Limits 551

Chapter 551

Suddenly, Patrick looked at Wendy suggestively and asked, "Ms. Trader, why were you flirting with me earlier?"

Wendy acted oblivious as she replied, "Did I? When did I do that?"

"Stop pretending. I could feel it." A lewd smile appeared on Patrick's face.

"Wendy, you love a capable man. I can tell that you're fond of me. Frankly, I am fond of you too. Maybe we can try getting together? You're a beautiful woman, and I'm a handsome man. We're a match made in heaven."

Wendy stopped her pretense. She scoffed and retorted, "How in the world did you get that idea? You're delusional."

Patrick shamelessly said, "If you agree to be my girlfriend, I swear you'll be the only person I'll have my eyes on for the rest of my life. Okay?"

Then, Patrick boldly reached out, trying to lay his hand on Wendy, but Wendy raised her hand and slapped him. "Get lost!"

Patrick was dumbfounded by the slap. He held his face, afraid to utter another word.

Suddenly, Wendy smiled and taunted, "Honestly, I'm not stopping you from pursuing me. If you can lead the company well, go public, and create games like 'Legend of the East,' I might consider your proposition."

"Hmm..." Patrick looked conflicted.

Going public with the company wasn't difficult, but creating a game like "Legend of the East" was challenging.

Patrick had tried leading his team to develop new games, but even after investing a large sum of money, he had still come out empty-handed.

They had developed three games, including one large-scale game. However, this game received criticism for being unrefined and rushed. Even after several months, they had acquired less than 1000 online users.

Meanwhile, the other two games were removed because of their poor quality.

Patrick finally realized how vital Jack was but did not regret his decision.

He enjoyed having full control over Drakengard Games, the control he wouldn't be able to enjoy if Jack were around.

"I will try my best!" Patrick eventually responded firmly. Franky, from the moment he laid eyes on Wendy, overwhelming emotions stirred in his heart.

If he could win Wendy's favor, it would mean soaring to unimaginable heights- skipping generations of struggle and propelling from a mediocre background into the ranks of the elite.

"However, I think Jack needs to be put in his place." Patrick suddenly changed the subject, getting riled up at the mention of Jack.

Patrick even considered getting his men to beat Jack up, crippling him to satisfy his vent. Wasn't Jack so great at sports and computer games? Patrick was curious to see how great he would be defending himself.

Wendy, who was beside him, became alarmed. "Why do you want to go against him?"

"He ruined our plans." Patrick didn't notice the cold expression on Wendy's face.

No matter how calculative he was, he would never have expected Wendy to have slept with Jack.

On Friday morning, Patrick gathered Drakengard Games' higher officials and management team for an important meeting.

Although Drakengard Games appeared to be thriving on the surface, it was actually fraught with crises.

Panzer Saga and other similar small-scale games were no longer garnering as much profit as they used to. Even if Legend of the East was still coming in strong, soaring in local markets, its success also attracted many game developers eager to imitate it.

Although these copycats were poor in quality and unable to create any substantial threat to Legend of the East, they eventually eroded the Game's player base.

Besides, they had invested much money in promoting Legend of the East overseas. Eventually, the game was banned, causing them to suffer huge losses.

This string of unfortunate events had undoubtedly placed Drakengard Games in a challenging situation.

With the continuous expansion of its business and massive investment in game development, Drakengard Games was drowning in debt and plagued with troubles.

Patrick called this meeting to encourage his employees to increase revenue and reduce costs, speeding up the development of new games.

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Directors, managers, general managers, and finance officers filed into the meeting room, and the meeting began.

Patrick scanned the room and said sternly, "Why have all our recently developed games failed? Can someone give me a reasonable explanation?"

The management team exchanged glances among themselves, unsure how to

answer.

Patrick turned his gaze toward the head of the games development department, Mackenzie Langford. "Mac, tell me why aren't these games gaining traction?"

Mackenzie helplessly said, "The competition in the game development industry is too strong, and we are limited in financial funding. Plus, the publicity department did not promote our games, so it's hard for them to gain traction."

The head of the publicity department, Stephen Jeffords, immediately retorted, "This is nonsense! We have been promoting aggressively recently. Your team's development of Warlords' Edge cost a fortune, yet it failed to gain traction. The root of the problem lies in the quality."

Mackenzie immediately retorted, "If you're so great, why don't you try your hand at game development? At the end of the day, it's because you didn't put any effort into it."

Patrick looked at Stephen. "Steve, I've logged onto many platforms and couldn't find any promotional material."

Stephen wore a pained expression and said, "Mr. Hamilton, it's not that we don't want to promote anything, but the budget is tight. Nowadays, even handing flyers out on the street costs fifty bucks every headcount."

Then, the head of the finance department, Bernard Hart, started complaining, "Mr. Hamilton, the recent few games made little profit. Our company's financial situation is so tight that paying everyone their salaries is challenging. We don't have any money for marketing purposes.

Patrick's expression darkened, "How did our finances turn so badly?"

Bernard helplessly explained, "The leadership of each department had been frivolous in spending, such as organizing travels for their teams or buying luxurious cars. They would always claim this spending from the finance department. We don't have any money in our accounts now!"

For instance, someone had recently bought a Maybach S6000, and guess what? The company had reimbursed it. Officially, it was a company car, but in reality, everyone knew what it was for, but no one dared to utter a word.

Patrick sternly announced, "From now on, there will be no more unnecessary claims and spending. Traveling and yearly bonuses are suspended, too. Insurance and housing funds are paid at the lowest rate. Does anyone have any objections?"

All the leaders wore dissatisfied looks on their faces.

Patrick bought himself a luxurious car, yet they suffered from deducted bonuses.

Although everyone kept their mouth shut, this was merely the tip of the iceberg of their dissatisfaction with Patrick.

There were even rumors that Patrick secretly transferred company funds into his account.

What a shameless man!

Patrick angrily said, "What's the matter? Is everyone unhappy with my decision? Stand up if you have any objections!"

"Exactly! You've had your fun. If you really care about the company, why not fire all your mistresses? They are just leeches with little to no contribution."

A sudden voice sounded in the silent meeting room. Everyone heard every word clearly.

The meeting room fell into pin-drop silence. Everyone exchanged glances with each other, unsure who was ballsy enough to insult Patrick.

Patrick's expression darkened. "Who said that? Show yourself!"

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The deputy CEO, Cyril Sanders, couldn't take it anymore and interrupted, "Don't be angry, Mr. Hamilton. Everyone's just venting, that's all. However, we've also heard rumors that someone has been secretly siphoning company funds, putting us in this crisis, so everyone's worried."

Patrick's expression turned icy. "Why didn't you inform me about the corruption? All of you hold shares in this company, so you should have reported it immediately."

Cyril glanced at Patrick and said mockingly with a sly smirk, "Honestly, everyone knows who the mole is, but no one dares to do anything without any evidence."

Patrick lost his cool. "Do you think I'm the mole?"

Cyril would have immediately denied it if it were any other day, but at this moment, he answered, "If you don't want people to find out, then don't do it in the first

place."

Patrick slammed the table hard and exclaimed, "I can't believe this!"

He completely lost it and slapped Cyril hard across the face.

Then, he glared fiercely at everyone and asked, "Does anyone else have something to say? I'll make sure you feel the pain from voicing out your thoughts."

As a major shareholder of the company, Patrick had arrogance to back his words up. Besides, with Wendy's support, he felt invincible.

Patrick would let whoever dared challenge his authority leave in a heartbeat.

Suddenly, Bernard said, "Mr. Hamilton, we're shareholders of this company. We have the right to question this."

Patrick pompously replied, "No, you don't! Don't forget that I'm the one who gave you your jobs. Nicely put, you call yourselves the management team. But to put it bluntly, you're nothing more than my worthless lackeys."

Patrick's arrogant words had completely torn away the last shred of his hypocritical facade.

The company had been doing poorly recently. Patrick was deeply dissatisfied with the management team, who secretly criticized his decisions while pretending to comply with his demands. In his eyes, they were nothing more than useless trash.

Covering his face, Cyril shouted, "Patrick Hamilton, karma will bite you in the ass. I'm going to sue you!"

Patrick scoffed and said, "Be my guest. You're fired. Get lost from my sight!"

Cyril did not back down. "You have no right to fire me. Don't forget. Ms. Trader is this company's biggest shareholder."

However, Patrick laughed smugly. "Wendy has given me full authority to manage company matters. Besides, she's my girlfriend now."

He boasted shamelessly while twisting Wendy's words. Although Wendy had merely said that she would be his girlfriend only if he proved himself capable, he had turned it into a firm promise.

However, Cyril carried a rare confidence as he firmly claimed, "You need to go through the board of directors first before you can fire me."

Patrick was utterly outraged by this statement. He yelled, "I'm going to beat you up!"

Then, like a ferocious wolf, he lunged toward Cyril.

Suddenly, someone kicked the meeting room door down.

Patrick turned around and was taken aback to see Wendy entering with a team of security officers.

He asked, "Wendy, why are you here? No matter your timing is impeccable. Capture these bastards so that I can teach them a hard lesson."

Wendy glanced at Patrick coldly. Then, she turned to the security officers and said, "Gentlemen, please take out the trash."

Patrick finally realized that something was terribly wrong.

Two security officers stepped forward and presented an arrest warrant. "Mr. Patrick Hamilton, you're under arrest for embezzling company assets."

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They took out a set of handcuffs, ready to take him away.

Patrick's eyes widened. "You must have made a mistake! I'm your boss!"

Then, he turned his gaze toward Wendy and pleaded, "What's going on, Wendy? This must be a big misunderstanding! Can't you order them to let me go? You've agreed to be my girlfriend."

Wendy wore a pitiful expression. "What are you thinking? You must be delusional."

Faced with Wendy's rejection, Patrick was overwhelmed with despair. He had tried to weasel his way out, but unfortunately, he had failed spectacularly. He was merely Wendy's lackey, and dealing with him was a piece of cake.

Looking at Patrick devastatingly being escorted into a police car, a smile that had not appeared in a long time hung on Wendy's face.

Patrick's downfall meant that she could finally openly claim credit from Jack. A wave of quiet delight surged through her heart.

In the morning, Jack woke up to find his quarters, Dorm 502 at Alnewgo

University, empty. Habitually, he wanted to text Bella to invite her for a meal, but he realized Bella's contact information was gone.

Just like that, Bella Cole had vanished from his life.

Jack was utterly devastated.

At this moment, he realized that Bella had become the most important person in his life without him knowing.

However, when he fell in love with her, she quietly disappeared from his life. She left with regret without even a proper goodbye.

He finally recollected himself. When Jack finished his morning routine, it was lunchtime.

When he headed downstairs, a pink Ferrari came into his view.

A gorgeous lady with cascading hair and a sexy outfit stood at the exit, lost in thought. When she saw Jack, her eyes lit up, and she immediately went to him. It was Wendy Trader.

Jack was somewhat taken aback. "Why are you here?"

Wendy blinked her beautiful eyes. She rolled her eyes at Jack before a shy smile appeared. She said gently, "I was waiting for you."

"Is there something I can help you with?"

Wendy nodded hard. "I am not willing to wait for anyone else but you. I've been here since 9 a.m. and couldn't reach you on your phone. I've finally waited long enough to see you."

Then, Jack remembered that his phone was turned off.

"Have you eaten yet?" Wendy asked softly, her beautiful eyes brimming with affection as she gazed at Jack.

"I'm heading out for food," Jack replied.

"Great! Let's have lunch together." After speaking, Wendy held Jack's hand and entered the car.

Jack wanted to pull his hand away, but Wendy rightly grabbed it, afraid he would let go. At the same time, she glued her body against Jack.

As Wendy pressed her body against him, Jack felt a sensation that was soft yet firm.

He lowered his gaze and was instantly met with an expanse of fair skin, along with the alluring cleavage peeking from underneath her collar.

Unsure it was intentional, Wendy's collar was left wide open, seemingly extending a silent invitation to Jack.

Jack almost couldn't resist the temptation and tore his gaze away.

They arrived at a romantic-looking restaurant.

Jack casually asked, "Why are you here?"

Wendy pouted her lips in dissatisfaction and said, "What's the matter? Can't I come to you with no agenda?"

"Of course, you can. However, it's interesting that Patrick didn't ask you out."

Wendy couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

Jack asked, "Is what I said that funny?"

Wendy nodded hard and said softly, "Do you know what I thought of?"

Curious, Jack asked, "What did you think of?"

Wendy rolled her eyes at Jack and said, "The look on your face when I leaned on Patrick's shoulder the other day."

At that moment, Wendy and Patrick sat in the same car. Then, in front of Jack, she casually draped her arm around Patrick's shoulder.

Jack's expression darkened. "Is that funny? Are you also that open with other men?"

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"Are you jealous?" Wendy's eyes scanned Jack's face teasingly. She realized that the more unhappy Jack was, the more delighted she felt as it showed that this dumbass cared about her.

"Do you think I would care about such things? You have your freedom. After all, Federia is more liberal; these things are unimportant. Let's talk about something else."

"No, I want to talk about this," Wendy said, stubbornly insisting her way.

She blinked her eyes and said, "Hmph! I did it on purpose. I just wanted to make you angry!"

"Angry? You must be imagining things." Jack would never admit it.

"Don't deny it. Your face said it all at that time," Wendy exaggerated her gestures. Then, she suddenly leaned closer to Jack, whispering, "Could it be that you have feelings for me?"

"No," Jack firmly denied.

He tried to push Wendy, who leaned closer to him, but he accidentally brushed against her voluptuous curves in the process.

That softness had sent shockwaves throughout his body. Jack quickly moved away.

Wendy's face turned slightly pink. That tingling sensation made her heartbeat quicken, but she was no longer embarrassed. On the contrary, she boldly leaned closer to Jack as a captivating glint glistened in her eyes.

"If you don't like me, why did you touch me earlier?" she teased.

"That was a misunderstanding," Jack explained.

But Wendy did not intend to let him off the hook. She inched closer and closer to

him. With no one around, she acted more frivolously.

She leaned tightly against Jack, breathing in the alluring scent of the troublemaker. "By the way, I've helped you tremendously. Don't you think you should show some gratitude toward me?"

"Are you referring to the time you draped your arm around Patrick's shoulder?" Jack retorted.

Wendy took advantage of the opportunity and hugged Jack tightly. She leaned her red lips close to his ear and whispered, "You're so dense! Let me explain. I've removed Patrick from the picture. He embezzled company funds and was corrupted. I've already sent him to the police. Consider it my way of avenging you."

"Really?" Jack asked.

"Yes."

Jack never expected Wendy to act so quickly. He initially thought it would be a long battle. He never expected Patrick to surrender so quickly.

"You act fast," he said, sighing.

"He brought it upon himself." Wendy laughed proudly. "He got too full of himself. Over the past year, Drakengard Games has made a fortune through 'Legend of the East.'

"Then, he started spending recklessly. Luxury cars, designer watches, fine wines -you name it. He even kept mistresses and brought them into the company.

"The worst part was that he embezzled company funds, set up a secret business on the side, and quietly siphoned off company assets."

Patrick had always been meticulous, but the moment Wendy agreed to help Jack, she started investigating him. Eventually, he caught wind of it.

Patrick planned everything meticulously, yet never anticipated that Wendy would be the one who betrayed him.

Jack laughed. "Since Patrick is gone, I'll transfer the copyright for 'Legend of the East' to you."

However, Wendy didn't seem satisfied. "Is that all?"

"What else do you want?" Jack asked curiously.

Wendy tightly hugged Jack and leaned her soft and flexible body on him. Her

long, slender legs draped over him too, and it felt like her whole body was clinging to him.

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Wendy asked, "Didn't your girlfriend leave? She went to the capital, right?"

Jack was taken aback. "How did you know?"

Feeling wronged, Wendy pouted and said, "I've been keeping tabs on her. I can't help it. After all, she was your girlfriend!"

"If you look into her again, I'll make you regret it," Jack said sternly, pushing Wendy away.

Wendy was startled by Jack's anger and said pitifully, "I was just paying more attention to her. I didn't look too deeply into her and wouldn't dare to bother her."

Thinking about how Jack had treated her because of Bella, Wendy felt a sense of grievance.

Meanwhile, Jack thought he might have overreacted. After all, he believed that Wendy would never harm himself or Bella.

Riddled with guilt, he said to Wendy, "I'm sorry."

Wendy felt aggrieved, but that gnawing feeling dissipated after receiving Jack's apology. A charming smile appeared on her face as she leaned closer to Jack and asked, "Is that it with your apology?"

Jack asked cautiously, "What else do you want?"

Wendy giggled and asked coquettishly, "Can I get a kiss from you?"

"Don't do this, Wendy. I have a girlfriend," Jack said, rejecting her request.

However, Wendy wasn't backing down. "Hmph! I can't believe you still see her as your girlfriend. For all we know, she might have fallen into someone else's arms by now, whispering sweet nothings in another man's embrace."

She intentionally tried to provoke a reaction from Jack. When she saw his darkened expression, she quickly comforted him, saying, "Don't think about her anymore. You have me now."

Then, she kissed Jack deeply.

Jack tried to push Wendy away, but she moved like a nimble serpent, wrapping herself around him tightly, refusing to let go. Her rosy lips skillfully roamed over Jack's, wild and assertive.

Her experience studying abroad had allowed her to maintain her reserved side while embracing the culture's boldness abroad, making it impossible for Jack to resist, especially now, when he was at his lowest emotionally. His greatest fear was someone taking advantage of his vulnerability.

Jack, being a man of deep emotions, found it hard to resist how captivating Wendy was. Today, she had gone out of her way to dress up for him, making her even more breathtaking.

Finally, Wendy asked softly, "Will you drink with me?"

She leaned into Jack's embrace and took a deep breath, as if she wanted to inhale every breath of his essence into her soul.

Before Jack could respond, Wendy had already pressed the service bell. Soon, the waiter came with two bottles of red wine, and Wendy filled both glasses to the brim.

Then, with a shy smile, she suggested, "Let's make a toast, okay?"

Jack felt conflicted. On one hand, Wendy was like a poppy flower-beautiful but dangerously intoxicating. On the other hand, a deep sense of moral conflict gnawed at him.

Although Bella had left without saying goodbye and their relationship may have run its course, he knew very well the reason that had caused their breakup. Before officially breaking it off with Bella, he shouldn't have been involved with another woman.

Wendy saw right through his struggle. She scoffed and asked, "Do you think rejecting me will maintain your innocence? Don't forget what we did that night. From that moment on, there was no turning back for us. Our relationship will never be as innocent as it was before."

Jack had no response to that.

Wendy was right. There was no turning back for them the moment they crossed that boundary.

Intoxicated, Wendy held Jack tightly. She drank half of the wine in her glass before tilting forward, letting the remaining half flow into Jack's lips.

Her eyes were hazy with intoxication as she murmured, "Troublemaker, let our hearts beat in rhythm with the night. I love the feeling of being with you! You're incredible in every way, whether it's your skills... or your body..."

As she spoke, she gently sat on Jack's body and began to undress him.

The weather outside suddenly changed. It started with a gentle drizzle, but gradually turned into a raging storm, making the atmosphere even more intoxicating.

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Wendy had taken Patrick down, and Jack had finally authorized Drakengard Games to launch "Legend of the East" in collaboration with Pentime Group.

The next day, after Wendy left, a land transfer agreement was placed on his desk. Wendy had kept her promise and sold the 30 acres of land auctioned previously at a low price to Haven Net.

At the same time, Alnewgo University's 100th anniversary had finally arrived.

Alnewgo University had stood for over a century, and its history was nothing short of glorious. This was a significant event for Alnewgo University's students. The whole campus was filled with a festive atmosphere.

George became busy with the event. To show his sincerity, he personally wrote the invitations and invited all the successful alumni back to the school to celebrate the joyous occasion.

Moreover, his office became a bustling hub of activity as successful alumni from around the world returned to their alma mater and spent time with George to reminisce about their shared memories at Alnewgo University.

In the afternoon, George continued writing the invitations in his office.

Each letter was meticulously handwritten using a fountain pen. Every stroke was precise, and every character appeared bold and powerful. It was a true work of

art.

As he was about to sign his name on one of the invitations, his assistant told him that a group of alumni had arrived downstairs for a visit.

Upon receiving the news of the alumni's visit, George felt comforted.

When George was a professor, he had nurtured countless talents. Looking at how Alnewgo University had produced such outstanding alumni across various fields, he couldn't help but feel immense pride.

However, today's guests were not ordinary people—they were students from the finance class he had once taught.

Time had flown by, and 20 years had passed. George had been promoted to the dean of the university. Although not all of the students who had studied finance had entered the finance field, they had still made their mark in their respective industries and become legends of the field.

The class had 23 people back then, and 10 of them had accepted his invitation. It was a positive response. Now, they had returned to their alma mater together, reminiscing about the good old times.

Clarice, Bella's mother, was one of them. Among the alumni, Clarice had gained exceptional success.

Back then, she had served as the class secretary and was brimming with talent. Today, Clarice had gathered those who had received the invitations and came to visit George, their respected teacher. She wanted to host a meal together to reminisce about their shared memories with George.

As the alumni stepped into George's office, it was evident that time had etched its marks upon their faces, with white hair slowly emerging on their heads. Yet, their spirits remained as vigorous as ever.

George was delighted to see them.

Clarice was walking ahead of the group. When she saw George, a bright smile appeared on her face, and she said gently, "Mr. Tripp, we're alumni from your finance class. We came to see you."

The alumni greeted George respectfully.

Looking at the familiar faces, a warm feeling overwhelmed George's heart. He smiled and said, "Hey, everyone. Meeting all of you here is a testament that my years of teaching hadn't gone to waste. Come and have a seat. Let's sit down and have a good chat."

The alumni took their seats, surrounding George as they passionately discussed the anniversary celebration's matters. The atmosphere was harmonious.

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Suddenly, George let out a sigh and asked, "Clarice, why isn't your husband, Phil, here?"

George was referring to Bella's father, Phillip Cole.

Although Clarice felt that Phillip wasn't particularly distinguished, he was still a departmental-level official who had also received the university's invitation. George had no idea that Clarice and Phillip had gotten divorced as this still remained their secret.

Back then, Phillip was the class monitor while Clarice was the class secretary. The two were a perfect match, a pair that seemed as if they were destined by fate. Having both achieved great success, they brought honor to Alnewgo University and their stories became celebrated in the university's history.

However, Clarice shook her head and said, "He's occupied, so he might not be able to come. I've brought everyone else who has received the invitation here. Aside from Phillip, we're still missing Alexi, who is in Federia and couldn't make it back on time."

George nodded at the mention of Alexi. He wore a proud expression on his face.

After graduation, Alexi had furthered his studies in Federia. After many struggles and hard work, he finally settled in Federia. Now, his net worth was about a billion dollars, and he was influential in Fall Street.

What gratified George even more was that Alexi never forgot where he came from, even after venturing far from home. Not only did he donate over a billion dollars to the university, but he had also contributed two billion dollars to the nation for scientific research.

Suddenly, George remembered something. He couldn't help but smile as he said, "Speaking of Alexi, he recently introduced me to an outstanding alumnus. If he hadn't coincidentally met this person in Federia, I didn't know our school had produced such a capable man. Sure enough, ambition isn't bound by age."

The surrounding alumni exchanged glances with each other and smiled. Clarice couldn't help but ask curiously, "Who are you talking about, Mr. Tripp?"

George first played coy before revealing a mysterious smile. "Have you heard of the recently booming company called Genesis Games? Perhaps it isn't well- known locally, but it has made quite a name for itself overseas.

"Word has it that this company has been actively expanding its activities in New Vork and Federia and is eyeing a spot on the Masdaq Stock Exchange. It has already reached a market value of ten billion dollars."

When George was done speaking, everyone began discussing it. Although the company had not made a name for itself locally, a market value worth ten billion dollars was shocking.

Some of the alumni, who had traveled to various parts of the world, knew about the global top trending game, "Legend of the West", that was owned by Genesis Games.

Looking at how some of them were unfamiliar with this company, the others enthusiastically explained, "I know this company. They created the game 'Legend of the West.'"

"Oh, yes! I've heard of that game. It's pretty popular overseas, and it's the top trending game."

"I hope you won't laugh at me for this, but I enjoy playing that game. It's well- designed."

Hearing these words, everyone's face lit up with a look of sudden realization.

Although this game was not yet in the local market, it was trending globally. After all, it had consistently dominated the top spot on major global gaming charts. Blinking her eyes, Clarice curiously asked, "What does this have to do with the outstanding alumnus you mentioned?"

"I'm glad you asked!" George smiled and revealed, "Genesis Games was founded by one of our students."

The surrounding alumni instantly erupted with excitement.

Even though most of them had achieved remarkable success in their respective fields, they couldn't help but feel embarrassed in the face of a ten-billion-dollar mega corporation.

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What was more was that the popularity of "Legend of the West" had reached a near-legendary status, earning it the reputation of a masterpiece.

This made everyone even more curious and respectful toward this mysterious alumnus.

They were eager to know-who was the genius behind such a feat? And even better, if they could establish a connection with this alumnus, it could open doors and opportunities for their future careers.

Then, George revealed an even more shocking piece of information.

"What surprised me even more is that the founder of this company isn't just a former student of ours. He's still a junior who's currently enrolled here."

The atmosphere immediately erupted in astonishment.

Even though Alnewgo University had no shortage of elite students, hearing that someone still in school had already become the CEO of a company valued at over ten billion dollars was still deeply shocking.

Even Clarice, who was normally proud and aloof, couldn't hide the disbelief on her face. In her eyes, any student capable of managing a company of that magnitude was undoubtedly an extraordinary talent.

She couldn't help but say to George, "Mr. Tripp, a student like that, is truly outstanding. You really ought to introduce us."

George was quite pleased with the crowd's reaction. In fact, when he first heard the news, he had been just as stunned.

As the head of the university, having produced such a remarkable student was unquestionably a matter of pride. It also gave him a boost of confidence when talking with other presidents from the C9 League universities.

After all, the core mission of any school is to educate and nurture talent, and outstanding talent was the best proof of educational quality.

Hearing Clarice's request, George burst into hearty laughter. "You'll have your chance. Take a look at this-an invitation letter that hasn't been sent out yet. It's addressed specifically to him."

The other alumni craned their necks, eager to see the name of this exceptional student.

The ink on the invitation was still drying, and though the signature wasn't yet complete, one word stood out-Holland.

Clarice froze. Holland? Which family could raise such a brilliant child?

No matter the upcoming centennial celebration would reveal the answer soon enough.

The campus was already decorated with fluttering banners, and the countdown board for the centennial celebration stood tall at the main gate, filling the atmosphere with a festive mood. Still, it didn't affect the students' daily lives much. That morning, Jack was visited by two unexpected guests-Emily and Quintis. The two had previously tried to find Jack to celebrate his birthday and give him a gift, but Jack had been at Osmo at the time, so they hadn't met.

Today, they came to campus and finally ran into him.

Worried that Jack might avoid her, Emily brought Quintis directly to Jack's dorm

room.

At the time, all of Jack's roommates were present.

Recently, Isaac and Joshua had become the center of attention. The Calisota Universities Basketball Association league was in full swing, and as juniors, both had not only joined the university's basketball team but had become key players.

Even more impressively, Isaac and Joshua's seamless teamwork had helped Alnewgo University's team make it into the top four in the Calisota region. Their outstanding performance naturally earned them a wave of admiration.

Rumor had it that Queenie and Miranda were already keeping a close eye on Isaac and Joshua, and many girls had been secretly writing them love letters.

The number of confession letters those two had already had discovered by Queenie and Miranda was impossible to count-never mind the ones they had quietly dealt with themselves.

Some girls were even showing up at the boys' dorms just to get a chance to talk to Isaac and Joshua.

As basketball team members, class leaders, and party members, the two had already become the stars of Dorm 502.

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At that moment, Queenie and Miranda were in the dorm room, chatting about where to go for dinner that evening.

Just then, Emily and Quintis walked into the room, instantly drawing surprised looks from everyone.

Even without sharp instincts, anyone could tell that these two exuded elegance and carried themselves with an air of nobility.

Whose family members could they be?

Joshua reacted quickly, stood up, and politely asked, "Excuse me, who are you here for?"

Emily and Quintis smiled warmly, greeted the students, and finally turned their gaze toward Jack.

"Jack, we came to see you."

Emily initially wanted to say "Quintis and I", but she quickly rephrased her words because she was worried that mentioning this in front of everyone might upset Jack.

Jack's expression darkened slightly, but with so many classmates present, he couldn't simply turn them away.

He stood up and led the two of them to the laundry room in the corner.

In his mind, that was the only place suitable for them. He didn't even bother to offer them chairs.

"What do you want?" Jack asked coldly.

Emily put on her gentlest smile and cautiously explained, "Well... last week was your birthday. Quintis and I tried to find you, but you weren't around. So, we came this time, hoping to make it up to you."

"My birthday's long past. What's the point of coming now? If there's nothing else, please leave," Jack said without even sparing her a glance.

For him, his birthday had always been the day Jeffrey and Helena had taken him in. No other date mattered.

Emily suddenly felt lost. She couldn't just leave, but seeing Jack's cold attitude left her unsure of what to say next.

Quintis sighed softly and said, "Do you have time? Would you like to come have dinner with Emily and me?"

"I don't." Jack refused without hesitation.

Quintis couldn't help but give a wry smile at the blunt rejection, though he didn't get angry.

He tried once more. "Emily and I came all this way to see you. You didn't even offer us a seat, and now we're talking in the laundry room. Do you have to give us such a cold face?"

Jack shook his head and replied, "As you can see, there are too many people in the dorm. There aren't any extra chairs."

Quintis opened his mouth to speak again, but Emily quickly interrupted, worried he might aggravate Jack.

"It's okay, sweetheart, we're fine standing. We just wanted to have a meal with you. And... Quintis and I also brought you a birthday gift. Even though we're a bit late, we still wanted to hand it to you personally."

Jack was momentarily stunned, slightly surprised.

"You brought me a gift?"

Emily quickly pulled out a sleek car key from her pocket and handed it to him with a hopeful expression.

"Sweetheart, we've been away from you for so long and weren't sure what you'd like, so we made the decision ourselves. This is a small gesture from us. We hope you'll accept it."

She gently placed the luxury car key in his hand as she spoke.

Jack glanced down.

The key had a finely engraved prancing horse on it. It was Ferrari's logo.

But instead of showing excitement or joy, Jack's expression carried a faint,

ambiguous smile that made it hard to tell what he was thinking.

Emily's heart clenched with nerves, and she asked tentatively, "The car's parked right downstairs... Do you... like it?"