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Hannah was completely stunned.

Her proud personality made her feel a level of humiliation she had never experienced before. But when she tried to throw out a harsh remark, she realized she didn't have the strength to back it up.

Duncan's and Wilson's expressions were also in constant flux. They were both inwardly frustrated, their faces burning with embarrassment as if they had been scorched by fire.

Jack's identity had clearly surpassed theirs.

Especially his role as the owner of Drakengard Games, which made their earlier mocking seem utterly hollow and powerless. In fact, they felt like the real joke

now.

Suddenly, Wilson shouted in anger, "So what if you own Drakengard Games? My parents are involved in Ace Group, which is listed on the Growth Enterprise Market, worth ten billion! It's way bigger than your unlisted Drakengard Games!"

In the face of his inability to compete with Jack, Wilson tried to pull in his relatives for support.

The crowd reacted with surprised glances. They hadn't expected Wilson's parents to be involved with the decision-makers at Ace Group.

"Worthless!" Jack spat coldly. He had no respect for people who tried to ride on their relatives' coattails to boost their own worth, and he didn't even spare them a glance.

Being ignored like this pushed Wilson to a boiling point. "You bastard! What did you just say?"

"I said you're worthless. What's the matter, still hiding behind your parents at your age? Are you still nursing from the teat?" Jack's disdain and contempt were almost palpable, making Wilson seethe with rage.

Bella anxiously grabbed Jack's hand, fearing that Wilson might attack him. But no one dared to intervene.

After Jack's earlier display of strength against Wilson and Duncan, everyone was already intimidated.

Moreover, the energy Jack was exuding at that moment made everyone feel as if they should bow down to him.

Finally, in his fury, Wilson threw a punch at Jack, and Duncan, eager to please, also rushed in from the other side to attack.

Bella screamed in fear, "Be careful!"

But Jack had already sensed their moves.

With two punches, both idiots were knocked to the ground, screaming like stuck pigs.

The crowd was stunned, and Hannah's anger reached new heights.

The Entrepreneurs Association's recruitment event was supposed to be a dignified affair—how could this kind of behavior be allowed?

Hannah roared, "Security! Get in here! Immediately grab this damn thug!"

Hearing the commotion, the security rushed in and surrounded Jack.

But Bella stepped in front of Jack, standing firm with her arms outstretched, protecting him with all her might. She said resolutely, "What do you think you're doing? Don't you dare touch Big Bun."

No matter what, Bella would stand by Jack, refusing to let anyone hurt him.

But Hannah ignored Bella and coldly addressed Jack, "I'm giving you your last bit of dignity. Leave here right now, or don't blame me for being rude!"

Unfortunately, Hannah's threat was nothing more than an empty gesture in Jack's

eyes.

Jack shook his head. "Give me dignity? That's a load of crap."

"You bastard!" Hannah cursed in fury. She had never encountered someone so arrogant before. She immediately ordered the security, "Throw him out! No, throw him out with force!"

Since Jack refused to accept her respectful invitation, Hannah had no problem making sure he was thrown out.

Being the owner of Drakengard Games didn't mean he could act so arrogantly. Hannah might not be as powerful as Jack, but Jack wouldn't get away unscathed if she pulled the family card.

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Just as the security guards were about to take action against Jack, a loud shout suddenly rang out from outside.

"Stop!"

Everyone turned to see the hotel manager, Raydon, rushing in, sweat dripping down his face.

Seeing the chaos in the room, Raydon coldly asked, "What's going on here? What happened?"

Jack paused, recognizing Raydon as the same manager he had encountered at the golf course not long ago.

It turned out this manager had quite the network. Not only was he a high-ranking executive at the golf club, but he was also a senior manager here at the hotel.

Hannah quickly pointed at Jack and said, "Mr. Clarke, this thug disrupted our recruitment event and is causing trouble here. Please send someone to get rid of him immediately!"

Hannah expected Raydon to angrily kick Jack out, perhaps even slap him a hundred times. Unfortunately, she had miscalculated.

When Raydon saw Jack, he froze.

Raydon remembered Jack from the golf club, where he had seen him mingling with the likes of Charlotte, Zane, and other high-society figures. Even Emily had once considered taking action against Jack, only to back off. It made Raydon realize that Jack was no ordinary person.

Especially after seeing Jack play tennis with Charlotte and bond with Zane, Raydon was even more astounded.

He quickly walked up to Jack, his tone genuinely concerned. "Jack, are you alright?"

The moment those words left his mouth, Hannah, Wilson, and the others were stunned.

Did Raydon know Jack?

Bella, who had been anxiously holding her breath, felt her heart relax a little.

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Clarke. I'm fine." Jack smiled lightly, relieved that at least in this moment, Raydon didn't seem to be turning against him.

"I'm glad to hear that," Raydon said, visibly relieved. He then turned his attention to Hannah. "Ms. Pope, what's going on here? How did you end up in a misunderstanding with Jack?"

Hannah's expression darkened as she looked at Raydon's attitude toward Jack. Her brows furrowed tightly.

Wilson and Duncan were also dumbfounded. They had hoped that Raydon would come down hard on Jack, but now it seemed the situation was turning against them.

Hannah, her composure slipping, could only stiffly explain, "Mr. Clarke, he disrupted our recruitment event here, and I would like him to leave immediately."

Raydon's face showed hesitation. "This..."

Seeing the situation, Jack couldn't help but sneer. "Cut the high-and-mighty act! I'm here to settle this. These two just tried to drug my girlfriend. How do you plan to deal with that?"

Hannah, Wilson, and Duncan were caught off guard. Wilson and Duncan quickly denied the accusation.

"Don't make stuff up! You're shameless, trying to turn this around on us!"

Jack remained calm and confident. "You're in luck. There happens to be a high- definition camera right above your head, capturing everything you've done. Whether I'm lying or not, it'll be clear to anyone who watches the footage."

Wilson's and Duncan's faces drained of color. They hadn't anticipated that there was a camera right above them.

Cold sweat dripped from their foreheads, and they turned to Hannah with pleading looks.

Understanding the situation and their silent cries for help, Hannah realized what had happened. Before she could even signal to Raydon, Raydon had already started walking away while saying, "Since there's a camera, we can easily pull up the video right now."

Wilson and Duncan were visibly shaken, and Hannah quickly said, "Mr. Clarke, I heard that the camera might be malfunctioning."

She desperately tried to signal him with her eyes.

But Raydon smiled, saying, "Ms. Pope, all our equipment is in perfect working order. Besides, I'm sure everyone here would like to see if Jack is really making false accusations, and they'd want justice for these two students, wouldn't they?"

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Raydon's words were so righteous that Hannah couldn't find anything to say in response. But everyone knew he was really helping Jack.

Wilson and Duncan both had miserable expressions on their faces, realizing that their secrets were about to be exposed. They looked for any opportunity to escape.

But at that moment, Raydon gave a subtle glance, and the security guards who had been waiting outside swiftly blocked the exit. No one was leaving without Raydon's command.

The surveillance footage was retrieved, and the truth was undeniable.

What made matters worse was that the camera was high-definition, capturing every detail, including Wilson and Duncan's twisted expressions as they drugged the drink.

When the footage was shown, Wilson and Duncan collapsed in fear, their bodies going limp as they were dragged by the hotel security-like scolded mutts being tossed out of a restaurant.

With Wilson and Duncan taken care of, Jack and Bella were in high spirits. Jack happily took Bella's hand and led her out of the hotel.

Hannah, seeing this, was absolutely livid. The Entrepreneurs Association's reputation had been thoroughly tarnished by the disgrace of Wilson and Duncan.

She decided to take out her frustration on Jack.

She pointed at Jack's back and almost angrily shouted, "Don't get too proud of yourself! Remember this, from today on, you'll be the enemy of the Entrepreneurs Association. You'll have no connections to Alnewgo University's vast alumni network. You'll pay dearly for your arrogance today!"

Hannah's words were full of warnings and threats, implying that Jack would not only be excluded from the Entrepreneurs Association but also from the mainstream circles of Alnewgo University. For any student with aspirations, this would be a crushing blow.

But to Jack, it meant nothing at all.

For Bella, though, her heart was filled with regret. She knew that the closing of the Entrepreneurs Association's doors meant Jack would lose out on many valuable resources and opportunities.

Feeling guilty that she had caused all of this, Bella softly said, "Big Bun, I'm sorry." Jack smiled as he gently stroked her hair, then leaned in to kiss her on the cheek. "It's me who should apologize. I didn't protect you well enough."

Bella felt a surge of sweetness in her heart, and her eyes welled up with tears.

Jack held her tightly and kissed her deeply on the lips. The two of them became lost in the kiss, as though the entire world around them had disappeared.

It wasn't until a student walked by and reminded them to be mindful of the setting that they reluctantly pulled apart.

Bella's face was flushed, but her eyes sparkled with pride and happiness. She wanted everyone to witness her love for Jack.

Meanwhile, Andrew, as his country's ambassador, was on the phone with Jason at Crawford's embassy.

Just moments ago, Jason had informed him that the neighboring country, Paria, had opened its borders to allow them to pass through, and the relevant national departments had already negotiated with the Euphoria countries. They planned to send ships to Paria's port to pick them up.

However, there was a slight uncertainty in Jason's voice. Since the information came from Charlotte, it felt a bit untrustworthy.

To be cautious, Jason suggested that Andrew send an advance team to check the situation. If there were any issues, they would have time to prepare alternative plans.

As Andrew was about to hang up and send someone to verify Jason's information,

a sudden loud barrage of artillery fire erupted outside.

A military officer rushed in in a panic, reporting, "Mr. Grant, the government forces have fallen! The rebel army has entered the capital! We need to leave immediately, or it'll be too late!"

The situation was urgent.

Andrew's wife and daughter looked at him with terror in their eyes.

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The embassy staff panicked, looking to Andrew for guidance, while the military officers guarded the entrance and prepared for a desperate fight.

The situation was dire, almost a life-or-death struggle.

"Immediately, contact the Crawford government!" Andrew ordered quickly.

But soon, he received an update: "The government forces are currently in crisis and unable to secure the embassy."

"Head to the Paria border!"

There was no time for hesitation. This was his last hope.

He trusted that Jason wouldn't risk the lives of everyone in the embassy, so he made the decision to act immediately.

The embassy staff quickly gathered all available vehicles and, with a large convoy, made their way toward the Paria border.

Along the way, the sight of corpses made it clear just how brutal the situation was.

If they didn't leave now, they would surely be caught by the rebel forces, who were known for their savagery. There was no chance of survival.

Fortunately, the capital of Crawford wasn't far from Paria.

Despite the rough terrain and occasional sniper fire from scattered rebel forces, they managed to reach the border between the two countries.

At the Paria border, heavy troops were stationed, soldiers with rifles in hand, watching the events unfolding in Crawford with wary eyes.

The main objective was to prevent refugees from crossing into Paria.

Andrew, observing everything through binoculars, felt a surge of anxiety. With the heavily armed soldiers at the border, if they launched an attack on the convoy, there would be no way out for them.

Andrew's wife and daughter stayed close behind him, uncertain of what would happen next.

Should they go forward? Or retreat?

As Andrew hesitated, the officer who had been covering their rear finally returned. "Mr. Grant, you need to make a decision quickly. The rebels are closing in."

Andrew was stunned. Caught between a rock and a hard place, Andrew had no time to waste!

...

Jason felt equally restless back at home, like a fish out of water.

After speaking with Andrew on the phone, he tried calling again, only to find the phone lines in Crawford were down. Bombs had likely destroyed the wires and base stations.

Finally, news came from the departments monitoring the Crawford situation. A bomb had hit the Crawford embassy, but fortunately, all personnel had evacuated, and there were no reports of casualties at that time.

However, there was still no word on whether Andrew had found refuge in Paria.

Faced with such uncertainty, Jason could only hope for the best, but his heart was filled with anxiety and worry.

He kept calling, attempting to reach Crawford, but after dozens of failed attempts over several hours, the frustration grew.

The situation worsened. The Crawford rebels had completely taken control of the capital.

Jason, irritable, lit a cigarette, but the more he smoked, the worse his mood became.

He wasn't sure how much time passed, but his phone suddenly rang just as he was about to drift off. It was an unfamiliar international call.

Jason quickly answered. On the other end of the line, he heard the deep but steady voice of Andrew.

"Jason, it's Andrew."

Upon hearing Andrew's voice, Jason felt an overwhelming sense of relief and joy. "Where are you now? Are you safe? No one's hurt, right?"

There was a brief silence from Andrew's side as if he were carefully choosing his words to describe what had happened.

"Jason, you won't believe it. Not only are we all safe, but... but we're on our way to a state banquet!"

Jason froze. "A state banquet?"

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"Exactly! We are attending a state banquet," Andrew confirmed with a chuckle before proceeding to recount the entire story.

It turned out that when all hope seemed lost, Andrew had finally made his way into Paria. To his surprise, not only was he granted asylum, but the Parian military had even fought off the Crawford rebel forces to ensure their safety.

What followed was even more remarkable-Paria had rolled out the red carpet for them, literally. Not only were they given the highest honors, but King Casper of Paria himself had personally greeted them.

Casper, who had embraced Andrew warmly, claimed that since Jack was his friend, Andrew was also considered a friend of his. Casper had then extended the highest level of hospitality, inviting Andrew and his group to review the troops together.

Afterward, they attended a state banquet, followed by the presentation of national gifts.

Even for someone as experienced as Andrew, this level of treatment was unprecedented. The whole situation felt surreal, like something out of a dream.

What thrilled Andrew the most was that Casper not only spoke highly of Jack, calling him his best friend, but he also publicly declared his desire to establish diplomatic relations with the Solara mainland.

Such an extraordinary turn of events was unheard of for an ambassador.

Andrew and the embassy staff were all left in disbelief, feeling as though they were living in a dream.

After hearing this, Jason's anxiety finally lifted. But he also realized that this could be a huge opportunity to build a relationship with Paria.

If they could indeed establish a connection, it wouldn't just be a major diplomatic win-it could also provide access to Paria's abundant metal ore resources. For a country like theirs, which was heavily dependent on the international monopolies of iron ore and other resources, this could be a game-changer.

However, these matters would require the relevant departments to plan and arrange.

After finishing the call with Andrew, Jason lit another cigarette, his mind racing as he processed everything.

He knew that it was all thanks to Charlotte's friend, though the exact nature of the connection between this friend and Casper was still unclear. But the lavish treatment that Andrew had received was nothing short of shocking.

It was clear that this friend had an extraordinary identity.

After finishing the cigarette, Jason dialed Charlotte's number again.

Meanwhile, Jack was in his dorm room watching the news. He was tuned into the finance channel, where an interview with Drakengard Games' CEO, Patrick, was being aired on Celestial Network.

On the screen, Patrick was enthusiastically discussing the future development prospects of Drakengard Games. He had completely reinvented himself—now a successful figure, worlds apart from the dismissed employee who had once hit rock bottom.

Thanks to a series of games he had developed and the latest hit, "Legend of the East", in addition to the powerful collaboration with Pentime Group, a top-tier game developer and platform provider, Drakengard Games was now riding a wave of success.

Being interviewed on Celestial Network's financial channel was no surprise-it was well-deserved.

With "Legend of the East" becoming a massive hit and showcasing impressive revenue generation potential, platforms that had once fully blocked Drakengard Games, such as "GamePod" and "TaterGames", were now once again allowing the games to be downloaded.

After all, the novel "Legend of the East" had exploded in popularity, with an enormous fanbase. Coupled with the game's high-quality production, its success was to be expected.

For download platforms, if they couldn't offer "Legend of the East", they risked losing traffic and potentially facing a fatal blow to their business.

However, the core reason behind Drakengard Games' resurgence was the reconciliation between Patrick's company and the Sandalwood Group. This reconciliation not only revived Drakengard Games but also showed the entire gaming industry the potential for collaboration and mutual benefit.

After all, the "troublemaker" between them had been removed, and with Quintis pushing things forward, everything seemed to fall into place.

What was even more astonishing was that Sandalwood Group didn't just reconcile with Drakengard Games-they had also generously invested in the company's shares.

Pentime Group, pleased with the turn of events, knew that Sandalwood Group's investment would only increase Pentime Group's stock value.

In the interview on Celestial Network, the beautiful host expressed great interest

in Patrick's motivation behind developing "Legend of the East".

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Patrick leaned back comfortably in his chair, his chin resting on his hand and one leg casually crossed over the other as he spoke with the ease of someone who had everything under control.

To Patrick, all of this was the result of his own hard work. The concept for Legend of the East had been formulated long before it was serialized online, and he had been overseeing the project from start to finish.

As for Jack? That name had ceased to exist in Patrick's mind. Drakengard Games would no longer leave any trace of him.

The host praised Patrick's talents without reservation, and on-screen, Patrick appeared confident and full of pride.

At this moment, Drakengard Games was riding a wave of success, and with the media's backing, their prospects for listing on the Growth Enterprise Market looked incredibly bright.

However, for Jack, all of this felt deeply ironic.

Just as Jack was lost in his thoughts, his phone rang. It was a call from Charlotte, who asked him to meet her downstairs at the females' dormitory. She mentioned that she had finished translating the materials and offered to help with any future translations if needed.

When Jack met her, Charlotte suggested they go grab a bite to eat. They chose a quiet, cozy restaurant for their meal.

After sitting down, Charlotte handed Jack a document and gently asked, "Take a look at my translation. How's the quality?"

Though Jack wasn't fluent in Kranish, he knew that Charlotte, as his Kranish teacher, was highly skilled in the language. After casually flipping through the pages, he set the materials aside and smiled at her.

"Thanks a lot. You've really helped me out."

Charlotte didn't respond immediately. Instead, she gazed at him softly, her eyes shimmering with a curious light.

Jack noticed her gaze and asked, "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

Charlotte smiled and shook her head. "My dad just called. He told me that my uncle and aunt have safely arrived in Paria, and they've been treated extremely well."

Jack smiled in return and casually said, "That's great. Otherwise, you might have doubted the accuracy of the information I provided."

Charlotte looked at him seriously, her sincerity shining through. "I'm truly grateful for you. None of this would have been possible without you."

Jack waved his hand casually and replied with a relaxed smile, "I'll gladly accept your thanks. But if I ever need something translated in the future, you better not turn me down."

Charlotte nodded in agreement, but then her brow furrowed in confusion. "Honestly, I'm really surprised you could help me with this. Especially with how my uncle and aunt were treated in Paria..."

She then proceeded to explain everything Andrew and his wife had experienced.

When Charlotte first heard about the extraordinary treatment from Jason, she thought she had misheard. The red carpet, the banquets, and the inspection of the troops seemed too incredible to be true.

And all of it was a result of Jack's help.

At that moment, Charlotte looked at Jack with a mix of curiosity and intrigue. What secrets could this young man from a small town be hiding?

After hearing her account, even Jack himself was somewhat surprised.

He had simply asked Casper to arrange some assistance as long as there was no risk to their lives. He hadn't expected Casper to be so generous, offering such high-level treatment.

Jack thought to himself that perhaps he should find an opportunity to send Casper a special gift as a token of his gratitude.

Charlotte continued, "My dad wants to meet you and thank you in person. Of course, it's fine if you don't want to."

Jack thought for a moment before responding seriously, "I think it's better if we skip that. You've already helped me so much by translating. Let's call it even."

Charlotte looked at him, surprised. Jack smiled and added, "We're friends, aren't we?"

"Yes, we're friends," Charlotte softly repeated his words, a warm feeling spreading through her heart.

From the first time they met in Perthter City, when she had been somewhat embarrassed by him, to now, their relationship had evolved into something more supportive and mutual. She couldn't help but feel that she now saw Jack in a completely different light.

After saying goodbye to Charlotte, Jack returned to his dorm.

That evening, Claude Mitchells, the CEO responsible for the day-to-day operations of Genesis Games, called him with some exciting news-the Legend of the West Euphoria server had officially launched and was already achieving remarkable success.

The servers had briefly crashed due to the overwhelming number of players, as fans from all over Euphoria flooded in to experience the immersive world of Legend of the West.

The Euphoria server's success even surpassed the Osmo server, becoming the dominant force in the gaming charts.

Its unique map design and rich game content captivated countless players, transporting them into an epic fantasy world.

Mainstream media outlets across Euphoria were full of praise, calling Legend of the West a game of immense influence.

Rumor had it that director Cameron Sutton was in talks with Genesis Games, planning to spend a significant amount of money to purchase the film rights and adapt Legend of the West into a movie.

With all the accolades and success, Jack felt an immense sense of pride and fulfillment.

He had risen from the ashes after being kicked out of Drakengard Games and had built something even more remarkable, achieving global recognition with Legend of the West. Not only had the game become a massive success in the country, but it had also earned widespread acclaim internationally.

Just as Jack was feeling confident about the future, he unexpectedly clashed with one of the women he despised most-Emily.

This conflict would shatter the orderly life he had planned for himself.

Meanwhile, Emily also felt that things were not going her way that day. She had been invited to Alnewgo University to give a lecture, but this lecture turned out to be the setting for her inevitable encounter with Jack once again. As the matriarch of Sandalwood Group, Emily had long been a figure of great attention, but many overlooked her impressive academic background. She had graduated with an undergraduate degree in medicine from one of the top two medical schools in her home country and had earned her PhD in clinical medicine from Canvera University, becoming a leading expert in the field.

Such credentials were enough to earn Alnewgo University an invitation for her to speak.

For Emily, being invited to give a lecture by a prestigious university was an honor in itself. As a leading authority in clinical medicine, her presence naturally sparked great interest among Alnewgo University's medical students, who eagerly gathered to hear her speak.

The lecture was a great success, with a packed audience and applause ringing throughout the room.

However, just as the lecture ended and Emily was preparing to leave the campus, an unexpected incident occurred.

While driving, one of the lead vehicles in her convoy suddenly lost control and crashed into a pedestrian. The entire convoy was forced to stop.

Emily frowned slightly inside the car, signaling for the driver and her assistant to get out and check the situation.

Normally, such matters were left to her assistant to handle, but today was different.

Ten minutes passed with no sign of movement from the convoy.

Emily, curious, looked out the window. What had started as a theoretical argument was escalating into a physical altercation, and the growing crowd was causing severe traffic congestion.

She checked the time, frowning again, and decided to go see for herself.

Just then, her assistant, Carol Russell rushed back, apologizing, "Mrs. Lycan,

there's some trouble ahead. The driver and a few bodyguards are surrounded by people."

"Did they hit someone?" Emily asked softly.

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Carol nodded, looking somewhat awkward. "It seems like Laura's tone earlier might have been a bit harsh, so..."

Emily understood. It was likely that her bodyguard, Laura Hall, had been too rude, which had caused the students to become upset. Despite Emily constantly reminding her staff not to abuse their power, some people could still become arrogant at times.

The students, however, were fearless. Once a conflict arose, it would be difficult to resolve it quickly.

With a sigh, Emily said calmly, "I'll go check it out."

Carol quickly opened the car door, and Emily stepped out.

As soon as the bodyguards saw her exit the vehicle, they immediately surrounded

her, forming a tight defensive line to ensure her safety.

Emily made her way through the guards to the center of the crowd.

She saw a girl lying on the ground, and her personal bodyguard, Laura, was in a tense confrontation with a handsome male student.

When Laura saw Emily approaching, her angry expression softened, and a trace of apology appeared on her face. "Mrs. Lycan..."

Emily waved her hand, signaling that she didn't need to say more. She would handle it herself.

Emily glanced down at the girl on the ground. She was quite pretty, though Emily didn't recognize her.

But when Emily looked up and saw the male student, her brow furrowed. It was none other than Jack, the young man who had caused her so much trouble before.

What a coincidence of all places, she had to run into him here.

Jack stared coldly at Emily, his eyes filled with hostility.

The lady on the ground was Amelia, who had just had a confrontation with Alex and had run out in frustration, only to be knocked down by Emily's convoy.

The reason for the argument with Alex was that he had gambled away Amelia's living expenses for the month, leaving her with no money. After class, Amelia had confronted him, but Alex had run off, and in the chase, Amelia collided with the convoy.

The fault in the accident was hard to pin down, as Amelia had been running fast, and the convoy was moving quickly as well. Technically, both parties shared some responsibility.

However, when Laura saw Amelia sitting on the ground, she perhaps felt it was her fault and had snapped at her, blaming her for running too fast.

Amelia was so scared she burst into tears-she had never seen such a grand display of luxury cars before.

And as Amelia sat there, Alex saw her fall and didn't even bother to help her up. Instead, he ran away even faster.

It was then that Jack passed by and saw the scene unfold. He had come over to argue and ended up clashing with Laura.

Emily had originally felt some sympathy for Amelia, seeing her sitting on the ground looking quite pitiful. But when she saw Jack, her entire attitude shifted.

Her tone grew cold and sharp. "What's going on here?"

Laura responded, her voice rigid, "It's clearly the lady's fault, yet she insists that we apologize and pay for her medical expenses. That's not going to happen!"

Especially with someone of Emily's status, how could she possibly apologize to a young man like this?

Jack's response was firm as he said, "This is a pedestrian path. Your convoy violated traffic rules and caused an accident. You need to apologize to my friend!"

Laura sneered. "And what if we don't apologize?"

Jack's eyes narrowed, his voice turning icy. "Then don't even think about leaving here!"

Around them, the students were beginning to glare at Emily's convoy.

Did they think money made them untouchable? This was clearly a pedestrian zone, and yet their convoy had driven in at high speed. It was reckless and dangerous.

Emily, who had once been kind and composed, was now angered by Jack's defiant attitude.

"Are you deliberately going against me?" she snapped.

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Jack sneered and coldly retorted, "Our request is completely justified, but you see it as defiance? Since when is running someone over excusable? No wonder your nephew is just as arrogant and impulsive- guess it runs in the family."

The surrounding students quickly chimed in:

"Just because you have money doesn't make you untouchable!"

"This is a pedestrian lane. You have to apologize!"

"If you don't give us justice, you're not leaving here today."

"Apologize!"

The students' voices echoed loudly, shaking the air with their collective anger.

Laura's face darkened, but she wasn't intimidated. With a cold sneer, she threatened, "Watch your words. Even the dean would bow down to Mrs. Lycan here. You better watch out, or you'll regret it."

Amelia quickly tugged at Jack's sleeve, signaling him to let it go. Some people, after all, live above everyone else and aren't the type regular people can afford to anger.

But Jack didn't budge. He continued to confront Emily head-on.

As Emily's expression grew more and more displeased, Laura shouted angrily, "Step aside! Or I'll deal with you myself!"

But Jack and the surrounding students remained firm, demanding that Emily apologize.

Emily, trembling with rage, felt herself losing control. This young man was constantly opposing her, and her anger flared up, especially after the incident with Tristan at Sandalwood Group. Her hatred for Jack had reached its peak.

Although Emily knew she was in the wrong, there was no way she would apologize. She would let Laura handle these young troublemakers, and if necessary, she would use her status to deal with them. She intended to teach this arrogant, naïve young man a lesson about who truly had power.

Laura knew it was time to act. She suddenly reached out, pushing toward Jack with a forceful shove.

To her shock, Jack didn't even budge. It felt like she was pushing against a mountain, not a person.

Laura's eyes widened in surprise. She was a trained special forces soldier, no less capable than any man. Yet, Jack had effortlessly resisted her push.

Jack sneered at her. "What's wrong? Are you trying to get physical? Do you not consider us students worthy of respect?"

At that moment, Laura felt a sudden shift in her thoughts. She realized Jack wasn't just any regular person. A sense of unease crept into her, and she even began to worry that Jack might harm Emily.

Without hesitation, Laura lunged to capture Jack, but he swiftly reached out, grabbing her collar at a strange angle and pushing her back forcefully. Laura stumbled and was forced to retreat.

The surrounding bodyguards were stunned. They rushed toward Jack, but he moved with incredible skill, quickly outmaneuvering and neutralizing them with ease. It became clear that none of the bodyguards were a match for him.

Laura, now completely shocked, fumbled in her pocket, pulling out a gun and aiming it directly at Jack. "Stop!"

Amelia cried out in fear, "Jack, watch out!"

Jack noticed the gun pointed at him without hesitation. He didn't doubt that Laura would shoot if Emily was in danger. Although he was stronger now than when he had faced Dark Tiger, he had no intention of testing whether he could withstand a bullet.

In the nick of time, he grabbed something from his pocket and tossed it toward Laura like a sharp blade. The object struck her wrist, causing her to drop the gun. "Stop! Don't shoot!"

Just as the conflict was reaching its peak, the school's security finally arrived.

A chubby security guard looked around, assessing the situation.

Laura pointed at Jack and said, "He's blocking the way."

"Clearly, they're the ones who ran into someone!" The students around them argued in defense.

After listening to the students' version of events, the security guard understood what had happened: Emily and her group had violated traffic rules and even assaulted people.

Just as he was about to speak up, Laura quietly pulled him aside, whispering something in his ear.

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The security guard's expression changed when he heard the students' protests. He waved his hand and said, "Let them pass first."

The students weren't happy. How could the perpetrators just leave so easily?

But the security guard remained unmoved, continuing to maintain order.

It wasn't until Emily's convoy disappeared from sight that the security guard turned back to the students and said, "Everyone, the woman in the car was invited to our school to give a lecture. And her bodyguard is armed. Do you think we can afford to provoke people like that? I had her leave quickly for everyone's safety."

The students started to feel uneasy as they processed his words. After all, Amelia had only been frightened by the car, and she hadn't actually been hurt. Plus, Laura had drawn a gun earlier.

The bodyguards carried firearms, which meant they were no ordinary people. Realizing this, the students began to disperse, feeling a little Roberted.

Jack, however, didn't leave right away. He turned to Amelia with concern, asking, "Are you okay?"

Amelia struggled to stand up, shaking her head gently. "Thank you. I'm fine."

Seeing that she was really okay, Jack nodded and was about to turn to leave. However, Amelia suddenly called out to him.

"Jack, wait!"

Jack turned, puzzled. "Is there something else?"

Amelia nervously fiddled with the hem of her shirt, looking anxious. "Oh, no... it's nothing. I just... I wanted to thank you for helping me earlier. Alex... he left me and ran away. I was really disappointed. But when you showed up, I felt a little warmth."

Jack shook his head lightly. "I didn't do much. A normal friend would do the same."

Amelia insisted, "No matter what, I still want to thank you. To show my gratitude, would you let me treat you to a meal?"

Jack hesitated for a moment, then shook his head. "No need, someone's waiting for me."

Amelia's body trembled slightly, and she lowered her head, her voice soft. "So... now you won't even fulfill this small request? We were... we were once friends, right?"

Jack looked at Amelia's hopeful, yet painfully humble gaze, and his heart softened. He finally nodded. "Alright then."

Amelia's face lit up instantly, her smile radiant with joy. "Jack, thank you."

She seemed to want to reach out and grab his hand, but halfway there, she hesitated and let her hand fall, realizing that their relationship wasn't as close as it once was.

They walked out together, with Amelia leading the way and Jack silently following. Neither spoke, both lost in their own thoughts.

Soon, they arrived at a quiet little restaurant on campus. Amelia chose a private room, and after ordering, she looked at Jack, a hint of sadness in her eyes.

"Jack, do you feel happy seeing me like this?"

Jack shook his head, his voice sincere. "No, I just think it's a bit of a shame."

Amelia's eyes flickered with mixed emotions as she spoke softly, "I'm really unhappy with him. I've wanted to break up with him for a long time, but he just won't let me go."

Jack didn't respond, silently sipping his tea.

Amelia asked again, "Jack, do you think I'm pathetic?"

Jack avoided the topic. "Where's the water? I'll go pour us some."

Amelia, smart as ever, didn't press further. She knew Jack didn't want to dive deeper into that conversation.

With a sigh, she spoke again, "Bella is your girlfriend. She's so much better than me."

Jack often escorted Bella back to her dorm, and since they were both in the same department and year, Amelia often saw their sweet moments together. Naturally, she felt some envy and jealousy.

"Bella... does she really love you?" Amelia finally asked, unable to hold back.

Jack nodded, his answer firm. "Yes."

Amelia's heart sank. She knew now that any hopes she had were futile. She lowered her head silently, feeling a deep bitterness and helplessness inside.