Limits 42

Chapter 42

To most people, being defeated by Jack was an honor in itself.

Bella stood nearby, listening as if hearing a captivating story unfold. She couldn't help but see Jack in a new light.

At this moment, the crowd around Jack had grown so thick that he was completely surrounded. Defeating someone like Chris Weston, a legendary figure in Skybound Wars, made them believe Jack must be an equally famous gaming prodigy.

Whispers began spreading as people tried to uncover Jack's background. Die- hard Skybound Wars fans, their excitement barely contained, were already eager to ask Jack to be their mentor.

Leo stepped forward with a wide grin, his tone humble and respectful. "Brother, I'd really like to get to know you. Could you do me the honor?"

Jack replied indifferently, "I'm Jack Holland. Maybe we'll talk again sometime."

With that, he grabbed Bella's hand and headed toward the exit.

Leo hurriedly followed, calling out, "Hey, Jack, don't leave! I really admire you. How about I treat you to a meal? Please?"

Bella glanced at Jack, astonished. She hadn't expected him to have such charisma.

Even someone like Leo, who was clearly a prominent figure in the gaming community, was willing to lower himself just to have dinner with him. Was it really just because Jack was skilled at gaming?

As Jack was contemplating Leo's offer, the cafe door suddenly flew open with a loud bang. A group of tattooed thugs stormed in, their expressions fierce. Leading them was Griffin Storm, the buzz-cut guy who had earlier tried to flirt with Bella and ended up being humiliated.

Griffin scanned the crowd and pointed directly at Jack. "Boss, it's him! He's the one who hit me. You've got to teach him a lesson!"

The thugs quickly surrounded Jack, and the atmosphere grew tense.

Bella, having grown up sheltered, had never seen such a scene. Her face turned pale with fear, and she instinctively clung to Jack, burying herself in his chest.

Jack caught a faint whiff of her fragrance as she pressed against him. Boldly, he wrapped an arm around her slim waist, pulling her closer for reassurance, his gaze calm as he studied the approaching group.

At the front of the gang stood a tall, lanky man, clearly their leader. He stepped forward, his sharp eyes scanning Jack up and down. "So, you're the one who hit my guy?"

Jack met his gaze, his voice steady and commanding. "What of it? Your guy was harassing my girlfriend. You expect me to just let that slide?"

"You've got guts," the lanky man growled. "I didn't see what happened, but here's how this works-you kneel and apologize to my guy right now, or you won't be leaving here on your own two feet!"

Jack's expression turned cold as a smirk played on his lips. "Go ahead and try."

The man, Caspian Reed, was enraged by Jack's defiance. His gang began shifting restlessly, ready to pounce at a moment's notice.

Before the situation could escalate, Leo stepped forward, his voice calm but firm. "You'd better take back what you just said, or you'll regret it."

Caspian finally noticed Leo's presence, and the arrogance on his face faltered. His expression shifted to one of unease. "Is he your guy?"

Leo's face darkened, his tone sharp. "Don't talk nonsense. He's my brother. Let me make one thing clear-if you so much as lay a finger on him, you'll be picking your teeth off the floor."

Capsian clearly held Leo in high regard. His expression flickered with uncertainty as his confidence wavered.

Under normal circumstances, Caspian would've backed off in respect for Leo, knowing that Leo wasn't someone he could mess with. But with dozens of his men standing behind him, retreating now would ruin his reputation and undermine his authority as a leader.

After a moment of internal struggle, Caspian gritted his teeth and made up his mind. He turned to Leo, his tone conflicted. "Leo, I'd normally listen to you, but my guy got roughed up today. I have to stand up for him."