Limits 691

Chapter 691

Leslie looked at Candace joyfully. When he noticed how elated she looked, he finally told her the words in his heart. "Candace, I hope you like the surprise I've prepared for you."

More explosions resounded around them just as the words left Leslie's mouth. This round of fireworks was even more deafening than the last. Not only did they explode on either side of the river, they also shot into the sky and exploded as far as the eye could see.

The fireworks were even bigger and brighter compared to the ones that came before. They exploded even more powerfully and impressively, the glow they left behind giving off the impression that they were lighting up the entire world.

Candace threw her arms around Leslie's neck ecstatically. "Leslie, thank you for giving me such a wonderful surprise for my birthday! You must have spent a lot of money preparing all these, right? I'm so grateful!"

However, Leslie was looking at the sky with a puzzled expression. "I only

arranged for the fireworks to be set off along either side of the river. Why does it feel like the entire city is helping me celebrate your birthday? Did the fireworks shop have some sort of promotion going on that I wasn't aware about? I will have to thank them profusely later if that's the case!"

When the fireworks exploded, colorful words began to form in the sky. However, the message wasn't directed to Candace this time around, instead they were addressed to Feena.

"Feena Barrett, I love you."

"I wish for our love to last for all eternity!"

"I want us to grow old together."

It turned out that the second and more impressive fireworks show was not prepared for Leslie and Candace. Instead, it was Jack, who had meticulously planned everything, for his beloved Feena.

Leslie's and Candace's expressions immediately darkened. Leslie was so upset that even his horrible experience of accidentally ingesting excrement when he was in the waste pit the night before paled in comparison. What humiliated him even more was how extravagant Jack's fireworks show was. It made the fireworks show he prepared for Candace look pathetic in comparison as it was completely overshadowed by Jack's.

They were surrounded by fireworks as far as the eye could see. The well-wishes and messages that lingered in the sky were all addressed to Feena, being variations of "I love you, Feena" and "Feena, I'll love you for the next 10,000 years".

Candace was no longer elated, instead she looked extremely dissatisfied. It was true that comparing oneself with someone else often led to unhappiness. Candace had assumed that she would be the star of her birthday banquet. She never dreamed that she would be upstaged by another woman. It was beyond humiliating.

Meanwhile, Leslie's anger was about to reach a boiling point. He silently cursed at Jack, cursing him for being despicable enough to ruin his plans to impress Candace on purpose. Leslie had spent a good amount of time planning Candace's birthday banquet, only to have Jack ruin it just like that. Was he trying to force Leslie into a dead end?

Jack felt like he was being wronged. He truly didn't plan to ruin Leslie's birthday surprise, so he shouldn't be blamed for it. After all, how could he have known that Candace and Feena shared the same birthday?

If anything, they shouldn't have stuck around to watch Jack's firework show after Leslie's was already over. They only embarrassed themselves by doing so.

There was no point in continuing to watch the fireworks show, so Leslie suppressed his rage and suggested, "Candace, shall we take a ride on the ferris wheel?"

He had a necklace clutched tightly in his hand. Candace had a dream-she wanted to accept a confession from the man she loved the most while riding a ferris wheel. She believed that their love would last forever that way. Leslie had decided to fulfill her wish that day.

However, when they made it to the ferris wheel with hands intertwined tightly with one another, the staff stopped them from proceeding any further.

"I'm so sorry, sir," the staff said. "The ferris wheel has been fully booked out for the night. I can't let the two of you pass."

"What? Say that again."

Leslie was already in a foul mood. Upon hearing that the ferris wheel was fully booked out, his rage burned even more fiercely.

The staff simply ignored Leslie's anger and repeated in a cold tone, "I'm sorry, sir. The ferris wheel has been booked out tonight. You can't ride it."

"Who's the one who booked out the ferris wheel?" Leslie roared. "Tell him to show his face right now! I'm going to beat the jackass to a pulp!"

Chapter 692

Leslie was beyond furious. He was the heir of the Cline family, and yet someone would dare book out the ferris wheel when he was trying to impress Candace.

A loud voice hollered at them from a short distance away. "What's going on? Why are you making such a ruckus?"

Jack appeared with Feena in tow. They were holding hands as they strolled leisurely toward Leslie before stopping before him. "Why do I keep running into you wherever I go? Do you have some sort of grudge against me?"

Leslie's face had turned steely, and he had to grit out each word through clenched teeth. "Jack Holland, what the hell do you want?"

"I don't want anything from you," Jack replied callously. "I simply wish to celebrate my girlfriend's birthday. Do the two of you want to ride the ferris wheel too? That's totally fine with me. I was feeling very happy today, so I booked out the entire ride.

"But since you're already here, I'll give you a little reward-you can ride in one of the cabins for free! Besides, it's not as if I'm lacking the money from your tickets."

Leslie nearly blew his top off from how incensed he was. He was the heir of the Cline family, he didn't need anyone to "reward" him. What did Jack treat him as? A goddamned beggar? He felt as if he might be angry enough to spit blood when he looked at Jack's cheeky face.

But he also felt conflicted when he saw how Candace was gazing at the ferris wheel longingly. Should he accept Jack's so-called "reward"? However, he felt as if death was the less painful option compared to having to accept Jack's

generosity.

Besides, Leslie wasn't the type of man who would throw away his pride for the sake of a woman. But wouldn't all his hard work in planning the birthday banquet be all for naught if he rejected Jack's offer? Leslie still desired to make his relationship with Candace official before the night was over. It would be such a waste if he gave up now!

He had no other choice but to admit defeat for Candace's sake. After all, if he could force himself to stomach the excrement that he accidentally ingested when he was hiding in the pit last night, he could force himself to stomach anything that Jack threw at him.

Thus, Leslie abandoned his pride and exclaimed, "Motherfucker! Since you're so eager to let me ride the ferris wheel for free, it would be a waste if I rejected your offer."

The staff began to whisper amongst themselves. "Look! He's really acting like a beggar!"

Candace had gone on ahead, so she hadn't heard them. But Leslie had, and he nearly tripped over his own two feet after being blinded by rage.

They finally made it into the ferris wheel cabin. Candace was wholly engrossed in staring out the window at the scenery of the river below them. Leslie reached into his pocket and brushed his fingers against the necklace that he had purchased after haggling for a discount. He wondered if he should gift it to her now.

But then he recalled how they were seated in the cabin that Jack had "given" to them. He felt as if he would be proposing to a woman that Jack discarded if he confessed to Candace at that moment. It didn't sit right with Leslie.

He decided to hold off the confession for now. He would gift the necklace to Candace after they got off the ferris wheel. Although he had purchased it with a discount, the necklace had still cost Leslie 20,000 dollars. He should be able to capture Candace's heart for the time being after spending such a sizeable sum of money on her.

"Oh my god! It's so beautiful!"

When Jack and Feena got into the ferris wheel cabin, a row of fireworks rocketed into the sky from the street that was opposite the river. Each firework exploded in a higher altitude than the last, giving off the illusion of a cresting wave.

At the same time, images of the times that Jack and Feena spent together were projected onto the skyscrapers that were directly opposite of the ferris wheel. It became obvious that the cabin they were in had been specially selected to ensure that they would have the best view.

Jack hugged Feena tightly as they enjoyed the gorgeous fireworks show together. It was a touching scene that would move any woman's heart. No one could have guessed that Jack, who was known to be rather inexperienced when it came to feelings, would be able to put together such a romantic moment.

Their romantic date slowly reached its climax as the ferris wheel continued to spin. 30 minutes later, Jack held Feena's hand as they alighted from the ferris wheel cabin. At the same time, Leslie's and Candace's ferris wheel ride also came to an end.

Chapter 693

Leslie's face was rather somber, clearly disgusted by Jack's "reward". On the other hand, Candace was practically glowing with joy and satisfaction. Seeing how happy Candace looked, Leslie had no other choice but to suppress the disgust that he felt in his heart. It seemed like the right time for him to confess to her. He couldn't let things just end like this.

No matter the journey that led him here, Leslie had spent a lot of blood, sweat, and tears to get to this point. It was time for him to reap the fruits of his labor. He pulled out the necklace from his pocket and knelt down on one knee before Candace. He stared at her with the most charming gaze he could muster and declared passionately, "Candace, the truth is I've loved you for a long time. Would you be my girlfriend?"

Leslie opened the jewelry box carefully, revealing the necklace inside that sparkled brilliantly. The necklace cost 20,000 dollars and was suitably gorgeous. It would even be considered a luxurious gift for any girlfriend to accept.

"What the fuck!" someone exclaimed suddenly. "Jack, isn't that the free gift you received when you bought your necklace? Why is it with him? Not only that, but he's also trying to give it to another woman?"

The person's exclamation had left everyone in the vicinity stunned. Samuel had a keen eye, so he was able to immediately recognize the necklace that Leslie was offering to Candace. It was an exact copy of the free gift that Jack had received after purchasing "Ocean's Heart".

What surprised everyone the most was how Leslie was using a complimentary gift as a present for another woman. It was also unfortunate timing that Jack, who owned the real necklace, was present at the scene. Everyone's eyes were pinned on Leslie, which made his face turn a ruddy shade of red.

"What kind of nonsense are you spouting?" Leslie bellowed, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and anger.

Samuel was not intimidated in the slightest. "I'm not lying. Did you buy that necklace from Roscoes? Do you dare to verify it? Jack has one in his pocket right now while the one that you have is just a complimentary gift."

Samuel's words sounded extremely convincing, and there was nothing Leslie could say to counter him. He had indeed bought the same necklace for 28,000 dollars in the past and had even thought that he had stumbled upon a great deal when he purchased the second one at a discounted price. He never would have imagined that it was actually a complimentary gift that came together with Jack's other more expensive purchase.

What embarassed Leslie the most was how the necklace had been a free gift that Jack didn't care about at all. He felt so humiliated that he was almost overcome with the urge to jump into the river to end his life. He was the heir to the Cline family, and he had never suffered such embarrassment in his life.

Meanwhile, Feena stared at Jack with her pretty eyes. She wondered when Jack had found the time to buy the necklace.

Jack said, "I'm sorry, I actually wanted to keep it a secret. But since Samuel has let the cat out of the bag, I'll give the necklace to you now."

Jack retrieved a small but intricate box from his pocket. He took out "Ocean's Heart" that was worth over a million dollars and presented it to Feena as if it was a precious treasure. "I hope you like this necklace, Feena," Jack said feelingly.

The streetlamps that lined either side of Goldbank River shone down on "Ocean's Heart", the lights reflecting off the jewels in a stunning kaleidoscope of colorful rays. It was as gorgeous as a dream.

The necklace that Leslie had paled in comparison to Jack's and almost seemed like a joke when the necklaces were placed side-by-side. It was too embarrassing to even compare both of them at the same level.

Feena felt like she had fallen into a dream when she stared at the necklace resting on Jack's palm. Her heart was hammering against her ribcage as tears started to slide down her cheeks, dripping onto the necklace in Jack's outstretched hand.

"I love it!" Feena exclaimed as she grabbed the necklace and held it tightly in her hands.

The pink diamonds glittered under the lights beautifully. Jack had prepared one surprise after another for Feena, allowing her to experience happiness that she had never felt before. She would carve the memories of tonight deep in her heart. "As long as you like it."

Jack gently brought Feena into his embrace before letting his eyes slide shut. He kissed her then, and she kissed him back enthusiastically in response, completely ignoring the eyes of the people around them.

Meanwhile, Leslie's hand was still suspended in the air, still in the middle of gifting the necklace he had purchased at a discount to Candace. He felt as if he was living through the most humiliating moment of his life.

Chapter 694

Leslie knew that he was caught between a rock and a hard place. However, he had no other choice but to tough it out and continue giving the necklace to Candace. He knew that when compared to the huge diamonds that were inlaid in Jack's necklace, his own seemed rather lacking, but Leslie was still hopeful that he would be able to swindle Candace into being his girlfriend.

Meanwhile, Candace had a terribly upset expression on her face. She wouldn't be so hurt if the comparison hadn't been made. No woman would be willing to be on the losing side of such a humiliating comparison.

Leslie was still filled with hope as he waited for Candace's response. However, that hope was completely extinguished when Candace replied, "I'm sorry!"

Shock was written all over Leslie's face as he stared at Candace. "What did you say? Could you repeat that one more time?"

He couldn't believe his ears. The prince was being rejected by a mere ugly duckling? Did Candace have a death wish?

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, Leslie! Thank you for celebrating my birthday with me and preparing so many surprises for me. It really felt as if I was in a dream. However, I can only apologize to you."

Candace's face was immensely apologetic. She shook her head and continued, "I don't want to lie to you... Do you know why I want to ride on the ferris wheel with someone else on my birthday?"

"Why?" Leslie gritted out his question through clenched teeth.

"It's because my ex-boyfriend broke up with me on my birthday last year while we were riding the ferris wheel," Candace admitted tearfully. "I can never forget him or the unbearable pain he inflicted on me at that moment. You've always just been my replacement for him!"

"What the fuck!"

Leslie leapt to his feet in a fit of anger. He was truly having the worst day of his life. He thought that the day would end on a happy note, but the outcome ended up being worse than everything else he was forced to endure. He was the heir of the Cline family, and yet Candace didn't even regard him as a second choice? He was just a replacement for her ex-boyfriend?

He wasn't even a replacement, he was just a lovesick puppy who followed her around blindly. The stress was too much for Leslie to bear, and he ended up spitting out a glob of blood on the spot.

From a short distance away, Jack said in a panicked voice, "If you're going to die, do it somewhere else that isn't my girlfriend's birthday celebration!"

It would be much too depressing of an ending for such a wonderful day if someone dropped dead out of the blue. Thankfully, Leslie had a strong vitality and wouldn't die just yet.

Candace left the scene on her own. Leslie, who was nearly angered to death, also suppressed the rage in his heart before taking his leave from Exclusive Aftertaste. He finally made it to his car despite his wobbly steps. He was stuck in a daze, so he ended up accidentally colliding with two younger men.

"Watch where you're going," Leslie scolded, unable to help himself.

The man who reeked of the stench of alcohol scolded in return, "Heh! Who the hell do you think you are to tell me what to do? I should rough you up to teach you a lesson!"

Leslie, whose pride had suffered a terrible blow, was already in low spirits. He didn't expect to be disrespected by a pair of lowlife gangsters as well. His temper exploded as he shouted, "You damned sons of bitches! Repeat what you just said if you have the balls!"

Leslie was not someone to be trifled with. He was the heir of a prestigious family in Alnewgo. Plenty of big shots had to defer to him. He would not tolerate being threatened by a pair of lowlifes.

"I'll fulfill your death wish!"

The two gangsters had nothing to their name and only had their pride to lose. Without another word, they delivered a flying kick toward Leslie.

Chapter 695

Leslie was sent flying by Luke Morefield's powerful kick. Damian Cendrillon, the other gangster with blond hair, was also raring to get his hands dirty. He ripped off his shirt before leaping in to join the fight. They flanked Leslie as they rained down blows on him, making Leslie yelp pathetically as he cried out for help. It didn't take long before he was beaten to a pulp.

Seeing that Luke and Damian had no intentions of stopping their assault-they even found themselves some bricks to beat him with-Leslie finally grew panicked. "Stop... stop hurting me. I admit that I was wrong..."

Leslie shouldn't have been so foolish, but his emotions had first been compromised by Jack, and then Candace, leaving him in a state of irrationality. He should have known that gangsters like Luke and Damian loved their pride the most. They would go insane if he insulted them, to the point where they would even hurt his family. They didn't care about his identity or his status. They operated on the principle of punch first, questions later.

"It's too late to beg for forgiveness now! I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

It wasn't easy to find someone who they could take out their frustrations on to regain some of their confidence. Now that they had successfully captured a target, they weren't going to let Leslie off that easily.

They smashed the bricks against Leslie's head mercilessly, allowing him to experience the terrifying feeling of having his head cracked open. They were only satisfied after they beat Leslie till his entire face was covered in blood.

They slashed the wheels of Leslie's car after they were done beating him up and also smashed the steering wheel to bits. They also stole all of his money as well as the necklace that was worth 28,000 dollars.

Before they left, they pointed at Leslie and scolded, "You little bitch! Open your eyes and watch where you're going next time!"

"Yes, I will! Please have mercy... I'll be sure to open my eyes wider next time..." Leslie mumbled as he groveled at their feet, afraid that they'll start beating him up again.

"That's more like it," Luke said as he spit on Leslie.

They swaggered away while counting the bills that they had stolen from Leslie, leaving him lying on the ground. He stared at the sky, wanting to cry but the tears just refused to come.

Ronan, who had suffered a terrible fate just like Leslie, suddenly reappeared in a miserable state. The thugs who had caught him that day locked him up in a bullpen after beating the living daylights out of him, leaving him to the mercy of all the mosquitoes that were buzzing around him.

The thugs had then tried to force him to tell them the names of everyone who had conspired with Leslie to go against Jack. Ronan had been caught in a battle of brains and brawn with the thugs. It had been extremely difficult, but he was able to slip away without alerting them to his escape.

After hearing Ronan's story, it became clear that the thugs had been sent by Jack. Leslie didn't understand how Jack could have found out that they were behind the rumors when they had covered up their tracks so meticulously.

However, Leslie was immensely grateful toward Ronan for not revealing the names of the other conspirators to the thugs. On the other hand, Ronan felt a heaviness pressing down on his chest when he noticed the sorry state Leslie was

in.

He could clearly remember that Leslie had managed to escape from the thugs. Why did he look even worse than Ronan did at that moment?

Naturally, Leslie wasn't going to tell Ronan about all the humiliation he had suffered in the last two days. He didn't even want to think about what had happened. From being beaten up in the diamond store, to being locked up in the public security office, to almost getting kidnapped, and finally having to hide in an excrement pit to save his skin-Leslie thought that he was already living through the unluckiest day of his life.

He had no way of knowing that things were only going to get worse from then on. His plans of going steady with Candace had been completely ruined thanks to the bastard, Jack. He had spent so much money, but in the end, Candace hadn't even considered him as a second choice. To her, he was just a lapdog that trailed after her blindly.

Not only that, but he had also been beaten up by a pair of gangsters out of the blue. Leslie was so infuriated by everything that had happened to him that he would jerk awake in the middle of the night if even a hint of it showed up in his dreams.

But what made Leslie the angriest was how Genesis Games' stock market value continued to rise on the Masdaq Stock Exchange. It was already on the brink of surpassing 15 billion dollars. Although the value was still a far cry from the price it had started out with when Genesis first became a public-listed company, it had already recovered greatly from its lowest point.

Leslie and Yohann had invested so many resources to tear Genesis Games down and yet these were the results that they had to show for it.

Chapter 696

Leslie decided that he had to take revenge no matter what. His phone started ringing suddenly just as he was putting his head together with Ronan to figure out a way to get back at Jack. His expression twisted into one of displeasure after he answered the call.

After disconnecting the call, Leslie said in a low voice, "Mr. Daane, it seems that an issue has come up with my family."

The core of the Cline family's assets was Cline Corporation. The company specialized in international trade, but following the decline of the world's economy in recent years, Cline Corporation's businesses had also been heavily impacted, causing them to suffer great losses.

On top of that, it was getting more and more difficult to obtain a bank loan, which meant that the Cline family's finances were extremely tight. To relieve some of the financial pressure, Cline Corporation pushed out an Aircab project.

The project aimed to solve the traffic issue in the city and also hoped to gain the support of national policies and private funding. Cline Corporation sent a large number of their staff to many different major banks, especially the Rural Credit Association and other places, to carry out their financing activities. However, their main target were the villagers who lived in rural areas.

Cline Corporation also pushed out what seemed to be a type of commercial insurance to attract the attention of potential investors. They promised that after purchasing the insurance, the buyer would only need to pay a fixed annual fee. In exchange, the buyer would receive their capital back after a few years along with a pension.

The model of the commercial insurance raised many questions and concerns for many people. They worried that it was actually a type of Bonzi scheme, and they would end up losing all their investments with nothing to show for it.

To push the project along, Cline Corporation sent their staff to different banks and associations to start a partnership with them. They mainly targeted the women and elderly in the villages with the assumption that these groups of people were easier to convince to join them.

In the beginning, the project proceeded smoothly. Cline Corporation even conducted tests with a light rail tram in the middle of a busy road in the city recently. The event was heavily covered by various media outlets, which in turn caused their commercial insurance to explode in popularity.

However, an unnamed reporter came forward to expose Cline Corporation's light rail tram project for what it really was a fraudulent scam. The large-scale factory that they boasted about owning in Alnewgo turned out to just be an empty plot of land that was overgrown with weeds.

Chaos erupted once the news broke. Even Cline Corporation was caught off- guard by the sudden exposé. The person who contacted Leslie had called him to deliver the news.

To Ronan, Leslie said, "We've run into some trouble. I need you to endorse the company as a lawyer."

The reality was that Cline Corporation's financing activities were extremely similar to how a Bonzi scheme operated. The company also employed many methods that were typically used by other commercial insurance companies. As long as the money flow was not disrupted, everything would operate smoothly. But if the exposé caused the money flow to dry up, the consequences would be dire.

After bidding his farewells to Ronan, Leslie headed to a club that he owned. He then began to relentlessly call a friend to ask for his help. The person he was trying to get in contact with was none other than the king of Alnewgo's underground world, Sebastian Franco.

Sebastian had a notorious reputation amongst those who lurked in Alnewgo's underground society. He was akin to a character in a black myth. Although Jack had carved out a name for himself during the Narthorn incident, when compared to Sebastian, he was nothing.

Sebastian was in his mid-forties. Leslie had heard rumors that he had first entered the Alnewgo underground when he was only eight years old. By fifteen, he had already become infamous amongst the Alnewgo residents. He was ruthless and powerful. Many stories of his conquests were circulated around Alnewgo.

Even though Jack had brought Caspian with him to take over the Narthorn district, he had yet to be acknowledged by Sebastian. Leslie decided to fork over a large sum of money to get Sebastian's help. He would then use his power to get revenge on Jack!

Chapter 697

When Leslie met up with Sebastian, he noticed that the passing of time had been kind to him, and he still looked young and sturdy. He had a smattering of scars from either gun or knife wounds, each one serving as a badge of honor that proved that he was the top dog in Alnewgo's underground society.

Sebastian was sitting with his legs spread far apart as he listened intently to Leslie's request. After Leslie was done speaking, Sebastian nodded and asked, "I heard that this Jack Holland character is quite skilled at playing the power game. He even calls himself the leader of the Narthorn district."

Next to him, one of Sebastian's sharp-eyed lackeys nodded in the affirmative. Leslie rushed to further stoke the flames. "His actions are a clear challenge of your authority! You have to snip his ridiculous behavior at the bud before it gets a chance to grow any further."

Sebastian asked, "What about his history?"

Leslie explained, "He's currently a university student, but he's also the founder of a game company. There's nothing significant about his background. His hometown is Perther City, and both his parents are farmers!"

"Is that so?" Sebastian asked, interest piqued.

It appeared that Jack was the perfect target for blackmail. He deserved to be respected for being able to find success through his own hard work, but it also meant that he had no background support to speak of. Entrepreneurs who were born in insignificant families were often the easiest targets, a fact that rang true whether it be in the business world or in the underbelly of society.

Sebastian had been doing business in Alnewgo for a long time. He was deeply aware that people like Jack were the easiest to be blackmailed. Being wealthy was far from enough to protect one's assets. Power and violence were the most important factors to keep one's belongings safe.

He had seen and also led too many wealthy people who didn't have a good background to their demise. Those who wielded authority, power, and violence only had to flick their finger to cause a billion-dollar fortune to disappear in the blink of an eye.

Sebastian himself had forced a few billionaires to topple into the abyss. It wasn't that he was ruthless for no good reason. He had to look out for his underlings, and he also had to keep his salacious night business running. Both of these required him to have an endless supply of money.

A wealthy man who wielded no authority was Sebastian's ideal target. He had only made it this far in life because he was ruthless in his methods, and he had an astounding number of subordinates. It was also why he was bestowed with the title of "King of Alnewgo". For a thug who clawed his way to the top from the lowest rung of society, there was no need for concepts such as morality and humanity.

Seeing that Sebastian's interest had been piqued, Leslie hurried to seal the deal. "Mr. Franco, I'll send all his details to you shortly, and I promise to be very discreet about it."

Sebastian nodded in approval. "Very good! When you're free, let's have a meal together with your parents."

The Cline family's assets were valued at over billions of dollars. Their company had been operating in Alnewgo for many years, so they had a considerable influence over both the political and business worlds. Naturally, Sebastian was more than willing to nurture a relationship with such a wealthy family that had both authority and power.

The Cline family also welcomed the opportunity to establish a relationship with an individual such as Sebastian. He wielded a power that differed from theirs that would be very useful when they were faced with challenging problems. There was also another reason as to why Sebastian and the Cline family were on good terms.

Leslie nodded his head vigorously in agreement. "Sure! Then I'll leave the rest to you, Mr. Franco."

He couldn't wait to see Jack be beaten to a pulp by Sebastian while his girlfriend was assaulted. He was also looking forward to the scene of Jack's assets that were worth billions to disappear into nothingness.

Meanwhile in Narthorn district, Megastar Entertainment Club.

The club used to be Julian's stronghold once upon a time, but it had been transformed into Caspian's business. That night, Megastar operated as usual. Caspian led a group of lackeys to patrol around the club. After realizing that everything was operating as it should, he ducked into the gym to work out.

The club reached its business peak at around 9:00 pm. A group of men and women who were dressed trendily entered the club and booked two rooms. A few moments later, a group of men that looked like they were up to no good stormed into the club.

Chapter 698

"We're with the police investigators! Everyone on the ground right now!" the men hollered.

However, the men had pudgy faces and were not dressed in uniform. They even had tattoos covering their bodies. Instead of investigators, they looked more like vicious thugs.

Seeing that things were spiraling out of control, the security guards of the club rushed onto the scene. A bespectacled guard, who was named Paulo Jefferson, stepped forward and said, "Sir, we're open to discuss the situation at hand in a civil manner."

"Fuck! We're carrying out our duties as investigators so you can fuck right off!" a blond man, who went by the name, Barry Blunt, responded before aiming a powerful kick at Paulo.

Paulo was knocked off his feet by the kick. The other guards roared with indignation and wanted to rush forward to defend him, but Paulo quickly stopped them. He ignored the immense pain and forced a smile onto his face.

"Sirs, we've always been a legal business and have never violated the law. If there's anything about Megastar that you're dissatisfied with, we hope that you can find it in yourselves to forgive us. There's no need to get violent, right? Since everyone's already here, the bill is on us for tonight!"

Paulo knew that if he stayed patient, the issue might still be able to be resolved peacefully. After all, Megastar operated in a harmonious manner. He wouldn't lose his temper unless the situation backed him into a corner with no other way to retaliate.

However, Barry was not sympathetic toward his efforts. He dealt a powerful slap across Paulo's face and yelled, "Stop talking shit! We're carrying out our duty as investigators. How dare you try to bargain with us!"

"Boss, we found-No, I mean, my fellow investigator, we've captured someone who's using drugs!"

The men searched through the rooms, and it didn't take long for them to drag out five to six young men and women. Coincidentally, they were part of the group of well-dressed youngsters from before.

Barry scoffed as he grabbed one of the women who had a heavy layer of makeup on. "Were you using drugs in the room just now?"

"Yes," the woman answered without missing a beat.

"Where did you get the drugs from? Who gave them to you?" questioned Barry.

The woman pointed at Paulo and said, "They're the ones who sold them to us." Paulo immediately understood what was happening. "You're trying to frame us for a crime we didn't commit?"

A grim smile stretched across Barry's face. "What? Not only are you selling drugs to these people, but you're also providing a space for them to take it. Come, everyone. Seal off the premises and arrest all the staff."

Paulo turned furious. "Don't you dare—"

He wasn't able to finish his sentence before a pained yowl was ripped out of him. Barry had punched him squarely in the gut, causing him to fall to the ground once more. Barry then stepped on his chest. He waved his hand and declared, "Destroy this place. Anyone who dares to retaliate will have to face me and my machete!"

The security guards wanted to stop them, but they were attacked by dozens of men who leapt forward from behind Barry while brandishing machetes. The guards fell unmoving to the floor as the club

descended into utter chaos. The patrons were frightened out of their minds as they made a hasty escape.

"Who... who the hell are you people?" Paulo asked, his voice trembling.

Barry didn't reply. Instead, he pulled out a small dagger and stabbed it into Paulo's palm, forcing him to let out an excruciating scream. The blade sank right through his flesh, pinning him to the table.

Barry laughed maniacally. "You don't deserve to know who I am. Tell your boss, Jack Holland, to show himself! Tell him that the boss will be waiting for him on 18 Peace Street in Narthorn District!"

Someone had sent out a distress signal long ago, but reinforcements were unable to rush to Paulo and the others' aid. Caspian and his men were also in trouble. A sharp-eyed man had led a group of thugs into the gym, trapping Caspian, Boris, and Nick Wilder in the room. The thugs were equipped with weapons as they started swinging them wildly at Caspian and the others.

Although Caspian and the others were skilled at fighting, they still found themselves struggling at the relentless assault. It didn't take long for them to be covered in blood. Realizing that the thugs were out for their lives, Caspian yelled, "Everyone, retreat!"

The sharp-eyed man barked out a condescending laugh. "You want to escape? How laughable."

The man wielded a machete with extreme precision. He aimed the blade at Boris, who was right in front of him, and swung the machete downward, cleanly slicing off Boris' fingers. The man flicked his wrist and brought the machete down again. Nick collapsed onto the floor, his body twitching uncontrollably.

Chapter 699

"I'm going to make you pay!"

Upon seeing his friend lying in a pool of blood, Caspian charged toward him

angrily.

The sharp-eyed man, Fabian Scarborough, charged at Caspian with full force, but Caspian stood his ground, completely unfazed by the impact. Meanwhile, Fabian felt a sharp pain in his chest as if a rock had hit it.

Fabian swung his machete at Caspian once more. Caspian quickly dodged, but a sharp pain shot through the back of his head.

The heavy blow of the club had struck him. His mind buzzed loudly, and his body toppled sideways onto a nearby table.

Caspian tried getting up, but a searing, tearing pain shot through his chest, making it impossible for him to do so. He looked down and was shocked to see Fabian had pinned him down to the table with a knife.

"Feast your eyes on my wrath!"

A merciless ruthlessness flowed through Fabian's eyes-killing Caspian was nothing more than killing an ant.

Caspian was severely injured, yet he fiercely taunted, "Who do you think you are? I'll make sure to stay alive so that you won't see the light of day."

"Listen carefully. My name is Fabian Scarborough. If you're planning to look for me, come to the Calisota region."

Fabian let out a chilling laugh. Only after seeing Caspian's men either dead or wounded did he finally turn away, leaving with his men, satisfied.

Meanwhile, Jack was unaware of what had happened at the Megastar Entertainment Club.

That morning, Jack was sound asleep in his dorm.

The security personnel barged in and cuffed him. "Jack Holland, please offer your cooperation with our investigation."

"Sir, could you uncuff me, please? Aren't you asking me for my cooperation?" Jack asked. His face was riddled with confusion."

After cuffing him, the young security officer's demeanor shifted. "Do you really think you're just here to cooperate with an investigation? You know exactly what you've done."

Jack forcefully resisted his anger and followed after him.

Jack was taken to a police station. As soon as he entered the room, he was tied up and asked to squat on the ground.

Then, the officer left Jack in the corner and went to attend to his business, acting as if Jack were invisible to him.

On the side, a few tall and strong young men were deep in their conversation. Each of them radiated an air of intimidation, making Jack look like nothing more than a petty thief in comparison.

These young officers were not in a rush to interrogate Jack. Instead, they conversed about matters within the agency.

Jack grew dissatisfied after squatting for so long. He couldn't take it anymore, got

up and asked, "Sir, can you start the questioning? You've gotta tell me what I'm being accused of, no?"

One of the young officers rolled his eyes and said, "Stay down! No one asked you to stand up."

Jack ignored him.

The young officer was enraged and was about to beat him up. Then, the short young officer gave him a knowing look, causing him to stop.

At this moment, a young man entered dressed in tennis clothes and glanced at Jack indifferently. Then, he handed a cigarette to the young officer. "Thank you for your hard work, Mike. Mr. Cline will treat everyone to a good time!"

"You're too kind, Rex. It's not a big deal at all. This punk needs to be taught a lesson. He thinks he's some powerful gangster but has forgotten who he really is," Mike said with a bright smile as he took the cigarette from him.

The stout officers standing by looked uneasy. "Rex, this isn't going to cause any trouble, right?"

"With Mr. Cline backing us up, there's nothing to worry about," Rex said, glaring at him.

"Great! I feel better now."

The stout officer felt assured. After all, Leslie Cline was a known name within the Alnewgo circle.

Rex nodded. "You're free to do whatever it takes to make this little punk confess."

After Rex left, Mike and the stout officer slipped on their boxing gloves and started squaring up to Jack.

Chapter 700

With a sly grin, Mike said, "I heard you think you're all that. Is that true? How dare you pick a fight with Mr. Cline?"

Jack couldn't be bothered to waste his time on these rascals.

"You're doomed!"

Suddenly, Mike swung a fist at Jack's gut. Then, he kicked his waist.

To his surprise, Jack remained unfazed as if Mike's attacks were merely scratching an itch.

Jack even mockingly glared at him and asked, "Is that all you've got? Give me some challenge, for goodness sake."

"I'm going to kill you!" Mike was enraged.

Then, he suddenly swung his fist at Jack's head, leaving the stout officer in a state of distress when he saw it.

"Mike, watch it! You wouldn't want any blood on your hands."

Jack had once been a martial arts master, and his punches carried immense power. If he were to strike with full force in a fit of rage, it could cost someone's life. Yet, Jack stood there as solid as steel, unfazed by Mike's blows.

"Put some strength into it," Jack taunted. "Is this how weak you are when you're with women too?"

"You son of a bitch! I'll kill you with my bare hands!" Mike exclaimed, enraged.

As an elite security officer who had immense physical strength, it was humiliating for Jack to mock him for appearing weak.

Mike snapped a metal rod in half and swung it at Jack. The stout officer quickly stopped him. "Mike, you might kill him if you continue this way."

"Then, so be it. Mr. Cline has already given orders that this punk will be given the death penalty anyway."

Mike screamed in anger and smacked the metal rod hard on Jack's head. This was a huge blow. Even if Jack was a man of steel, blood began to flow from his head.

However, to Mike's surprise, Jack was still conscious even after suffering such massive blunt force trauma.

Jack laughed. "How useless! Why don't you scratch my itch some more?"

Mike was still riddled with hatred, but the stout officer held him tightly, stopping him.

If Jack died before the trial, it would cause unnecessary trouble.

Mike's father was the head of the district, so Mike wasn't afraid of trouble, but the stout officer couldn't afford to take the fall for this.

After persuading Mike to stop, the stout officer did not interrogate Jack further. Without attending to his wound, he threw Jack into the detainment center.

Jack fell into a deep sleep, but not long after, someone dragged him out to continue the interrogation.

In the dark interrogation room, Mike was smoking a cigarette, covering the entire room with smoke.

Jack was once again bound to a metal chair. This time, his neck was bound with a metal chain. Mike huffed a ring of smoke. This time, he didn't use brute force. Instead, he followed the procedure and asked, "Name?"

"Jack Holland."

"Occupation?"

"Student at Alnewgo University."

"Gender?"

"Female."

Mike slammed his palm hard on the table and glared chillingly at Jack before continuing, "Tell me. Are you the owner of Megastar Entertainment Club?"

"Yes!"

It was at this moment that Jack finally realized that what had happened today had something to do with Megastar Entertainment Club.

He was apprehended first thing in the morning, and they had confiscated his phone. He had no idea that something bad had happened to Megastar Entertainment Club.

"Good! Then, you must be aware that your entertainment club is trafficking drugs, providing a venue for others to use these drugs, and is involved in organized crime and violence, right?"

Jack shook his head. "I've never done any of the treacherous things you've mentioned and have never allowed the people under me to do the same too."

"We have eyewitnesses and concrete evidence. Do you think you can escape the law by mere quibble?"