Limits 621

Chapter 621

Arthur was overjoyed when he heard Jack's reply.

"That's great! Please leave me your phone number. Just your presence at the anniversary celebration will be an honor for our school. We might also need you to give a speech, so you'll need to prepare for that in advance."

"Sure," Jack responded without hesitation.

At this pivotal moment in Seaton High School's development, Jack felt it was his duty to contribute to the school's growth, especially since he graduated as the top scorer in the state.

With Jack's promise in hand, Arthur was ecstatic. They exchanged contact information, chatted for a few more minutes, and then parted ways.

As Jack walked toward the entrance of the suburbs, he realized that his feelings about going home now were different from before.

Since Genesis Games went public, he had a sense of returning home in glory.

In the distance, he saw a girl in a pink down jacket, wearing a furry hat, standing there as if waiting for something. Snowflakes gently fell, causing the pom-poms on her hat and her long hair to flutter in the breeze. She looked elegant, beautiful, and captivating.

"You're back!" The girl looked at Jack, her face lighting up with a sweet smile.

Jack asked in surprise, "Feena, what are you doing here?"

Feena tucked her hands into her pockets and looked at the energetic, composed young man before her. "My grandparents don't like living in a big house. They say they feel more comfortable in the old one, so they moved back."

As a result, Feena was back in the suburbs, and she would be frequenting the area more often.

Jack never expected Feena to return! This meant he would have the chance to see her ride her bicycle again.

A smile spread across Jack's face as he exclaimed, "So, does this mean I'll get to see you every day during this holiday break?"

Feena was quite pleased with Jack's expression. Her face flushed slightly as she replied, "Yeah! Are you happy?"

Jack realized he had perhaps overdone his excitement. He nodded and said, "I'm really happy. But what are you doing here? Are you waiting for water?"

Feena's eyes twinkled mischievously, and she pouted. "Who else would I be waiting for? Of course, I'm waiting for you, the famous CEO. I heard you had a long trip to Federia, so I came to wait for you at the alley. Everyone's inside waiting for you to come back!"

"Waiting for me?" Jack asked in confusion.

Feena giggled. "Yes! Everyone knows about your grand appearance ringing the bell at the New Vork Stock Exchange."

With that, she took Jack's hand and began leading him inside.

Jack felt the softness of her hand. It was the first time he had ever held Feena's hand, and a slight ripple stirred in his heart. But it quickly settled, and he regained his composure.

When Jack returned home, he found that the house was already filled with their neighbors. Even Silas had come to join the crowd.

Although not many people were watching the financial channel that day, the news quickly spread once a few people knew.

Soon after, all the neighbors had heard about Jack's achievements. Many of them weren't familiar with the founder of Genesis Games, but those in the know patiently explained it to them.

To put it simply, Jack now managed a large number of employees. Some even used more vivid metaphors to describe his wealth. After all, his assets were now worth over ten billion dollars.

Chapter 622

Most people couldn't truly grasp what "billions" meant-there were just too many zeros. But everyone in Perthter City's old suburbs knew that one of their own had become someone remarkable.

This place had already given the state its top scholar and a superstar who took the nation by storm. Now, it had birthed a business magnate.

The simple-minded neighbors assumed that wealth alone made someone a boss. But Wesley's father, Roman Landry, was quick to set them straight. Jack should be recognized as an entrepreneur-one of the best in the country.

The games Jack designed had taken the world by storm. And those words alone -"taken the world by storm"-had lifted him to a height beyond his neighbors' reach. They could only look up in awe.

Joanne gazed at Jack with pure admiration. She was stunned by how incredible her brother had become. Meanwhile, Eddie punched his shoulder and said, "Jack, you totally kept me in the dark!"

Once, he had chased after Jack relentlessly, seeing him as a rival to surpass. But now, he felt he could finally ease up because no matter how hard he tried, he would never match Jack's pace.

Life presented moments where conceding to destiny was required.

Feena looked at Jack with a smile, happier about his success than if it had been her own!

Looking back, Jack's Soul had been sabotaged, and later, he was forced out of Drakengard Games.

Had Feena faced such hardships, she might have succumbed to despair. But he was unyielding—the more setbacks he endured, the stronger he became. Not only did he rise from the ashes, but he soared to even greater heights.

By now, the neighbors had begun lively chatter. Feena's father, Silas, even struck up a conversation with Jeffrey.

In the past, Silas had looked down on Jeffrey, seeing him as unworthy. He was certain that Jack would never measure up to his daughter. But things were different now. Jack had become a major entrepreneur, and with that, Jeffrey's status had risen as well.

By noon, the house finally settled into silence.

Jack found a moment of peace to sit down for lunch with his father, Jeffrey, his mother, Helena, and his sister, Joanne. At the table, Jeffrey eagerly asked Jack how he had established Genesis Games in college.

It turned out Jeffrey had known nothing about it—he didn't follow the news. It wasn't until Roman Landry, Wesley's father, came to tell him that Jeffrey finally learned the truth.

At first, he was so shocked he couldn't believe it, even suspecting Roman was playing a joke on him. But as neighbors flocked to congratulate him, Jeffrey realized this was no dream-it was real.

Overcome with astonishment, Jeffrey was soon swept up in an indescribable joy. The burst of energy was so strong that even eating felt refreshing, leaving him reinvigorated.

As soon as Jack got home, Jeffrey immediately started pestering him. He was eager to hear all about how Genesis Games was founded to brag to friends and neighbors.

Joanne and Helena also widened their eyes, eager to hear Jack's story. It was such a miraculous tale, after all!

Jack, resigned, gave a summary, glossing over the struggles.

Jeffrey felt unsatisfied, sensing he had left out too much.

However, Helena's heart ached for her son, and she couldn't help but reproach Jeffrey.

"All you care about is the story? Have you even asked about Jack's well-being? Running such a big company must have exhausted him. Jack, don't listen to your dad. Just rest while you're home. Your health matters more than money. Don't push yourself too hard out there."

Upon hearing her words, warmth filled Jack's heart. She didn't have much to give him materially, but a kind word from her was worth more than anything money could buy.

Chapter 623

That afternoon, Jack planned to relax at home and tutor Joanne, who was preparing for her upcoming college entrance exam.

He received a call from Leo, who asked if he was in Perthter City. Leo invited him to hang out at Crestfield Park.

To Jack's surprise, Leo had also come to Perthter City for the winter break. Along with him were Zane, Charlotte, Neil, and Mona-their whole tight-knit group.

Charlotte's uncle, Andrew, had been reassigned from his ambassadorial post. He now oversaw governance in Perthter City. Leo's father had also been transferred here. Rather than staying in the capital or Alnewgo, the group had all decided to come to Perthter City for fun.

As a friend, Jack had long since earned the trust and acceptance of Zane, Charlotte, and the others. Hence, they wouldn't forget to invite him.

Since Jack happened to be free, he accepted Leo's invitation.

Seeing that he had plans, Joanne smiled and said, "Go ahead and have fun, Jack. I've got these problems figured out for now. If there's anything I don't understand, I'll ask you later."

So, Jack took a cab to Crestfield Park.

This was his first time visiting the compound where the city's top officials resided.

However, when he arrived, he found he couldn't get in-guards were posted at the entrance. He called Leo to ask if they were around. Leo told him that he, Zane, and Neil had gone to pick someone up and weren't there at the moment.

Charlotte, however, was inside the compound, so Jack called her. Before long, she came out herself to welcome Jack inside.

Once he entered, he realized the house was empty except for her. She led him in, then lounged on the living room couch, watching a drama. Her graceful figure curled up like a relaxed kitten.

Her jet-black hair cascaded smoothly down her delicate neck and flowed to her waist. Beneath her shorts, her strikingly pale, long legs were crossed lazily as she sank into the soft couch. Her toes, tinged with a faint pink, resembled delicate seashells.

Her alluring demeanor stirred a sinful urge in any man.

Yet, Charlotte paid Jack no mind, treating him as if he were a stranger-or perhaps she was upset with him for some reason.

Thinking back, Jack hadn't interacted with Charlotte much. Aside from asking her to translate some Kranish and helping Andrew, their exchanges had been brief.

But surely, that wasn't enough to make her treat him like a stranger?

Charlotte's silence left Jack feeling awkward. He decided to sit beside her on the couch and watch TV instead. But before long, he found the show dull. Instead, he felt that Charlotte beside him was more worthy of his attention.

It had been a while since he last saw her, and she had only grown more captivating. In this relaxed state, she was downright mesmerizing, tempting beyond reason. Before he knew it, Jack was staring.

"What are you looking at?" she snapped, her cheeks flushing as she caught his gaze.

He quickly tore his wandering eyes away from the curves of her body and blurted out, "Is it okay if I go into the study? I'd like to read something."

Charlotte, who had been ready to scold him, blinked in surprise before nodding. "Go ahead."

Chapter 624

And Charlotte pointed out the location of the study.

Watching Jack walk away, her cheeks flushed. But when she glanced down at herself, she smiled with pride.

Inside the study, he wandered around, easing the awkwardness of being questioned by Charlotte.

The room carried a faint sandalwood fragrance. Deep mahogany bookshelves, desks, and dark glass exuded a solemn atmosphere. Even the sunlight filtering in felt crisp and cool.

There was a locked cabinet in the study. Aside from some outdated internal reference materials, it likely held a trove of important documents.

Of course, Jack wasn't reckless enough to pry it open. As he read through "Das Kapital", he suddenly heard footsteps approaching the doorway.

Turning, he saw Charlotte standing at the entrance.

She held a cup of coffee and smiled. "Here, have a cup of coffee. Otherwise, people might say I'm a poor host."

He accepted the cup. At that moment, she stood in a patch of sunlight. Her pupils shimmered gold-brown, and a faint, downy glow touched her skin.

It was unlike her, but she said, "I've noticed that you haven't been asking me to hang out at college much these days."

Jack hadn't expected her to be so direct. Flustered, he replied, "That's not true. I've just been busy. But thanks again for helping me translate that book."

"Compared to what you've done for me, that was nothing. Besides, it helped improve my Kranish," Charlotte said, sounding slightly displeased.

Noticing that he had lowered his head back to his book, her eyes gleamed mischievously. She suddenly asked, "I heard that you and your girlfriend have broken up. Is that why you're so bummed out?"

"A little," he admitted, then looked up in surprise. "How did you know?"

"As your friend, of course I'd know about this! Did you assume everyone's as heartless as you?" Charlotte shot him a glare. "You've been so distracted. Was she really that great?"

"She was," he answered honestly. A pang of pain flickered in his chest at the mention of Bella.

Then, he noticed Charlotte's lips curling into a faint smile. "Well... do you think I'm great?"

"Huh?" He stared blankly at her. She had cascading black hair, deep brown eyes, and a diamond earring glinting beneath her pointed ear.

At this moment, Jack felt a little dazed. He had dreamed of this moment countless times-busy at his desk, and a woman quietly bringing him a cup of freshly brewed, aromatic coffee.

This simple yet heartwarming moment felt like something from those stirring, romantic tales. Carefree lovers retreating to the southern mountains, living in blissful seclusion.

"Coffee tastes best when it's hot." Charlotte lowered her head, her cheeks flushing pink, as bright as a ripe apple.

But that was just a dream, wasn't it?

He took a sip of the coffee, and an intense bitterness instantly spread across his tongue.

This rascal!

Seeing him freeze, Charlotte couldn't help but laugh. "Silly, this is a straight espresso-no sugar, no milk. It's even more bitter than herbal remedies! You're so easy to trick!"

Her earlier tender and suggestive words were meant to catch Jack off guard.

But then, her smile suddenly stiffened. Instead of reacting as she'd expected, his lips curved into a slight smile.

"Bitter? I think it's got a nice, unique kick to it."

With that, he downed the entire cup in one gulp.

Charlotte instinctively reached out to grab the cup. She had tried this coffee

before and knew how bitter it was. She had only meant to tease him a little. After

all, why did he always ignore her?

It was just a joke, a little revenge for him never inviting her to hang out.

But it was too late. Jack had already finished it.

Chapter 625

At that very moment, an accident happened.

Charlotte's momentum and her right foot stepping forward blocked Jack's space to react, leaving them both off-balance. Their bodies tilted toward the carpeted floor.

Her long, dark hair cascaded in the sunlight as her eyes widened in shock. Her curvaceous figure pressed fully against Jack, and a delicate, orchid-like fragrance enveloped him. Most notably, the smooth skin of her thigh was pressing right against his left hand.

At this critical moment, Jack's right hand was just inches from the edge of the desk. Had he gripped it firmly, he could have steadied their balance. It would have prevented the impending intimate collision.

The moment his left hand touched the skin under her shorts, an electric jolt surged through his brain.

The moment his right hand brushed the edge of the desk, he made a lightning- quick decision in his mind-he let go.

The initial impact wasn't as pleasant as Jack had imagined.

The back of his head slammed hard against the heavy wooden frame of the bookshelf. Charlotte's head followed, making contact shortly after. Then came the full weight of her body, nearly knocking the coffee he had just drunk right back out.

The only consolation was the intoxicating, orchid-like scent-real and mesmerizing. It made his heart race.

He crashed onto the floor, the carpet softening most of the impact, but it was still quite a fall.

Charlotte reacted swiftly, planting her hands on the ground. She stopped just before her curves could fully press against Jack, narrowly avoiding an even closer encounter.

Their rapid breaths mingled in the air between them. They were so close that they could feel the warmth of each other's exhales brushing against their skins.

Jack opened his mouth to speak, but Charlotte cut him off, saying, "Pervert! You disgusting pervert! You're still trying to take advantage of me!"

She could feel his hand roaming over her thigh, sending a tingling numbness through both legs. Along with the embarrassment came an odd, ticklish sensation.

Just then, a cascade of thick, brick-like books came crashing down from the bookshelf. Charlotte lost her balance entirely and collapsed onto Jack, pressing her entire body against him.

Feeling her soft form pressed tightly against him, he could only laugh helplessly. "I was just trying to warn you about the books falling," he said.

To Jack, both Charlotte and Zane were equally mysterious. Their backgrounds were cloaked in secrecy.

He had speculated about their identities before. But this vast land was full of remarkable people, many of whom he knew little about. It didn't surprise him, nor did he ever feel the need to pry.

That being said, a woman like Charlotte was, at least for now, someone to be admired.

Her sweet appearance radiated warmth and approachability. But only those who spent time with her could catch a glimpse of the pride hidden beneath. Her presence in this small town was like winter sunlight-gentle and comforting. Yet that warmth never seemed to reach the depths of her heart.

And now, she was pressed flush against him. The softness of her chest brought an indescribable warmth a comfort beyond words.

Jack's hands, unsure where to rest, naturally found their way back to her thighs. Her legs boasted a porcelain-like smoothness, a touch so soft it was hard to resist.

He gently kneaded her legs. Her jet-black hair cascaded over him like a waterfall. A few strands brushed against his nose, tickling him lightly.

The strands veiled his vision, tangling as Charlotte tried to rise. Sunlight filtered through the gaps, spilling into his eyes.

Though her back ached from the fall, her pride remained unshaken.

Jack watched as she swung a slap at him, but instinctively, he caught her slender wrist. His grip wasn't tight, and his movement was almost unhurried.

Chapter 626

"Pervert!" Charlotte's eyes suddenly welled up with tears. The scalding droplets fell onto Jack's face, stinging as sharply as the sunlight.

A sudden pang of regret hit him. Had he lost control because it had been so long since he'd been with a woman?

He shouldn't have violated her like this. Given her sheltered upbringing, no one had likely ever dared to handle her so roughly.

Red fingerprints marked her pale thighs. After all, at one point, he had indeed used too much force and hurt her, hadn't he?

Jack rolled over and helped her to her feet. He placed the coffee cup back on the table. Then, he picked up the scattered books one by one and returned them to their shelves.

As he slid the last book into place, a quiet worry gnawed at him. Would Charlotte, in her fury, kick him out? If so, his friendship with Zane and the others would likely come to an abrupt end too. After all, in the truest sense, Charlotte and Zane belonged to the same circle-not him.

"Stop! Don't you dare leave!"

Charlotte strode forward, her earrings swaying slightly with each step. Her emotions had calmed somewhat, but her eyes were still red as if she'd been deeply wronged. The sight was enough to twist Jack's heart. If he didn't leave now, he might not be able to stop himself from violating her again.

As if realizing her words had been too harsh, she added, "Where are you going?"

"Home!" He gave her a smile over his shoulder. He knew her prideful nature—this was probably the last time he'd ever set foot here.

Seeing his smile, Charlotte's chest tightened inexplicably. She bit her lip. "You think you can just walk away after what you did?"

"What else then? What price do I have to pay?" He turned to face her.

He knew she came from a powerful family. Though she appeared calm and unassuming in this world, she could probably bring him to ruin with just a snap of her fingers.

And yet, it was Jack's cold, distant attitude that truly stung the most.

For some reason, seeing that look on his face made her eyes well up again. His gaze held so much, yet she couldn't quite put her finger on what.

And yet, she was the one who had been wronged just moments ago.

Her vision blurred as tears pooled in her eyes, threatening to spill. A strange mix

of sorrow and unease fluttered in her heart.

Seeing her like this, Jack's heart softened.

He stepped forward, gently placed a hand on her back, and patted her back.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't mean it just now. Next time, I'll ask for your permission first. Though, if you plan to tackle me again, maybe you should ask me too."

Hearing these words, Charlotte broke into a smile through her tears. She rolled her eyes at him as she replied, "Oh? So, you're hoping that there will be a next time, huh?"

Chapter 627

Jack froze for a moment before sighing helplessly. "Fine. What do you want then?"

"You're not allowed to leave! And as punishment, you have to drink that awful bitter coffee. No-wait. Make it two cups! Actually, no-five. No, ten cups would be more like it!"

For once, Charlotte showed a rare hint of playful stubbornness. Her charming demeanor made it impossible not to be captivated. It reminded him of that wonderful moment earlier when he had touched her soft, flawless skin. The memory sent a warm rush through his heart once again.

Sure enough, she turned and left, only to return shortly with a cup of coffee.

Jack had expected her to make it even more bitter.

But as soon as he took a sip, he was met with a rich, aromatic brew. Though still slightly bitter, it was just the natural taste of coffee.

The bitterness carried a hint of sweetness. She hadn't intended to tease him further but had earnestly prepared a delicious cup of coffee for him.

"What are you staring at? Surprised?" Charlotte shot him a playful glare. "Maybe I should've made it way more bitter after all!"

After speaking, her face turned slightly red. She quickly retreated downstairs to watch TV.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door opening echoed from below, followed by Charlotte's voice. "Uncle Frank, you're back!"

"Yeah, Char, do we have a guest?" A gentle voice responded, noticing the shoes by the entrance.

She answered, "Yes, a friend of mine. And it's the one you've always wanted to meet. His name is Jack Holland. He's upstairs in the study right now."

As the sound of approaching footsteps grew nearer, Charlotte did not come along.

Jack turned his head and saw a refined, bespectacled man standing at the door, wearing a gentle smile. "I see you're reading "Das Kapital". Are you into that whole macroeconomics thing?"

Jack quickly set the book down and stood up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Grant."

"Have a seat. I know who you are." The elegant man waved his hand with a smile. "I'm Charlotte's uncle, Frank Grant. There's no need for formalities between us- we can talk like friends."

Just then, Charlotte dutifully brought in two cups of coffee-her way of hosting guests.

When Jack saw the coffee she handed him, he wanted to decline. But when she shot him a sharp look, he had no choice but to accept.

"This is the third cup already..." He thought wryly. "At this rate, I won't have any appetite left for dinner."

But she didn't seem to care. Seeing his resigned expression, she felt a small sense of vindictive satisfaction.

After delivering the coffee, she left the room.

Frank took a sip, set his cup down, and smiled.

"You're Jack Holland, right? Char has told me about you. Mind if I call you Jack? Thank you very much for your help. According to Char, it was you who contacted the Paria authorities, ensuring the safety of everyone at the Crawford Embassy." Had it not been for Jack's intervention, Paria would never have opened its borders. It certainly wouldn't have provided high-level reception for the entire embassy staff.

Back then, the lives of everyone stationed there had hung in the balance.

Even now, Frank still found that miraculous night hard to believe.

And yet, the one who made it all possible was this unbelievably young man standing before him.

Faced with his praise, Jack remained humble.

"Oh, you're giving me too much credit, Mr. Grant. I just happen to know some people at Paria. When you were in trouble, of course I'd do whatever I could to help."

Chapter 628

Frank was utterly surprised.

Jack remained remarkably composed as he spoke. Even after achieving such a great feat, he showed no trace of arrogance.

His calm demeanor and poise left Frank deeply impressed.

Unable to hold back, he continued, "You know what? Due to certain circumstances, our country never established formal relations with Paria. But this time, they gave us a grand reception, and their leaders held talks with us. Now, we're about to officially establish diplomatic ties!"

At the mention of diplomacy, Frank's eyes lit up with excitement. After all, achieving that through his own efforts was something he could truly be proud of.

And in all this, Jack's connections had played a crucial role.

Even now, Frank still didn't fully understand why Paria had shown such high-level hospitality. Forging formal diplomatic relations with Paria was undoubtedly a major victory. It was a significant boost to his career in foreign affairs.

Jack's eyes lit up at the news. "Really?"

"How could I joke about something like this?" Frank couldn't help but laugh.

"Come to think of it, you're truly my lucky charm! And it seems we share many common interests."

When Frank called Jack his "lucky charm," it wasn't just because he had helped him out of danger. It was also because the diplomatic breakthrough had earned Frank valuable political capital. That alone could give his future career a significant boost.

It was truly a blessing in disguise. All of this was thanks to Jack. And as it turned out, the book Jack was holding happened to be one of Frank's favorites.

Jack nodded. The first thing that caught his eye as he entered the study was the prominently placed copy of "Das Kapital". The worn edges of the book made it clear it had been read many times.

Given his background in finance and his current role as CEO of Genesis Games, Jack had a keen interest in such works. He nodded again and replied, "Though I only read it occasionally."

"If you enjoy books, you're welcome to visit me in Perthter City anytime. I have quite a collection here—some rare editions you won't even find in public libraries. Despite our age difference, we can talk like friends."

Frank didn't put on the airs of an elder or a superior in front of Jack. In fact, he had always been curious about him. Being treated as a distinguished guest by the king of Paria was remarkable on its own. To remain so humble despite it was even more extraordinary for someone his age.

His quiet humility impressed Frank. It inspired him to seek a friendship that went beyond their age difference.

The two conversed in the study. Outside, Charlotte wondered how her uncle and Jack, a college student, could talk for so long.

They discussed everything from the political tensions between Paria and Claymonton to "Das Kapital". Eventually, their conversation shifted to global finance and international affairs.

Charlotte found it hard to imagine two people from such different generations. Yet,

they had somehow managed to find so much common ground.

By dinnertime, Zane, Neil, and Leo had returned, accompanied by Jack's acquaintance, Mona.

Everyone was delighted to see Jack. Leo and Neil greeted him with enthusiastic

bear hugs, while Zane offered a warm handshake.

Only Mona looked slightly surprised, likely not expecting to see Jack at the evening gathering.

Chapter 629

As dinner time approached, the group of youth bid farewell to Frank and headed to the hotel.

Before they left, Frank said, "Jack, drop by sometime and keep me company for a chat."

With that, he walked back into the house, leaving the others staring in surprise.

"What did you do to my uncle? I've never seen him talk to anyone that friendly!" Neil exclaimed, his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

Aside from Charlotte, no one else knew that Frank had escaped danger back then thanks to Jack's help.

Jack explained, "I just chatted with Mr. Grant about some books. I guess we found some common ground."

Neil teased, "You can really get along with those old-timers? You must have a thing for vintage everything!"

Zane laughed and added, "Well, Jack, you should visit more often. That way, when I come to see Neil and Charlotte, Mr. Grant won't give me the cold shoulder anymore."

This drew a round of chuckles. Jack nodded with a wry smile, thinking to himself that stopping by occasionally might not be a bad idea.

Everyone made their way to Dynasty Hotel, the most luxurious hotel in Perthter City.

Along the way, Jack learned that the dinner was being hosted by a friend named Glen Yarbrough. Apparently, it was to celebrate his birthday.

The fact that Glen could get Zane and the others to attend spoke volumes about his status in Perthter City.

Not only was Glen their senior, but he was also a master's graduate who had studied abroad in Angleria. His family assets were worth billions.

At Regent University, he was a prominent figure. He led a well-known band and ran several profitable cafés near campus.

Even more impressive, Glen had financed his entire overseas education himself. He even used his extra income to invest in a villa and other real estate in Perthter City.

He owned shares in the Dynasty Hotel as well.

No wonder he had once been the idol of proud youngsters like Zane and Charlotte. Even now, his achievements were nothing short of impressive.

The car arrived at Dynasty Hotel.

As soon as they stepped outside, their attention was immediately drawn to the luxurious waterfall curtain at the entrance. Bold, striking characters spelling out "Dynasty Hotel" stood proudly above it. Entering the hotel, two beautiful women in exquisite gowns bowed and greeted them.

"Welcome!"

The hotel doors opened onto an impressive courtyard. It was meticulously designed in the style of a traditional palace garden. Miniature bridges crossed winding streams, and striking rock formations added to its charm.

The pond was filled with carp, each worth millions. Their presence added to the opulent and majestic atmosphere.

When Zane and his group, along with Jack, appeared at the hotel, it immediately caused quite a stir.

Having lived in Perthter City for years, they had built extensive connections. Many who recognized them hurried over to greet them.

Meanwhile, inside, Glen had heard of their arrival and personally came out to welcome them.

He stood at five foot ten, dressed in sharp, modern attire. A stylish ponytail added the finishing touch to his look.

A group of trendsetting youth surrounded him, each carrying an unmistakable air of pride.

At the sight of Glen, Zane's and Neil's faces lit up with joy. Mona, in particular, couldn't help but shout excitedly, "Glen!"

Glen let out a hearty laugh and greeted them one by one.

"Zane! How's life at the University of Political Science and Law? Keep working hard. You've got big shoes to fill following your father's legacy!

"Neil, you're still as round as ever, huh? Put in some effort, and who knows? You might just turn into a heartthrob!

"Leo, looking solid there! Check out those well-defined pecs. I bet you've been hitting the gym hard, huh?"

Chapter 630

"Char, Mona, I can't believe how much more beautiful you've both become after all this time! I bet all the young men at school are completely smitten with you now. I'm even starting to feel a little tempted!"

Glen playfully addressed each friend present, his words light and effortless. The way he spoke revealed his natural charm and easy social grace.

Zane responded, "Glen, it's been so long. We've all missed you a lot."

Mona, her face lit up with excitement, said, "Glen, you've been studying abroad in Angleria and didn't even call me! Did the beautiful women there distract you so much you forgot about us?"

Glen burst into laughter. "How could I? I've just been swamped preparing for the Ph.D. entrance exams at Halewick University. I barely had any free time."

"Really?" Her eyes sparkled with admiration. "So... Do you think you'll get in?"

A smug look flickered across his face, but he quickly played it down. He then spoke with a quiet sense of pride. "Maybe? If nothing goes wrong, I should have a decent shot."

Mona's admiration only grew. She was certain that if Glen said he could do it, he definitely would.

Just then, Glen noticed Jack standing nearby and flashed a bright smile. "Oh? And who's this?"

Neil quickly introduced them. "Glen, this is our good friend Jack Holland. Jack, this is Glen-the one we've told you about."

"Nice to meet you, Glen."

Jack extended his hand, and Glen warmly shook it while casually asking, "It's an honor to have you here. By the way, what do your parents do for a living, Jack?"

In this circle, lineage and family background carried significant weight. Though Glen's question seemed offhand, it was really a probe into Jack's origins. Before he could respond, Mona cut in. "Jack's parents are ordinary farmers."

Mona had always been somewhat indifferent toward Jack. This is her being somewhat tactful. Otherwise, she might have bluntly revealed his parents' true profession.

Glen's expression flickered slightly before quickly reverting to a smile. "Well, Jack, you must have something extraordinary about you, then!"

With that, he immediately shifted his attention to Charlotte, inquiring, "By the way, Char, I heard Mr. Grant is also in Perthter City. Since it's my birthday, if he's nearby, why hasn't he stopped by? My parents would love to personally greet him later."

Charlotte explained, "My uncle is tied up with some business today. He's in the area, so if he has time, he'll probably drop by."

Frank's and Glen's families had a bit of history, and he had more or less watched Glen grow up. So it made perfect sense for him to stop by for a visit.

Glen nodded resignedly, then turned to Zane, Jack, and the others.

"Come on. Make yourselves comfortable! It's an honor to have you here. I can't wait to have a few drinks with you all later, so let's have a great time!"

Once Zane and Jack had walked away, the handsome young men around Glen began murmuring among themselves.

"Wow, Glen! You've really built a squad. These kids seem like they follow your lead. Don't tell me you've been corrupting the neighborhood youth again!"