidelines screamed in terror, trying to run for help, but Jack's men had already shut the doors, trapping them inside.

A few of the bathhouse attendants, caught off guard by the sudden chaos, gawked in shock. One particularly excitable worker flailed his arms and shouted in Bavarian, "Kung fu! Kung fu!"

The fight was over in less than a minute. Julian lay battered and bruised, his men groaning in pain.

Jack seized Julian by the throat and lifted him off the ground.

"What do you want?" Julian gasped, feeling his breath slip away.

Jack sneered. "I heard you were looking for me."

Even now, Julian tried to put on a tough front. "You lay a finger on me, and I swear -ahh!"

Before he could finish, Jack's fist came down like a hammer. Julian's teeth flew as pain shot through his skull. With another sharp crack, his wrist snapped under Jack's iron grip.

Realizing resistance was futile, Julian finally lowered his head like a defeated dog. "Please, sir. Let's talk this out. We're all civilized men, no need for violence!"

Jack smirked and delivered another slap. "Running a shady bathhouse, exploiting women, and making dirty money-but now you wanna talk to me about civility? Where was your so-called civilization when you were bullying my friends?"

With that, he rained down another flurry of blows before pointing at Julian's tattoo. "Tell me, what's that ink on your chest?"

Julian trembled as he stammered, "Dueling Serpents and the Sacred Stone..."

Chapter 304

Jack delivered a sharp slap across Julian's face. "Say it again-what's that tattoo?"

Julian was on the verge of tears. "I-It's just some shrimps playing basketball..."

Jack finally nodded in satisfaction. "You attacked my friend. How do you plan to settle this?"

Julian knew there was no escaping this. He motioned for the women around him to gather his money. "I've got 50 grand on me-take it for your friend's medical bills."

"50 grand? Do you think you can brush me off like a beggar?" Jack roared before landing a devastating punch that sent Julian sprawling. His teeth scattered onto the wet floor as he groaned in agony.

One of Jack's men nudged him. "Boss, his gold teeth and chain might be worth something too."

Jack glanced at the chain with disdain. "Leave the teeth. That chain? It's plastic. Ever seen real gold float in water?"

Julian hung his head in shame as one of Jack's men fished out a BMW key from his pocket. Jack twirled it in his fingers. "Nice car. I'll borrow it for a few days. You want it back? Bring me another hundred grand for medical expenses."

Though resentment burned inside Julian, he could only nod and agree.

As Jack and his crew walked out, Julian quickly reached for his phone. "Hey, Pan? It's Julian. Bring the crew-"

"Oh? A Vertu phone? Let me borrow that too." Jack suddenly loomed over him, snatching the device from his hand. Before Julian could react, Jack's foot crashed into his chest, sending him sprawling onto the wet tiles.

"Calling for backup?" Jack smirked before stomping down, snapping Julian's legs like twigs. "Tell me where's Leslie?"

Julian was too wracked with pain to respond. His lackeys only stared in terror at the smiling young man who had turned into a demon before their eyes.

The commotion had drawn the attention of the entire bathhouse. But when they saw Jack and his men leaving, no one dared to step forward. They knew better than to interfere in Julian's fate.

A tense air of reverence and fear hung over Scarlet Bloom Lounge long after Jack had left. Outside, Jack climbed into Julian's BMW, revved the engine, and crashed straight through the parking barrier, leaving chaos in his wake.

As they drove off, Jack and Caspian rolled down the windows, enjoying their victory. Even the seasoned Caspian couldn't hide his exhilaration-finally, vengeance was his. Leo, too, was flushed with excitement. Though he had always been a troublemaker, tonight was the first time he had felt truly unstoppable.

"Boss, that was insane!" Rusty shouted.

Back at school, Jack went to check on Isaac and handed him the 50 grand. "Here, this is from the guys who jumped you think of it as their way of covering your hospital bills. There's another hundred grand coming soon."

Isaac and the others stared at the thick wad of cash in disbelief.

"You got this from those thugs?" Isaac stammered.

"That's right." Jack's smile was warm and disarming. "After a bit of persuasion and moral guidance, they realized their mistake and even paid up in advance."

Behind him, Leo and Caspian struggled to keep straight faces-Jack could spin the wildest tales with a straight face.

After reassuring Isaac, night fell.

Jack led his men on another hunt, tracking down Leslie's old dorm. But by the time they arrived, he was long gone. After questioning a few people, they learned he had moved off-campus. Jack rushed to the new address, only to find the place ransacked-Leslie had fled in a panic.

Though they hadn't caught him, one thing was clear-Leslie would never dare cross Jack again. If anything, he might be too scared to even stay in school.

Chapter 305

Meanwhile, at the Mainland Division of Sandalwood Group, Tristan was lounging with a heavily made-up actress, basking in the thrill of his latest victory. He had already given orders to ensure the complete destruction of Drakengard Games. This woman was not his fiancée, Olivia, but a well-known celebrity, Ava Kensington. She had striking features and an alluring figure, yet in Tristan's presence, she behaved like a docile kitten, peeling grapes and feeding them to him. Power and influence could tame even the proudest of women.

After listening to his subordinates' report on the suppression of Drakengard Games, Tristan nodded in satisfaction, his eyes gleaming with cruelty.

"Dare to go against me? I'll make sure you suffer a fate worse than death! First, I'll cripple you, then send you straight to hell!"

As a financial juggernaut, Sandalwood Group had the power to manipulate markets at will. They coerced and bribed major mobile manufacturers and game platforms to remove Drakengard Games' products, compensating them generously for their losses. With that, Drakengard Games was pushed to the brink of annihilation.

Having effortlessly dealt with Drakengard Games, Tristan once again relished the immense benefits of power. He felt like a sovereign ruler, controlling the fate of others at his whim.

Once his subordinates had left, Ava blinked curiously and asked, "Why go to such lengths to destroy Drakengard Games? Their games are quite good."

Tristan's expression turned icy. "They crossed me. That alone is reason enough."

Ava nodded with a hint of regret. Drakengard Games might have been impressive, but having offended this influential heir, their fate was sealed.

Just then, Tristan's phone rang. It was his uncle, Quintis.

Upon answering, Quintis' authoritative voice came through. "Tristan, come to the top floor."

Tristan dared not delay. He pushed Ava aside, straightened his attire, and took the private elevator to the top floor.

On his way up, employees looked at him with a mix of reverence and awe. The more attractive female staff even threw him suggestive glances, barely stopping short of throwing themselves at him. Any woman who gained his favor would see her status rise overnight.

Arriving at the top floor, he saw Olivia and Emily conversing in the lounge, while Quintis was in the study, sipping coffee.

Tristan strode directly into the study, noting the solemn expression on Quintis' face.

Feeling a twinge of nervousness, Tristan greeted him, "Hello, Uncle."

No matter how powerful Tristan was outside, Quintis remained a looming presence over him.

Quintis gave him a measured look and asked, "I heard you've been orchestrating a full-scale suppression of Drakengard Games?"

Tristan was startled that his uncle even knew about such a minor affair, but he nodded in admission. "Yes."

Quintis' voice remained calm yet carried weight. "That company is young and promising, and they've done nothing to warrant such treatment. I've always taught you-never cut off someone's livelihood. Even the smallest sapling might one day grow into a towering tree."

His tone grew sterner towards the end.

Drakengard Games might have been a small company, but Quintis operated with the philosophy of making more friends than enemies. If Drakengard Games ever rose to prominence, it could become a formidable opponent to Sandalwood Group.

Moreover, he despised Tristan's reliance on family power to bully others. If he continued making enemies recklessly, how could he ever be entrusted with the family empire.

Tristan hastily defended himself, "They insulted me, Uncle. You have no idea how aggressive they were..."

He attempted to feign deep grievance, but Quintis swiftly cut him off.

"And that justifies pushing them to ruin? Making an irreconcilable enemy? Cutting

off someone's means of survival and destroying their dreams is akin to taking their parents' lives—it's an act of cruelty. Always leave room for retreat.

"Besides, I've looked into the matter. This all started because of you. You

provoked them first, and they merely retaliated. If anyone is at fault, it's you."

Chapter 306

Tristan's face turned red with embarrassment, unable to respond.

At that moment, Emily and Olivia walked in after hearing the commotion in the study.

Emily, upon hearing Quintis reprimanding Tristan, couldn't help but ask, "Quintis, why are you scolding Tris? Whatever it is, can't you speak calmly?"

Quintis pointed at Tristan and said sternly, "I've told him before-don't be arrogant and domineering. There's always someone stronger out there. But he still insists on pushing people to the brink."

Emily responded, "I know a little about this matter. If you had been there at the contract signing and seen how those people treated Tris, you would've been furious too.

"Those people were utterly disrespectful, especially their leader. Besides, the business world is like a battlefield. Since they were already enemies, wasn't it natural to go all out? Isn't that what you taught Tris?"

Then, turning to Tristan, she reassured him, "Tris, don't worry. Your uncle is just angry. As long as you stop being reckless, everything will be fine."

Having lost her own son, Emily saw Tristan as her own.

Olivia quickly spoke up to defend Tristan as well. "Yes, Uncle Quin! I was there too. The boss of Drakengard Games was way too arrogant. He even dared to hit Tris! You didn't see how aggressive they were. He actually kicked Tristan to the ground, completely disregarding the Sandalwood Group!"

With both women pleading for him, and considering that Jack had indeed fought back, Quintis could only sigh helplessly.

"I've already looked into what happened that day. Tris was the one who started the fight, and the other side only retaliated. You can't blame them for that."

Still, Emily firmly defended Tristan, "Even if Tris was at fault, the blame ultimately lies with the other party."

She was clearly biased, unwilling to let Tristan suffer any consequences.

Seeing her unwavering protectiveness, Quintis could only shake his head in resignation.

Finally, he sighed and earnestly advised, "Tris, the success of Sandalwood Group didn't come easy. It took everyone's joint effort and careful management. For the sake of our family's future, we must build more allies, not enemies. I hope you learn something from this incident."

Tristan put on an obedient facade, nodding as if he had learned his lesson, but deep down, he scoffed. His hatred for Jack only deepened.

Seeing that, Quintis waved his hand, signaling Tristan to leave.

After Tristan and Olivia left, Emily stayed behind. She walked over to Quintis and gently massaged his back.

"He's still young and needs more experience. Mistakes are inevitable. The road ahead is long, so don't be too harsh on him. Just guide him slowly."

Quintis smiled wryly. "Emily, I understand how much you love Tris, but spoiling him won't do him any good. He may behave well in front of us, but I've heard rumors about his conduct outside.

"Today's incident was just a small conflict with Drakengard Games, but what if he offends a real threat one day? How can I trust him with the company?"

Emily blushed at his words and softly defended, "Quintis, you know we watched Tris grow up. I can still remember how ruthless those young men were when they attacked him. What if something had happened to him? What would I do?"

Though usually composed, the thought of Jack hurting Tristan made Emily's heart ache, and she couldn't hold back her tears.

Seeing his wife like this, Quintis felt a pang of sympathy. He gently patted her back and comforted her.

"Alright, don't cry. I know you want the best for Tris, and I do too. But I can only entrust Sandalwood Group to him with peace of mind if he's mature enough."

Emily calmed down slightly at his reassurance, nodded, and murmured, "I just want him to grow up healthy and happy, without having to suffer any hardships."

Quintis was moved by her words and gently asked, "Are you thinking about our son again?"

Emily's body trembled. She gazed into the distance, a dazed look in her eyes, as two silent tears rolled down her cheeks. It was clear that she had fallen into the depths of her memories.

Chapter 307

Facing Tristan's relentless pursuit, Drakengard Games was struggling. Tristan had even issued a "kill order", leading to their flagship product being removed from major gaming app stores. With their cash flow drying up, the company was on the brink of collapse.

To save the company, Patrick and Jack planned to seek help from Pentime Group.

As a tech giant valued at hundreds of billions of dollars, Pentime Group had the power to rival Sandalwood Group in the gaming industry. Its massive user base could provide crucial support to Drakengard Games.

If they could secure a partnership with Pentime Group, Drakengard Games would gain access to a much larger audience, potentially resolving its current crisis.

However, collaborating with Pentime Group was no easy feat.

With its near-monopoly in the gaming industry, Pentime Group was known for imposing harsh terms on its partners.

Traditionally, revenue splits between game developers and distributors were 50- 50, but Pentime, leveraging its immense scale and user base, often demanded an 80-20 or even 90-10 split in its favor.

This was one of the reasons Drakengard Games had previously avoided partnering with Pentime Group.

Fortunately, Pentime Group showed interest in Drakengard Games and arranged a meeting with one of its senior executives, Wendy Trader.

It was rumored that Wendy was the daughter of Pentime Group's CEO. Currently studying at Harverd Business School, she had already taken charge of Pentime's gaming operations.

However, at their first meeting, Wendy made sure to put Patrick and Jack in their place. She kept them waiting in the reception room for half an hour before finally making her entrance.

Despite her tall figure, striking beauty, and undeniable elegance, her aloof demeanor and the icy indifference in her gaze made her intimidating.

She sat down without the slightest hint of an apology and went straight to business.

Patrick and Jack didn't dwell on the disrespect and immediately presented their proposal, handing over the necessary documents.

But Wendy merely skimmed through the files before stating her stance on the terms of the partnership.

"I've reviewed the contract, and I have no issues with most of it. There's just one thing I think needs adjusting-the revenue split."

Jack and Patrick's expressions tensed. Jack asked, "How do you want to adjust it?"

Wendy replied casually, "The previous discussion set the split at 70-30, correct? I believe we need to make some changes. The new ratio will be 90-10-our company takes 90%, and you get 10%."

As expected, capitalists were ruthless, devouring everything without leaving anything.

Patrick nearly exploded with rage. "That's impossible! This is outrageous!"

After all, Drakengard Games was now a leading player in the industry. Yet, Pentime Group was treating them like some insignificant small-time developer? Unbelievable!

Jack, though calmer, still looked grim.

The standard industry split was already a steep 80-20, but as a well-established brand, Drakengard Games deserved better treatment. A 90-10 split put them on the same level as nameless indie studios.

However, Wendy remained unfazed. She had fully expected their reaction—but it didn't matter, because she had Drakengard Games right where she wanted them.

She crossed her legs and glanced at them with a condescending smirk, her tone filled with mockery.

"That's the terms. Whether you accept or not is entirely up to you."

Chapter 308

After a brief pause, Wendy continued, "Besides, you know Drakengard Games' current situation better than I do. By working with you, we risk offending Sandalwood Group. Gains always come with losses-you should understand that principle."

Patrick and Jack were well aware of this, but the terms were still hard to swallow.

Patrick forced himself to stay calm. He sat back down and tried to renegotiate with Wendy.

"Ms. Trader, I think we should talk this through again. Drakengard Games has many employees, and their livelihoods depend on this revenue. A 90-10 split is really..."

Wendy cut him off with a cold smile. "Capitalists aren't philanthropists. You need to make a living, and so do we. A 90-10 split is our company's bottom line.

"If you agree, contact us anytime to sign the contract. I have other matters to attend to, so I won't waste any more time here."

With that, she stood up and left, leaving Patrick and Jack staring at each other in frustration.

After leaving Pentime Group, both of their faces were grim. Patrick furiously threw the documents he was holding onto the ground.

But reality was staring them in the face-they had no choice but to seriously consider working with Pentime Group.

Despite the harsh terms, Pentime's massive user base and promotional resources were Drakengard Games' last hope.

On the way home, the two discussed their next steps.

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The next day was the weekend. Bella invited Jack to the lake for a music session.

Ever since she had heard Jack's duet with Phoebe at the radio station, she had dreamed of playing music together with him.

Wanting to share this moment with the man she loved, she had recently started learning guitar accompaniment, especially for the song "Timeless Years".

By the lakeside, the two played together. Though their coordination was a little rough at first, under Jack's expert guidance, Bella gradually found the rhythm. With the snowy landscape as their backdrop, the scene was warm and romantic. As the song ended, Bella hugged Jack tightly, her eyes filled with tenderness. "Big Bun, your guitar playing is so beautiful. Let's come here to play together more often, okay?"

At that moment, with music connecting their souls, everything felt perfect.

Bella wished time could freeze right here, so they could grow old together.

Jack nodded. His gaze fell on Bella's soft, rosy lips, and he couldn't resist leaning in to kiss her.

Bella shyly closed her eyes, letting him kiss her. At that moment, the whole world seemed to fade away, leaving only the two of them.

Lost in their sweet embrace, they suddenly heard someone passing by. Quickly, they pulled apart to avoid being seen.

Bella buried her face in Jack's chest, blushing. Then, in a gentle voice, she asked, "Big Bun, I feel like something's on your mind today. Do you want to talk about it with me?"

Jack smiled and shook his head. He didn't want to burden Bella with Drakengard Games' troubles. He thought he had hidden his worries well, but she had still noticed.

In fact, Bella was so attuned to him that she could sense even the smallest change in his emotions.

She knew he was avoiding the topic, but she didn't press him. Instead, she whispered sweetly, "Big Bun, I think about you every night. But the more I think about you, the lonelier I feel. Do you ever miss me?"

Jack answered gently, "Of course I do."

Bella's eyes sparkled with expectation. Then, in a soft and tempting voice, she asked, "Then... how about we move in together? That way, we can be together every day."

Chapter 309

Jack's heartbeat quickened. It was an incredibly tempting proposal. What man could refuse to live together with a woman as beautiful as Bella?

Especially now-after she spoke, her alluring gaze and the subtle hint of seduction she exuded were simply irresistible.

Jack didn't even dare to imagine if they really spent everyday together, given Bella's charm and her current seductive demeanor, wouldn't he end up becoming an iron man in bed?

But in the end, he stayed rational and said, "Bella, I really want to be with you, but now isn't the right time. I have a lot to deal with this semester-let's think about it next term."

He understood that while moving in together would bring them closer, it would also lead to unnecessary distractions and complications. Besides, indulging in comfort was the fastest way to lose one's ambition.

Bella hadn't expected Jack to turn her down. She bit her lips, a hint of grievance in her voice, "Big Bun, don't you want to be with me?"

Jack pulled her into a tight embrace, feeling her warmth and beauty.

"You little minx, don't tempt me into making a mistake."

After parting ways with Bella, Jack returned to his dorm. After thinking it over for a night, he ultimately decided to accept Pentime Group's harsh terms the next day.

Drakengard Games had no bargaining power at the moment.

Although this meant their revenue would take a huge hit, at least they could continue operating. The alternative was complete destruction.

When Jack and Patrick returned to the meeting room, Wendy's face was filled with the pride of a victor.

Drakengard Games had no other choice but to accept her conditions. With Drakengard Games under Pentime Group's control, Wendy was confident that their game division would see massive profits.

In turn, this would become a powerful stepping stone for her rise within the company.

She didn't waste any time. After securing the operational rights for Drakengard Games, she immediately allocated resources for a full-scale promotional campaign and launched them right away.

With aggressive marketing, Drakengard Games' three flagship titles quickly regained their momentum, soaring to the top of the game charts-surpassing even big-budget, blockbuster games.

Their ability to generate revenue was so astonishing that even Wendy was taken aback.

Although she had anticipated their success, she hadn't expected the games to explode in popularity to this extent.

Pentime Group made a fortune, and while Drakengard Games' profit margin was significantly reduced, their massive user base allowed them to stay afloat.

With this newfound financial backing, Drakengard's large-scale game project, Legend of the East, entered an intense testing phase.

As chronicle-style web novels continued to trend online, Legend of the East gained increasing attention and discussion.

Development was progressing smoothly-everything was in place.

Time flew by, and soon, New Year's Day arrived.

With that, the first semester of Jack's sophomore year quietly came to an end amidst the busy and intense atmosphere.

On Friday afternoon, Jack brought character profiles from Legend of the East to Drakengard Games for a discussion with Patrick.

During dinner, Patrick brought up the company's financial concerns. With the growing investment in Legend of the East, Drakengard Games was once again facing a cash flow crisis and urgently needed investors for funding.

Chapter 310

Today, however, Wendy met with Patrick on behalf of Pentime Group and expressed an interest in acquiring shares in Drakengard Games.

The specifics regarding investment amounts and share distribution still required further negotiation.

After dinner, Jack planned to take a taxi back, but Patrick happened to be driving out and invited him to return to the company to handle some matters together.

Jack drove the Bentley toward the campus.

Despite it being ten at night, the streets near the university remained lively. Young men and women strolled in groups, some sneaking into secluded corners for a kiss.

Occasionally, passersby cast curious glances at the luxurious Bentley.

Many young women, in particular, were dazzled by the sight of the multi-million- dollar car.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Jack couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment as he noticed the admiration in their eyes.

Compared to the somewhat abstract title of "Drakengard Games founder", this Bentley provided a more tangible sense of status and prestige.

As the car passed by a small hotel, a commotion at the entrance caught Jack's attention.

Glancing through the rearview mirror, he saw a group of foreign students surrounding several young women.

And among them, the two girls trapped in the middle were none other than Bella's roommates-Luna and Remy.

The two looked visibly panicked, seemingly in trouble. They tried to explain something, but the foreign students weren't listening, instead laughing in a strange and unsettling manner.

Although Jack wasn't particularly close to them, he decided to step in.

He drove the Bentley straight toward the group. The imposing size and sleek black exterior of the vehicle exuded an undeniable sense of dominance, creating an oppressive atmosphere.

The foreign students immediately paused their actions, their eyes widening as they stared at the sudden arrival of the luxury car.

They didn't know who was inside, but they could feel the overwhelming presence that came with it. Instinctively, they stopped harassing Luna and Remy.

Jack stepped out of the car under everyone's watchful eyes, smiling as he asked, "What's going on here?"

Luna, initially filled with fear, lit up as though she had just seen her savior. She hurried to Jack's side, her voice filled with urgency.

"Jack! Help us! These jerks won't leave us alone."

In an attempt to quickly shake off the foreign students, Luna even wrapped her arm around Jack's, deliberately giving the impression that he was their boyfriend.

Seeing this, Remy hesitated for a moment before following suit, letting out a relieved sigh as she hid behind Jack.

Jack's gaze turned icy as he looked at the foreign students and said coldly, "Get lost."

He naturally carried an intimidating aura, and with the sharp presence of the Bentley beside him, his authority only grew stronger.

The foreign students appeared reluctant, but after glancing at Jack and then at the Bentley, they couldn't shake the feeling that this was someone they shouldn't mess with. In the end, they just went away.

To prevent further harassment, Jack politely invited the two girls into the car, offering to take them back to campus.

Remy was still a bit hesitant, but Luna didn't waste a second-she hopped in immediately.

Seeing this, Remy followed suit.

The car glided smoothly toward the university. Jack focused on driving while Luna and Remy sat in the backseat.

After the earlier scene, the two young women gradually calmed down.

It was clear that this was their first time in such a luxurious car. Remy sat stiffly,

not even daring to touch anything, while Luna appeared more composed.

She casually adjusted her long hair, trying to look more natural. Under the soft car lights, her face appeared especially stunning.