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After Vanessa's departure, Jack checked the time before once again extending an invitation to Phoebe. "Phoebe, if you're free now, I'd like to treat you to a meal. To celebrate our reunion."

Phoebe smiled lightly and answered, "Okay. I'll be in your care then."

Since Jack wasn't familiar with Brightland, Phoebe took the lead. They made their way to a Vexburgian restaurant in the heart of the city. The restaurant was famous for its unique atmosphere and high-quality dishes. Apparently, the main chef used to work at a Bichelin-star restaurant.

The interior of the restaurant was decorated with detail and care. Soft, warm light illuminated every corner of the restaurant, creating a romantic and intimate ambience. The pair selected a table near the window.

Outside the window was a crystal clear stream. The sunlight bounced off the bubbling surface of the stream, giving the illusion that the water was shimmering. It was beautiful beyond words. In the distance, a busker leisurely played his saxophone, giving the quiet night a touch of artistry.

"Have you gotten used to living in Brightland?" Jack asked as he ate. His gaze was full of care for a dear, old friend.

"It's been alright. The lifestyle here is really different from Zargonia. But I slowly got used to it," Phoebe replied. She played with a piece of her long, smooth hair before asking, "Jack, why are you suddenly here in Brightland?"

Phoebe's words were laced with curiosity. It was clear that she was surprised by Jack's sudden appearance. A strange emotion welled up in her heart. Being able to meet in a faraway place like this, perhaps they were destined to do so.

Jack smiled as he explained, "I had some business to attend to, which was why I dropped by Brightland. I didn't expect to run into you here. It must be fate."

They chatted as they ate. The atmosphere around them was harmonious. When the topic of conversation shifted to the man Vanessa had brought up before, Jack smiled as he questioned, "Your friend just now, it sounded like she wanted to introduce you to someone to be your boyfriend?"

Phoebe nodded before quickly shaking her head. "Truth be told, I don't like meeting new friends that way."

Jack laughed boisterously. "Looks like our campus queen already has someone in her heart!"

A light blush dusted across Phoebe's cheeks. She countered in a quiet voice, "There's no such thing. Don't talk nonsense."

But Jack was very invested in this particular topic. "So the boyfriend you have in Zargonia, is that nonsense too?"

Phoebe glanced at Jack. Her chest felt tight when she said with a sigh, "To be honest, I only say that to get the guys who are interested in me off my back."

Jack nodded in understanding. "I see. But now that we're talking about this, I remember there was a guy who was always looking for you back when we were in school. You guys seemed pretty close. Was he your boyfriend?"

"You must be talking about Leslie," Phoebe swiftly cut him off. "He wasn't my boyfriend, he was just a regular friend."

"Not Leslie, no. There was another good-looking guy," Jack spoke animatedly, using his hands to illustrate his point. "He was always dressed in a black windbreaker, and he would always pat your hair. Sometimes, he would even hold your hand..."

Phoebe froze when she realized who Jack was talking about. The blush on her pretty face darkened, surprised that Jack knew. "How did you know?"

She noticed the slight change in expression on Jack's face as if there was a secret that he couldn't tell.

Jack hesitated to give her an honest answer. After all, how could he possibly tell her that he often spied on her from the window?

Jack laughed, though it sounded a little forced. As casually as possible, he said, "Oh, that. I just happen to pass by sometimes."

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"I bet a lot of guys arrived at the same conclusion after seeing the both of you like that. After all, you're Alnewgo University's official campus queen. So many guys were interested in you even though they never expressed their interest aloud," Jack explained.

Phoebe didn't answer Jack immediately. Instead, she watched Jack closely. Jack felt as if her gaze could see right through him. No matter how clever Jack thought himself to be, he couldn't help but feel a little nervous pinned under her unwavering stare.

Jack prayed quietly that Phoebe wouldn't see through him and discover his ulterior motives. After all, Jack already had Bella, and she was a wonderful girlfriend. If he had uncouth thoughts about Phoebe, he would truly be a bastard.

Thankfully, Phoebe didn't press the topic. She only clarified, "He's not my boyfriend."

Her words were like a spring breeze, chasing away the fog clouding over Jack's heart in an instant. An unexplainable joy welled up in Jack's heart. It was as if some weight had been lifted off his shoulders, making him feel much more carefree.

"But... the two of you seemed really close," Jack couldn't help but say.

Phoebe just smiled lightly. "He's my brother. He works in Alnewgo, so he would come and visit me now and again. We grew up together so it's only natural that we would be close."

So, that was it.

The weight on Jack's shoulders was completely lifted and the fog in his heart was completely cleared. It was at that moment Jack realized how much he actually cared for Phoebe. It was much more than he predicted. Now that he knew Phoebe wasn't attached to anyone, Jack felt an indescribable joy and elation.

Their meals were served. Phoebe began to introduce the local dishes with much enthusiasm. Her words were laced with the understanding and love she had for this land. Her enthusiasm was infectious, spreading to Jack and turning him invested in the topic of their delicacies as well.

As they dined, Phoebe suddenly changed the topic. "How long are you planning to stay in Brightland?"

"A week? Maybe more, about 10 days?" Jack answered.

In his heart, Jack wondered if the talks to secure the capital funds would go smoothly.

Phoebe blinked at him before saying in a conspiratorial tone. "Did you know? There's another old friend in Euphoria. I heard that she's in Baris now, but she's going to be in Brightland in the next two days."

"Who is it?" Jack asked, his curiosity completely piqued.

Phoebe laughed, pausing for a long time to raise the tension before saying, "She was your ideal lover in the past!"

"Feena?"

Her name spilled from Jack's lips. His expression was one of shock and disbelief. In his memories, Feena was the one who had truly captured his heart. He had summoned all of the courage he possessed to confess his feelings to her, but she had shot him down and they never got together.

Phoebe nodded in the affirmative. "That's right. Feena. I heard that she came to Euphoria with her crew to shoot some of the scenery. When she comes to Brightland, we'll be meeting up."

Jack was instantly taken back to the past. The time he had spent with Feena was still fresh in his memory as if it had only happened yesterday. He felt immensely grateful. He never thought that he would be able to meet not only Phoebe but also Feena.

He was happy for Feena and what she had achieved in life. She was the newest darling in the local film and television industry and was sought after and adored by countless people.

Phoebe watched the myriad of changing expressions that flitted across Jack's face. She had a feeling she knew what he was thinking about. With a gentle smile, she asked, "What's up? Are you looking forward to meeting her?"

Jack chose to stay silent instead of giving her an answer.

Phoebe was undeterred. The smile never left her face as she suggested, "Why don't we go on a trip when Feena is here? We can experience the excitement and beauty of a foreign place together!"

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Jack couldn't help how his heart somersaulted in his chest after hearing Phoebe's suggestion. It was a proposal that no man would turn down-to go on a trip with two generational beauties such as Phoebe and Feena.

Jack could already picture it—the wonderful image of having both ladies in his arms during the trip. Jack nearly started drooling at the delightful picture.

Even though butterflies were stirring up a storm in his gut, Jack reigned in his excitement and said, "Feena might not agree to the trip. She came to Euphoria for work after all."

Phoebe nodded in agreement. "She's usually swamped with work. But no matter how busy she may be, if she ran into her old classmates such as ourselves, I'm sure she would agree."

"That's good. I was already planning to go on a trip myself to see the sights and charms of this place," Jack said with a nod.

Even if they went on this trip as just friends, it would still be an unforgettable experience for Jack.

After finishing their meal, Phoebe didn't leave immediately. Instead, she strolled along the lakeside with Jack, enjoying each other's silent but comfortable company.

"What time is it?" Jack asked. "If you don't have other plans, why don't we hang out somewhere nearby?"

Truthfully, Jack wasn't ready to say goodbye to Phoebe. When he was with her, even the silence they shared was a precious experience.

Phoebe's smile was like the morning sun in spring, warm and bright. She lifted her wrist to check the time on her watch. "It's past 2:00 am. I'm free tomorrow afternoon so I can walk with you for a while longer."

Phoebe captured Jack's undivided attention when she lifted her arm and displayed her wrist. Wrapped around it was a watch that Jack was intimately familiar with. It was the same one that Jack had gifted to Phoebe when he attended her birthday party. Jack had spent all of his money on that watch. It didn't even cost more than 100 dollars.

The watch circled Phoebe's wrist, quietly telling a heartwarming story that not many would know.

Surprise and gratitude flashed across Jack's eyes. He never thought that Phoebe would still be wearing the watch. It was practically unthinkable. Even in Jack's eyes, the inexpensive watch did not match Phoebe's bearing whatsoever. He had assumed that Phoebe would have left it in a corner to collect dust since long ago.

After all, Phoebe grew up in a wealthy family and wanted for nothing. The watch paled in comparison to all her other luxurious belongings. It was unthinkable that Phoebe would wear it at all, let alone for such a long time.

Could it be... Phoebe just really liked the watch? Or... did the watch have some other significance to her?

Jack's heart pounded violently against his ribcage at the thought.

Phoebe had noticed that Jack's attention was on her watch. Her cheeks turned a lovely shade of red, and she was flustered for a moment.

However, she quickly regained her composure and explained, "This watch... I accidentally broke the watch I was wearing before. Coincidentally, this watch you gave me is waterproof, so I'm just wearing it for the time being. I didn't expect it to suit me so well."

Disappointment and relief came together in a storm of emotions in Jack's heart after hearing her explanation. He thought Phoebe had a special reason for wearing the watch, but it turned out to be just a coincidence. Even so, Jack felt appreciative that he got to see her wearing the watch he had gifted to her.

He managed to squeeze a small smile onto his face. "As long as you like it. I worried that it wouldn't be to your liking."

Although Jack was incredibly intelligent, he wasn't the best at reading between the lines. He didn't notice that Phoebe's answer was packed with layers of unspoken feelings.

Phoebe only smiled gently. She said nothing else. The two of them walked shoulder-to-shoulder along the street. None of them struck up a conversation. What they were thinking in their hearts was a mystery.

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Unfortunately, all good things came to an end.

Phoebe stopped in her tracks, sounding apologetic when she said, "Jack, I still have some things to take care of tomorrow afternoon. I can't stay with you for too long."

Jack felt unwilling to part with her, but he nodded in understanding. "Do what you have to do. I'll be alright walking around by myself."

In his heart, Jack couldn't help but think that a woman's heart was truly unknowable. Phoebe had just told him earlier that she was free, why did she change her mind now?

Phoebe nodded. She hesitated for a moment before adding, "You'll be in Brightland for some time, right? If you're free you can look for me. Or you could visit Brightland University and sit in for some classes. There's a finance professor there who teaches an interesting course. I'm sure it'll be a big help for people in our fields."

"I'll definitely have a look if I have the time. Thank you," Jack said with a nod.

The two waved at each other before going their separate ways. Jack watched the bus that Phoebe got on until it slowly disappeared from his sight. Disappointment took root in his heart as he stood in place, the feeling growing as the distance between Phoebe and him grew as well.

After returning to the hotel, Jack received some news from Claude. In three days, Claude would be hosting an extravagant banquet in the garden of his home. During that banquet, Jack would represent Genesis Games to engage with the representatives of the Donaldson family.

Jack was ecstatic at the news. If he secured an investment deal with the Donaldsons, it would be a huge boon for Genesis Games.

The next morning, the gentle sunlight seeping through the gaps of the curtain woke Jack up. Jack rubbed his eyes groggily before getting up and tending to the wound on his shoulder.

But no matter how much Jack tried, his bandaging skills were far below that of Wendy's. Each time Jack's fingers brushed against the wound, Wendy's focused but gentle expression would float to the forefront of his thoughts.

That unexpected gentleness secretly pleased Jack. Wendy probably had no idea that the person who saved her was the same person she thought of as an enemy.

However, thinking about Wendy led to Jack recalling how she had conspired with Patrick to strip him of his control in Drakengard Games. It made Jack extremely angry.

Just after noon, the peace and quiet of the room was disturbed by the ringing of a phone. Unexpectedly, Phoebe's voice echoed from the receiver. She sounded excited, her tone full of anticipation.

"Jack, are you free in the afternoon? Come over to the university. The finance professional I told you about yesterday, Rody Bickelson, is conducting a class today. It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!"

Jack had just been wondering about his itinerary for the day when Phoebe called, so he accepted her invitation without hesitation. He scarfed down his lunch before driving to Brightland University.

Brightland University was a shining star in the world of academic institutions and renowned for many things, its storied history and solid foundation being amongst them. Although it was still a league below other longer-established schools like Hansroth University, it still had its own unique style and charm.

Jack drove a car that belonged to Genesis Games onto the university campus. The leaves grew thickly on the trees, casting long shadows and providing shade, while the aged buildings sat in their designated spots in every corner of the campus. It was as if every brick had its own story to tell.

Jack breathed in deeply, immersing himself in the peace and beauty that was hard to come by. He spotted Phoebe's silhouette from afar when he made his way to their meetup spot.

As she stood there, Jack couldn't help but compare her to a lily in bloom, pure and elegant. Her long hair danced to the melody of the wind as a light breeze swept past them, making her seem even more lovely and ethereal.

Jack's heart skipped at the sight. He quickened his steps and entered the campus together with Phoebe.

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Phoebe introduced the different sights and landmarks to Jack as they walked. There were ancient churches and medieval architectural complexes. Lush trees lined both sides of the avenue, leading to a library that encouraged a studious atmosphere. Every part of the campus was incredibly impressive to Jack.

Jack listened attentively to Phoebe, awed by the long history of the university. As they were about to enter the classroom where the open finance lesson was being held, another familiar figure appeared before Jack.

It was Wendy. Jack was beginning to think that he had some sort of power to attract his enemies to him. Being on the same airplane as Wendy was one thing, but running into her at the university as well? Lady Luck was clearly not on his side.

However, when he gave it more thought, it wasn't too strange that Wendy would be there at Brightland University. She studied at Harford University, and she was part of Pentime Group's operations department. It made sense that she would participate in Brightland University's alumni events.

Jack tempered his emotions as he stepped into the classroom with Phoebe. He decided that treating Wendy as if she were just the air around them was the best course of action.

Wendy had also noticed Jack. She had been stunned for a moment but quickly turned her head away, but not before Jack saw the disdain flashing in her eyes.

Sitting at the same table as Wendy were two men and a woman. One of the men had his eyes locked on Phoebe. He was enamored by her beauty, desire clear in his eyes. However, when he noticed Jack, who had an impressive bearing of his own, next to Phoebe, his expression darkened.

He turned to Wendy and asked, "You know him?"

"Sort of. We're not close," Wendy said lazily.

Wendy didn't want to be associated with someone like Jack, a person she considered to be a failure. It would lower her own status and stain her reputation in society.

The man looked interested upon hearing Wendy's response. "Could you tell me more about him?"

Wendy shot a look at him. Her smile didn't reach her eyes as she asked, "What? Have your tastes changed after studying in Vexburg for a few years?"

The woman at the table burst into peals of giggles. She explained, "Don't misunderstand, Dee. Peter isn't interested in him, Peter is interested in the lady next to him.

"Honestly, he pays close attention to any man close to Phoebe. He's already sent his men after two different guys, beating them up so bad that they were bedridden."

Wendy looked at Peter, but he only shrugged his shoulders and looked at her innocently.

Wendy smiled lightly before explaining, "That guy was the founder of Drakengard Games. I've met him once or twice for business. That's all."

Peter frowned. "His company does business with Pentime Group?"

If that was the case, Jack must hold a considerable amount of power in Zargonia. Even if Peter wanted to get rid of him, he couldn't act carelessly.

Wendy shook her head. "No need to worry, it's just a small company. He doesn't have much authority and he doesn't have a strong family background either. Furthermore, he was kicked out of Drakengard Games because he went against

me.

"If you wish to, Mr. Trevell, you can bother him as much as you want. Oh, that's right. Let me give you some friendly advice. His parents are melon farmers. His mother even works part-time. But do be careful. His father might use his melon as a weapon to attack you!"

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The table erupted in laughter after Wendy's joke. The lady laughed especially boisterously. "I love eating melons. I wonder how much it costs to buy a whole cart of them? Would my allowance for a day be enough?"

Peter shook his head, still laughing. His voice was condescending when he replied, "I'm not sure. If I had to guess, your allowance for a day should be enough for this melon farmer's son to enroll in university for four years, additional expenses included!"

Jack had noticed Wendy, and also the friends that were with her. His brow furrowed, eyes flashing fiercely.

If they were just talking about him, Jack could tolerate it. But dragging his parents into their petty discussion and even insulting them? Jack would not allow that. Furthermore, it was clear that Peter harbored ill intentions toward Phoebe, intensifying the icy dislike Jack felt toward them.

Meanwhile, the bell indicating the start of classes rang. A professor entered the classroom. It was the man Phoebe mentioned-Rody Bickelson, the man in the finance industry with many achievements. He was an old man, the hair on his head had all turned white. But his steps were still light and energetic. He looked like he was in good spirits.

The classroom quieted down the moment Rody stepped into the room. The students watched Rody with respect in their eyes as if they were looking at a god.

Rody had a unique understanding of finance. He also had his own style when conducting the class, encouraging the students to engage with the professor. The atmosphere in the classroom was lively.

Even though Jack had stepped away from the finance industry and was an entrepreneur in an even higher level field, he had to admit that Rody had an electric personality. He paid close attention to Rody's lecture.

The class was over in the blink of an eye. The bell indicating the end of classes rang. The students looked rather disappointed. Many of them surrounded Rody, hoping to interact with him more.

Phoebe was amongst them, joining the circle of students around Rody. It became quickly clear that Rody was also quite taken by Phoebe. Even though many students surrounded him, he still waved Phoebe over to his side, starting a discussion with her and a few other students who he deemed to be more gifted in the study of finance.

Naturally, Jack stuck close to them, listening intently.

Peter and Wendy had also approached, looking very much like they were interested in what was taught during the lecture. However, Peter's true intentions soon came to light. His eyes were always on Phoebe, roaming up and down her figure.

As Rody answered some of the finance-related questions that the students had, he suddenly asked, "My dear students, have you seen the news? The founder of Genesis Games is here in Brightland. He's the one who created the game all of you love so much, 'Legend of the West'."

The students nodded upon hearing the professor's question. "Legend of the West" was extremely popular. Many students were die-hard fans of the game. They were filled with excitement as they rushed to express their enthusiasm.

"Of course, we know! Kyle saw him in the flesh!"

"I know too! He must be a natural-born genius. There's no way he could have made such a fun game if he wasn't. I wonder where he's from?"

"I heard that he's a CEO from Osmo!"

"That shouldn't be true. Kyle said that he looked like an Iselvan. Apparently, he studied Bavarian in his free time, which was why he's so good at speaking it."

"No way. An Iselvan creating such an awesome game? That'd be amazing!" Murmurs of surprise erupted from the crowd. After all, they were all addicted to the game, so of course, they had nothing but the utmost respect for the founder of it.

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Rody watched the discussions that were going on around him. He decided to throw out a question of his own.

"Then, I'd like to ask my dear students-does anyone know why he's in Brightland?"

"I don't know," most of the students echoed while shaking their heads.

"A very good friend of mine told me that the founder is here to secure funds for the company. Now I'd like to ask everyone present-'Legend of the West' is currently enjoying much commercial success, how much do you think the game's market value will eventually be?"

This was a professional question for a student of finance. If they wanted to enter the finance industry in the future, most would join major investment banks while some would find a career as a finance analyst.

They would have to carry out their own research for all sorts of challenges, for example, the ideal market value for a company that wished to become public- listed or how many stocks an individual would need to purchase to reach their desired outcome.

A male student answered, "Considering the game's popularity and comparing it to the world's biggest gaming company, Typhoon Corporation's market value, if they were to go public-listed on Masdaq, the market value should be within the range of five billion dollars."

Another student swiftly countered, "I think it'll only be one billion at most. When investing in Zargonia Concept Stock companies originating from Iselva, those Osmonians are extraordinarily stingy."

"I also think that it'll be two billion at most. Any higher than that would be inflating the price. Since they've only released one successful game so far, who's to say they can recreate this success with their future games?

"Typhoon Corporation's market value is so high because the company has been established for a long time. It's the biggest game development company in the world after all."

Rody listened attentively to all the students' opinions. He asked Phoebe, "What do you think, Ms. Bailey? What would the market value of this company be?"

Phoebe blinked before saying, "I haven't given much thought to this question, so I do not dare to share my uninformed opinion. However, I do think that a company's market value depends not only on their foundation and future profits, but also the understanding of their higher-ups.

"They might be enjoying success now, but if the higher-ups have no ambitions and are content to remain at their current level, the company might go out of business after only achieving a market value of one billion. But if their leaders have the foresight to plan far ahead into the future, 10 billion might just be the starting point for them."

Phoebe gestured at Jack, who was standing to her. She said, "Even though I cannot comment on this topic, my friend here is also from Alnewgo University's School of Finance. He's always been very insightful. I think he might have a clearer understanding of what Genesis Games' market value might be."

Phoebe looked at Jack with hopeful eyes. She hoped that Jack would show off the talents nurtured by Alnewgo University in this foreign land.

Everyone's attention was trained on Jack. Even Rody was waiting in anticipation for Jack's opinion on the subject. Meanwhile, Wendy and Peter wore matching sardonic expressions. They were waiting to hear what the son of a "great" melon farmer would have to say.

With an unshakeable confidence, Jack declared, "I think Genesis Games is currently worth at least 10 billion dollars!"

Jack's eyes were bright and had no trace of hesitation as he made his declaration. An unexplainable confidence oozed from every pore of his body.

The moment the words left his lips, the students around them, including Rody, and even Phoebe, couldn't help but raise their eyebrows.

"Isn't he a bit too confident," they thought to themselves in unison.

Although Phoebe had indeed said 10 billion dollars earlier, she had only thrown out that number under the conditions of a best-case scenario. Now this nobody was mimicking her and saying that Genesis Games would be worth 10 billion dollars and even more than that?

"Who does this guy think he is? Is he just playing around?" The crowd wondered in their hearts.

Genesis Games' "Legend of the West" was indeed at the peak of its popularity. However, to say that it had a market value of 10 billion dollars was quite far- fetched.

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And he said it with such confidence?

Even Phoebe looked surprised and asked, "Jack, are you... sure?"

Jack nodded and replied with a smile, "I believe Genesis Games is truly worth ten billion dollars. If it's not up to this value, I don't think the financing will succeed."

What a joke.

He was the boss of Genesis Games, and the minimum valuation he had in mind was at least ten billion dollars. If the investor couldn't meet that number, there would be no need for discussions.

Because everything would be decided by Jack.

Phoebe didn't know why Jack was so certain, but she believed him, almost blindly.

If Jack said it with such certainty, he had to have his own reasoning.

The professor stared at Jack, deep in thought.

In fact, the professor had also specifically researched several businesses,

including Genesis Games. His own valuation perfectly matched Jack's current view of ten billion dollars.

But this was his secret, and he would not disclose it. However, he was still surprised by Jack's confidence.

For a finance student to be not only precise but also confident of his valuation of a company was proof of his extraordinary vision.

But there would always be someone who would bring others down to lift themselves up.

As soon as Jack finished speaking, he heard someone sneer. It was Wendy's friend, Peter.

He looked at Jack arrogantly and mocked, "I really want to know what gives you such confidence. How can you say that with such certainty?"

Since he was Wendy's friend, it was obvious he didn't have good intentions.

Jack glanced at him and casually said, "You only need to know that this will be the final result. You don't need to know how I calculated it."

Wendy joined in with a sarcastic tone, "What? Who are you to say that? Is it because your dad is a farmer and your mom works part-time?"

Wendy's sudden words directly pointed to the background of Jack's parents. Her tone was obviously disdainful and even insulting. The students around them immediately looked at Jack judgmentally.

In fact, those who could attend the finance school, especially the MBA program, were all from wealthy, upper-class families. At the very least, they were from middle-class families.

A higher starting point made it easier for them to understand the finance market. Their families could support them and help them enter investment banks or other financial firms.

However, having parents who worked odd jobs and didn't have stable or respected careers was abnormal in the finance world. This meant they wouldn't have the support of their family.

Unless they were exceptionally talented, their future in the finance industry wouldn't be great. What was even worse, they would be isolated by their upper- class classmates.

Though the students around them didn't chime in, their gazes carried a hint of disdain.

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Peter chimed in, "Wendy, our world values equality and human rights. Do you mean to say that those from a poor background can't enter the finance industry?"

Wendy smiled and responded, "Of course they can. But I believe that a person's background shapes their perspective. Dragons give birth to dragons, phoenixes to phoenixes, and a rat's offspring will always hide in holes. Do you honestly believe that a farmer's son can be successful in finance? Well, I certainly do!"

Peter and his two friends immediately burst into laughter. Everyone could tell that Wendy was being sarcastic and that she was mocking Jack on purpose.

But Jack didn't mind. He had already reached a level where he didn't care about Wendy's insults. He just hoped that Wendy would laugh harder now, because it would only make her sob harder in the future.

In his mind, he pictured Wendy's despair and shock when she eventually had to beg him for help with the game "Legend of the East". How satisfying would that be?

Jack was never a saint. He kept track of every insult from Wendy, waiting to get back at her at the right time.

Jack was indifferent, but Phoebe, who was beside him, was quite displeased.

At that moment, Peter and the others weren't just humiliating Jack. They were also humiliating Phoebe by doing so. In fact, their insults toward Jack felt more terrible than if she had been insulted herself.

So, Phoebe said coldly, "Peter, watch your words. In our country, how many great politicians started from the bottom? The richest man in Solara Mainland built his wealth from nothing, too. None of them had prestigious backgrounds, but that didn't stop them from getting extraordinary achievements. Your mockery only proves your ignorance and hypocrisy."

Peter felt a little awkward after being rebuked by Phoebe.

Phoebe smirked coldly and continued, "I don't know him well, but I've believed in him ever since he entered Alnewgo University as the top scholar in the state. If you have no idea how impressive that title is, I suggest you get educated. He's definitely far more exceptional than both you and me."

The students around them fell silent.

Phoebe, who had always carried herself with pride, was actually publicly admitting that Jack was better than her.

Perhaps some would not agree. But they shouldn't forget Jack's title as the top scholar in the state. The weight that it carried was stunning.

However, Peter scoffed. "Top scholar in the state? So what?"

From his confused expression, it was clear that he knew nothing about the achievement of being the top scholar in the state.

Even Wendy found Peter's response embarrassing.

There were also many students from the mainland among the people around them. They knew very well that the top scholars' dazzling achievements never fade, and every other student would feel inferior to their intelligence and talent. The top scholars were able to outshine hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of competitors and become the best of the state. Such an achievement was as significant as being the champion of Vexburg, with indisputable value.

When Phoebe mentioned Jack's glorious achievements, even the arrogant students from Vexburg couldn't help but feel a sense of respect.

The professor couldn't hide his surprise as well. His recognition of Jack wasn't just because of his top scholar title, but because Jack could precisely report Genesis Games' market value.

That level of insight and sensitivity was enough to prove his extraordinary talent.

After the crowd left, Phoebe was still upset by Peter's and Wendy's words and actions.

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She wasn't a narrow-minded person, but she was angry to see how they looked down on Jack.

Phoebe couldn't hold back anymore and spoke up to apologize, "Jack, I'm really sorry you had to..."

Jack interrupted Phoebe with a smile, "Do you think I'll be bothered by the words of people like that?"

Seeing how positive Jack was, Phoebe felt a lot better. "That's great. Let me treat you to a meal. There's some amazing food here that's definitely worth trying."

Jack nodded. Just as they were about to head to the cafeteria, they unexpectedly ran into Peter and the others again.

Peter seemed to have forgotten his rudeness earlier as he said to Phoebe, "Phoebe, there's a basketball game later. Do you want to come and watch?"

Phoebe shook her head. "I have to accompany my friend. I won't be free."

Peter was taken aback for a moment before turning his attention to Jack. "Hey, do you want to join the game? Don't tell me you're the kind of weakling who can't play sports."

Jack immediately saw through Peter's provocation and smirked playfully. "I enjoy basketball too. I'll see you in the afternoon then."

Phoebe glanced at Jack in surprise. Then, she smiled.

Her mind drifted back to their freshman year, when the School of Finance students had played against the School of Music students. Jack had entered the game as a substitute and turned the game around with his impressive skills. That moment still shone brightly in her memory.

This memory was one of the key reasons she loved watching guys play basketball. The familiarity of the sight always stirred up the passion in her heart.

Since she knew that Jack was skilled at basketball, Phoebe nodded with ease. "Okay, then!"

For some reason, Phoebe was also very excited at that moment. She couldn't wait to see Jack's performance on the court again.

There was still time to spare after the meal. The two of them strolled through the campus before heading to the basketball court as planned.

In Euphoria, football was undoubtedly the most popular sport. Its influence was so huge that it could captivate people of all ages.

But with the growing popularity of basketball, more and more students became passionate about the sport. Basketball games also became very spectacular and impressive.

By the time they arrived at the court, it was already packed with people. There were students from both Zargonia and Vexburg, and the atmosphere was lively.

Today's game was a friendly match between Brightland University's Finance Class Five and Finance Class Three. Phoebe's class, Class Five, was about to compete against Peter's class, Class Three.

Sportsmanship was highly respected abroad, and basketball, as a sport that showcased strength and skills, naturally drew a lot of attention.

On the court, the players were all tall and athletic, with several Zargonia students among them. Their muscles were toned, showing their impressive physical fitness.

Phoebe introduced Jack to the captain of Finance Class Five, a Zargonia student. Out of respect for Phoebe, he allowed Jack to join the team at the last minute.

The two teams immediately started warming up by taking shots. Jack tried a couple of times, but he missed both shots due to his shoulder injury.

In the audience, Phoebe sat with her roommates, Vanessa and Monica.

Monica and Vanessa were somewhat disappointed by Jack's performance. They even spoke about it openly, discussing it with Phoebe.

Phoebe didn't explain. She knew that Jack would show them his true skills soon. Meanwhile, Wendy and Peter were waiting for the game to officially begin.