Limits 361

Chapter 361

John personally made a call to the airport to ask for cooperation on its end, but the help didn't stop there. Even the state council's Tarthy City office got involved to ultimately schedule a flight to Alnewgo.

Emily and Quintis headed to the airport under their bodyguards' protection. The traffic was at its peak as everyone got off work, so the roads were congested. However, to ensure their safety and the smoothness of their journey, Quintis didn't hesitate to ask the police to clear a path for them.

Police sirens blared as they sped along the busy roads, opening a path free of obstacles for Emily and Quintis to get to the airport. There, a Gulfstream aircraft belonging to Sandalwood Group waited for its owners to arrive.

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Jack was focused on his laptop as he sat in his dormitory at Alnewgo University. Haven was expanding rapidly-the number of users skyrocketed from millions to billions, which was enough to show its influence and power to attract viewership.

This achievement had not only broken the conventional growth pace of website development but also indicated Haven was poised to become a shining star in the internet industry.

Meanwhile, Genesis Games' "Legend of the West" had caused a global

sensation. After debuting in Osmo, it launched servers in Euphoria, Bostalia, South Ashia, Middleist, and others. Its unique gameplay and intricately designed map attracted countless players.

At the same time, merchandise and souvenirs related to the game sold like hotcakes. It brought its collaborative partners huge profits.

More excitingly, famous Rolleywood directors started reaching out to Genesis Games to discuss the possibility of adapting "Legend of the West" into a movie. If this worked out, it would elevate the novel's influence to a higher level, turning it into an epic that would go down in history.

"Legend of the West""'s widespread success attracted attention from the local gaming industry. Drakengard Games and Pentime Group were the pinnacles of the industry, so naturally, they paid attention to the game, too.

However, they weren't worried whether the game would be launched in Zargonia and whether it would deal a devastating blow to local games.

Firstly, the game's influence had yet to spread that far. Besides, even if it did launch in Zargonia, it would probably be difficult for it to take root in the country due to its strong Western influences.

So, the companies didn't consider "Legend of the West" as a competitor. Instead, they focused their attention on promoting "Legend of the East", which had attained widespread success in Northeast Ashia due to its unique Eastern style and rich gameplay content. It was well-received by gamers in the region and had glowing reviews.

As the market expanded and profits increased, Drakengard Games and Pentime Group were even more determined to turn "Legend of the East" into the top game in the Eastern Everreach market.

They launched large-scale promotional campaigns across the region and beyond with unprecedented confidence and determination. Their goal was to see banners of the game fly in every corner of the Eastern Everreach.

Jack heard about the exciting news from Claude Mitchells, the current CEO of Genesis Games. He knew that behind these achievements lay the hard work and wisdom of countless individuals. At the same time, he felt an overwhelming sense of anticipation for the future.

He specifically instructed Claude to keep a close eye on "Legend of the East".

Chapter 362

According to reliable sources, Drakengard Games and Pentime Group had been steadily increasing their investment in "Legend of the East" to maximize profits. Their spending covered a wide range of areas,

including server leasing, international government relations, and large-scale advertising campaigns across Eastern Everreach.

The funds poured in like a steady stream-all to make "Legend of the East" an even bigger sensation.

Claude updated Jack on another piece of good news-due to "Legend of the West"'s overwhelming success, numerous business giants and financial institutions had expressed their interest in investing in Genesis Games.

Claude had already selected some reliable investors and wanted to invite Jack to head to Genesis Games' headquarters in Vexburg when he was free. He wanted the latter to meet these potential investors in person so they could proceed to cooperation.

Jack considered the matter after hanging up. The desire to get revenge surged within him. He elegantly threw his cigarette butt out of the window as his lips curved into a cold smile.

Patrick and Pentime Group's Wendy Trader had disrespected him, and he wasn't going to let them get away with it anymore.

Patrick and Wendy dreamed of having "Legend of the East" dominate Eastern Everreach's gaming market-they invested astronomical funds into the game to continue expanding the market. However, a sudden embargo descended on them like a lightning strike, destroying their dreams.

The embargo swiftly spread across various countries in the Eastern Everreach region, reducing Drakengard Games and Pentime Group's ambitious blueprint to dust. The funds they'd invested in the game went down the drain.

It turned out Genesis Group had already leveraged its international patent advantages to file lawsuits with the relevant departments. The operation was carried out discreetly, so Drakengard Games and Pentime Group had been entirely unaware.

This unexpected move caught Patrick and Wendy off guard, hitting them like a sudden, heavy blow. Only now did Jack's foresight prove itself worthy.

He'd long since had plans for Drakengard Games to stand on an international stage. So, he'd secretly applied for international patents when developing "Legend of the East" and similar games. This decision now became a fatal weapon to "Legend of the East".

With the announcement of the embargo, Eastern Everreach's regional distributors of "Legend of the East" descended into panic. Fearing removal due to copyright infringement and potential legal action from international intellectual property organizations, these distributors scrambled to protect themselves by swiftly pulling the game from their platforms.

Patrick and Wendy were dumbstruck when the news reached Zargonia. They would never have dreamed of a locally developed game infringing on international patents. Patrick fell sick because of this, and Wendy was furious.

They knew very well that "Legend of the East""'s failure didn't just mean massive financial loss—it would also be a destructive blow to Drakengard Games' plans to go public.

As for Wendy, this would be a powerful attack on her status as Pentime Group's successor. After all, plenty of people within the company were waiting to see her fall flat on her face. Even her siblings wouldn't mind kicking her when she was down!

She was a proud graduate of Harford University and had used her outstanding skills to lead Pentime Group to higher heights. Her move to work with Drakengard games in developing "Legend of the East" was viewed as an important battle to prove herself in her career.

If the game successfully won over the local market and even all of Eastern Everreach, it would undoubtedly make her influence and status in Pentime Group

soar.

Chapter 363

Everything seemed to be proceeding smoothly per Wendy's intricately-laid plans. However, just as she was about to press her advantage, a fundamental

intellectual property issue threatened to wipe out all her efforts, including "Legend of the East"'s future and Drakengard Games' dream to go public!

Everything she'd fought for and achieved within Pentime Group would also go down the drain.

She and Patrick knew that they couldn't sit around and wait to be ruined. They quickly regrouped to discuss a plan to counter the embargo; they swore to turn around what seemed like a destined defeat.

They sat across from each other in a spacious conference room, their expressions grim. Wendy was a career woman who was usually calm and composed, but she could barely keep the doom and gloom from her face. "What the hell went wrong?

"You swore Drakengard Games owned all the intellectual property rights and that you created the game from scratch. Why has such a serious blunder occurred? Why does someone else hold the patents and copyrights to the game?"

Patrick didn't know how to answer her questions because he had no idea. Drakengard Games did indeed own the necessary copyrights in Zargonia. He hadn't expected them to encounter such a challenge when trying to go international with this.

Wendy asked coldly, "What should we do now? Who will bear the losses Pentime Group suffers due to this?"

Patrick looked gloomy. "This isn't the time to apportion the blame, Ms. Trader. It's not like I meant for this to happen. Now that everyone is starting to doubt us, all the more we have to unite and face this together."

She lit a cigarette. After some thought, she said, "Our priority now is to hire the best legal team available and bring the case to the necessary authorities. At the same time, I'll lead a team to negotiate a workaround—no matter the cost, 'Legend of the East' must successfully launch across Eastern Everreach."

The way she saw it, intellectual property disputes like this came hand in hand with an exchange of benefits. These people who claimed to want to defend their intellectual property generally just wanted

to take advantage of loopholes to get something out of it. As long as she offered enough, they would withdraw the lawsuits.

The potential for "Legend of the East""'s widespread success across Eastern Everreach made that a worthy exchange.

Wendy immediately gave the order to look up the necessary information and investigate the company holding the patents and copyrights. Then, she arranged to head to where the company was based.

Patrick was on board with her. Taking the initiative was the only way to ensure survival when faced with such an abrupt challenge.

It was drizzling outside, and the world was shrouded in a misty chaos. This was a stark contrast with Jack's state of mind. He lazed in his dormitory at Alnewgo University, feeling light-hearted and happy.

He knew all about the crisis Drakengard Games and Pentime Group faced. He confidently waited for his enemies to one day fall at his feet and beg for help.

He had already asked Claude to book him a flight to Genesis Games' headquarters in Vexburg. He and Claude would meet there so they could finalize the negotiations with the potential investors and fuel the company's rapid expansion even further.

The dormitory door swung open, and Samuel walked in, looking exhausted. His face was pale; it was clear he wasn't feeling well.

Jack asked, "What's wrong, Samuel? Why do you look so ill?"

Samuel forced a smile and said weakly, "I'm probably just a little tired because of how busy I've been lately."

Jack frowned. "How many jobs are you working?"

Samuel hesitated before answering, "Two or three."

In truth, he was working five jobs at once. He had to bear the burden of supporting his family, after all. His sister's tuition and daily expenses and his mother's daily expenses all fell on his shoulders.

He'd been bearing this responsibility alone since his father's death. It was

imaginable how much pressure he was under.

Jack said, "Health is wealth, so make sure not to wear yourself out. You're your family's sole breadwinner; you have to take better care of yourself."

Warmth surged in Samuel's heart, and he looked at Jack gratefully.

Chapter 364

Samuel said, "Thanks, Jack. I might take some time to repay the money I borrowed from you, though."

Jack said, "Don't worry about that right now. Your family should be your priority."

He couldn't help thinking that Samuel couldn't continue overworking himself like this. His eyes lit up at the thought of Genesis Games, which was rapidly expanding with his help. He asked, "Do you know anything about computer programming, Samuel? If you do, I can introduce you to a job that pays pretty well."

Samuel's eyes gleamed at that. "I know a bit, but I can learn the parts I don't know."

He didn't doubt Jack's words at all-he knew the latter would help him if he was offering. He didn't want to miss out on any opportunity that could help change his current situation.

Jack grabbed a few computer programming books from his bookshelf and handed them to Samuel. "Read these first. I guarantee you'll be satisfied by the salary if you can perform well."

Emily and Quintis were on a flight from Tarthy City to Alnewgo. Their hearts were in their throats the whole way there.

She held his hand tightly, her eyes gleaming with anxiety and excitement. Once again, she couldn't help asking a member of the cabin crew, "Are we almost at Alnewgo?"

There was the slightest hint of a tremor in her voice. The air stewardess smiled and said gently, "Please be assured that we're flying per the set course, Mrs. Lycan. We'll arrive soon."

The air stewardess had already answered this question several times, but the look in Emily's eyes made her remain patient each time.

Quintis patted Emily's hand and said comfortingly, "Calm down, Emily. We'll be there soon, and I'm sure Nic is waiting for us."

She nodded, but the anxiety in her eyes didn't fade completely. She leaned back in her seat and shut her eyes, thinking about how Nicholas had looked as a child. The heartwarming memories and their current separation formed a stark contrast, making her heart ache.

She prayed to the heavens that she and Quintis wouldn't be disappointed again this time.

The plane finally landed safely. Emily was the first to shoot out of the aircraft. She couldn't wait to get to Alnewgo University, a place that could possibly change her life.

Quintis followed her closely, his eyes filled with concern for her as well as excitement for the truth they were about to unravel.

They took a car that had been waiting for them to Alnewgo University. Night had fallen, so it was dark outside. However, Emily's heart felt brighter and lighter than ever. She kept looking at Quintis, seemingly taking strength and support from his presence.

When they arrived at the university, Quintis called George Tripp, the dean.

Geroge sounded surprised and worried on the other end of the line. "Why are you calling at this hour, Quintis? Is anything wrong?"

Quintis took a deep breath and said heavily, "We need your help with something urgent, George. Emily and I suspect that our son might be a student at your university..."

George and Quintis were old friends, so he knew about Quintis' and Emily's past. He straightened up, looking grim as he asked, "Where are you now? I'll be right there!"

Chapter 365

George soon came downstairs to greet Quintis and Emily. He held Quintis' hand tightly, looking concerned as he asked, "What's going on, Quintis? Don't panic; tell me everything."

Emily stepped forward, choking up as she said, "I picked up a key when I was here a few days ago to give a talk, George. It's the one that was always around my son's neck before he went missing. That's why we suspect he might be studying here..."

George was stunned. After some thought, he said, "Rest assured that I'll provide you all the help I can."

He asked her for all the details of the key as well as how Nicholas had gone missing. Then, he said, "Leave this to me, Emily. I'll help you find your son."

She looked at him gratefully. "Thank you, George. We know this isn't easy, but we really need your help."

George nodded. "Don't say that. Quintis and I are old friends, after all. Still, it's late, and it might take some time to find anything. How about you two rest for tonight? I'll arrange for someone to pull up the details on all the university students in Perther City and have them sent to Sandalwood Group."

Quintis and Emily thanked him profusely. They knew how busy he was but still wanted to treat him to a meal and catch up. He genuinely couldn't squeeze out any time for that, though. He was too busy preparing for Alnewgo University's 100th anniversary celebration.

Quintis and Emily drove to Sandalwood Group's headquarters in Solara after leaving George's office. On the way there, she stared dazedly out the window as her mind wandered to the past. The wonderful memories of the time she'd spent with Nicholas replayed in her mind like a movie.

She switched between smiling and frowning. She would smile at a sweet memory and frown because she was worried this trip would be nothing more than another disappointment.

Quintis' heart ached at the sight. He pulled her into his arms and said tenderly, "Don't dwell on this, Emily. What's meant to be will be; we can't force something that isn't destined to be ours. We can only do our best and leave the rest to fate."

Emily said resolutely, "My instinct and blood tell me that we've found Nic this time. He has to be waiting somewhere for us to find him."

He didn't want to diminish her confidence. Instead, he patted her shoulder in silent support.

Back at Sandalwood Group, Tristan and Olivia were there to welcome Quintis and Emily. Tristan wondered why the latter two were suddenly back after returning to Tarthy City. Was it because they weren't happy with the work he'd produced?

Quintis merely told him they were there to visit an old friend, and Emily nodded in agreement. They knew how important this matter was-they couldn't reveal anything about their true objective before being reunited with Nicholas, especially when facing Tristan.

Their bedroom was silent that night. Only the occasional sound of the wind and the cars passing by in the distance interrupted it.

This seemed to be a calm night, but Quintis' and Emily's hearts were in turmoil. They couldn't be at peace.

Emily lay in bed, her eyes wide open. She didn't feel sleepy at all. She couldn't stop thinking about how the key had been found, and she wondered who would've left it there.

Faces flashed in her mind, but none of them seemed to strike a chord.

Chapter 366

The key's appearance seemed to have opened a path to the past for Emily. It made her feel excited yet wary. She turned to look at Quintis and found him tossing and turning like her. It was clear he couldn't fall asleep, either.

"Do you think we can really find Nic, Quintis?" She couldn't help breaking the silence, her voice carrying a hint of uncertainty and expectancy.

He turned to face her and held her hand gently. "I believe the heavens won't let our efforts go to waste, Emily."

His voice was warm and firm. It heartened her. She nodded and held his hand tightly. "Still... I'm afraid this will just amount to nothing."

She choked up, and her eyes reddened. She'd had her hopes dashed so many times that she didn't have confidence in the future, even when she held something that belonged to Nicholas in her hand.

Quintis pulled her into his arms and comforted her. "Don't be afraid. We've come this far, and we have to face the outcome, no matter what it is. Anyway, I believe Nic is waiting for us somewhere. He must be looking for us, too."

The couple slowly drifted to sleep while encouraging each other.

...

Emily's eyes flew open when the first ray of sunlight streamed into the room. She found Quintis already up and working. The first thing she did was ask, "Has George prepared everything, Quintis? Can we go see them today?"

There was a hint of urgency and desire in her tone. She'd waited for far too long and didn't want to continue like this.

Quintis could understand how she felt. He nodded and said, "I've already checked with George-he's doing his best to gather the information as quickly as possible. He said there's a lot of stuff, so he'll need some time. We can go wait for him at Alnewgo University, though. That way, we can immediately see the records once they're ready."

Emily instantly sat up in bed and started freshening up when she heard that. Quintis got up as well. They had a quick breakfast before driving to Alnewgo University.

They were brought to the VIP waiting room at the university. When George appeared before them with a thick stack of records, Emily's heart started racing. There was a chance her beloved Nicholas' file was among the stack.

For the first time ever, she felt like he was just within reach. She reached out to take the records with shaking hands and started going through them.

However, as time passed, her heart grew heavy. None of the faces in the records seemed familiar to her they didn't give her the spark of connection that she desired. She flipped through each record, hoping to see a sliver of hope or glean

a hint from it, but each one was shut with a sense of disappointment.

In truth, one of the faces gave her the familiarity she wanted. Her heart trembled

at the sight, too. She overlooked it, though. Ultimately, she didn't get the answer she was searching for.

Could this turn out to be another disappointment?

Just then, Quintis suggested, "Maybe we can try getting DNA tests done, Emily. It'll take more time and make things more complex, but it's the most direct and effective method we have now."

Chapter 367

Emily's eyes lit up. She nodded, agreeing with the suggestion. It had been so many years, after all. Children could grow up to look completely different as adults due to their environment, so it was perfectly normal that she couldn't recognize Nicholas on sight.

Whatever it was, doing a DNA test was the best method available. She was a little worried, though. "It's a good idea, but it'll be rather troublesome to collect DNA samples from all of these students."

Quintis shook his head. Perhaps this would pose a challenge to others, but it was simple enough for him. So, the two of them sought George out and explained the situation to him.

The execution was easier said than done, but George agreed since Quintis had already planned it out. Besides, he genuinely wanted to help the latter find Nicholas. It would be good karma, and it would benefit all parties.

...

As Quintis and Emily started arranging for all the university students in Perther City to undergo medical checkups, Jack received his boarding pass for his flight to Brightland. He would first meet with Claude before speaking to the potential investors.

That night, at 11:00 pm, he boarded his flight to Brightland. He was estimated to arrive the following morning at around 6:00 am.

The wide-body aircraft, designed for intercontinental flights, shimmered under the airport lights with a soft, captivating metallic glow. It was like a luminous pearl in the night sky.

To Jack's surprise, he ran into someone familiar on the flight-Wendy. She noticed him, too. Her gaze landed on him briefly as a hint of coolness and arrogance flashed in her eyes.

She was evidently surprised to run into him there but soon regained her composure. To her, he was nothing more than a failure. She wasn't interested in

him.

Jack's lips curved into a cold smile as he watched Wendy head to the first-class cabin. He had an idea of why she was going to Brightland-"Legend of the East" had encountered trouble in Eastern Everreach, and Genesis Games held the copyright.

It was highly likely Wendy was heading to Brightland to negotiate with Genesis Games on the copyright issue. Jack's smile turned mocking at the thought of that.

He couldn't wait to see the look on her face when she found out that he wasn't just the secret boss behind Genesis Games but also the mysterious person who held the crucial copyright.

The passengers gradually settled down in the cabin as it prepared for take-off. When Jack found his seat, he saw a bunch of stuff piled on it.

He patted the passenger in the seat next to him-a guy who had a mouth full of gold teeth and wore a thick gold chain around his neck. His eyes were shut. Jack said politely, "This is my seat, sir. Could you move your things away?"

The guy didn't seem to hear him. He kept his eyes shut and pretended to be asleep. Jack patted his shoulder again, trying to remain patient. "Please take your things away, sir. I need to sit."

This time, the guy, Bob Greenstone, opened his eyes. His attitude was nasty, though. "Why the hell are you patting my shoulder? Do you think you're worthy of doing that? Can't you just sit somewhere else? Look at all the empty seats—there must be an extra one for you!"

Jack ran out of patience. His tone turned frosty as he said, "Take your things away, or I'll throw them off the plane!"

A few foreigners carrying small backpacks waited behind Jack. They started grumbling impatiently in Vexburgian for Jack to move.

Chapter 368

Bob snarled threateningly, "Do it if you dare! I have precious things in there. You won't be able to pay for them even if you sold yourself!"

As the tension peaked, an air stewardess hurried over. After understanding the situation, she turned to Bob and asked politely, "Could you please move your things, sir? This gentleman needs to take his seat. If it's not convenient for you, we can arrange to have these items checked in."

Thanks to her intervention, he had no choice but to move his things, making way for Jack to take his seat. Before he took his seat again, he muttered, "Fuck my life. This dude's obviously a broke bastard taking a flight for the first time."

Jack's expression darkened at his words. "One more word out of your mouth and I'll beat the shit out of you."

Bob's face turned red with anger. He wanted to explode but restrained himself and sat down when he saw how much shorter he was than Jack.

A new journey was about to begin as the plane took off. Wendy took her seat in the first-class cabin after putting her things away. This was not a trip that relaxed her.

As someone who came from a prestigious family and was used to excelling at everything, she was used to people admiring her and looking up to her. She'd never had to beg anyone for anything. However, she now had no choice but to humble herself and lead a team to beg someone for help. It was hard for her to stomach.

She could easily get someone to do this on her behalf, but her personality wouldn't allow her to do that. She would never back down from a challenge. More importantly, this would affect her status and reputation within Pentime Group.

If Wendy could make it through this crisis, she wouldn't just be making the company's finances look better. She would also win the acknowledgment of the stubborn old fogies who looked down on her.

After all, it was essential for a leader to be flexible. Once she succeeded, even the pickiest person would have nothing to say against her.

Her eyes gleamed with determination. She had to ensure this trip to Brightland ended in success, no matter the cost.

Just as Wendy was about to get some rest, she noticed a young woman who was also from a prestigious family and carried herself with grace. For once, she took the initiative to speak to the young woman, whose name was Wilhelmina Dodger.

They soon discovered they were both avid fans of Josef Duff, a Dalean designer. They excitedly started talking about him.

"Josef Duff designed this bag you're carrying, right? I love his designs, too. They're classic yet still fashionable," Wendy said as she looked at Wilhelmina's bag.

Wilhelmina was surprised by her sharp eye. Josef was a globally renowned designer, and his masterpieces were generally tailor-made for nobles and socialites. She said happily, "Yes, he did! You're a fan of his, too? Do you collect his works, then?"

Wendy smiled and nodded. "I have a collection of all the classic bags he's designed."

The two quickly found common ground and fell into an engaging conversation.

In the economy cabin, Bob rambled on endlessly beside Jack while the latter rested his eyes. It was getting late, and the cabin slowly lapsed into silence.

A few foreigners in a corner of the cabin went unnoticed as they quietly assembled something. Piece by piece, each component came together to form a lifelike firearm.

Chapter 369

An old lady from Vexburg asked the young men curiously, "Are you assembling toys, young men? You seem really great at it! My grandson loves this, too. He dreams of becoming an employee at a toy company."

One of the foreigners named Jim Denton smiled and said, "Yeah. We work at a toy factory."

Soon, however, their true objectives were revealed. Jim smugly showed the old lady the "toys" he and his friends had assembled-they were actually guns.

It was too late for the old lady when she realized the truth. Jim pulled the trigger without hesitation, ending her life without even batting an eye.

Screams erupted in the cabin. The passengers looked at the twisted expressions on the men's faces, belatedly realizing that their flight was being hijacked.

Jim and his friends ruthlessly threatened, "Pray to the heavens! We're hijacking this flight, and you're about to embark on the best journey of your life!"

The passengers in the first-class cabin were still unaware of the chaos in the economy cabin. It was silent there, and most of the passengers had already fallen asleep. A few were typing away on their laptops or observing the cabin.

A balding man seated close to the cabin door was secretly flirting with an air stewardess, who looked pleased. After all, anyone who could afford to fly first class on an intercontinental flight had to be rich or powerful.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by hurried footsteps. One of the hijackers, Dominic Young, burst into the cabin while brandishing his gun. He was followed by a few lackeys.

The balding man was pissed at the sight of them. "This is the first-class cabin, dude! It's not a place just about anyone can enter!"

Dominic smiled cruelly. "You can fly first class to heaven."

A gunshot rang out, ending the balding man's life. The air stewardess was terrified by this and screamed, "Don't kill me!"

That didn't save her. She collapsed in a puddle of blood after a gunshot to the head.

The first-class passengers were rudely awakened by the gunshots. When they saw the two dead bodies on the floor and the smoking gun in Dominic's hand, all they could think of was that they were doomed.

Wendy and Wilhelmina trembled in their seats. They'd grown up in affluent environments and had never witnessed anything like this. Despite holding high positions in reputable companies, they were still young women, after all.

Despair washed over them as they thought of news articles they'd read about plane hijackings. They couldn't help bursting into tears.

Dominic was evidently irritated by the sobbing. He threatened, "I don't want to hear anyone cry. One more sniffle and I'll kill all of you."

The cold order made the crying abruptly stop. He looked around, a sinister glint flickering in his eyes when his gaze landed on Wendy and Wilhelmina in the front

row.

He let out a wicked laugh and said, "Damn! Look at those two chicks! The angels must've sent them down here to save us monsters!"

Wendy and Wilhelmina's alarm bells rang at that. A sense of danger washed over them they could imagine what was about to happen.

Wendy mustered the courage to shakily ask, "W-What are you guys doing?"

She spoke in Zargonian, which the terrorists didn't understand.

Dominic snarled, "Speak Federian, bitch. Beg me for mercy!"

Chapter 370

Wendy nodded in terror before saying shakily in Federian, "P-Please let me go! Please!"

Her pride and dignity ceased to exist at that moment. So what if she was the leader of a company with a net worth of millions of dollars? All she was in that moment was a weak woman who couldn't defend herself.

Dominic snickered. "I like you, chick. I guarantee I won't kill you as long as you do as I wish."

With that, he grabbed Wendy with one hand and Wilhelmina with the other. He dragged them with him.

Wilhelmina shrieked, "No, don't! My father is Sandover's richest man. He'll kill you if you dare touch a hair on my head!"

Her threat meant nothing to Dominic, though. The fact that he had the nerve to hijack a plane made it clear he and his accomplices weren't afraid of being convicted for it.

He slapped her hard. "Your father could be the king of the world, for all I care! Make another sound and I'll shoot you dead right now!"

That scared Wilhelmina into silence. Dominic was pleased by her and Wendy's reactions. He snickered again. "As long as you can satisfy my buddies and me, I promise you won't die. You'll even get to experience a heavenly bliss."

As he spoke, he dragged them toward the cockpit. The other passengers in the first-class cabin watched them, filled with pity and helplessness. They knew what awaited Wendy and Wilhelmina, but there was nothing they could do to help. They couldn't even save themselves. All they could do was sigh and lament the women's fates.

Everyone lapsed into silence. No one dared to imagine the tragedy that was in store for them.

Just then, gunshots came from the cockpit. The plane jolted slightly before stabilizing again. The passengers knew this meant the terrorists had gained control of the aircraft.

Jim's voice rang out over the intercom. "The Vexburg authorities have locked our boss up, so we're pulling something outrageous to make them let him out. I guarantee you'll all make it out alive as long as you do what we tell you to."

He issued his first command. "Now, take all your valuables and money out."

It was clear the terrorists wanted to make a quick buck while they hijacked the plane.

Jack felt his pockets with trembling hands, finding only a few dollars. He couldn't help cursing himself silently. He would've brought more money with him if he'd known this would happen.

He had no choice but to pull out the dollar bills helplessly when one of the hijackers, Jeremy Harrelson, came to him. "This is all I have, sir."

"Damn you! You Zargonians are rich and cunning. If this is really all you've got, I don't mind wasting another bullet on you!" Jeremy snarled.

Bob, who was beside Jack, was secretly pleased to hear this. He waited to see how Jack would end up. To his surprise, Jack pointed at him and said loudly, "Look at this guy, sir! He has a mouth full of gold teeth. That's where all the money is!"

"What the fuck? Open your damn mouth, bastard!" Jeremy punched Bob, making tears well up in the latter's eyes from the pain. Bob cursed Jack to hell and back but still opened his mouth obediently.

Jeremy grinned when he saw the gold teeth inside. Just then, Jack took advantage of his distraction to swiftly take his shirt off and cover his face. He moved as quickly as lightning as he grabbed Jeremy's head.

Then, an unstoppable force accompanied by a purple current shot straight to Jeremy's heart. He collapsed on the floor before he could even make a sound. Everything had happened so quickly that no one noticed anything amiss.