Limits 371

Chapter 371

Jack swiped Jeremy's knife and flung it at another hijacker's head, making the latter pass out.

Dominic finally noticed something was wrong and cried, "What the fuck? What just happened?"

A gunshot rang out. Jack's aim was flawless, striking Dominic straight in the temple. The latter fell to the floor and twitched briefly before breathing his last breath.

The passengers gaped at Jack, stunned by this sudden counterattack. Before they could even process the situation, he gestured for them to remain silent.

This was a matter of life and death, so the passengers knew to cooperate with him. There were enemies up ahead, and everyone would have to die if the hijackers found out what had happened.

Everyone's lives were at danger; this was a scene straight out of an action movie, only scarier. At that moment, Jack-a masked hero-had become their only lifeline. He was their only hope.

Jack silently made his way toward the first-class cabin after stabilizing the

situation. He knocked on the door between the cabins; the terrorists in first class thought someone had come to switch shifts with them and even joked about Dominic's quick trigger.

Once the door swung open, all that greeted them was Jack's lightning-fast attack. He shot the terrorist who opened the door dead.

The bloody scene shocked everyone in the cabin and also attracted another terrorist's attention. The latter hastily shot at Jack, but Jack had predicted this. He rolled and avoided the bullet, making it end up in a seat. Fortunately, it didn't affect the plane's main structure.

Jack took the opportunity to surge forward. The terrorist whipped out a blade to attack him, but Jack punched him hard on the wrist. Then, he kicked the terrorist's head. The terrorist struggled to pull out a walkie-talkie from his pocket to warn his accomplices.

Unfortunately, Jack didn't give him the chance to do that. His surprising strength erupted, and it was as if he was enshrouded in an electric current. He slapped the aircraft's walls, making everyone feel a slight numbness.

The terrorist dropped the walkie-talkie after being shocked by the current. Then, he collapsed on the floor. Jack swiftly advanced and snapped his neck to prevent any nasty surprises. With that, the danger in the first-class cabin was taken care of.

Jack's back was drenched in sweat. He couldn't imagine what would've happened if he hadn't reacted quickly.

The passengers in the cabin were dumbstruck. They'd never seen such an extreme display of heroism. This rekindled their hope, and many of them started praying to and thanking the heavens. They prayed Jack would lead them out of this crisis safe and sound.

Jack cursed silently. "I'm the one who saved you guys, yet you're all thanking the heavens."

"Hurry up and save the two women who were taken away! They're in danger!" a passenger cried.

This reminded Jack that he didn't have much time. He hurried to the cockpit. The door was shut, and he had four more terrorists to deal with.

He thought about how he could end the battle as quickly as possible. He knew that a single mistake was enough to make him suffer an utter defeat.

Despite his strength, Jack couldn't stop his heart from racing as he stood before a door that would lead him to his ultimate test. This wasn't just a challenge of his skill-it was also a test of his resilience and mentality. He couldn't afford to make any mistakes!

He took a deep breath, calming his racing heart. Then, he knocked on the cockpit door. The sound was particularly sharp in the deadly silence.

The terrorists laughed wildly in the cockpit. They didn't seem to notice how the tables had turned outside. They were too excited by the thought of their upcoming dessert.

Wendy and Wilhelmina were used to being treated like princesses. Now, however, Mack Bronson and Jim bound them tightly with ropes.

Chapter 372

Wendy's and Wilhelmina's eyes were filled with dread and despair. They looked ashen, and their clothes were falling apart as they struggled to break free.

Their efforts were in vain, though. The terrorists surrounded them like hungry wolves—the only thing they could do now was delay the inevitable.

One of the terrorists aimed a gun at an innocent pilot, while the other held a walkie-talkie. He was ruthlessly negotiating with people on the ground in Vexburgian.

The terrorists didn't have a sliver of pity or hesitation in their eyes. All they wanted to do was pursue money and their desires.

The door between the cockpit and cabin was like an invisible wall that kept the danger in the cockpit away from the outside world.

Wendy's and Wilhelmina's voices were filled with pleading and terror. However, this only served to make the terrorists even more excited to eat them up.

Jim and Mack enjoyed the pleasure derived from their prey's futile struggles. They didn't hurry to do anything. Instead, they wanted to savor the fruits of their labor.

Their evil laughter mingled with the women's sobs, forming a heartbreaking scene. Suddenly, a knock interrupted them.

Jim growled, "Damn it! I told those idiots out there not to disturb us, didn't I?"

Despite his displeasure, he still got up to open the door. As soon as he did so, a hand swiftly reached inside and grabbed his hair, dragging him out.

Everything had happened so abruptly that the rest of the terrorists in the cockpit exchanged lost looks. They had no idea what had just happened. They even thought that one of their own was playing a prank by dragging Jim out.

Mack was the first to return to his senses. He grabbed his gun and got up to check on the situation. When he got to the door, he saw Jim standing there, stiff as a board.

An ominous feeling surged in him, but he remained calm as he asked, "Why are you just standing there? Get in here if everything's okay out there."

He approached Jim carefully, his gun cocked. Jack quickly shoved Jim aside and grabbed Mack by the neck. However, he'd underestimated the latter's stubbornness.

Before Mack fell to the floor, he mustered all the strength he had to pound on the cockpit door thrice. It was a way to inform the other terrorists of the danger.

"Damn it! Something's gone wrong!" Inside the cockpit, Bill Braun and Eugene Puth exchanged panicked looks.

Jack was furious. He didn't expect Mack to be resilient enough to send out a warning while on the verge of death. Out of anger, he snapped the latter's neck before charging into the cockpit.

Bill moved toward the door with his gun cocked; the two ran right into each other. Jack swept a gaze over them, noticing that Eugene was unarmed. All he held was the walkie-talkie. He decided to focus on Bill.

Bill was tall and burly. He was disdainful of Jack, thinking the latter, who seemed scrawny to him, didn't stand a chance against him.

He even lowered his gun and used a blade as his weapon. After all, he and his accomplices were also worried about damaging the aircraft with stray bullets. He didn't realize this was exactly what Jack wanted.

As Bill swung a fist, Jack met it with a punch of his own. Their fists collided, and the sound of breaking bones rang out.

Bill didn't seem to feel the pain, though. To him and his accomplices, pain and injuries came hand in hand with what they did. In fact, the pain seemed to make him more feral and manic.

Chapter 373

"Jeremy, Mack, Jim! Where are you guys?" Eugene seemed to sense danger approaching. He cried out anxiously for his accomplices, but no one answered. He realized things had spiraled out of control. "Hurry up and get rid of him! Kill everyone on the flight!"

The two pilots were so frightened by the life-and-death situation that they didn't dare move. Two air stewardesses, Wendy, and Wilhelmina mustered the courage to charge toward Eugene, trying to stop him from doing anything. They knew that this was the only way to buy Jack some time.

"I'll kill you!" Eugene roared. He kicked and punched the air stewardesses, making them fall to the floor.

Wendy and Wilhelmina didn't back down, though. They kept him occupied by going at him from both sides.

The four women struggled and fought back as best as they could. They knew they had to buy Jack all the time they could.

Meanwhile, the two pilots still remained unmoving. Perhaps their fear had overwhelmed them to the point of numbness.

Bill attacked Jack aggressively with his prowess in close combat, but Jack moved swiftly. He managed to dodge the former's attacks each time. Then, he whipped around and landed a strong punch on the back of Bill's head.

He thought this would be enough to end the fight, but Bill was stronger than he expected. The latter remained standing and ready to pounce. In fact, he aimed a kick at Jack.

As for the women, though they threw themselves into keeping Eugene occupied, their strength was still inconsequential when compared to him. He was used to putting his life on the line, after all. His fists landed on their bodies, and the air stewardesses curled up on the floor, groaning in pain and despair.

Wendy and Wilhelmina gave it all they had. They each grabbed one of Eugene's legs, trying to stop him from grabbing a gun. However, he kicked them aside, throwing them against the aircraft's walls. Their heads spun from the impact, and pain coursed through them. They could only place their hopes in Jack as he went up against Bill.

Bill swung a fist at Jack's head with all his might, but Jack narrowly dodged it with a slight tilt. The sheer momentum of the punch was so strong that it dented the aircraft's door with a deafening boom.

The four women were terrified. They hadn't realized Jack was battling such a horrifying terrorist to the death!

Jack's fury was thoroughly ignited. He punched Bill in the head so forcefully that it left a crater in the latter's skull. An agonized cry rang out in the cockpit, and Bill finally collapsed on the floor.

Eugene was stunned by this. He couldn't believe Jack had defeated Bill, who'd always been their strongest and most resilient fighter. Bill had even died under Jack's fists!

That was the reality, though. It had happened under his very nose.

The four women were secretly relieved. Victory was just ahead.

After dealing with Bill, Jack held up his body, using it as a shield as he dodged Eugene's bullets. He darted forward, reaching Eugene in mere seconds. Then, he grabbed Eugene's wrist.

Eugene was nothing more than a lamb up for slaughter at that moment. He didn't stand a chance against Jack.

This made Wendy, Wilhelmina, and the air stewardesses gape. Their respect and admiration for Jack overflowed. No woman could resist being attracted to a hero, after all. Jack wasn't just the brave hero who'd saved them-he was also the man of their dreams.

"Who is he?" Wilhelmina's voice carried a tremor as she stared at Jack, who stood victorious. She couldn't take her eyes off him. He seemed taller and stronger to her than any other man she'd met.

Wendy shook her head as her brows furrowed tightly. She searched her brain for any clues on Jack's identity. His eyes seemed capable of reading one's mind, yet they also held countless secrets.

She couldn't help wondering who he was and why he had appeared there.

Chapter 374

Eugene was under Jack's control. Anger and the unwillingness to admit defeat mingled on his face, twisting it into a mask of fury. His operation had failed; it was the end of the world!

Despite that, he still didn't want to give up. He struggled to break free of Jack's chokehold, but it was in vain. Jack was as strong as an unmovable mountain. Eugene couldn't breathe under his restraint.

"It's time for you to go to hell!"

With that, Jack swung a punch at Eugene's head with enough force to make anyone cower in fear. Eugene crumpled onto the floor.

Jack slowly exhaled and smiled, looking tired but satisfied. He turned to look at the air stewardesses who were trembling in a corner and said softly, "The crisis has been averted. We're safe now."

The air stewardesses looked up at him, their eyes full of admiration and respect now that they'd survived the ordeal. They couldn't believe the masked man standing before them had such strength and courage. They swiftly got to work, spreading the good news to each passenger.

"Thank you..." Wendy said, choking up. Her voice was weak but filled with gratitude. This was her first time appreciating how wonderful it was to be alive.

Wilhelmina nodded profusely and said, "Thank you so much!"

Her beautiful face seemed all the more so because of her agitated flush. She didn't even dare to meet Jack's eyes-they seemed to have the ability to suck her in.

Wendy couldn't help thinking that it would be great if she could see his face. She parted her lips but ultimately held herself back from asking him to remove his mask.

That didn't stop her and Wilhelmina from imagining his appearance, though. In their minds, Jack's image grew even more heroic-he was tall, brave, and undeniably handsome. A man like him deserved a face that could make women swoon. He was the perfect Prince Charming every woman dreamed of having.

Wouldn't it be even better if he had a gentle and considerate personality to match his good looks?

Then again, the fact that he'd been brave enough to step up and save everyone on the flight while disregarding his safety proved that he was of good character. Of course, it would be a bonus if he were interested in Wendy and Wilhelmina!

"Watch out!" Jack suddenly cried as everyone let their guard down.

Everyone turned to follow his line of sight. Eugene had been knocked unconscious and had crumpled onto the floor behind Wilhelmina, but he had woken up without anyone noticing. He now aimed a gun at Wilhelmina.

She was the closest to him, and there was no doubt she would die once he pulled the trigger. Fear overwhelmed her, rendering her incapable of moving. She could only stare at Eugene as he released the safety.

At that critical juncture, Jack darted toward her and held her in his arms, shielding her from danger. At the same time, he turned around, using his body to block her from the bullet.

He was powerful now. He didn't think regular bullets could kill him.

A gunshot rang out, and Jack's shoulder started bleeding. This didn't stop him from acting, though.

Despite being injured, he charged toward Eugene and kicked the latter in the head with such force that he was sent flying. He crashed against the aircraft's door, his skull shattering on impact. He was dead.

Chapter 375

"Are you okay?" Jack asked Wilhelmina in concern, ignoring the pain from his wound.

She blushed as she felt the warmth from his strong embrace and said in a small voice, "T-Thank you for saving me. I'm fine."

She secretly prayed he could hold her like that forever. It was such an incredible feeling-she felt like nothing could harm her when she was in his arms.

"You're injured!" Wendy's voice rang out just then, carrying a hint of jealousy.

Only then did Wilhelmina and Jack return to their senses. At the same time, Jack finally felt the pain.

Wilhelmina's eyes widened in shock, and her tears started to fall. "Why are you bleeding?"

Wendy said in displeasure, "He took a bullet for you."

Guilt and gratitude mingled in Wilhelmina's heart as tears continued streaming down her face. "I'm... I'm sorry."

An air stewardess hurried over with a first-aid kit, looking concerned as she asked Jack whether the wound needed to be tended to.

Wendy stepped forward at that, the anxiety and tenderness in her tone unmissable as she said, "I've studied nursing. How about I help you with your wound?"

She blushed slightly, afraid that Jack would turn her down. This disappointed the air stewardess. She'd wanted to tend to Jack's wound.

He looked at Wendy with a slight frown. He didn't harbor any feelings for her. In fact, he disliked her. Still, he knew very well that his wound needed medical attention to prevent significant blood loss. So, he held out an arm in resignation, allowing Wendy to tend to him.

Her touch was as delicate as expected. She carefully tended to the wound, afraid of putting Jack in more pain. Her gentleness and focus secretly surprised him-he didn't expect such a cold, ruthless businesswoman to have such a soft side.

The plane slowly started descending. They arrived at their destination after a harrowing experience in the sky. As the aircraft touched down smoothly, a roaring crowd waited outside. Cheers and applause blended into a wave of celebration. Police cars, fire trucks, ambulances, and medical personnel waited outside. Media personnel surged forward, wanting to capture every detail of this shocking hijacking incident.

Jack wanted to quietly leave after Wendy finished tending to his wound. He was here for a business negotiation; he didn't want to become famous for something like this.

Wilhelmina widened her eyes, sounding unsure as she asked, "A-Are you going to leave just like that, Mr. Hero? Don't you want to see how everyone wants to thank you?"

How could he remain an anonymous hero after what he'd done? It would be a waste of his courage and heroism. More importantly, they had no idea who he was and what he looked like!

Still, Wendy was sensitive enough to tell from Jack's mannerisms that he likely didn't want to become the center of attention. He was like the superheroes one saw in action movies-they secretly defended their land but refused to show their faces.

She couldn't help worrying that this meant it would be difficult for her to seek out her savior, who made her heart race.

Sure enough, Jack nodded. "I'm in a rush to handle something else."

Wendy and Wilhelmina looked at him, reluctant to part. He'd saved their lives, and they didn't want to miss out on the opportunity to thank him. More importantly, they didn't want to miss the chance to see him again.

Wendy mustered the courage to ask, "Can I... Can I know your name? Don't get me wrong—I just want to thank you for saving my life."

She was afraid her request would scare him off. After all, someone like him had to have countless admirers.

To her dismay, Jack merely shook his head, his tone carrying a hint of iciness. "That's not necessary."

His words made her heart sink.

Chapter 376

Wilhelmina also wanted to express her gratitude toward Jack, but she swallowed the words when she saw his reaction. However, she couldn't stop herself from grabbing his arms when he turned to leave. She cried hastily, "Wait!"

He turned around in surprise, not knowing why she'd stopped him. His attitude toward her was much gentler compared to how he'd treated Wendy-he didn't harbor any grudges against her, after all.

This made Wilhelmina's heart race. Though she couldn't see his face, the lights made his eyes seem particularly bright, like stars twinkling in the sky. Her heart pounded as a wave of shyness washed over her. She couldn't think of anything to say, and her breathing sped up.

"I'm gonna go if you don't have anything to say." Jack could sense the feelings in Wilhelmina's gaze, which made him feel uneasy.

"No, wait!" She snapped to her senses. Her cheeks were still red as she asked expectantly, "Can you tell me your name or give me your number? I... I really wanna repay the favor."

Her voice grew smaller toward the end of her sentence; it was almost inaudible. She didn't just want to repay Jack-she also wanted to date him. This was the first time in her life she'd met a guy who captivated her this much.

"Why would you want my name and number?" he asked.

"I... I like you," Wilhelmina said. She mustered the courage to express her feelings for him. She'd never been this bold with someone of the opposite gender before she was only being like this because she genuinely didn't want to miss this chance. She knew she would regret it for life if she did.

Unfortunately for her, Jack's response was somewhat heartless. "Sorry, but we're basically just strangers who happened to run into each other."

With that, he turned and left, ignoring the devastation in her eyes. Once he was gone, the authorities and medical personnel entered the aircraft.

The terrorists had already been dealt with; their cold bodies were all that were left. The injured passengers were tended to, and the police started searching for those who were willing to assist with the investigation.

Regardless, the truth was clear-this was an incident of terrorists hijacking a plane. Fortunately, they'd failed.

Many of the passengers fell to their knees and wept after leaving the aircraft. Everything they'd experienced on the flight had traumatized them. Their family members held them tightly, thanking the heavens for allowing them to be reunited. At the same time, they were grateful to the hero who'd stepped up at such a critical juncture.

When the police asked about the person who'd saved everyone, the two pilots who'd had the living daylights scared out of them earlier stepped forward. They tried to take credit for Jack's actions.

Their lies were soon exposed by the brave air stewardesses, though. They berated the pilots for their worthlessness when facing the terrorists, telling the police that Jack was the true hero. Wendy and Wilhelmina verified this.

Ultimately, the two shameless pilots were taken away by the police.

The passengers started talking about what had happened.

"All I saw was a flash of light-that masked hero dealt with those terrorists just like that!"

"He must be a superhero! I've never seen anything like it!"

"I guarantee any woman who witnessed what happened would've fallen in love with him."

"I want to marry him!"

However, no one could answer when the police asked about the hero's identity. The latter had kept his face covered the whole time, so no one knew what he looked like. The only thing to remember him by were his bright eyes.

Chapter 377

As the hijacking incident came to a close, Jack quietly withdrew from the scene, not lingering or looking back. This sudden incident was nothing but a fleeting ripple in the vast river of life, and he didn't want to get entangled with women like Wendy and Wilhelmina.

Yet, fate always seemed to like joking around with him and making it hard for him to be a complete outsider.

He'd finally arrived in Brightland. This was his first time stepping foot in this land and also his first time visiting Genesis Games despite being its founder and boss.

Jack was the controlling shareholder and knew how important it was to wield power, especially after learning his lesson from Patrick's betrayal at Drakengard Games. He was more determined than ever to maintain absolute control over the company's core operations.

Of course, he also understood the importance of teamwork. That was why he'd given Claude enough power and trust. However, when it came to critical areas such as the company's core technology, legal representation, and patency, he handled everything himself. He didn't want anything to go wrong.

Genesis Games' staff seemed to have already heard about the company's mysterious founder arriving for a visit. They were all excited to meet him. They weren't just elites in the gaming industry-they were also loyal fans of "Legend of the West".

They'd initially been attracted by the novel's vast world-building and dazzling interstellar civilization, which had driven them to join Genesis Games.

The game had taken the novel's allure to its peak. They'd played roles in its creation, getting the chance to experience Jack's wild imagination and witness the historical achievements the game had attained. That was why they were so excited to meet Jack when they heard he was coming.

As the CEO of the company, Claude led a team to welcome Jack. This was their first time meeting each other in person.

Though they'd previously spoken via video calls and video conferences, seeing each other in the flesh for the first time still brought a sense of familiarity and warmth.

To show respect and appreciation for Jack, Claude had arranged for over a dozen cars to form a convoy outside the company. They even displayed a banner that wrote, "A Warm Welcome to the Founder of Genesis Games."

This attracted everyone's attention, including passing pedestrians and media personnel who'd come to capture the moment.

"Welcome to Brightland, Mr. Holland!" Claude stepped forward to hug Jack.

This was more than an acknowledgment of Jack's identity-it was also a sign of Jack's recognition of the hard work everyone at Genesis Games had put in.

Cameras flashed around them, and cheers erupted everywhere. The Euphorians seemed particularly in awe of Jack, who had created miracles despite his youth. Some of them even shouted excitedly at the sight of him.

"God, is he the founder of Genesis Games?"

"That's him! I didn't expect him to develop a game as legendary as 'Legend of the West' at such a young age!"

"I love that game!"

"When I die, please bury me in the game's map."

Jack was stunned by the enthusiastic welcome. He didn't expect to be so influential in Euphoria. He felt like he'd already overestimated the game's

influence and popularity, but it seemed that "Legend of the West" was much more sensational than he'd thought.

To prevent unnecessary chaos and crowding, Jack hurried out of the airport with Claude by his side.

Chapter 378

While riding in the car, Jack felt extremely blessed. He felt like he had become a full-fledged creator, a hero who led the charge when it came to the latest trends.

Seated next to Jack, Claude looked at him with eyes shining with worship and respect. In Claude's eyes, Jack was a founder with limitless and untapped potential.

As night fell, Jack arrived at the hotel that Claude had arranged for him. The surroundings were deserted. Jack breathed in deeply before he started to strip himself of his shirt to take care of the gun wound.

Fortunately, the bullet had missed Jack's vital spots. Even though the pain was excruciating, it surprised Jack that his body had a vitality that far exceeded an ordinary person's.

After removing the bullet, the damaged flesh surrounding the wound took on a life of its own. New flesh began to grow quickly, accompanied by a tingling but numbing effect. His cells were dividing rapidly to heal the wound.

Jack let out a sigh of relief. Even though his body still felt off-kilter, the gun wound didn't give him too much trouble when looking at the larger picture. The next morning, after Jack woke up, he discovered Claude had prepared an extravagant welcoming party for him.

All the staff of Genesis Games were present. Their eyes sparkled with anticipation and respect, dreaming of a chance to interact firsthand with Jack, a titan in the game development industry.

"Mr. Holland, welcome!"

After noticing Jack's arrival, Claude stepped forward and shook his hand warmly. "We have prepared this party for you in hopes that you can feel how excited and grateful we are to have you here."

Jack nodded while smiling, acknowledging everyone present.

At the same time, a large crowd of reporters had gathered outside the hotel. The reporters were from different industries such as finance, entertainment, gaming, and more. All of them were interested in the awe-inspiring creator of "Legend of the West".

The reporters came prepared with a variety of questions-the future of Genesis Games, the conception of the novel and game, and even Jack's personal life. They were all curious about the legendary figure behind the game and novel. Even if they wrote about the color of Jack's underwear, the article would make headlines and rake in a large sum of cash for the reporters.

Claude had also arranged for Jack to attend a dinner banquet. He would be able to touch base with some angel finance groups there. If Jack managed to secure funds from these groups, it would be immensely beneficial to Genesis Games.

During his trip, Jack also had time to explore the streets of Brightland if he wished to do so. Claude was confident that Jack would fall in love with this place.

At first, Claude wanted to accompany Jack personally, but there was just too much to do at Genesis Games. So Jack declined Claude's well-meaning offer and decided to explore the landmarks of Brighton by himself.

Jack would never have expected that he would run into the person of his dreams while away in a foreign country, oceans away from his home.

Phoebe also never dreamed that she would meet a familiar face in this unfamiliar city. At the moment, she was feeding the pigeons with her roommate, Vanessa Shields. It painted a lovely and gentle picture of the ladies.

This was Phoebe's second time in Brightland as a transfer student. With her talent and charm, Phoebe still shone brightly despite being in a foreign place.

She had received Brightland University's approval while also being extended invites from internationally famous financial institutions. Undoubtedly, the favor offered by these places would forge a path toward a bright future for her, whether for her education or career.

But regardless of all her advantages, Phoebe was still down-to-earth and genuine. She enjoyed the little things in life with her roommate.

Vanessa wasn't just Phoebe's roommate. She was also her bosom buddy, and they shared a deep bond.

Chapter 379

"Did you hear about the plane-jacking that happened yesterday?" Vanessa asked, running to look at Phoebe.

Her eyes were full of curiosity. According to the news, the airplane had been hijacked by a group of terrorists, but a mysterious hero had saved the day. No one knew the identity of the hero.

Phoebe nodded lightly, she was also curious about the case. But the news was a mess at the moment, and no one had come forward to clarify the situation.

"I also heard that the founder of the really popular 'Legend of the West' is here in Brightland too. From what I've heard, not only is he young, tall, and rich, but he's also exceptionally handsome."

Vanessa's face was filled with excitement now that the topic had switched to "Legend of the West". She was a loyal player of the game. She wasn't very good at playing it and was always struggling with the levels, but she loved how the gameplay functioned, how intricate the graphics were, and how beautiful the scenery and sights were. She was a huge fan of it all.

Vanessa sighed appreciatively. "The game is so beautiful that it truly takes my breath away. If they made it into a VR game, it would be even more perfect!"

Phoebe felt the same way. "The design of the game is gorgeous. I thought it was amazing, even though I only played it for a little while."

"Was Peter the one who recommended the game to you?" Vanessa asked mischievously.

Phoebe froze for a moment before shaking her head. "No."

"Oh?"

It was Vanessa's turn to be caught off-guard. She sighed lightly. "Bee, Peter likes you so much. His family has power in Tarthy City too. He's handsome and talented, while you're pretty and talented. The two of you are practically a match made in heaven."

Phoebe shook her head again. Her tone was gentle but there was a hint of determination when she said, "Vanessa, I've already told you. I have a boyfriend. He's just back in Zargonia."

Vanessa nodded in response. She knew Phoebe took relationships very seriously. If she truly had a boyfriend in Zargonia, then Phoebe would stay loyal to him and their relationship.

Still, Vanessa couldn't keep her curiosity at bay. "Then when the time comes, you have to introduce me to your boyfriend. I want to know what kind of outstanding man managed to capture the heart of a goddess such as yourself."

Truth be told, every time they spoke about this man, Phoebe's expression would turn sweet and longing. It was the shield that Phoebe used to deflect her suitor's advances.

"If he comes to Brightland, I'll definitely introduce him to you," Phoebe answered.

She glanced at the inexpensive watch clasped around her wrist. A hint of melancholy flashed in her eyes.

"I'd like to know who your boyfriend is too. Why don't you introduce him to us right now?"

A masculine voice echoed next to Phoebe's ear. The voice was intimately familiar to her.

Phoebe nearly jumped out of her skin. She must have hallucinated his voice. But when Vanessa and her turned their heads, they saw a young man standing a short distance away. He was bathed in the warm glow of the sunlight while he smiled at them.

The sunlight shining down on him gave off the illusion that he was glowing golden, making him look even taller and more attractive than he already was. Two pigeons perched obediently on his hand, painting an ethereal picture that seemed too good to be true.

"Jack?" Phoebe's voice was dripping with disbelief although a charming smile had curved her lips upwards.

"Goddess," Jack said while smiling. "I didn't think I'd run into you here so far away from home. I was even worried that you'd forgotten me."

When Jack was feeding the pigeons in the square nearby he had spotted two beautiful ladies doing the same thing. Unable to help himself, he stared at them for a few seconds, before realizing that one of them was Phoebe. His heart had done ecstatic somersaults in his chest at the discovery.

Meeting someone from home in a foreign land was already worth celebrating. But to meet the person who he cherished most in his heart? How could Jack not be overjoyed?

Chapter 380

When Jack quietly approached Phoebe, he had overheard her saying she had a boyfriend. He hadn't been able to hold himself back, making himself known and greeting her.

Meanwhile, Phoebe could feel her heart hammering against her chest after confirming that it was Jack. Her eyes softened as she gazed at him. Even in her dreams, she wouldn't have imagined that she would meet Jack here of all places. After regaining her composure, Phoebe quickly introduced Jack to Vanessa.

After the two of them exchanged pleasantries, Phoebe asked, "Jack, what are you doing in Brightland?"

Jack smiled. "I'm here to join an event. I didn't expect to run into you."

Vanessa's interest in Jack was piqued, especially after discovering that Jack and Phoebe were classmates from middle school to university. She questioned Jack about what Phoebe got up to during her time in Zargonia. "Don't tell me you're the boyfriend Phoebe's been talking about? You're just in cahoots with her to lie to me, aren't you?"

Vanessa couldn't be faulted for being suspicious. After all, they had looked quite excited to see one another. Not only were they classmates for such a long time, but Jack was also tall and handsome. It would be more strange if Vanessa didn't suspect Jack.

Jack shot her a helpless smile. "How can I be her boyfriend? She's with someone else."

Phoebe was stunned after hearing Jack's words. She didn't understand why Jack was saying her boyfriend was someone else. Unless... Jack assumed that she was in a relationship with another man.

Vanessa blinked at them with wide eyes. She thought that they made a good match. They were top students and also had a whole history of being classmates. But Vanessa also knew that Phoebe had high standards when it came to men. If even someone like Peter couldn't catch her attention, then it wouldn't be surprising that Jack had failed to do as well.

"However, to be able to meet you in this corner of the world must be fate," Jack said. "Why don't we find a place to sit down and have a meal? We could catch up properly," Jack suggested, a hint of expectation in his eyes.

Phoebe was more than willing to agree with his suggestion. But she felt too embarrassed to show her eagerness so plainly. She turned to look at Vanessa, silently asking her for her opinion.

She didn't expect Vanessa's eyes to flash knowingly before she said, "That might be an issue. My aunt asked me to have dinner with her at her place today. Didn't you say you would come along with me, Phoebe?"

Phoebe stayed quiet and didn't immediately give Vanessa an answer. It was obvious that she had changed her mind. She didn't want to go anymore.

As for the reason for her change of heart? A knowing smile appeared on Vanessa's face as she giggled. "Don't worry, I understand. Since this is a rare opportunity for you guys to meet, I won't get in the way of the both of you reminiscing about old times. I'll leave for now, enjoy yourselves."

She blinked again after saying her piece. She patted Jack's shoulder like an understanding elder sister before she quickly left the square.

"Vanessa!"

Despite the stern tone that Phoebe used when Vanessa escaped by herself, a blush had crept up her face and stained her cheeks red. She wasn't sure of the cause, but the feeling bubbling in Phoebe's heart was as sweet as honey.

"Don't worry. I'm not a gossip!" Vanessa's teasing voice echoed back to them from a distance away. "Even if he's really your boyfriend, your secret is safe with me!"