Limits 611

Chapter 611

On the other hand, Phoebe was enjoying her life in Brightland. Although news about Genesis Games going public had reached Brightland, it was not the main talk of the town.

At least, it wasn't a topic that ladies gravitated toward.

Someone like Emily and Quintis would not take notice of any game-related news reports. Even though Genesis Games had made an influential impact, their vision was focused on broader areas, which caused them to miss their son's defining moment.

When Jack returned to Alnewgo University, the final semester examinations were over, and most of the students had left for the holidays.

When he returned to Alnewgo, it was snowing heavily.

Jack was wearing a windbreaker as he walked in the snowstorm. At this moment, his upright posture and confidence left everyone in awe.

When they heard that Jack had returned, Joshua, Samuel, Isaac, Ronnie, and the rest came to welcome him back. The moment they saw Jack at the university entrance, they immediately ran to him and gave him a big hug.

While congratulating Jack for successfully going public so quietly, they were also the bearer of bad news.

Since the final semester examinations had ended yesterday and Jack did not participate in any of them, he was on the verge of failing almost every subject and could only wait until next year to retake the papers.

This was a heavy blow to a university student like Jack.

When they saw how dejected he was, Isaac, Joshua, and the rest finally understood. Even the high and mighty founder of Genesis Games would have the same worries and concerns as any other university student.

That was right. Jack was still their old university classmate and roommate.

Everything had changed, yet everything remained the same at the same time.

Isaac gave Jack an idea. "Jack, why don't you explain yourself to Mr. Hestington? Even if it means failing fewer subjects, that's still something."

So, Jack had no choice but to head to Uriah's office.

Uriah was busy with something. He wore a surprised look when he saw that Jack had returned.

Soon, he put down the pen in his hand and signaled for Jack to take a seat.

After Jack sat down, Uriah proceeded to say, "Congratulations! Genesis Games' market value has exceeded 20 billion dollars. This is a groundbreaking achievement!"

A CEO of a publicly listed company emerging from the class was undoubtedly something to be proud of. Deep down, Uriah felt that having a student like Jack was the pride of a lifetime.

Ever since Jack went to New Vork for his roadshow, Uriah had been attentively observing the happenings revolving around Genesis Games. When Genesis Games' market value exceeded 20 billion dollars, he was proud to have nurtured such a student who had achieved great success.

Jack humbly responded to Uriah's kind words. He also kept his posture humble- first, he was still a student and ought to remain modest; second, he had come here today for a favor from Uriah.

Uriah felt comforted by Jack's humility. He couldn't help but sigh. "Looking at you has suddenly made me realize my age. It's finally time for young people like you to take the stage."

Although he claimed to be old, his eyes glistened with satisfaction as his heart beamed with pride.

Jack smiled and comforted him, saying, "Mr. Hestington, you can't say that about yourself. You're still so full of energy!"

Chapter 612

Uriah waved his hand with a chuckle.

"Enough with the flattery. It reminds me of my younger days. I was just as ambitious back then. But you and I are different. I chose the safe path, the easy compromise, while you dared to chase after something far greater."

Just then, the office door opened, and two teachers walked in. They froze at the sight of Jack, their expressions shifting to surprise.

Ever since Jack had left for Federia to lead his company's roadshow and IPO, Uriah hadn't stopped singing his praises.

Recovering quickly, the teachers greeted Jack eagerly. When they confirmed he was indeed the CEO of Genesis Games, their enthusiasm noticeably intensified.

Uriah kept his face neutral as he watched his colleagues' envious and fawning expressions. But inwardly? He was ecstatic.

After a few more pleasantries, the professors excused themselves to attend to their work.

Finally, Jack cut to the chase and said, "I came today to ask if you could help me

"Let me guess. You want me to waive two of your makeup exams?"

Uriah had already seen right through him. When Jack nodded, he couldn't help but give a wry laugh.

"At least have the decency to lie. You could've said you came to visit me first, then slip in the request. It would've made me feel better. But no, you went straight for the kill. Now, I don't know whether to be offended."

A flicker of embarrassment crossed Jack's face, but it vanished quickly.

Uriah continued, "Don't worry. I've already spoken with your teachers. They've prepared special exam papers for you. Just go take the tests in a couple of days. Oh, and they've promised to give you the highest possible grades for your usual class performance."

Truth be told, Uriah had anticipated these complications the moment Jack left for his roadshow in Federia.

In his spare time, Uriah had gone out of his way to pull strings for his former student. After all, Jack's success reflected well on him too. The last thing he wanted was for such a promising student to graduate with the stain of failed courses or repeating a year.

The teachers, upon learning of Jack's circumstances, had all been more than accommodating. It was hard to treat an exceptional student like Jack with the same standard teacher-student dynamic.

If they could help, why not? Besides, compared to what these teachers could offer, Jack had far greater resources at his disposal. Who's to say they wouldn't need his help someday?

With perfect attendance scores and prior knowledge of the exam content, the chance of Jack failing was practically nonexistent.

Hearing this, Jack was overwhelmed with gratitude toward Uriah.

Just then, Uriah said solemnly, "I couldn't be prouder of what you've achieved. But you still need to take these exams seriously. I know many have dropped out to pursue their dreams and gone on to do great things. And I'll admit-education isn't the only path to success.

"Your excellence was proven long ago, first as the top scholar in the state exams and then as the founder of a remarkable company. But as your teacher—and as a student before-let me remind you that unless there's an unavoidable reason, I hope you'll see your studies through, even if it means just showing up occasionally for these last 18 months. One day, you'll look back and cherish having experienced a complete university life."

Uriah knew that his role in Jack's journey was nearing its end. Perhaps the last thing he could offer wasn't so much advice as it was perspective.

Uriah wouldn't be surprised if Jack decided to suspend his studies. After all, Genesis Games was undoubtedly more important than any academic obligations.

Chapter 613

Jack nodded earnestly. Though he hadn't interacted much with Uriah, he didn't feel disdain toward his teacher.

Strict and reticent by nature, Uriah was the type who showed his care through actions rather than words.

When Isaac and Joshua pursued their basketball dreams and Luca chased his musical aspirations, Uriah had supported them wholeheartedly behind the scenes.

When Samuel fell into financial hardship, Uriah fought to secure him a merit- based scholarship. And when Samuel's father passed away, Uriah quietly transferred 10 thousand dollars from his modest salary into Samuel's account without ever mentioning it. Samuel only discovered the source of the money after checking his bank records.

Though Uriah had never been particularly warm toward Jack—at times even seeming dismissive-it did nothing to diminish Jack's respect for him.

By the time Jack wrapped up his affairs and returned to the dorm, it was already 4:00 pm.

Faced with eager questions from Isaac, Joshua, Samuel, and Ronnie, Jack responded with a snap of his fingers. Everything was settled.

Jack announced he was treating the entire dorm to dinner at the ultra-luxurious Imperial Grand Hotel to celebrate Genesis Games' successful IPO. Significant others were welcome. Tonight's meal was fully on him.

Isaac and Joshua immediately rallied, extending the invitation to the female students at the Fellowship Dormitory.

The group piled into cabs, buzzing with excitement as they headed for the Imperial Grand Hotel.

When Queenie learned that Jack was sponsoring the meal, she asked in disbelief, "Jack is

treating us at the Imperial Grand Hotel? That's a seven-star hotel! Did he bring enough cash? Or are we gonna end up washing dishes there for a year to pay it off?"

Queenie and the other girls' stunned expression made it clear they had no idea who Jack really was.

Isaac and Joshua were initially surprised, but then realization dawned. These girls spent all their time scrolling through celebrity gossip. Why would they have the time to follow finance or gaming news?

Jack chuckled, shaking his head. "Relax. I'm going all out today. Order whatever you want. It's my treat."

Isaac and Joshua realized Jack wasn't about to reveal his status. He'd always flown under the radar. If not for sheer chance, even his roommates might never have discovered their unassuming friend was actually this outrageously rich.

They knew that Jack didn't have malicious intentions; he just wanted to maintain genuine, equal-footed friendships with his classmates.

Joshua explained, "Jack landed an awesome job recently. Made serious cash too. So eat whatever you like. He's definitely able to foot the bill."

With that assurance, the girls erupted in cheers.

The group consisted of five guys from the boys' dorm and five girls from the Fellowship Dormitory.

Jenna was absent. Due to her strained relationship with Samuel and her relocatee boyfriend who looked down on the guys from the male dorms, she never participated in these social gatherings.

Once seated at the restaurant, Joshua and Isaac wasted no time ordering the most expensive and delicious dishes on the menu. They even ventured to try delicacies they'd only seen on food shows.

Still, they showed restraint and kept their selections under 10 thousand dollars as a considerate gesture toward Jack.

After discreetly scanning the wine list, Jack not only added signature dishes to the order but also boldly requested two bottles of 1982 Lafite-each costing tens of thousands. The total bill easily surpassed 100 thousand dollars, leaving his roommates stunned.

As the feast arrived and conversation flowed, Queenie couldn't resist asking again.

Chapter 614

"Jack, what kind of job did you land to suddenly become so loaded? Hook us up too!" Queenie pressed eagerly.

Joshua quickly cut her off, saying, "That job's not for me or you. Just enjoy the meal."

"Oh!"

Misreading the hint, Queenie assumed that Jack's new gig might be less than respectable.

She giggled and teased, "Well, thanks for this feast, Jack! This must've cost thousands of dollars, maybe even 10 thousand dollars, right? Once Joshua makes it to the CBA, we'll treat you all too. His autograph will be worth a fortune by then. We'll all get rich!"

Isaac, Joshua, and the rest of the men looked at Queenie with odd expressions.

Joshua flushed in embarrassment. Even if he did make it to the CBA, would Jack need his signature? If anything, he'd want Jack's autograph.

Queenie was clearly clueless. She said that the meal had to have cost thousands of dollars or maybe even 10 thousand dollars? She clearly didn't know about the two bottles of vintage Lafite at their table.

Sure, she'd dabbled in elite social circles but never the real inner circle-the kind where a single sip of wine cost more than her monthly rent.

For the first time, Joshua felt a pang of embarrassment. He reminded Queenie, "Stop talking nonsense. This meal cost over 100 thousand dollars. Just eat, okay?"

Queenie was stunned. Seeing Joshua's strained expression, she realized her blunder and immediately stayed silent.

Luckily, Jack wasn't the type to hold grudges over a careless remark.

As the night wore on and bottles emptied, the group grew pleasantly buzzed.

That was when Isaac had an idea. "Let's go to the observation deck at the top of the International Finance Tower!"

Despite living in Alnewgo for nearly three years, Isaac had never seen its glittering skyline from above. For students, the 100-dollar admission fee was usually prohibitive.

But tonight, thanks to Jack's generosity, they could finally experience it.

With Jack leading the way, the group eagerly headed toward the tower's 1500- feet-high summit.

As soon as they reached the observation deck, the group was awestruck by the dazzling skyline of Alnewgo through the floor-to-ceiling windows. Both the men and women couldn't help but gasp in genuine wonder.

It was dusk, and the city's lights were gradually flickering to life, painting a breathtaking panorama of prosperity and grandeur.

While everyone scattered to explore, Jack stood alone by the glass railing, lost in thought as he gazed at the glittering metropolis below.

Suddenly, a faint floral scent drifted by. Turning around, he was surprised to find Amelia standing behind him.

"Hey there!" Jack quickly regained his composure and greeted her.

Amelia responded with a soft and sweet smile. "Hello, Mr. Holland."

While the other girls hadn't paid Jack much attention, Amelia had been quietly observing him the whole time. She knew exactly why he had treated everyone to such an extravagant feast—it was to celebrate Genesis Games' successful IPO.

"Congratulations on Genesis Games' listing. I heard its market cap has already surpassed 20 billion dollars," she said.

"Thanks."

Jack wasn't surprised that Amelia knew. After all, she had always understood him well.

Chapter 615

Amelia studied Jack for a moment before smiling.

"It's hard to believe you almost became my boyfriend. Now, you've built a billion- dollar company at such a young age."

Had it not been for all those verified news reports, she might have thought it was a dream. Life's unpredictability never ceased to amaze her.

Jack responded humbly, "Genesis Games' success was mostly luck."

"Really? You're being too modest." She shook her head before gazing at the city lights beyond the windows. "I watched your bell-ringing ceremony online. Do you know what my first reaction was?"

Jack waited, his eyes fixed on her.

"You've always been extraordinary. For the longest time, I lost sleep over 'what ifs' between us. But that night, seeing you in that tailored suit, leading your team, something clicked. The regret faded. All I felt was a tinge of regret and overwhelming happiness for you."

Amelia paused, her gaze drifting back to settle wistfully on Jack's face.

Those sharp features and enigmatic eyes had once captivated her. Yet now, though he stood within arm's reach, he felt as distant as the stars.

She continued, "You've become too extraordinary. I can never be your partner. Like one of those towering statues in ancient temples, I may worship from afar, but could never hope to possess."

A single tear traced its way down her cheek as she spoke. This was the highest praise she could offer, yet every word carried the weight of her resignation.

Some doors, once closed, could never be reopened.

Jack shifted uncomfortably, startled by how Amelia now perceived him.

Just then, Amelia made her final request. "Jack, would you grant me one last wish?"

Jack remained silent, but his attentive stillness urged her to continue.

She uttered, "Could you kiss me one last time? Let this be our farewell kiss, my liberation from your shadow."

Amelia believed she could embrace a new chapter after this. Otherwise, his memory would forever chain her heart.

She gazed at Jack hopefully, yearning for him to grant her this final wish. Yet, she was terrified that her plea might be too intimate for him to agree.

Jack hesitated. Something about this felt improper.

Amelia murmured, "Can't you grant me this one last wish?"

With that, she closed her eyes.

Remembering that he was single, Jack finally lowered his head, and their lips met.

He had intended only to brush her cheek with his lips, but Amelia suddenly rose on her toes. So, his lips found hers instead.

At that first contact, Jack was overwhelmed by an unexpected sweetness. Past betrayals faded into irrelevance against the intoxicating softness of her mouth.

Amelia, trembling with emotion, deepened the kiss with heartbreaking tenderness. Her lashes fluttered, and her teeth grazed his lip with just enough pressure to make his pulse stutter.

When they finally parted, she stepped back from his embrace, and her whisper was barely audible.

Chapter 616

"Jack, thank you. I'll remember today. I'll also remember that an extraordinary man had once appeared in my life."

With those words, Amelia vanished from his sight, leaving only the flickering city lights below, their glow faint against the gathering darkness.

As winter break approached and the new year drew closer, the dormitory buzzed with students packing to head back home. Jack would depart two days later as he still had his make-up exams to complete.

Wesley called to invite Jack and Feena home for the holidays. Upon learning of Jack's delay due to examinations, he had to settle for arranging the trip with Feena alone.

Just as Feena prepared to leave, however, an unwelcome complication arose.

Damien Bond, an ardent admirer of hers, appeared unannounced at her dorm, insisting on carrying her luggage.

Despite Feena's repeated refusals, he stubbornly remained at her doorway.

"Damien, this isn't necessary. I've told you. There's no future for us." Her voice was weary.

Damien was handsome. He stood tall at 5 feet 10 inches, and he was comfortably well-off.

He brushed off her words as he gathered her suitcases. "Feena, it's okay. Helping you with your bags is the least I can do."

Feena furrowed her brows in frustration and said, "Damien, your persistence is making me uncomfortable. Please stop this. Okay?"

Damien looked up, his intense gaze locking onto hers. "Feena, I hope you understand how I feel. As long as you're single, I won't give up. Only when you have a boyfriend will I back off."

"Damien, what's the point in that? Actually I'm already seeing someone." The lie tasted bitter as she watched the blood drain from Damien's face.

"Since when? Why haven't I heard of it? No one mentioned that you have a boyfriend," Damien replied anxiously.

If someone like Feena really had a boyfriend, Damien would surely know. After all, Feena was practically campus royalty.

Yet, Feena held her ground. "I'm not lying. I have a boyfriend, but I'm keeping it private."

As someone with social prominence, Feena's personal life remained carefully guarded. However, Damien refused to give up.

"Then, prove it! Who is he? What's his occupation? What does he look like?"

Feena answered softly, "He's tall and handsome, maybe even more so than you. His eyes shine bright, and he's really talented. He plays the guitar well."

Damien's expression darkened at her words. "Talented? What does he do for a living? Can he offer you a bright future like I can-with my career and my family's standing?"

"Him?"

A shadow crossed Feena's face. Once, she could have proudly declared him a famous man who had achieved great success. But after everything that had happened, those glittering titles no longer applied.

The lie stuck in her throat. She opened her mouth to say, "Whatever his circumstances are now and regardless of his family background, he'll be able to give me a bright future if we truly love each other."

But before she could utter a word, her phone rang.

Feena immediately answered the call without replying to Damien. The caller ID showed Wesley's name. He was probably calling about their train tickets home.

Chapter 617

Sure enough, Wesley's voice came through.

"Superstar, you've got your train ticket ready, right? It looks like only the two of us will be going back this time. Jack's stuck at school for exams. He's stopped keeping pace with us lately!" he said with melancholy.

Feena was surprised by his words. "But Alnewgo University's finals are over. Why does he still have examinations?"

Wesley explained, "He missed the finals because of his Federia trip, so the teachers have prepared a special set of make-up exams for him."

"Special exams just for him? Why was he in Federia? I never heard about this," Feena asked.

Wesley exclaimed in surprise, "What? You didn't know something this important? Are you completely clueless about Jack now?"

"What's going on?" Feena's heart raced at his tone. She'd clearly missed something important.

Wesley launched into an animated explanation. "Wow, Feena! You really haven't been paying attention to Jack at all. How could you not know about this? Jack's practically a household name now.

"I suggest you search for him online immediately. It'll reveal all the incredible things he has accomplished. Then, you'll understand why the teachers would arrange special exams for Jack. He's earned that privilege.

"Honestly, it makes me mad! He did all these things in secret without telling any of us. What kind of friend does that?"

"Okay. I've already bought my train ticket. We'll go back together then!"

Feena hung up and immediately began searching for information about Jack on her phone. She was so engrossed in her research that Damien, who had been waiting for her response, grew impatient.

"Feena! I asked if you really have a boyfriend and what his occupation is. Can he protect you like I can?" Damien pressed insistently.

Feena finally finished reading up about Jack. She turned to face Damien and said solemnly, "Do you really want to know what he does?"

Damien nodded. "Yes!"

Even if he lost the battle, he wanted to know what was going on.

Feena scoffed and replied, "Okay. His name is Jack Holland. He's currently a third-year student at Alnewgo University. If you don't recognize his name, I suggest you look up his recent news coverage. There's been quite a lot lately."

Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke. She needed time to process the shocking information she'd just uncovered.

Puzzled, Damien pulled out his phone and began searching. The results appeared instantly. He studied them intently, even zooming in on Jack's photos, hoping to find some shred of superiority in comparison. However, he found none.

Finally, Damien put away his phone, his face shadowed with defeat. He probed, "I just want to confirm that you're really in a relationship with him. Is that true?"

Feena replied softly, "What do you think? We both grew up by the river in Perthter City. We were neighbors and childhood sweethearts. We were classmates for six years in middle school and high school."

Damien nodded. To verify her words, he had searched for information about Jack and confirmed that he was indeed from Perthter City and around Feena's age.

Chapter 618

Damien's sense of superiority vanished instantly, replaced by profound dejection. He silently pocketed his phone and turned to leave. After all, he had suffered a crushing defeat in this battle against his romantic rival.

Feena paid no attention to Damien's departure. Her gaze stretched into the distance toward Alnewgo University, eyes glimmering with an unfathomable light as she was lost in thoughts.

...

In a dimly lit rented room, a young man with unkempt stubble glared at the news report, his eyes burning with malice.

The screen displayed images of Genesis Games ringing the opening bell at the New Vork Stock Exchange.

Watching the footage, the man's pupils dilated with hatred. He was none other than Patrick.

After Wendy's whistleblowing report, he'd been arrested on charges of non-state employee embezzlement, spending months in detention. Following hefty fines and complete asset forfeiture, they'd finally released him.

Patrick had lost everything. Now homeless, he rented a basement unit. He'd also been blacklisted industry-wide.

Without academic credentials, each day grew more desperate. He blamed Wendy who'd dangled hope before snatching it away.

Yet, as he stared at the photo of Jack's achievement at the New Vork Stock Exchange, a new realization crystallized. Perhaps the true architect of his ruin had been Jack all along.

Jack must have orchestrated Wendy's betrayal and engineered Patrick's demise. And Jack's leverage over Wendy? The global patent rights to Legend of the East.

Back when Drakengard Games was at its zenith, they'd invested hundreds of millions of dollars in overseas marketing. Just as the game dominated international markets, Genesis Games had struck them with a patent litigation—a deathblow that bankrupted Drakengard Games and landed Patrick in prison.

At the time, Patrick had dismissed Genesis Games as just another competitor in a routine corporate dispute. Only now did the truth sear into him. Jack was behind Genesis Games.

Patrick admitted misjudging Jack. Who could've predicted that after being ousted from Drakengard Games, Jack would not only rebound but build an empire dwarfing its predecessor?

Yet, Patrick refused to regret expelling Jack. His only failure was not to have sensed Jack's true colors sooner.

These weren't business tactics; they were vendetta. Jack had destroyed him through underhanded schemes.

"That damned bastard. I'll have my revenge."

Rage pulsed through Patrick's veins like a toxin. He could only be rid of the hatred after destroying Jack.

Yet, Jack now rode the crest of success while he scraped rock bottom without basic resources. Job applications went unanswered; survival itself grew challenging.

How could Patrick possibly challenge Jack? Then something struck him. Fumbling for his phone, he dialed a number-Tristan from Sandalwood Group. After ousting Jack from Drakengard Games, Patrick personally apologized to Tristan to salvage the relationship. Tristan, amused, had tossed some token investments as patronage. Hence, Patrick still had Tristan's contact.

Tristan was surprised to receive Patrick's call. He'd heard of Patrick's fall but never probed the details.

"What's the matter?" Tristan asked curiously.

Chapter 619

"Is this Mr. Lycan? I would like your assistance," Patrick pleaded.

"Come to Sandalwood Group. I'm in my office," Tristan replied before ending the call.

30 minutes later, Patrick found himself kneeling in Tristan's expansive office, while Tristan lounged on a leather couch, deep in thought.

Patrick laid bare his vendetta against Jack. He was willing to trade everything for revenge, including his dignity and life. His forehead nearly touched the ground as he beseeched Tristan's aid.

Tristan asked Patrick solemnly, "To get rid of Jack, you'd truly pay any price?"

"Yes!" Patrick said confidently.

"Excellent." A predatory gleam flickered in Tristan's eyes as he leaned forward. "I can grant you power. But this power is dangerous and may cost you your life. Are you still willing?"

Patrick nodded immediately. "I am."

"One more condition. What transpired today stays in this room." With a satisfied nod, he led Patrick to a secret location.

...

Inside an upscale club, Leslie listened intently to the report coming through his phone. His hatred for Jack ran deep.

After all, Jack had ruined his plans with Phoebe, a humiliation that still festered in his mind. What infuriated him even more was that Jack had dared to retaliate afterward, forcing Leslie into months of hiding.

Leslie had been racking his brain for ways to dig up dirt on Jack when his enemy had conveniently resurfaced.

The revelation that Jack was the founder of the newly listed Genesis Games stunned Leslie but it didn't intimidate him. On the contrary, the fact that his enemy was powerful only excited him more.

Crushing an ant was boring. But trampling an elephant? That promised real satisfaction.

Leslie's parents wielded formidable influence in the local financial circles, with family assets in the tens of billions. Though Jack's company was valued at hundreds of billions of dollars, his diluted equity meant his personal wealth was on par with Leslie's family. Money wouldn't give Jack the upper hand.

Moreover, Leslie had other advantages. Alnewgo was the Cline family's turf. More importantly, Jack was just a college kid with farmer parents-no connections, no backing.

Given the Cline family's long-established position in high society, Leslie had far more resources at his disposal to challenge Jack than Jack could muster.

In a country focused on national development, a wealthy entrepreneur was just that-wealthy. It was only with the right social standing and an expansive network of influential connections that a person could command respect and fear.

At a certain level, money alone lost its all-encompassing power. In such circles, power, connections, and perhaps most importantly, bloodlines, took precedence. Moreover, with Genesis Games just having gone public, Jack couldn't afford to sell off any shares to stabilize the stock price, which meant the resources he could use were far fewer than Leslie.

Furthermore, most of Jack's resources were overseas, making them seem even more insignificant when compared to Leslie's extensive local network.

If Leslie truly decided to go after Jack with all his might, Jack would likely find it very hard to defend himself.

Leslie's heart swelled with ambition. Aside from the satisfaction of exacting revenge, the idea of striking a blow to a company worth hundreds of billions gave him a sense of accomplishment.

Leslie's current aim was to gather as much support as possible. And that's when he remembered Peter, who had been punched by Jack not long ago.

As one of the four powerful young men of Tarthy City, Peter possessed far greater power than Leslie. If he could win Peter's support, taking down Jack would undoubtedly become much easier.

...

After the final exams were completed, Jack finally set off to return home from Alnewgo.

Chapter 620

When Jack returned to Alnewgo, snowflakes were gently falling from the sky.

He got off the bus at Crestfield High School, the very school he had attended for

six years.

At that moment, a wave of emotions washed over him, and he couldn't help but feel that life itself was nothing more than a fleeting dream.

The school was buzzing with excitement, with colorful ribbons adorning every corner and large banners hanging from the walls. Crestfield was gearing up for its 60th anniversary celebration.

Jack's eyes then drifted across to the opposite side, where Seaton High School stood. To his surprise, Seaton was also celebrating its 10th anniversary, with flags waving at the entrance.

However, compared to the grand 60th anniversary celebration at Crestfield High School, which attracted famous personalities from all over the city, Seaton's celebration seemed rather modest.

Still, compared to the past, Seaton High School had improved greatly. After all, they had produced a top scholar in the state. Although it couldn't compete with the well-established Crestfield High School, it had managed to secure a spot at the tail end of the city's second-tier schools.

Considering how it had once been ranked in the fourth tier, barely able to even compete, it could be said to have undergone a complete transformation and rejuvenation.

With the boost from the top state scholar, the school's enrollment had greatly improved over the past two years.

As a result, the leadership at Seaton High School had begun making plans for a 10th anniversary celebration. However, organizing the anniversary proved to be a difficult task for the school's board of directors.

After all, Seaton's resources couldn't compare to those of Crestfield High School. For their 60th anniversary, famous alumni would certainly return to celebrate, and it was rumored that local officials would also be attending.

In contrast, what kind of alumni did Seaton High School have? While the past two batches of students had been slightly decent, its earlier batches of students since its set up 10 years ago hadn't exactly been from the most prestigious

backgrounds. In fact, many of them had ended up as troublemakers, with some even landing in prison.

The most successful alumni of Seaton High School were probably the owners of small factories or mid-level executives in various companies.

When it came down to it, the most prestigious figure seemed to be the top scholar in the state from their earlier years. But that scholar was still just a student and hadn't really made any significant contributions to society. Was it really appropriate to invite him to serve as the VIP of the celebration?

Of course, Jack had no way of knowing the dilemma facing the school's leaders.

He stood quietly on the patch of land between the two schools, filled with mixed emotions. People were, after all, driven by feelings.

Jack felt an immense sense of gratitude toward Seaton High School. If it hadn't been for this school's acceptance of him back then, his life might have taken a very different turn. Of course, he wouldn't have the success he enjoyed today.

Unable to resist, Jack glanced toward the school grounds and unexpectedly spotted a familiar figure- Arthur, his former homeroom teacher. What a surprise to run into him here!

"Mr. Bratford!" Jack called out, waving.

Arthur, lost in his thoughts, looked up when he heard his name and his face immediately lit up with joy.

"Aren't you the state's top scorer, Jack Holland? I was planning to visit you at your house, but I didn't expect to run into you here. So, here's the thing. Our alma mater is about to hold its 10th anniversary celebration. If you're free, would you be able to attend the event?"

"Sure. Just let me know when it is," Jack replied with a nod.

As an alumnus of Seaton High School, it was only natural for him to attend the celebration. But he couldn't help but think that after just attending his university's anniversary celebration, now he was about to go to his high school's as well.

There sure seemed to be a lot of these celebrations lately.