Limits 321

Chapter 321

With the rise of Genesis, the company's other casual games also took off, drawing unexpected attention.

A massive wave of content creators, gaming enthusiasts, and even international novelists flocked to the platform. Under Jack's careful planning, the Haven website evolved from a simple discussion forum into a full-fledged entertainment hub.

The platform quickly amassed a huge user base thanks to the initial strategy of offering free novels and game demos. It operated on a global scale, consistently boasting over five million daily active users, sometimes even surpassing ten million. The platform was rapidly expanding, and its influence kept growing.

As its reputation soared, game developers started reaching out, eager to bring their projects to Haven in exchange for a revenue-sharing deal. At the same time, advertisers lined up, eager to place their ads on the platform.

At this point, Genesis Group was undeniably in its golden era.

Jack also began strategizing a funding plan to secure future investments for the company's continued growth. As business expanded, he found himself dedicating more and more time and energy to the company.

He handed over the Aelish version of his novel to a translation team, but for the Kranish version, he planned to ask Charlotte for help.

...

Seasons changed, and before he knew it, spring was in full bloom, bringing warmer days.

On a Saturday, Jack called Charlotte to see if she was free to teach him Kranish.

She laughed over the phone, her voice light and cheerful. "I'm at the Delta Hotel right now. Why don't you come over? Leo, fatso, and Zane are here too. We're about to go play some basketball."

The Delta Hotel was a high-end international hotel. Even in a cosmopolitan city like Alnewgo, it was considered upscale, a place where only the wealthy and influential frequented.

When Jack arrived in a cab, a security guard at the entrance stopped him.

Luxury hotels like this didn't let just anyone stroll in, especially that day when several high-profile city officials were attending a conference inside. Security was extra tight.

Jack pulled out his phone to call Charlotte, but after several attempts, she still wasn't picking up.

He figured she was probably in the middle of a game and didn't have her phone on her. Looking around for another way in, he spotted the hotel's perimeter fence. It was tall, but not tall enough to stop him.

Seizing a moment when no one was watching, he effortlessly vaulted over the 13- foot fence.

Once inside, he realized he had landed near a pristine golf course. The expansive green lawn was immaculately maintained, with sprinklers humming as they watered the field. Across a narrow river, a group of well-dressed elites sat under umbrellas, sipping their afternoon tea.

A couple of young caddies nearby glanced at Jack, looking suspicious. They had clearly seen him jump the fence. But with his composed demeanor, they hesitated to say anything.

Jack crossed a small bridge and headed toward the courts, scanning the area for Charlotte. But she was nowhere to be found.

Jack crossed a small bridge and headed toward the courts, scanning the area for Charlotte. But she was nowhere to be found.

Just as he was about to try calling her again, a sharp, surprised voice rang out from the crowd.

"Hey! It's you?"

Jack looked up and saw none other than Hector-the same man he'd clashed with not long ago.

A group of women stood behind him, the same ones who had pulled up in luxury cars that day to back him up. They still harbored a grudge against Jack, and now that they had run into him again, their expressions darkened.

Hector gave him a cold glare. "How the hell did a nobody like you get into a golf club like this?"

One of her friends, a woman named Melissa Lowe, sneered. "I bet he snuck in to steal something. Or maybe he's here to pick up stray golf balls and sell them for cash."

The rest of the women burst into laughter.

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Hector scoffed. "Melissa, you make it sound like he's some homeless bum begging for scraps."

Jack didn't even spare him a glance. His tone was cold as he said, "Do I owe you an explanation? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Hector's face flushed red with anger. He cursed under her breath, ready to take a swing at him. But just as he raised his hand, he hesitated-he still remembered how badly he had beaten him last time. In the end, he clenched his fists but backed off.

Just then, an elegant, well-dressed woman noticed the commotion and walked over. Her expression was sharp as she asked, "What's going on here?"

Melissa wasted no time pointing at Jack. "Mrs. Cane, this is Jack! He's the thug who beat Hector up on campus! And today, he jumped the fence and snuck in to steal something!"

The woman was Hector's mother, Jenny White. She immediately turned ice-cold at the mention of Jack's name.

She barked, "So, it's you. First, you beat up my son, and now you're trespassing to steal? You really have no fear, do you? Security! Someone get security! There's a thief here!"

Of course, she knew about the incident at school. How could she not? Hector's face was still swollen, and the bruises hadn't completely healed. He still had to see a doctor regularly for check-ups.

Back then, Jenny had been furious, ready to storm into the school and make a scene. But after weighing the consequences—especially the potential damage to her son's future-she decided to let it go. After all, Hector had been the instigator. But now, the very same guy who hurt Hector had the audacity to walk right into her hands.

Her shouting quickly drew the attention of the golf club's security.

A manager-looking man rushed over and asked seriously, "Mrs. Cane, what seems to be the problem?"

She pointed straight at Jack. "Mr. Clarke, this guy snuck in. He's probably here to steal!"

His name was Raydon Clarke. He then immediately turned to Jack, his expression tightening as he asked, "Sir, I need you to explain how exactly you got in here."

If Jack didn't have such a composed, confident presence, Raydon would have already ordered security to drag him out.

But Jack didn't even flinch. His voice was steady, explaining, "A friend invited me. Her name is Charlotte. She'll be here any minute."

"What absolute nonsense!" Jenny snapped. "What are you waiting for, Mr. Clarke? Have security take him down! Tase him if you have to!"

Raydon hesitated. Jack's name meant nothing to him, but Charlotte's name sent a

jolt through his chest. His instincts told him this was a situation he needed to handle carefully.

Unlike the others, Raydon knew exactly who Charlotte was-and more importantly, who was behind her. Offending her or her acquaintances wasn't a risk he was willing to take.

Just as he was caught in his dilemma, a new group of people approached from a distance.

The atmosphere instantly shifted.

This wasn't just any group. Their presence commanded attention, and even the city's elite, who had been casually sipping tea moments ago, straightened up, flashing polite, deferential smiles.

Leading the pack were several middle-aged men in tailored suits, exuding authority. The entire crowd subtly adjusted their posture as if unconsciously making way for them.

Jack didn't know most of them. But among the unfamiliar faces, two stood out.

The moment he saw them, his pupils contracted slightly. His jaw tightened, and his fists clenched at his sides.

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The middle-aged man at the center of the gathering was none other than Jason Grant, the Executive Deputy Mayor of Alnewgo. Standing beside him was a distinguished couple-the man exuded authority and composure, while the woman radiated elegance and undeniable presence.

They were none other than Quintis and Emily, the power couple behind Sandalwood Group.

Jason scanned the scene, his voice calm but commanding. "What's going on here?"

Raydon quickly stepped forward, bowing his head slightly as he explained the situation in hushed tones.

Jenny immediately seized the moment. "Mr. Grant, this guy's a thief! You need to have him arrested right away!"

Both Jason and Quintis turned their eyes to Jack, a flicker of surprise crossing their faces.

At that moment, Emily's gaze also landed on Jack. Her brow furrowed.

"It's you?"

The memory of that day at the Sandalwood Group's headquarters was still fresh in her mind-Jack had attacked Tristan. That was something she wouldn't forget anytime soon.

Of all places, she never expected to run into him here. What were the odds? Both Jason and Quintis noticed Emily's reaction, clearly sensing she knew Jack.

But instead of explaining, Emily simply nodded and stated, "I agree with Mrs. Cane. I know this young man, and I can vouch for his character-or rather, his lack of it."

A woman of Emily's status wouldn't stoop to crude insults. But that didn't mean she had to hold back her contempt. She didn't just dislike Jack-she despised him.

After losing her older son, Tristan had become her entire world. And knowing that Jack had laid hands on him made her blood boil. If she could, she'd slap him across the face right now.

Even the greatest saints struggled with impartiality when it came to those they loved.

With Emily taking a stance, the surrounding guests immediately jumped in.

"How does someone like this even get in here?"

"This hotel's security is a joke!"

"Someone needs to have a word with the security department about this!"

Jenny, emboldened by Emily's support, smirked triumphantly. "Mr. Clarke, I think it's pretty clear what needs to be done now, don't you?"

Just as the tension reached its peak, a sharp yet melodic voice rang out.

"That's a load of nonsense! He's my friend! Why would he steal anything?"

Heads turned as a group of young people came rushing over.

Leading the charge was Charlotte, her expression fierce.

Behind her were Zane, Leo, and Jack's other friends.

Clearly, they were worried Jack would be outnumbered, which explained why they'd rushed over in such a hurry.

The adults exchanged stunned glances, momentarily thrown off by the group's urgency.

Charlotte nodded. "Yes, I invited him here. If you don't believe me, ask Zane, fatso, and Leo."

Zane and the others immediately nodded in agreement.

The confidence drained from Jenny's face in an instant. She never expected this so-called 'thief' to actually know Charlotte and her friends.

Hector and Melissa looked equally horrified. It had never crossed their minds that someone like Jack could be connected to people in their circle.

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Jenny had been all set to put Jack in his place, but the second Charlotte stepped in to defend him, her expression changed in an instant.

"Oh, Char! I didn't see you there! And him... oh, he's your friend?" She let out an exaggerated laugh. "Why didn't you say so earlier? This is all just a big misunderstanding! A complete misunderstanding!"

Hector and Melissa looked pale with frustration but didn't dare say a word.

Charlotte's direct acknowledgment of Jack left them fuming, but they knew better than to push it. They were well aware that her family was in an entirely different league from theirs.

Even Jenny, who strutted around acting high and mighty in public, had to humble herself when dealing with Charlotte's parents. Compared to that, Hector and Melissa were nothing-they had no choice but to swallow their pride.

But Hector wasn't ready to let it go.

"Char, why would you even be friends with him?" he blurted out. "You do realize he's not one of us-"

She didn't finish the sentence, but the meaning was obvious. Jack didn't belong in their world. He wasn't from their circle. How could Charlotte lower herself to associate with someone like him?

Charlotte's eyes narrowed in disdain. "Us? Since when were you and I part of the same 'us'?" she shot back. "I'm friends with Jack. I'm not friends with you. Have you got a problem with that?"

She had always been direct. She was fiercely loyal to her friends but had zero patience for people like Hector. She hadn't forgotten how Hector had tried to gang up on Jack at school. That had only made her dislike him more.

Zane and Neil immediately stepped forward, making it clear that they had Jack's back.

Jason let out a sigh. His children clearly had some kind of connection with Jack. But on the other hand, Emily-one of his esteemed guests-also seemed to have an issue with him.

Trying to ease the tension, he asked carefully, "Mrs. Lycan, is there some kind of misunderstanding between you and this young man?"

Quintis also looked at Emily in confusion. He had no idea why she had an issue with Jack.

What he didn't know was that Jack was the very person who had laid hands on Tristan at Sandalwood Group.

Emily studied Jack for a moment. His expression was calm, but there was an undeniable edge to his gaze-a coldness mixed with something else. It was resentment.

For some reason, the look in his eyes made something inside her soften. She let out a quiet breath and said simply, "It's nothing. Forget it."

Jason and the others exchanged puzzled glances. Forget it? Just like that?

But since Emily had chosen not to pursue it, there was no reason for anyone else to escalate things.

Jason chuckled and clapped his hands. "Well, if it was all just a misunderstanding, then that's a relief! Charlotte, since he's your friend, why didn't you greet him properly? Take him around, show him the place!"

The other guests quickly followed his lead, letting out polite chuckles as the tension melted away.

Raydon was quick to read the room. Seeing how Jack had somehow earned the favor of these powerful people, he wiped the sweat off his brow and immediately bowed slightly.

"I sincerely apologize for the misunderstanding, sir. I hope you won't take it to heart."

Leo, always quick to stir things up, grinned. "Mr. Clarke, aren't you also the manager of the Alnewgo University Hotel?" he asked with a smirk. "If you really want to make it up to Big Jack, how about rolling out the red carpet for him next time he stops by for a meal?"

Raydon's heart skipped a beat when he heard Leo call Jack "Big Jack"-clearly, the two had a deep connection. He quickly nodded and bowed slightly, eagerly responding, "Of course!"

Charlotte turned to Jack with a bright smile. "Come on, let's go! I actually brought a book on Kranish history-I think you'll find it interesting."

Zane, Neil, and Leo nudged Jack playfully. "You go on ahead," Zane said with a grin. "We'll catch up in a bit."

As Jack walked off with Charlotte, Hector and Melissa stood frozen, their faces drained of color.

It finally hit them. Jack wasn't just some nobody. It wasn't just Charlotte. Even Zane, Neil, and Leo-all infamous for being untouchable troublemakers-were backing him.

And worst of all? Leo had just called him "Big Jack".

That single phrase sent chills down their spines.

Chapter 325

The truth hit them hard-they had completely misjudged him.

This so-called "country bumpkin" actually had connections?

Hector felt a chill run down his spine. The more he thought about it, the more uneasy he became. For the first time, he felt a twinge of regret.

Meanwhile, Jack and Charlotte walked further away with their group.

But Emily remained frozen, staring at Jack's retreating figure, lost in thought.

Something about his silhouette struck a chord deep within her. It felt familiar.

Unknowingly, her expression softened.

Quintis noticed the change in Emily and raised an eyebrow. "What are you looking at?"

Emily shook her head lightly, her voice barely above a whisper. "That's him. He's the one who teamed up with the CEO of Drakengard Games to beat up Tristan."

She then briefly recounted what had happened that day.

Quintis' expression darkened instantly. "So he's the bastard who did it? Then why the hell did you let him go so easily?"

He knew Emily better than anyone. She never let anyone touch Tristan without severe consequences. If this had been the past, she would have made sure Jack paid for it. Yet today, she just let him walk away.

But Emily only shook her head, her eyes still fixed on Jack, who was now almost out of sight.

"Quintis... don't you think his silhouette looks familiar?" she murmured.

Quintis frowned, but by now, Jack had disappeared into the distance. "I can't say I see it."

Emily sighed. She didn't know why she had let him off either.

Something about Jack's figure tugged at something buried deep inside her, something she couldn't quite place. It felt like a memory-one that should have been crystal clear, yet no matter how hard she tried to recall it, it remained just out of reach.

Meanwhile, Jack and Charlotte had made their way to a quiet grassy field near a spacious tennis court.

Charlotte pulled a book of Kranish idioms and anecdotes out of her bag and handed it to him.

Jack flipped through the pages absentmindedly, but his mind was elsewhere. He was trying to figure out how to ask Charlotte for help translating his novel.

"You can start with one chapter," she said, breaking the silence. "If you don't understand anything, just ask me."

"Sounds good," Jack replied. "I brought a pen to take notes, too."

Charlotte smiled. Then, as if casually, she asked, "By the way, would you play tennis with me later?"

She batted her lashes at him, waiting for his response.

Jack glanced at her in surprise.

Apparently, she used to ask Zane, Neil, and the others to play with her, but they all bailed after a while. She played too aggressively, and the guys-being guys-

couldn't handle losing to a girl, so they just stopped playing.

"Sure," Jack agreed easily. "I actually had fun last time."

This was the perfect chance to bring up his request.

They moved to the tennis court, warmed up, and started their game.

Charlotte wasn't just beautiful and smart-she was incredibly athletic, too. Every movement was powerful yet graceful, her ponytail swaying with each step. She was like a living highlight reel on the court.

But after a few rounds, Jack started to notice something was off. She was distracted.

Her swings were weaker, and her usually sharp aim was sloppy. Jack won point after point with little effort, which was completely unlike her.

Eventually, even Charlotte realized she wasn't in the right mindset. Frustrated, she tossed her racket aside.

"Let's take a break."

Jack nodded, setting his racket down as well. He glanced at her and asked casually, "Is there something on your mind?"

She didn't deny it. Her gaze drifted toward the lake in the distance.

"Yeah... something's been bothering me," she admitted softly.

Jack smiled faintly. "Do you want to talk about it? Maybe I can help."

But she just shook her head, a hint of sadness in her eyes. "This isn't something you can help with."

Seeing that she didn't want to share, Jack didn't push her. He simply nodded and let the conversation fade into silence.

Chapter 326

Out of nowhere, Charlotte's voice took on a sorrowful tone.

"I used to think that as long as I was under my family's protection, I could live carefree, that everything I saw and experienced was beautiful and full of light. But now, I realize there's so much in this world that I never even imagined. Beyond what we see, there's cruelty... and ruthless battles being fought in the shadows."

Jack frowned, confused by the sudden shift in her mood. But before he could ask, she turned to him and said, "Do you know that far from here, in places like Afrona, people are living in warzones, struggling through unimaginable poverty? Can you even picture what their daily lives must be like?"

Jack listened intently. He wasn't particularly well-versed in global conflicts, but he could hear the weight in her words.

Then, something clicked in his mind.

"Your uncle-he's trapped in a war-torn country in Afrona, isn't he?"

Charlotte's eyes widened in shock. "How did you know?"

Jack chuckled. "Your brother mentioned it once at the foreign language faculty."

She nodded slowly. "Yeah. He's in Crawford, and things have gotten so bad there that they can't get out."

As she spoke, Jack pieced it together. Crawford was currently a disaster zone, caught in a violent civil war. And her uncle, a diplomat, along with his family, was stuck there. Political complications had made their evacuation nearly impossible. Jack's mind raced. Maybe... just maybe, he could do something about this.

But he kept his thoughts to himself for now. Until he fully understood the situation, he wasn't going to make any promises.

At that moment, Zane, Neil, and Leo finally arrived at the tennis courts.

After a few quick greetings, Neil suggested, "Let's play a round together."

Zane grinned. "I'm in."

Leo, always the troublemaker, smirked at Jack. "Jack, you're a beast in a fight, but tennis? I bet you can't take down Charlotte."

Jack just chuckled, saying nothing. Charlotte didn't bother defending him, either. She simply shot a side glance at her brother and said casually, "Fatso, I'd rethink this if I were you. You might end up questioning your entire existence."

Neil scoffed. "Yeah, right. Jack, don't tell me you're actually better than my sister?" Jack smiled. "We'll just be playing for fun."

But Neil wasn't dumb. He suddenly realized something-Charlotte had been playing tennis almost obsessively these past few weeks. And she had even hired a national-level coach for extra training.

There was only one reason she'd go that hard. And that would be Jack.

Neil hesitated. Did he really want to go up against Jack? Before he could make up his mind, a new group approached, radiating a strong presence.

Leading them was a tall, good-looking guy named Simon Raynor. He walked with an air of arrogance, flanked by his own crew.

Among them was Hector.

Simon smirked at Zane and said mockingly, "Zane, what's wrong? Couldn't handle the pressure in the capital, so you ran to Alnewgo to act like big shots?"

Zane's and Neil's expressions darkened.

Neil snapped coldly, "What the hell does that have to do with you? Get lost."

It was clear they had bad blood. And judging by Simon's unbothered demeanor,

he wasn't just some random rich kid he was on their level.

Even Hector, who was usually arrogant, wasn't the main character here. He was just another follower in Simon's group.

Simon ignored Neil entirely. His gaze landed shamelessly on Charlotte.

His eyes roamed over her body, lingering in all the wrong places. Then, he licked his lips and said with a grin, "My future wife... I haven't seen you in a few days, and damn, those curves are looking even better. Why don't you come over here and let your man take some measurements?"

Chapter 327

Charlotte's eyes turned icy as she said, "Say one more word, and I'll gouge your eyes out."

Simon's female companion, Julie Holt, smirked at her.

"Oh, come on," she sneered. "Acting all high and mighty just because you've got a nice rack? What's the point of having those if you don't want men looking at them?"

Charlotte's expression darkened. "I don't mind people looking. I just hate it when it's people like you. It makes me sick."

Julie opened her mouth to retort, but Simon raised a hand, stopping her. Then, with a smug grin, he said, "Since we're already at the court, how about a match? Four on four, ten serves each. The team with the most points wins."

Leo chuckled mockingly. "What? Charlotte got your ass handed to you last time, and now you want a rematch?"

Julie scoffed. "Laugh while you can. Let's see who's laughing at the end of the game."

Simon smirked at Zane. "What's wrong? Are you afraid to take the challenge?" Zane cracked his knuckles. "Oh, I'd never say no to an opportunity to wreck you." The match started fast. But something was off.

Simon's team didn't send him in right away. Instead, they saved their last player- a well-built man in his mid-thirties for the final round. He was their trump card. Meanwhile, Charlotte turned to Neil. "You sit this one out. Let's save Jack for last."

Neil hesitated but nodded. If Charlotte was confident in Jack, so was he.

The first match started with Leo stepping up, but he got completely wiped out by Julie 10-3.

Pressure mounted on Zane's team. Their only hope now rested on Jack.

As Jack walked onto the court, Julie smirked arrogantly. She was sure she had this in the bag.

Jack, on the other hand, completely ignored her.

But when the match began, Jack's strength was instantly on full display. His first return shot was so fast that Julie didn't even have time to react. The ball shot past her, landing perfectly in bounds.

From the sidelines, Simon's expression stiffened.

"Julie, focus!" he barked.

Meanwhile, Charlotte and Zane exchanged knowing smirks. Jack was full of surprises.

Julie finally realized what was happening. She had underestimated him.

Still, she refused to believe it wasn't just luck. Taking a deep breath, she served the ball herself, hoping to catch him off guard. But the moment she hit it, Jack instantly returned it with a powerful stroke-one so precise it sent the ball sailing out of her reach.

Simon's frown deepened. Even the bystanders started murmuring—this guy wasn't just good. He was on a completely different level.

Julie started to panic. She gritted her teeth and served again. But it was the same result.

In a matter of minutes, the scoreboard read 5-0.

She barely managed to score two points before Jack completely dominated her, 10-2.

The next player on Simon's team stepped up.

A scrawny-looking guy, weak and unsteady on his feet.

He looked harmless, but Jack wasn't about to lower his guard.

The outcome of the match took everyone by surprise-Jack completely wiped the floor with his opponent, winning with absolute dominance.

Now, Simon himself stepped up, his face grim. He had been so sure Jack was just some nobody. But now? He knew better.

Charlotte leaned in toward Jack. "Go all out. Simon hates being underestimated."

Jack didn't need to be told twice.

What followed was nothing short of a massacre.

Simon managed to scrape together two points, but that was all he got. Jack

walked away with an easy 10-2 victory.

Now, only one match remained-their final opponent.

The last player-Kinston Lindell—finally stepped onto the court.

Unlike the others, he wasn't just some rich kid. it was clear he was a seasoned expert. Brimming with confidence, he was going to teach Jack a lesson.

However, the two were locked in an intense battle once the match began. Kingston's steady, calculated approach contrasted sharply with Jack's explosive energy.

Despite Kingston's extensive experience and refined technique, Jack held his ground, countering with raw power and a deep understanding of the game.

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As the match progressed, Kingston's confidence started to crumble.

He had walked onto the court, fully expecting to teach Jack a lesson. But reality hit hard-Jack was a nightmare to play against.

There was no suspense and no miracles. Kingston lost. And not just lost-he got crushed.

Jack had single-handedly wiped out their entire team. His teammates didn't even have to play.

The entire court fell into silence.

Simon, Julie, and their crew looked like they had just swallowed nails. They had hyped up Kingston as their trump card, their guaranteed win.

But now? They had nothing left to say.

Even Zane and Neil-who already knew Jack was a monster-couldn't hide their excitement.

Zane smirked and turned to Simon. "Damn, Simon, I didn't even need to lift a finger. Jack swept the floor with you guys."

Simon gritted his teeth, glowering at Zane. After a few seconds, he exhaled sharply and muttered, "I admit it. We lost. But seriously-who the hell is this guy?"

Zane grinned, clapping Jack on the shoulder. "Jack. My brother."

With that, Simon and his crew had no choice but to accept their defeat and leave. Zane couldn't hold back his excitement as soon as they were gone.

"Jack, you've got to teach me how to play! You don't know how much of a smug bastard Simon was about tennis back then."

Even Neil, usually more reserved, was grinning ear to ear. This wasn't just a win- it was payback for everything Simon and his crew had done back in the capital.

Jack chuckled, but after all the action, he was starting to feel a bit worn out.

He stretched and said, "I think I'm gonna call it a day."

Before leaving, he turned to Charlotte. "Hey, if you've got time, I could use your help translating some documents."

Charlotte agreed immediately, still riding the high from Jack's dominant performance.

Of course, Jack didn't mention it was an entire novel. He figured he'd ease her into it better to start with "documents" first.

Seeing her agree so readily, he breathed a small sigh of relief.

After saying their goodbyes, Jack headed back to campus.

By the time he arrived, the sky had darkened.

In his dorm, Isaac and Joshua were deep in discussion about the basketball team.

They had just joined the university squad, and there was a strong chance they'd be playing in this year's Calisota Universities Basketball Association competition.

For two guys who had dreamed of playing college basketball, this was huge.

Meanwhile, Jack took a quick shower, then picked up his phone. It was a call from Bella. She was back from the capital.

After hanging up the phone, Jack casually opened his computer to check on "Haven" and see how things were going.

To his surprise, the platform was thriving. Haven had surpassed ten million registered users, and at peak hours, the number of online users skyrocketed to eight million—an undeniable mark of its overwhelming success.

Originally, Jack had created Haven as a gathering place for international readers who loved Legend of the West, providing a hub for fans to engage with the series while making it easier for him to update his work and promote the upcoming Legend of the West game.

However, as Haven continued to expand, it evolved into something far greater. Now, it was no longer just a literary discussion platform-it had become a vibrant community for creative minds worldwide. Writers could showcase their storytelling talents, while game developers could feature their projects, drawing in potential players.

Beyond that, Haven had grown into a diverse entertainment hub, offering multiple subcategories, even attracting independent media creators who shared news and personal insights.

In short, Haven was thriving. With its seamless user experience and diverse content, its user engagement was stronger than ever.

As its community grew exponentially, its influence skyrocketed, even earning recognition from certain media outlets as one of the most dynamic websites of the

era.

Chapter 329

With its massive fanbase and top-tier quality, Legend of the West continued its

meteoric rise, dominating gaming charts across the board. It wasn't just popular— it had become the undisputed king of Osmo's most-played games.

Nothing could shake its position at the top.

Online, praise for the game flooded forums and social media. Some of the comments were so over-the-top that even Jack-who preferred to stay low-key- couldn't help but feel proud.

He had always been optimistic about the game's potential. But even he had underestimated its success.

It was so addictive that schools started reporting students neglecting their studies because of it.

At the same time, an unexpected phenomenon emerged-some addicts actually quit drugs just to stay focused on the game.

Merchandise sales soared. Action figures, collector's editions, and in-game strategy guides sold out instantly.

The success of the Legend of the West novels skyrocketed alongside the game. The moment the physical books hit the shelves, they were gone in minutes.

Then came Rolleywood. Directors and producers immediately saw the billion- dollar potential of adapting the story into a movie or TV series.

Studio executives started throwing insane amounts of money at Jack, fighting over the adaptation rights.

The offers were so outrageous that even Jack thought they were out of their minds. But the craziest part was that even foreign royalty was obsessed with the game.

King Casper of Paria personally reached out to Jack online. He had literally traveled all the way to Osmo just to experience the game firsthand.

Jack was stunned. He already knew that Casper had built internet infrastructure in his country just to read the Legend of the West novel and even upgraded to fiber optic cables just to play the game.

However, Casper unexpectedly showed up in Ossmo. Could it be that the internet in Paria had been disrupted again?

"Don't even mention it," Casper grumbled, looking exasperated. "There's been another rebellion in our neighboring country, Crawford. They're constantly at war. The base stations near the border were bombed, and now we can't get online at all."

As Jack listened to Casper's complaints, he took the opportunity to look up Paria's geographical location.

He quickly discovered that Paria not only bordered Crawford, but it was also situated near the ocean. Just as Charlotte had mentioned, this country had yet to establish diplomatic relations with any other nation.

His conversation with Casper was surprisingly enjoyable, but it also stirred a memory. It reminded him of Charlotte-and that fleeting thought he'd had while he

was with her resurfaced once again.

Jack decided to test the waters with Casper first. To his surprise, Casper responded with overwhelming enthusiasm.

"Oh my goodness, Jack! Your friends must be as wonderful as angels. If they were to visit my country, it would be Paria's greatest honor. I would welcome them with the grandest, most extravagant hospitality!"

With Casper's promise secured, Jack felt a wave of satisfaction. He was confident he could finally resolve the issue that had been troubling Charlotte's family.

The next morning, he had plans to have breakfast with Bella.

Jack woke up early, got ready, and put on the clothes Bella had bought for him. Just as he finished dressing, his phone rang-it was Bella. She was already waiting downstairs outside the males' dorm.

When he stepped outside, he immediately spotted her standing at the entrance, scanning the crowd.

Her long hair was tied into a high ponytail, and the light touch of makeup on her stunning features made her look even more captivating. Her figure was nothing short of mesmerizing-curves in all the right places, paired with endlessly long legs.

She was so breathtaking that heads turned wherever she went. Some people even stared so intently that they walked straight into walls, practically drooling. She was pure temptation, wrapped in perfection.

Chapter 330

Jack felt a wave of warmth as he looked at Bella. She was his girl-his beautiful, breathtaking girlfriend. Just thinking about it made him feel genuinely happy.

The moment Bella spotted him, her face lit up like a sunrise, her smile bright and dazzling.

Without a care for the envious stares of the guys around them, she rushed straight into Jack's arms, a soft breeze carrying her familiar, intoxicating scent.

Jack held her tightly, enjoying every bit of it. He could practically feel the jealousy radiating from the guys nearby, and honestly? He loved it.

Bella noticed the bitter stares, too, then glanced at Jack, who was clearly soaking it all in.

She let out a playful hmph, smirking. "You're feeling pretty smug, huh?"

Then, just as he least expected it, she leaned in, pressed a quick, soft kiss on his lips, and darted away before anyone could react.

She giggled to herself. As long as it made Jack look good, she'd do anything.

Still smiling, she gazed at him with soft eyes. "Did you miss me?"

Jack nodded without hesitation.

Bella's heart melted at his simple response. She reached for his hand, lacing her fingers through his as they headed toward the dining hall.

After breakfast, Bella proactively suggested going to Jack's dorm room.

She had a feeling his room was a mess again since she hadn't cleaned it in a while. By now, though, she was used to straightening things up for him. She never minded. If anything, she actually enjoyed it—a little too much.

The moment they stepped inside, Isaac, Joshua, and the others naturally found excuses to leave, giving the two some private space.

Seeing the dorm room empty, a shy blush crept onto Bella's delicate face. A mix of excitement and nervous anticipation stirred inside her.

She stole a glance at Jack, then quickly looked away, her heartbeat a little faster than usual. The soft floral scent of her shampoo lingered in the air, making the moment even more dangerously sweet.

Jack could feel the tension shift.

Jack felt a surge of excitement as well. Being alone with the girl he adored naturally made him want to indulge in something sweet. He noticed the mix of anticipation and nervousness in Bella's gaze, stirring something deep within him. Suddenly, as if remembering something, Bella grabbed a bag beside her and handed it to him. "Big Bun, I picked out some clothes for you again this winter break. Take a look-do you like them?"

As she spoke, she pulled out the clothes one by one. Each item was a luxury brand, and some were even custom-made to fit Jack's exact measurements, designed by private fashion stylists.

Her thoughtfulness was undeniable—if it was for him, Bella was willing to do anything.

Jack nodded. "If it's from you, I like it no matter what."

Then, Bella pulled out a few pieces of fabric, her face turning red as she gazed at him with anticipation as she asked, "Look at this. I picked it out just for you. Do you like it?"

Jack glanced at it-and realized they were men's underwear.

His heart skipped a beat, and a teasing smile curled at his lips. "Why'd you think of buying me these?"

Bella lowered her head, her voice barely above a whisper. "I just... I want you to wear the clothes that I picked for you. From head to toe."

Jack's smirk deepened. "Then why did you buy them so big?"

Bella grew even more flustered, stammering, "I... I wasn't sure about your size, so I just..."

Before she could finish, Jack cut her off, his tone playful, "Or maybe... Did you buy them based on what you imagined? Or... do you have other thoughts? Be honest."

Her heart pounded. Mustering her courage, Bella met his gaze head-on. She said, "I... I like them this way. So what about it?"