Limits 711

Chapter 711

Faced with empty promises Leslie was making, the elderly crowd wasn't buying it. "Why should we believe you? Stop this nonsense, and give us our money back."

"It's not that we don't want to return the money. It's just that all the funds gathered have been invested in building the high-speed rail, which includes purchasing factories and production lines. Please trust me.

"As the general manager, I'll never deceive you. Your investments will double within the year! By then, others will be begging to get a piece of the project, but won't even have the chance.

"Once we go public, you'll be the pioneering shareholders. The shares will be worth ten times what you've invested in the first place."

A bald, elderly man said, "You're fooling no one! I heard that the relevant authorities are launching an investigation against you."

Leslie replied confidently, "Sir, I can't believe you would believe the rumors festered in business competition. Our rivals are spreading rumors to slander us because they have the real calibre to compete with us."

As he spoke to this point, Leslie cleared his throat and continued, "However, if you insist on getting your initial investment back, we'll return it to you three days from now, okay? However, if you want to invest in our project again after receiving the money, you won't get the chance to anymore."

The elderly man couldn't be bothered and said, "We only want our initial investments back. We don't care about the project. I want my investment back today. What are we supposed to do if you run off three days from now?"

"Yes, he's right! We want the money today. Otherwise, what are we supposed to do if you run off?"

"Give us our money today or we'll smash your car to pieces."

Sweat began to form on Leslie's forehead as he noticed how the elderly folks were not giving in. However, he still maintained a professional smile.

"Ladies and gentlemen, even if we retrieve the money from the bank, you'll have to show some identification, like your identification card or bank book to collect the money. How about this? Get your identification ready and come and collect the money as soon as you can. How about that?"

Then, Leslie paused and said, "However, I know it can be exhausting for you elderly folks to go home and come back. How about this?"

Then, he turned to his staff and said, "Kurt, we've prepared some cooking oil and eggs today. Go ahead and hand out five eggs and a jug of canola oil to each elderly folk here, and let them take them home."

Leslie was intelligent, fully aware that elderly folks loved to get a little something for themselves. A small favor would usually be enough to satisfy them. However, this tactic didn't work as well as he had hoped today.

The bald, elderly man retrieved a bunch of documents from his pocket with a bright smile. He said with a laugh, "I've been anticipating that you'll use this excuse. Here, take a look! My household registration, ID card, residence permit, and even property deeds. Now, return the money!"

"I've brought my identification too."

"Me too. I even brought my teaching ID too. Give me my money."

"We don't want your stupid eggs. Don't think it'll be that easy to trick us. Give us our money back."

Then, several identification documents were placed on the table.

Leslie was surprised and outraged by the elderly folks' persistence, cussing to himself internally, wishing these elderly folks would die.

However, on the surface, he kept his smile and said, "Everyone, even if we want to reimburse the money, we need to head to the bank to get it. How about this? In addition to distributing eggs and cooking oil to you, I will reimburse everyone 100 dollars of their travel allowance. What do you think?"

Leslie wanted to settle this group of elderly folks as soon as possible and flee the country the next day. This way, the troubles in the country would no longer concern him.

The elderly folks weren't having it. "There is a bank right next to the farm cooperative, and the armoured truck just delivered the money. You can collect the money from there."

"Yes, we have no problem waiting until the night."

"I'll do anything as long as I get my money."

Chapter 712

Leslie was sweating profusely. He was surrounded by a group of determined elderly men and women. Their fierce expressions made it clear that they weren't going anywhere until they got what they came for. The pressure was suffocating.

Leslie just realized how tricky this situation had become. Desperately, he blinked and shot subtle glances at his staff, trying to hint at them to come up with an excuse to let him slip away. Maybe a sudden meeting, a visit with the officials, or to attend a summit. The goal was to get out of here first, deal with the rest later. However, Leslie's staff stared at him, missing the message. What's wrong with Mr. Cline? Was he having a facial spasm or something?

Unfortunately, the bald old man in the crowd wasn't so clueless. "What's this? Trying to signal your way out of here? That's not happening! Everyone, he's trying to run. He doesn't want to pay us back! We can't let him leave, or we'll never see our money again."

The crowd grew more agitated, their voices rising in outrage as they enclosed Leslie.

Someone yelled, "Strip him down! Smash his car! Don't let him get away!"

Leslie's prized Bentley sat parked right in front of him. The moment the elderly crowd spotted it, they rushed forward and began attacking the car.

These were the same folks who usually looked frail and shaky when walking, but now they moved with surprising strength and coordination.

Even a luxury car like the Bentley couldn't withstand the onslaught. Tires were punctured, windows shattered, and the sleek dashboard was reduced to a broken

mess.

Once they'd finished with the car, the group turned their attention to Leslie, shoving him back and forth as they tried to drag him off to the public security office.

Leslie was already frustrated. He completely lost it when he saw his beloved car destroyed. His temper snapped, and in a moment of fury, he kicked the bald elder.

"Go to hell, you old damn thing!" Leslie shouted.

The old man stumbled and fell to the ground, groaning.

That was all it took to ignite the crowd.

"Not only is he refusing to pay, but he's scolding and attacking people now? Everyone, tie him up!"

"Don't let him get away!"

"Brian is in luck. He can lie in the hospital now and let their family pay for everything!"

Chaos erupted again as the elderly group swarmed toward Leslie. Some shouted at him, others pushed, determined to hold him accountable one way or another.

Leslie regretted his actions right after lashing out. The sight of the furious elderly crowd sent a chill down his spine. The staff quickly stepped in to block the mob and allowed Leslie to leave.

The plan worked. The elderly group was held back just long enough, and they didn't manage to catch him.

Leslie ran off in a panic, not even caring where he was headed. The farm cooperative was in a remote location, and after weaving through several winding paths, he finally managed to escape the crowd.

Just as he was about to catch his breath, he looked up and saw two young men walking toward him along the muddy road.

And one of them, no matter how much time passed, was instantly recognizable. It was Jack, his sworn enemy.

Leslie turned pale. Jack was lucky to have survived previously. Why was he suddenly here?

Was Jack tracking Leslie? Did he bug him? How else could he just show up wherever he went?

The question quickly took a backseat to a far more pressing one. Leslie and Jack were sworn enemies. Yet, the latter suddenly showed up.

Things had been going downhill recently. Victor had suffered a major setback, Ronan had been caught with surveillance planted on him, and the attempt to silence Jack in prison failed. The Cline Corporation had also been dealing with one blow after another.

Leslie started to seriously wonder who Jack was.

Chapter 713

Maybe Jack wasn't just connected. Maybe his background was powerful enough to shake the earth.

So powerful, in fact, that even with all of Leslie's resources, he had never been able to dig up a thing. If Jack got his hands on him now, Leslie might not get away easily.

Frantically, Leslie scanned his surroundings and spotted a rideshare van just as a passenger was getting out. Without a second thought, he bolted toward it and jumped inside.

"Go to Mordor District right now!" he ordered, stuffing a hundred-dollar bill into the driver's pocket.

As long as Leslie got out of this place, he'd be safe.

The driver flashed a wide grin and said, "Hang on tight."

The van lurched forward immediately.

Leslie grabbed the seat, nearly airborne. "What kind of junk heap is this? This van looks so ancient. And you're still doing rideshare? Aren't you afraid they'll pull your license?"

The driver shrugged. "Why do I need to be worried without a license?"

Leslie's heart dropped. "Wait. You don't even have a license? And you're driving? Pull over! I'm getting out!"

The driver's smile vanished. "Brakes are out. We'll have to crash into something to stop."

Leslie's eyes went wide in panic. "Watch out! There's a tree up ahead!"

The driver squinted hard, clearly struggling to see. "Tree? What tree? I'm practically blind with my 900-degree myopia!"

With a deafening crash, the van slammed straight into a tree and came to a dead halt.

The driver, safely strapped in, was mostly unharmed. But Leslie, in the back and caught off guard, was thrown forward violently. His head spun, a tooth felt loose, his nose felt crooked, and his eyes were seeing stars.

For a few seconds, Leslie was dazed. Then, he yelled, "You lunatic! I'm going to kill you!"

The driver stayed silent. Leslie opened his eyes and saw a large face leaned in close.

"No way. Not you again!"

Jack grinned. "What? Not happy to see me?"

Leslie looked like he'd just seen a ghost. "H-How did you even find me?"

Jack scoffed. "Catching a useless fool like you isn't exactly hard. I've had a trap set for you this whole time."

Then, Jack grabbed Leslie by the collar and lifted him up like he weighed nothing at all.

Dangling helplessly, Leslie went limp and utterly defeated.

In fact, Leslie should have realized by now that Jack had set this trap for him from the start.

Jack had clearly been tracking his every move. Just like the time when he and Ronan had left the public security office; Jack had caught them just as they were about to enter the car. If Leslie hadn't jumped into the drain at the last second, he would have been caught then.

Leslie's luck had run out this time. He decided to resign to his fate.

Jack was like a demon, and no matter how hard Leslie tried to escape, he could never break free from Jack's grasp.

Leslie felt overwhelming regret. He had no idea what Jack would do to him now that he was caught.

Thinking back to the numerous times he had tried to kill Jack, Leslie knew there was no way Jack would ever let him go free.

If he had a second chance, Leslie would never have provoked Jack.

Jack dragged Leslie into a secluded forest and began his brutal beating.

Chapter 714

After the beating, Jack lit a cigarette and asked Leslie, "Do you want to live or die?"

"Live! I want to live! I'll do whatever you say if you spare my life." Leslie scrambled over, hugging Jack's leg desperately.

"Great." Jack pulled out a pen and paper and turned on a video recorder.

"Write down every dirty deal the Cline Corporation's been involved in. And while you're at it, list everyone else who's been targeting me."

"I'll write! I'll tell you everything! Please don't kill me." Fueled by fear, he started scribbling furiously, spilling every harmful deed by the Cline Corporation.

Jack was more than pleased to see Leslie so eager to confess. The next day, Leslie bruised, battered, and barely standing-was released.

When Leslie returned to the Cline Corporation, he saw government officials in uniform swarming the building.

Leslie knew the Cline Corporation was done for. The high-speed rail project alone was enough to bury the company forever. But now, with charges of money laundering, tax evasion, and a laundry list of other crimes surfacing, there was no saving it.

Any one of those charges could have destroyed them. Together, they were a death sentence.

Leslie's father had seen it coming. When the handcuffs were finally placed on his wrists, he lowered his head in silent regret.

Leslie was arrested shortly after. As the vice president of the Cline Corporation, there was no way Leslie could distance himself from the company's dirty dealings.

But the fallout didn't stop with just the Cline Corporation. The company's rise had relied heavily on networks and under-the-table exchanges. Now that the company was collapsing, the officials involved were also being investigated, many placed under disciplinary review.

Even Alnewgo's underworld ruler, Sebastian, was not spared. His ties with the Cline family ran deep. He also had a personal, illicit relationship with Leslie's mother. That was one of the key reasons he had always sided with the Cline family.

Sebastian would naturally be dragged into the mess now that the Cline Corporation had fallen. But he had gone into hiding early.

Sebastian was crouched in a dark corner, his eyes bloodshot as he stared at a pile of documents.

According to the latest findings, Jack was responsible for all of these.

What angered Sebastian the most was that Jack had taken down Victor with just him and Boris alone. Not only did Jack subdue Victor, he even managed to make the latter switch sides?

If Sebastian was right, Victor was probably being blackmailed-Jack must've gotten his hands on something damning.

Sebastian had no choice but to admit he'd seriously underestimated Jack. Jack's abilities were far beyond what he'd expected. Sebastian felt threatened.

Still, strategy always trumps brute force.

Sebastian figured if Jack had that much potential, maybe he could recruit the latter as a useful follower. That was a good idea. After all, no one ever complained about having too many loyal followers, right?

So, on Sebastian's orders, Fabian led a large gang over to Elite Bar the very next day.

Megastar Entertainment Club still hadn't reopened. Sure, Jack had wrecked Victor and left him crawling, but Sebastian was the real power behind the scenes. And since Jack hadn't bothered to send any pandering gifts, chances of reopening Megastar was slim.

Not that it really mattered. Now, every club that used to belong to Victor was officially under Jack's control.

If Victor so much as made a move, Jack could make him regret ever being born.

These new bars were raking in way more cash than the old Megastar Entertainment Club ever did.

And with that, the Elite Bar had officially taken Megastar's place as Jack's new headquarters.

Caspian wasn't appearing much these days as he was still healing from the stab wound by Fabian.

Word was, Fabian was planning to show up that afternoon to settle the score with Jack. So after lunch, Jack headed over to the Elite Bar, ready and waiting. He had a score to settle with Fabian.

By now, Jack's hold over Narthorn District was solid. Victor had once been planted by Sebastian to keep things under control. But just like that, he was ripped out.

Chapter 715

The bosses in Narthorn District had developed a deep respect for Jack. Even

those who had once been at odds with him were now taking the initiative to make peace and build connections.

Everyone knew that Sebastian was a force to be reckoned with in Alnewgo. However, he was an outsider, while Jack was the local kingpin.

Before Sebastian got rid of Jack, most preferred not to offend both parties.

That night, Fabian stormed into Elite Bar with a dozen men at his back. Jack was already inside, waiting calmly with his crew.

No wonder he could take down Caspian.

Sure, it had been a sneak attack, and Fabian had been armed. However, it still proved just how powerful he was.

Fabian was so muscular, every inch of him radiating power and intimidation. His eyes gleamed with a menacing light that made the whole room tense.

Fabian marched into Elite Bar and growled, "Where's your boss? Tell him to get out here."

He spoke with authority like he owned the place and everyone else was just a guest.

Jack stood up and smiled. "That'd be me."

Fabian paused for a second, surprised by how young Jack looked. Then, his lips curled into a mocking grin.

"I'm Fabian. I came here for a reason."

Jack gave him a cold glance and said, "You're the one who pinned Caspian to the table with a knife, aren't you?"

Fabian gave a cocky nod and challenged, "That's right. I told him to bark like a dog but he refused. So I stabbed him. Got a problem with that?"

Jack nodded slightly and replied, "So, what brings you here today?"

Chin raised, voice steady, Fabian delivered his message, "Our boss sent me to inform you that if you're willing to succumb to us, we might just let you live a few more days. Otherwise-"

"Otherwise what?" Jack asked, casually.

Fabian's eyes narrowed, a flicker of menace flashing through. "You'll die a horrible death."

Jack stood up, expression indifferent. "Even if your boss wanted to be my dog, I'd still think he's too filthy."

Fabian's face twisted in fury. "You're courting death!"

At this point, there was nothing left to talk about.

Jack smiled and said, "Are you addicted to being Sebastian's dog?"

Fabian sneered, turning to leave. "Just wait. Your good days are over."

The conversation had clearly broken down. Fabian spun around to leave but Jack stepped forward, blocking his way.

"What's wrong? You came all this way and now you want to walk out?"

Fabian froze, startled. He hadn't expected Jack to confront him so directly. "You've got the nerve to

provoke me?"

Jack gave Fabian a menacing stare. "What do you think? You stabbed Caspian in the chest. How about you do the same to yourself?"

Fabian shook his head while glaring at Jack.

Jack raised his hand, and at once the bar doors slammed shut. His crew moved in, forming a tight circle around Fabian.

Fabian laughed hysterically. "Perfect! I want to see what you're going to do to me!"

Even now, he didn't believe Jack would dare take it further. He felt Jack didn't have the guts.

When Jack gave a subtle nod, his men charged at Fabian's crew.

In no time, screams of agony rang out as Fabian's men were all knocked to the ground with broken arms and legs.

"Go to hell!"

Seeing his team defeated, Fabian's expression twisted with rage as he rushed toward Jack.

Chapter 716

This was exactly the moment Jack had been waiting for.

With lightning speed, he struck an iron fist and landed a brutal slap across Fabian's face. It felt like getting hit with a sledgehammer. Fabian's head rang like it was about to explode.

Just as Fabian was about to stumble backward, Jack grabbed his arm and twisted it around, snapping it nearly 270 degrees.

With Fabian defeated, Jack got to work cleaning up the scene.

One of his guys, looking a little uneasy, asked, "Are you sure we're not going to have a problem after this? Sebastian's not exactly the kind of guy you wanna piss off."

Jack gave a faint smile and replied, "Sebastian? He's got bigger problems to worry about."

Things stayed relatively calm for a while after that.

Everything had started with Leslie, and once the Cline Corporation collapsed, the Cline family went down with it.

Someone had also finally gotten dirt on Sebastian. These days, he was laying low, constantly on the run, and for now, keeping his distance from Jack.

For the first time in a long while, Jack could finally lie in bed comfortably and relax. No mind games, no power plays.

On Sunday morning, Feena gave Jack a call and asked to meet up.

When Jack saw her, she was riding a pink bicycle, her long hair tied back in a ponytail, wearing a white dress with a hint of lace.

Even with sunglasses on, Feena's natural elegance was impossible to hide. Since she'd started dating Jack, she seemed to display more mature femininity. She'd also gotten better at dressing up, always radiating a captivating charm.

While Feena was standing at the building floor waiting for Jack, she became the center of attention on the street. But there was always a trace of pride on her face, a cool detachment that kept people at a distance. That all disappeared the moment Jack showed up.

In an instant, the icy expression melted into a radiant and warm smile. Only someone truly in love could light up like that.

She threw her arms around Jack and asked gently, "What took you so long?"

"I came down the second you called," Jack said with a shrug. He'd literally been slipping on his shoes while walking out the door. How much faster did she expect?

Feena's cheeks flushed with a soft pink. Truth was, Jack had come down the moment she called, but somehow, it had still felt like she'd been waiting forever.

After all, even a day apart could feel like an eternity when you missed someone. Feena held Jack's hand as they headed to the campus cafeteria for lunch, then insisted he spend the afternoon shopping with her.

Feena was a thoughtful woman. She'd noticed Jack had been rotating through the same few outfits lately-some of which, she knew, had been picked out by Bella.

With Bella out of the picture, it only felt right for Feena to dress Jack in her own style.

After lunch, she grabbed Jack's hand, hopped on her bike, and the two rode off toward a shopping mall just outside university.

The spring breeze played with Feena's ponytail as she sat on the back seat, arms wrapped tightly around Jack, feeling completely at peace.

Once they arrived at the mall, Feena went all in and bought Jack five or six new outfits in one go.

No matter how easygoing a woman might seem, seeing her boyfriend still wearing clothes picked out by his ex would rub anyone the wrong way.

Jack had no choice but to try everything on then and there in the fitting room. When he stepped out in a fresh set of clothes, he looked more radiant than ever.

Feena's eyes lit up. Even though she'd seen Jack a long time, she still couldn't stop the rush of warmth to her cheeks or the quickening of her heartbeat.

At that moment, Jack wasn't just handsome-he was leagues above all the so- called campus heartthrobs back at school.

After hours of walking around, they finally sat down on a bench in the mall to catch their breath.

Feena leaned her head gently against Jack's chest, gazing up at his face. Then, Feena hugged Jack tightly like she was afraid that he might vanish if she let go.

Chapter 717

Feena suddenly recalled something. She reached into her bag, pulled out a delicate handmade bracelet, and then handed it to Jack.

It was simple but beautiful, with a small heart-shaped charm at the center, embroidered with both of their names.

Jack wondered how much effort Feena took to make the bracelet.

"Did you make this?" he asked curiously.

He had a hard time imagining someone graceful and pampered like Feena could weave something so intricate.

Feena pouted and stomped her foot, shooting him a playful glare before saying, "What do you think? I worked on it every night just for you."

Then, she looked up at him with a hopeful gleam in her eyes. "Do you like it?"

"I love it," Jack replied without hesitation. He could feel Feena's deep affection for him.

The afternoon drifted by as they wandered from store to store. Before they knew it, it was time for dinner.

To Jack's surprise, Feena had already made dinner plans. She'd booked a cozy, romantic little restaurant just for the two of them.

After the delicious meal, Feena leaned back, looking just a little tired. There was a dreamy look in her eyes as she gazed at Jack affectionately.

Jack felt something stir deep inside as he was wrapped in Feena's soft scent, feeling her delicate frame nestled against him.

Jack suggested, "How about we get a room to rest for a while?"

Feena knew what Jack was implying, but when she saw the eager look in his

eyes, her cheeks flushed, and she nodded shyly. "Okay, but no funny business, all right?"

"Don't worry. I won't" Jack assured her, though he couldn't help but think to himself that it was the same thing he said with Bella back then.

But, well, men couldn't always control themselves, could they?

They found a nearby hotel by the river, with a room that had a huge floor-to-ceiling window.

From there, they could take in the stunning night view of the bustling new district. The city lights sparkled beautifully under the night sky.

As they settled in, Feena suddenly asked, "Do you need to go back to school? It's so late, won't your dorm be closed by now?"

Jack explained, "It's already past eight. If I went back now, the dorm would definitely be locked."

Feena lowered her head shyly, speaking softly, "My dorm is closed too."

After saying this, the two of them fell silent. There was an unspoken understanding between them.

The air seemed to hum with a subtle tension, almost as if something was about to happen.

Jack felt a ripple of emotion deep inside. Since that intimate night he and Feena had shared off-campus, he hadn't experienced anything quite like it. It was hard to imagine that for someone as full of energy as him.

Jack still thought about that day often. The thought of what might happen next stirred excitement in him.

Feena, noticing the intense look in Jack's eyes, knew exactly what he was thinking. Though she too felt a hint of anticipation, she pouted, clearly unimpressed, and shot Jack a playful glare.

"We agreed, remember? No touching. You promised me that when you came here."

"Okay, okay!" Jack quickly nodded, eager to reassure her.

"Let's watch some TV?" Feena suggested, trying to ease the moment and slow her racing heart.

Jack nodded, then remembered that the Calisota Universities Basketball Association tournament was currently on. It was an exciting match between the top eight teams.

Chapter 718

Jack quickly turned on the TV and switched to the sports channel. Sure enough, the Calisota Universities Basketball Association Quarterfinals were in full swing, with Alnewgo University facing off against Capitol University.

Feena wasn't really interested in the game. She preferred to snuggle up against Jack, content just to be by his side and watch him.

When they turned on the TV, the game was already in the fourth quarter, and the tension was palpable. The score was 50-56, with Alnewgo University trailing behind Capitol University.

Alnewgo University wasn't expected to make it far in this tournament. As a team that had just recently risen to prominence, they were the underdogs.

In contrast, Capitol University was a seasoned powerhouse, having made it to the finals in the previous tournament. With Capitol's core players mostly unchanged, Alnewgo's chances seemed slim.

However, it was shocking that Alnewgo was only six points behind after three quarters. It was such a close game. This was largely due to their star players, Isaac and Joshua.

Thanks to special training and Jack's coaching, their performance had improved dramatically.

When faced with tough opponents, they rose to the challenge.

Jack had helped them unlock their potential in basketball, pushing them to new heights.

Now, the duo worked together seamlessly, becoming the unstoppable core of Alnewgo University.

With a never-give-up attitude and incredible resilience, Isaac and Joshua suddenly exploded into action in the final minute of the fourth quarter.

Joshua sank a clutch three-pointer, while Isaac followed up with a powerful dunk off an assist from Joshua.

A stunning 5 to 0 run brought the score to just one point difference; an electric momentum shift with only 30 seconds left on the clock.

Capitol University took possession next. Their shooting guard held the ball near half-court, letting precious seconds tick away.

When the clock dropped to 10 seconds, he made his move, cutting inside for a layup. However, the ball bounced twice on the rim and rolled out.

Five seconds left with a one-point difference.

Isaac grabbed the rebound and turned to pass the ball to Joshua, who then sprinted down the court.

One shot was all they needed for Alnewgo University to win. If they missed it, the win would go to Capitol University.

Capitol's defense had already retreated to the baseline. Under pressure, Joshua hesitated for a split second, then passed the ball back to Isaac.

With the clock ticking down, Joshua took the ball and suddenly pulled off a step- back move that sent his defender stumbling. Then, he spun past the final defender with a dazzling crossover, and launched himself into the air.

The ball went in with a dunk. Every move was smooth and flawless. It was nothing short of incredible.

Alnewgo University had taken the lead by one point in the final seconds. And just as the buzzer sounded, the game was over. Alnewgo University emerged victorious.

The Calisota Universities Basketball Association cheer squad's chants reverberated through the arena, while Capitol University's players slumped in disappointment.

Jack watched the final dunk unfold in awe and broke into applause. Feena glanced at him, her heart warming at the sight of his joy. Moved by the moment, she leaned in and gave him a kiss.

Soon after, the post-game interviews began. The reporters first turned to Capitol University.

Their captain faced the cameras and said regrettably, "We definitely could have won today but Alnewgo was just unbelievably lucky tonight. Honestly, I don't even know how some of the shots went in. But I guess luck is part of basketball too."

It was obvious that Capitol University didn't fully accept the loss. They might have been beaten, but they still believed they were the stronger team.

Then, the spotlight shifted to Alnewgo University. The representative was Isaac, who had just delivered that jaw-dropping, game-winning dunk.

Chapter 719

Isaac's game-winning dunk was being replayed over and over on the big screen.

The move was a perfect blend of skill, power, and explosive timing-so much so that even on the grandest basketball stage, it could've easily been called the play

of the year.

The reporter asked Isaac, "You played way better than during the round of 16. How did you improve so drastically?"

Isaac smiled and replied, "It's because Capitol University is a strong team. We had to get better to be worthy of standing on the same court."

The reporter asked again, "Earlier, Capitol's team said Alnewgo only won because of luck. What's your response to that?"

Isaac paused, then shook his head. "No way. I think people have misunderstood us. Alnewgo University is actually a very strong team. You may think I'm bragging, but the truth is our best and strongest player wasn't even on the court tonight. If he had been, this game wouldn't have ended so close."

The reporter was taken aback by Isaac's reply. "What do you mean? Are you saying there's someone better than you on your team? Your coach called you guys the pride of the school! It's hard to believe there's a stronger player around."

Isaac replied honestly, "I'm not joking. He's my idol. The reason I've improved so much is because of his one-on-one training. Remember that final play just now? That was his move. He taught it to me. I'm still clumsy when I use it, but he does it flawlessly. He's the strongest player I've ever gone up against. That includes coaches and pro players I trained with in Federia. He's just on another level."

It was hard to imagine any player worthy of such high praise from Isaac.

The reporter, clearly skeptical, shifted the camera toward Joshua- other core player and just as much a standout in the game. So, he was also present at the press conference.

The reporter asked Joshua, "Is Isaac speaking the truth?"

Joshua nodded without hesitation. "Yeah. Our best player didn't play tonight. If he had, the game wouldn't be such a close match. He's Isaac and my idol. Both of us couldn't beat him even if we joined forces."

The certainty in his voice left no room for doubt. The reporter finally began to believe there might be some truth to their words.

Joshua and Isaac were already considered one of the top players in the Calisota Universities Basketball Association. It was hard to imagine how skilful the player must be to become their idol.

The reporter pressed further, "Then why isn't he playing? If he's really as incredible as you say, wouldn't he easily be the best player on the court?"

Joshua fell silent for a moment before replying, "Because his talent isn't limited to basketball. Imagine someone who dominates on the court, yet is just as brilliant in the business world. He's already made a name for himself there, commanding real influence. I'm sorry but I can't say his name. Believe me, most people would have heard of him."

Joshua looked a little helpless. It stung a little to know that someone whose passion wasn't in basketball could still surpass them in the sport they'd dedicated themselves to.

Yet, some people were simply born with rare talent. The disparity in skills couldn't be bridged with hard work alone. All Joshua could do was to push himself to be better.

Jack and Feena knew exactly who Joshua and Isaac were talking about. The latter instantly recognized the move Isaac used for that final, breathtaking dunk. It was the exact same one Jack had performed on the court that day. Isaac had even asked Jack to teach him the move.

Feena didn't expect Issac to pick the skill up so fast and used it in a match.

As she listened to Joshua and Isaac speak about Jack with such open admiration

on camera, Feena—his girlfriend and someone who had known him since childhood-couldn't help but glow with pride.

Chapter 720

Isaac's stunning performance only served to highlight just how powerful Jack truly was.

Yes. There was no denying it anymore.

The man beside her wasn't just incredible on the basketball court-he was just as sharp in business. And in other ways, too.

Feena's thoughts drifted to that night beneath the bridge, when she had given herself to him for the first time.

They always said a woman's first time was supposed to hurt. But for Feena, the experience was tender and unforgettable. Even now, it lingered in her dreams.

Every moment with Jack carried a quiet thrill, a kind of anticipation that curled her heart. Upon thinking about the potential intimate moment they would share tonight, Feena's eyes glimmered with anticipation.

She nudged Jack lightly and murmured, "I'm feeling a little sleepy."

Jack turned off the TV, and pulled Feena gently into his arms. "Come on, it's late. Let's get some rest."

Feena knew exactly what that meant. She murmured in agreement and melted into Jack's embrace as he carried her over to the bed.

Her arms slipped around his neck, and without a moment's hesitation, she kissed him passionately.

All that talk earlier about "no touching"? Well, if Feena was the one doing the touching, surely that didn't count.

Feena asked, "I might have to go to Tarthy City for the next few days. I just signed with Starlight Entertainment. Will you miss me when I'm not around?"

Jack nodded. He'd come to appreciate Feena's gentleness over time. The once- persistent ache in his heart for Bella had finally begun to fade because Feena's warmth filled the emptiness.

A blush bloomed across Feena's cheeks. She bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, then whispered, "While I'm gone, you'd better not go chasing other women, okay? And tonight... Please, just love me. Really love me."

"I will," Jack murmured, pulling her close. His breath was already growing heavy, and his eyes had darkened with heat and hunger.

"Come here, babe. Make tonight unforgettable."

Feena knew Jack was ready. She was dying of anticipation too. Eyes half-lidded, she seductively curled her finger toward Jack, beckoning him.

Jack let out a low growl and pounced on her like a hungry wolf.

By the time dawn broke, dew had begun to mist the windows. Outside, the river shimmered and spring had come in full bloom.

Feena stretched lazily and brushed against Jack's firm, sculpted chest. The sensation startled her fully awake.

Jack was still fast asleep beside her. So, Feena turned over and draped her long fair leg across him. Her arms wrapped tightly around his torso, as though afraid he might disappear.

Last night's memories played in her mind like a dream. Her cheeks flush and her heartbeat quickened all over again.

Who would've thought, behind her calm and demure appearance, she could be so passionate?

Jack had ignited something in Feena. Her heart still stirred at the thought.

Feena leaned in, her lips brushing Jack's as she tried to steal a quiet kiss while he slept.

But the moment they touched, she felt a strong arm tighten around her. Suddenly, Jack peppered her with kisses.