Limits 571

Chapter 571

When Emily called, Jack happened to be in his dorm having lunch.

With Genesis Games' public listing approaching and Haven Connect's user base expanding rapidly, Jack had been focused on work.

However, as employee numbers grew, a critical issue emerged. Many staff wasted hours commuting daily—a massive drain on productivity. To solve this while boosting morale, Jack devised a plan. Haven would purchase real estate.

Not only would that grow company assets, but providing employee housing would ease stress, raise productivity, and foster loyalty. This was great news for the team.

That 30-acre plot Wendy had transferred to Haven initially seemed perfect for housing. But reality soon hit. After accounting for the office space, little land remained, and construction timelines were uncertain.

With staff numbers ballooning, waiting wasn't an option. Apart from his daily activities, Jack now scoured property listings near Haven's HQ, determined to handpick homes for his team.

Halfway through his research, Emily's call came through. She hurried upstairs with the thermos after learning that Jack was in the dorm. Her frequent visits lately had unsettled Jack.

But through Emily's actions, Jack could see both the helplessness of her past decisions and the sincerity of her current efforts.

Though he still carried resentment over her abandonment years ago, her persistent attempts to reconnect had gradually softened the edges of that old wound.

Although Jack didn't say it aloud, he had begun to gradually accept Emily. Yet even as he quietly acknowledged her, Helena remained his true mother.

Helena, a woman of simple means and extraordinary resilience, had raised him through tireless toil and sacrifice, giving everything she had to meet his needs.

Her unconditional love and encouragement had been the bedrock of Jack's growth. That ordinary yet profound maternal devotion was the most precious bond he knew.

Jack understood a hard truth; no matter how reluctant he was to admit it, Emily and Quintis were his biological parents.

But he couldn't bring himself to tell Helena about them-he hadn't figured out how to explain the situation without hurting her. He feared Helena and Jeffrey might overthink it.

In reality, such worries were unfounded. No amount of wealth or status from Emily and Quintis could ever compare to the humble, enduring love of Helena and Jeffrey.

Never.

Jack had been sending money home frequently these days. He wanted to give Joanne a better life, and to help Helena and Jeffrey buy a proper home and improve their lives.

A knock came at the door while Jack was lost in these thoughts.

Not wanting his roommate to witness the encounter, Jack guided Emily to the laundry room. There she stood, accompanied by an elegant assistant holding a pot and bowl.

Seeing Jack's puzzled expression, Emily explained, "I made you some bone broth today. The kind you loved as a child. Would you like to try it?"

Jack was stunned. "Did you come all this way just to deliver soup?" he asked coldly.

Emily nodded eagerly, her eyes brimming with hope. "You used to like this bone broth as a child. All these years, I never stopped perfecting the recipe. I wanted to make sure it tastes great. I specially made it for you today."

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Jack did remember, but he still responded coldly. "I don't recall that."

Sure enough, Emily looked embarrassed and immediately pleaded, "Then... could you at least take a sip and see if you like it? Please, could you just try it for me?"

Seeing her being so humble, Jack felt a pang of sympathy and nodded.

Her face lit up with joy, and she personally brought the soup to him.

As the familiar taste hit his palate, a ripple of emotion stirred in his heart. The soup tasted just like he remembered from childhood-maybe even better. He was inexplicably touched.

Emily watched him expectantly, even licking her lips after he finished. "Is it good?" she asked carefully, her face full of anticipation.

Jack feigned indifference. "It's alright."

Not receiving the praise she had hoped for, Emily felt a slight disappointment. But seeing the empty bowl, she realized that he did enjoy it—he was just being stubborn. Her heart swelled with joy.

Instead of asking if he wanted another bowl, she had Carol ladle a second serving from the pot.

When Emily handed him the bowl, Jack hesitated. Was it too much to have another? But the enticing aroma of the bone broth was irresistible. So, he drank it in one go.

Emily suppressed a smile and served him yet another bowl. Without hesitation, Jack downed it as well.

It wasn't until his fourth bowl that he began to feel a bit embarrassed and quickly declined, "No more. I was just thirsty."

As soon as the words were spoken, Carol, who was standing beside Emily, couldn't help but laugh. She found Jack's attempt to make excuses while having drunk so much quite amusing.

However, when she saw Emily's serious expression and Jack's awkward demeanor, she quickly stifled her laughter. She didn't want to ruin her employer's plans.

Emily didn't blame Carol. Seeing that Jack had finished his drink, she instructed Carol to clear the table.

Then, she asked him with concern, "How have you been at school lately? Do you need money? How much? Is there anything you need help with? Did you use the bank card I gave you last time? If you ever run into trouble, just let me know. I'll handle it for you."

Jack shook his head and then added, "If you have time, please take back those luxury items, like the watches. I don't need them."

As for the Ferrari, he had decided to keep it. After all, the company was short on vehicles.

Emily nodded in agreement, seemingly wanting to say more but hesitating.

He caught on. "Do you have something else to say?"

She gathered her courage. "Well, your father and I might be returning to Tarthy in the next couple of days—"

"Then, go ahead," he said nonchalantly.

Emily continued, "What I mean is, could you ask your homeroom teacher for some time off? Your father and I would like to take you back to Tarthy with us."

After all, Tarthy City was Jack's true home. Both Emily and Quintis longed for him to return, even if just for a visit.

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Moreover, Emily and Quintis were eager to share the good news of finding their son with the world. They hoped that everyone could share in their joy.

Jack's expression remained cold. "Give me a reason why I should go back to Tarthy with you."

Emily softly replied, "Isn't it enough that me and your dad want you to come home?"

Jack frowned, lost in thought, and finally sighed. "Alright. I'll go to Tarthy as long as I can get some time off. It's been so many years. I'd like to see how Tarthy has changed too."

Emily was overjoyed and nodded excitedly. "Great! Your dad and I will pick you up from school the day after tomorrow. Is that okay?"

Jack nodded in agreement, and only then did Emily leave, satisfied.

When she got home, she excitedly shared the news with Quintis.

"Did he really agree? He's coming back to Tarthy with us in a couple of days?" Quintis couldn't believe his ears. Stunned, he asked again, needing confirmation.

She affirmed, "Yes. He was very cooperative and even enjoyed my bone broth. He agreed to come back with us."

Quintis quickly picked up the phone. "I'll call Reginald right away to prepare for our son's homecoming. Also, we'll throw a grand welcome party and invite all of Tarthy's high society. I want to let them know my son's back!

Emily nodded enthusiastically but soon expressed some concern. "A grand party is a great idea, but I'm worried Jack might not like it. Shouldn't we ask him first?"

Now, her entire world revolved around Jack. She feared that any decision she made might upset him.

Quintis also realized she had a point. "You're right; we shouldn't rush. As long as he is willing to come home, there will be plenty of opportunities for him to meet these people later."

Then, Emily paused, as if remembering something. She looked at Quintis and said, "There's another matter I think we should consider."

"What is it?" he asked curiously.

She softly said, "Here's the thing. Our son has now returned, and if he's decided to come back to Tarthy, he'll inevitably have to face the public. I was thinking- should we set up a meeting between him and Tristan?"

The relationship between Jack and Tristan was complicated, marked by past grievances.

Once, these conflicts even caused Emily to harbor resentment toward Jack. Yet, ironically, it was the threads of those conflicts that had led her to find her long-lost child. For that, she was grateful for everything that had happened. Still, whenever she recalled how she had reprimanded Jack in front of everyone, guilt would well up inside her.

Now, no matter what tensions existed between Jack and Tristan, they needed to sit down and talk. Jack was Emily's biological son, holding an irreplaceable place in her heart. Tristan, on the other hand, had been like a son to her. She had raised him with care as if he were her own.

She hoped they could resolve their differences and reconcile.

Quintis pondered for a moment before sighing. "Alright. I'll call Tristan now."

At that moment, Tristan was engaged in an intimate activity with an up-and- coming star inside his office. He was clearly in a bad mood and showed no tenderness toward her.

Tristan's mood was indeed terrible. Anyone would feel discouraged in his situation. While things hadn't yet reached the point of no return, they were already quite dire.

His once-secure position as the heir to the Sandalwood Group was now hanging

by a thread. After looking into it further, he discovered that Emily's supposedly dead son was the very person he had once clashed with.

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This filled Tristan with immense regret. If he had known it would come to this, he should have ordered his men to kill Jack when they rescued Flynn. That would spare him from all the grudges and entanglements that followed.

But now, it was too late for regrets. Tristan had to figure out a way to eliminate Emily's son.

As he was deep in thought, his phone suddenly rang.

Seeing it was Quintis calling, a shadow of unease flickered across his face. He kicked the young star aside in frustration. Taking a moment to steady his emotions, he then answered.

"Uncle Quin, is there something I can help you with?" he asked.

Quintis' calm voice came through. "Are you free right now?"

Without missing a beat, he lied with ease. "I'm handling some company matters. We've run into some issues recently that require my attention."

Quintis' tone softened slightly. "It's good that you're taking on more company affairs. You should pay more attention to the Sandalwood Group."

Then, his tone shifted. "But come up to the top-floor lounge first. Aunt Emily and I have something to discuss with you."

"I'll be right there," Tristan replied.

After hanging up, he had a rough idea of what was going on.

Now, he had to compose himself and act as if he knew nothing. Under no circumstances could Quintis suspect that he had planted spies around him.

Tristan arrived at the top floor and spotted Quintis reading a newspaper. Nearby, Emily was busy organizing some items. He respectfully said, "Uncle Quin, Aunt Emily, what did you want to see me about?"

Despite the anger simmering inside him, he maintained a differential expression.

Quintis set down the newspaper and gestured for Tristan to sit before speaking slowly.

"I'm sure you've noticed how busy your aunt and I have been lately. Well, I have some good news for you. Your cousin-Nic, our son—has been found."

As he spoke, Quintis casually observed Tristan's expression for any changes.

"Nic has been found?" Tristan feigned surprise, then quickly shifted to joy. "Is that true? That's wonderful news!"

Quintis nodded and then recounted the details of how they had found Jack.

Tristan listened intently, then eagerly asked, "Where is Nic now? I'd really like to see him."

Quintis replied softly, "In a few days, you'll get your chance. I'll bring him back to Tarthy. In the meantime, I'll be counting on you to handle the business on the mainland."

Tristan nodded. "Of course! Once Nic is back in Tarthy, would you like me to introduce some friends to him? All my friends are really welcoming. They'll help him integrate faster and get Nic socializing in no time."

Quintis agreed, and Emily chimed in, "Tris, it's so thoughtful of you to think of that. Nic has been away from Tarthy for so long-it's time for him to come back."

After a moment, she added, "Oh, and Nic used to go by the name Jack Holland. He founded Drakengard Games, and you guys had some conflicts in the past. Now that he's back, I hope you can be understanding."

"No problem!" Tristan nodded.

"Sounds like fate to me. Sometimes, the strongest bonds start with a little conflict."

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Early the next morning, Emily called Jack to let him know that she was about to leave for Tarthy.

In the afternoon, he went to Uriah to request a leave of absence. When he entered the office, he saw Uriah busily writing something.

After Jack handed over the leave request, Uriah put down his pen and frowned, staring at him.

He remembered that Jack had just taken a leave not long ago. And now, he was asking for more time off, especially during this crucial period of his junior year.

Seeing Jack's calm expression, Uriah decided not to ask any questions. Instead, he signed the form and handed it back to him.

This was a stark contrast to Uriah's previous attitude. Before, he would have questioned Jack endlessly. Maybe he had already given up on him.

Jack, once a top scholar in the state, had been someone Uriah placed great hopes in. However, by his third year, Jack had not demonstrated any outstanding qualities.

Skipping classes, getting into fights, and constantly taking leave had made Uriah lose faith. He had even concluded that Jack would likely achieve little in the future.

Still, he signed the leave form. Perhaps one day, this once-promising student would look back and regret his lack of ambition.

For Jack, having his leave approved was a huge relief.

The next day was Saturday, and only Samuel and Ronnie were in the dorm.

Isaac and Joshua had gone to Northvale Province for a basketball game and wouldn't be back for a couple of days.

The CUBA tournament was becoming increasingly intense. Under the leadership of Joshua and Isaac, Alnewgo University had already advanced from the Calisota region. Now, they were competing in the National Elite 16 Tournament. As a result, they were often away from the dorm.

At noon, Jack arrived at Sandalwood Group in a private car. From afar, he spotted the company entrance adorned with festive lights. Balloons floated up, filling the sky.

A huge banner hung above, boldly displaying, "Welcome home, Jack."

Emily, Quintis, Tristan, and others stood at the entrance, welcoming him with enthusiasm.

Employees of Sandalwood Group lined up on both sides, eagerly awaiting the young scion. As he approached, they greeted him with enthusiasm. Everyone was curious to see what he looked like.

When Jack appeared, the scene immediately erupted into excitement.

Emily and Quintis hurried forward to greet him. Tristan practically ran to his side, arms spread wide while laughing heartily.

He said, "Jack, you're my cousin! Uncle and Aunt told me everything. This is incredible! We got off on the wrong foot, but who would've thought you were my younger cousin? As the older one, I apologize. I'm so sorry."

With that, he sincerely acknowledged his mistake to Jack. Regardless of his true feelings, his performance was impeccable.

Jack reciprocated generously, embracing Tristan as if all past grievances had been resolved.

Then, the family made their way to the top floor of the Sandalwood Group building.

Meanwhile, the women at the welcome party were all buzzing with gossip.

They hadn't expected the scion of Sandalwood Group to be so tall and handsome. If one of them could become his girlfriend, it would be like climbing to the top of the social ladder.

Back at home, a lavish feast was prepared to welcome Jack. In the afternoon, the family got into a reinforced, bulletproof Rolls-Royce. A large convoy made its way to Alnewgo Airport. There, a private Gulfstream jet from Sandalwood Group was waiting for them.

In about two hours, they would arrive in Tarthy.

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Meanwhile, at Lycan Estate in Tarthy, an even grander welcome ceremony was being prepared. The butler, Reginald Fairfax, was personally overseeing every

detail.

This ceremony wasn't just confined to the estate-it extended across the entire region. It was a clear testament to the importance the Lycan family placed on the scion's return.

When Jack's convoy arrived at the airport, the terminal was covered with massive welcome banners.

The massive convoy and its lavish display left the crowd in awe. Gasps and exclamations erupted instantly. Such a spectacle was rare, even in a global metropolis like Alnewgo.

Not far away, four young women-Amelia, Anya, Miranda, and Queenie-stood in the airport lounge. They were getting ready to head to Northvale Province to support Alnewgo University's basketball team. With the CUBA tournament about to begin, there was no way they'd miss the chance to show their support.

The four women were equally captivated by the imposing convoy. Curious, they speculated about the identity of those inside the vehicles.

Surrounded by bodyguards and assistants, the doors of the Rolls-Royce swung open.

Quintis, Emily, and Jack stepped out.

Though their faces were hard to make out from a distance, their presence still caused quite a stir. The trio then headed toward the private jet terminal. Behind them, they left a trail of awe and endless speculation.

Suddenly, Miranda froze.

Among her classmates, her vision was exceptionally sharp. Despite the dense crowd, she recognized Jack's tall figure.

Her body tensed, and she quickly grabbed her friend's sleeve, whispering, "Look over there! That guy... Doesn't he look just like Jack?"

"Jack?"

Queenie, Anya, and Amelia all exchanged surprised glances, following her pointed direction.

In the crowd, a tall young man stood out. They could vaguely make out his profile, and it did bear a striking resemblance to Jack.

Queenie and Anya couldn't help but rub their eyes, wondering if they were seeing things.

But soon, Anya chuckled. "Mimi, you must be mistaken. How could he possibly be Jack?"

One was an ordinary student, and the other was the scion of a top-tier wealthy family. They were from two completely different worlds.

Queenie nodded in agreement.

Over the years, her opinion of Jack had changed, but she still found it hard to believe.He had once worn knockoff clothes on campus. How had he gone from barely getting by to stepping out of a fleet of luxury cars, let alone owning a private jet?

Besides, she'd heard Jack's parents were just ordinary fruit vendors.

Such a drastic contrast was more unbelievable than a fairy tale.

Seeing Queenie's and Anya's reactions, Miranda gave an awkward nod. Although she trusted her eyes, they could still deceive her, especially from such a distance.

To them, Jack was just a handsome guy who could fight and play basketball- nothing all that special. He already fell short compared to Joshua, Isaac, and the others. And when it came to someone like Luca, he wasn't even in the same league.

Jack's once-ordinary image was a stark contrast to the polished, high-profile figure in front of them now.

So, Miranda turned to Amelia. "Amelia, didn't you spend some time with Jack? Does that guy look like him to you?"

After all, Amelia had spent the most time with Jack. Her opinion would carry the most weight.

Yet, she remained silent.

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Miranda turned her head and noticed Amelia staring blankly at the man who resembled Jack. Her eyes were filled with a complex, indescribable emotion.

The other three women also noticed Amelia's unusual behavior.

Queenie couldn't help but tug at her sleeve. "Amelia, stop staring. You don't really think that's Jack, do you? That's impossible. Jack and a guy like that are from completely different worlds."

Anya chimed in, "Yeah! But speaking of which, Flynn was quite nice to you!" Queenie shook her head. "Amelia already broke up with that jerk long ago." Anya looked surprised. "Flynn was great, though. Why did they break up?" Queenie gave a cold laugh and said softly, "What's the use if he's a gambler? Would you want to be with someone like that?"

Hearing the word "gambler", Anya fell silent.

No matter how talented someone was, falling into gambling, drugs, or other vices ruined everything.

Amelia seemed deaf to their conversation, her gaze fixed on Jack's retreating figure. A strong intuition told her that this man was very likely Jack. No, it had to be him!

At that moment, Jack was like an idol in Amelia's heart, grand and unattainable. She could only admire him like a devoted follower, clinging to the memories of their time together.

Just then, as if sensing something, he turned and met the stunned gazes of Amelia, Miranda, Queenie, and Anya.

A hint of surprise flashed across his face, but he quickly turned away again...

Miranda, Anya, and Queenie also caught Jack's fleeting expression of recognition. He wasn't a complete stranger to them.

This made the women who were certain it couldn't be Jack start to waver.

But the thought of this person being Jack was still too hard to believe.

After much thought, they convinced themselves it couldn't be the same person they knew.

Jack had no idea what was going through the minds of the women who shared the same dorm.

Amidst a crowd of people, he finally boarded the Gulfstream jet bound for Tarthy.

At the boarding gate, several international flight attendants welcomed him with bright smiles. They were eager to greet the scion of the Quintis Sandalwood Group. A brand-new red carpet was laid out, creating an almost dreamlike atmosphere.

The flight from Alnewgo to Tarthy City took just over two hours. By the time they arrived, it was past 5:00 pm.

Jack was surprised to find Tarthy's welcome ceremony even grander than Alnewgo's.

As he stepped off the plane, another pristine red carpet awaited him, flanked by a line of bodyguards.

A flower-lined carpet stretched hundreds of feet from the plane to the airport exit.

A welcoming committee had already formed at the base of the plane the moment he disembarked.

Huge banners displayed heartfelt slogans.

"Welcome home, our beloved son."

"Tarthy will always be your home."

"Mom and Dad will always love you."

As Jack, Emily, and Quintis exited the airport, a fleet of luxury cars stood neatly lined up, ready to escort them.

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The opulence of the scene left even the well-traveled Tarthy citizens gasping in awe. They wondered which wealthy scion's return had sparked such a frenzy.

And the most shocking was yet to come.

By the time the family arrived, a reinforced, bulletproof Rolls-Royce was already waiting.

Moments later, 18 helicopters rose into the sky. Two of them switched on massive searchlights, casting bright beams. The lights guided the grand, luxurious convoy toward the foothills of the famous Tarthy Mountain.

The remaining 16 helicopters scattered a shower of precious gifts. It was a grand celebration for the long-awaited return of the Lycan family's scion.

These gifts were of immense value, including cash and the latest smartphones. The Lycan family's wealth was evident from this display.

When the residents heard that over a dozen helicopters were dropping gifts from the sky to celebrate Jack's return, they grew excited. Excitement spread as they rushed outside, eager to grab the gifts falling from above.

Despite the bustling streets, the event proceeded smoothly, without traffic jams or chaos.

The organizers had anticipated every possible scenario. The helicopters avoided crowded areas, flying instead over regions where the gifts were most needed. This ensured more people could share in the joy of the Lycan scion's return.

The helicopters led the way as the convoy moved steadily forward. With a majestic presence, it ascended the mountain toward Lycan Estate.

Along the route, onlookers gasped and cheered at the sight of the helicopters and the lavish procession.

Yet, for most of Tarthy's lower-class citizens, the Lycan family's origins remained a mystery. They were simply captivated by the sheer grandeur of the welcoming ceremony.

The welcome ceremony was grand and extravagant beyond measure.

Off-duty journalists grabbed their cameras and rushed out, eager to capture the spectacle. Reporters from entertainment, gossip, finance, and current affairs alike didn't want to miss this rare event.

Sitting in the car, Jack was unaware of the uproar this grand welcome ceremony had caused in Tarthy.

All he could see were two helicopters leading the way ahead. Their powerful searchlights illuminated the faces of countless Tarthy citizens lining the streets. Even with their global perspective, they were still awestruck by this unprecedented spectacle.

Escorted by helicopters and numerous police cars, the Rolls-Royce at the center of it all arrived at Lycan Estate.

Along the way, Emily and Quintis kept pointing out how Tarthy had changed over the years. They also mentioned places Jack had known in his childhood, hoping to jog his memory.

Jack's memory was astonishingly sharp, and he vividly recalled his childhood. Seeing the familiar sights outside, a wave of emotion stirred within him.

The convoy came to a smooth stop at the entrance of Lycan Estate.

As soon as they stepped out of the car, Reginald took the lead. Over a hundred estate staff lined up to welcome them.

Upon seeing Jack, they called out in unison, "Welcome home, Mr. Jack."

Jack frowned, slightly uncomfortable with how they addressed him. However, Emily and Quintis were thoroughly pleased with the welcome ceremony.

Reginald respectfully escorted Jack and his family inside the estate.

This was his first time returning here after many years. The interior was as opulent as ever. Carefully arranged rock formations framed a crystal-clear lake that drew the eye. This lake was picturesque all year round.

His former room used to overlook the lake. In the summer, he could open the window and watch egrets drift across the water. The view was serene and enchanting.

He could see Tarthy's busiest ocean port from the other side of the window. Ships came and went across the shimmering sea.

These memories left Jack momentarily lost in thought. Everything from the past now seemed simultaneously distant and intimately close.

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Emily and Quintis noticed that Jack was lost in his memories. They exchanged a glance, their faces breaking into relieved smiles.

At dinner, Reginald asked Emily if she needed anything prepared.

The kitchen buzzed with activity that evening. Though they knew Quintis and Emily's tastes well, an esteemed guest required extra care.

The kitchen went all out, serving a wide array of dishes. However, Emily still worried that Jack might not be used to the food. She wanted to personally prepare bone broth for him.

Jack, however, gently declined, saying, "There's no need for all that. Something simple is fine."

Emily and Quintis respected his wishes. As they sat down, classic dishes from around the world were served one after another. Throughout the meal, they kept asking Jack about his studies and life over the years. The dinner slipped by unnoticed, filled with lively conversation.

After dinner, Emily tried to take Jack's hand, but he subtly pulled away. A flicker of disappointment crossed her face, but she quickly composed herself.

"Sweetheart, come with me. I'll show you your old room, and then you can decide where you'd like to stay tonight."

He followed her to his former room. As the door opened, a wave of familiar memories washed over him.

She whispered softly, "After you left home over a decade ago, I've tried my best to keep your room exactly as it was. Do you still like it?"

She looked at him with anticipation. Her eyes shone with a childlike eagerness for approval.

A warm feeling welled up in his heart. Everything in the room had been kept the same. Even the robot posters he had hung on the wall as a child were still there, though time had made them a bit worn.

What moved him even more was the comic book he had loved in preschool, still open to the very page he had left.

The room seemed frozen in time; nothing had changed. Every detail spoke of Emily's deep longing and unwavering motherly love. Like a fine aged wine, her love only grew richer and more poignant with time.

Looking out at the familiar lake, the resentment in his heart dissolved in that moment.

He had completely forgiven Emily, as her actions had proven that she had never forgotten her son.

"Sweetheart, do you want to stay in this room, or would you like to see the others?" she asked cautiously.

"There are many rooms in the estate. Feel free to look around, and let me know which one you like. I'll have it prepared for you right away."

"I'll stay here," he replied.

Upon hearing this, tears welled up in her eyes. From Jack's expression, she could sense his forgiveness and understanding.

On the third day, Tarthy City was still buzzing with excitement. The grand welcome ceremony from the night before had been the talk of the town. Journalists rushed to feature the news on the front pages of entertainment news.

A metropolis like Tarthy was no stranger to extravagant events. Still, a ceremony of this magnitude was truly unprecedented.

The citizens couldn't help but speculate. Which prominent family had hosted such an affair? Could it have been one of Tarthy's four most prestigious families?

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Yet, no one had ever heard of a prominent family with the last name Lycan.

Although some journalists and media outlets had insight into the Lycans, they remained cautious. They only felt safe covering the grandeur of the welcome ceremony and the family's philanthropy. No one dared to look deeper into the mysterious family's background.

It was as if an invisible force was shaping the city's narrative.

With the Sandalwood Group's immense influence in Tarthy City, the return of the Lycan family's scion was bound to make waves. It sent shockwaves through high society. The mayor of Tarthy personally called Quintis to express his heartfelt congratulations. He remarked that their perseverance had finally paid off.

Soon after, the local National Office and Military Affairs Bureau called to offer their congratulations. Political figures, business partners, and foreign consuls quickly followed.

However, Jack had to leave after a few days. His leave from his homeroom teacher, Uriah, was coming to an end.

Moreover, the centennial celebration of Alnewgo University was around the corner!

Emily and Quintis had initially planned to show Jack around Tarthy. But since he decided to return to Alnewgo, they saw no reason to stay in Tarthy any longer. Instead, they chose to join him, hoping to visit Alnewgo University in their free time.

After returning to school, Jack immediately kept an eye on the latest developments of his two companies.

Genesis Games was currently thriving, especially after acquiring his authorization. "Legend of the East" had launched across Northeast Everreach, including the Solara mainland. It had received an enthusiastic response and achieved record- breaking sales.

At the same time, Genesis Games' "Legend of the West" had also made a strong debut in the market. With national approval, the game officially launched in Solara.

For agency representation, Pentime Group was the obvious choice. With its massive user base, it reigned supreme in Ashian game operations.

However, the real reason Pentime had secured the distribution rights for "Legend of the West" was because of Wendy and Jack's friendship.

When "Legend of the West" launched alongside the fully upgraded "Legend of the East" in the domestic market, players were stunned. Although they were developed by different companies, the two games seamlessly connected. This integration allowed for full data sharing.

It was clear that the designers had planned from the start to merge the two games. Their goal was to create a unified world that embraced diverse cultures and races.

"Legend of the East" had already been a massive hit domestically. It consistently topped various gaming charts. Many thought that the introduction of "Legend of the West" might overshadow it.

But instead of affecting "Legend of the East", the seamless integration expanded its world. This led to another surge in its player base.

The surge, in turn, drove the rapid increase in users for "Legend of the West".

Genesis Games feared that "Legend of the West", with its roots, might not resonate with domestic players. But those concerns proved unfounded.

Even players unfamiliar with foreign history and culture were drawn in by the game's stunning Blu-ray visuals and vibrant, imaginative world.

The two games seemed to spark a collision of civilizations within the gaming world, driving players into a frenzy. With the addition of features like national wars and global conflicts, the games' popularity continued to soar.

Rumors even surfaced in gaming media that both games were created by the same developer, further amplifying their fame.

With both games thriving under Pentime Group, Wendy's position in the company became even more secure.

At that moment, she stood in the gaming operations department, surrounded by flashing data and the massive profits ahead. She couldn't help but feel a surge of ambition within her.