Limits 721

Chapter 721

Feena felt like she could barely breathe under the weight of Jack's overwhelming passion, but she didn't resist. Instead, she closed her eyes and let Jack have his

way.

In fact, she became even more passionate than he was toward the end. It was hard to tell who was taking advantage of whom.

After enjoying each other's company, Jack and Feena finally got out of bed to

freshen up.

It was Sunday. Feena asked Jack about his plans for the day. Whatever it was, she was happy to follow his lead.

Jack decided to take her out for some fun. Although Feena was a celebrity, she'd grown up sheltered and protected by her family. Aside from the occasional visits to the internet café or billiard club, she had never dared set foot in a bar.

However, things were different now that Feena was with Jack. She was actually excited to experience bar life with the man she loved, especially at a bar in Alnewgo.

They ended up at a bar called Nocturne Pearl, a pretty well-known location in Alnewgo. It was also owned by Jack.

The bar used to be run by Victor, but ever since he got taken down, Jack had taken over the place.

As one of the more famous bars in the city, Nocturne Pearl often attracted celebrities.

And speaking of celebrities, Feena was one herself. Even just walking in, she had to cover up with a face mask to avoid being recognized.

When Feena and Jack arrived, the bar entrance was already packed with luxury

cars.

Feena was looking for a place to park, when a security guard with a buzz cut yelled, "Move it! There's no parking space here. Are you deaf? I said move it!"

Feena had no choice but to park at a hotel across the street. Then, she and Jack crossed the road hand in hand, heading back toward the bar.

Suddenly, a black Prado SUV came barreling through the intersection, ignoring the red light.

The driver didn't slow down for pedestrians. Instead, he honked repeatedly as if to signal everyone to get out of the way.

Feena let out a terrified scream and instinctively hugged Jack. The latter wrapped an arm around her slim waist, holding her close as he glared furiously at the oncoming SUV.

The driver was acting downright proud and pushy, blaring its horn nonstop.

Just then, a bald man stuck his head out the window and started shouting, "You dumbass! Got a death wish or what?"

Jack was just about to teach the bald guy a lesson when a police whistle suddenly sounded.

"That Prado! Stop running red lights!"

The bald man immediately ducked his head back inside, slammed the gas pedal, and sped off.

Jack didn't bother chasing after the car, but just as it sped past, he caught a glimpse of a familiar figure inside.

He squinted, trying to get a better look. However, the SUV had already dashed toward Nocturne Pearl.

Then, the same buzz-cut security guard from earlier was now all smiles and bows, fawning over the bald driver as he personally guided the Prado into a parking spot.

So much for "no spaces".

The truth wasn't that there weren't any spots; the security guard just thought Feena's car wasn't classy enough.

Once the Prado was parked, the buzz-cut guy led the bald man and a woman with heavy makeup toward the entrance of the bar.

The woman glanced back at Jack for a moment. Her eyes flickered with surprise, then she frowned in disdain.

Jack paused. It was someone he knew.

He hadn't been sure at first, but after seeing her expression and figure, there was no doubt it was Calista.

She exuded a worn-out kind of glamour as she looked at Jack in surprise.

Chapter 722

If Calista remembered correctly, Jack was supposed to be left crippled by Shawn that summer. Yet here he was, standing before her, seemingly unaffected.

It seemed like he had nine lives.

The only logical explanation? He'd spent the last few years patching himself up before crawling to Alnewgo for some dead-end job.

She never bought the idea that Jack could get into a university here. What did he have besides a knack for street brawls?

No, she pictured him hauling bricks at some construction site, the kind of loser who'd never climb out of the gutter.

After failing her college entrance exams, Calista hadn't continued her education. But her circumstances were far beyond what an ordinary person like Jack could compare to.

Shawn had played her and tossed her aside, but she knew she was meant for more.

After the breakup, she came to Alnewgo.

Initially, factory work was all she could find. But with her looks, it wasn't long before someone steered her to a bar gig. There, she met Christopher, a crew-cut man with a commanding presence who drove a Prado.

He was the real deal—a former enforcer for a gang boss called Victor. He now ran his own underground empire-gambling dens, loan sharking, the works.

After getting together with Christopher, her life in Alnewgo took a turn for the better. At the very least, she no longer had to work the factory line or serve drinks at a bar.

The daily routine of being picked up in a Prado gave her a thrill. The constant respect from the lackeys only added to the ego boost.

So, when she spotted Jack today, the contempt in her eyes was hard to miss. She thought to herself that a nobody would always be a nobody, never amounting to anything in life.

The man with the buzz cut, Wallace Fowler, and Calista entered the bar.

Feena, her voice sharp with annoyance, confronted the head parking attendant about the recent situation.

"Didn't you just say there were no spaces? So how come they got one?" she demanded.

The attendant gave her a blank stare, as if she were an idiot, and didn't even bother to respond.

"Don't they even know what kind of place this is?" he thought. "Rolling up in that beat-up piece of junk-are they out of their damn minds?"

Jack stepped forward with a calm smile. "Hey, man, can you tell me why they got a parking spot and we didn't?"

The attendant smirked coldly. "Fuck off! Who do you think you are? I give spots to whoever I want-none of your damn business!"

Well, that was quite aggressive.

Jack's expression darkened. He was itching to throw hands.

But Feena was worried he'd get himself in trouble, so she quickly pulled him away.

After all, anyone running a bar like this usually had connections with the underworld. Even though he could fight, she was afraid something might happen to him.

Stepping into Nocturne Pearl, the scene was exactly as expected-neon lights and pulsing music. A sea of young men and women swayed suggestively on the dimly lit dance floor.

It was Feena's first time in such an environment, and the lively atmosphere brought a rosy flush to her delicate face. Holding tightly to Jack's hand, she followed him as they weaved through the crowd.

Not far away, Calista and Christopher were part of a group, engaged in conversation and drinks.

Wallace's gaze, his eyes narrowed, would keep glancing over at Jack and Feena.

He was still annoyed that Jack had blocked his way earlier. But more than that, he was drawn to Feena's beauty.

Compared to her effortless beauty, Calista felt gaudy, her appeal too forced and lacking grace.

To Wallace, even with her features hidden behind a mask, Feena's fair skin and seductive curves left no doubt. She was an absolute stunner. He was so mesmerized that he could practically taste his own drool.

Calista also noticed Feena and knew she had come with Jack. A smirk curled her lips. She knew Jack was in trouble; no woman Wallace set his sights on ever slipped through his fingers.

And sure enough, the opportunity came.

When Jack, slightly tipsy, got up to use the restroom, Feena was left alone, glancing around with curious eyes. Spotting the chance, Wallace gave a subtle nod to one of his lackeys.

The lackey, Otto, grinning like a weasel, sidled up to Feena with a drink in hand and said, "Hey there, gorgeous. Mind if I join you?"

Feena barely spared him a glance before turning away, clearly uninterested in the sleazy approach.

Chapter 723

Otto grinned. "Wow! Feisty-I like that. Sweetheart, those guys over there wanna get to know you. Don't you wanna say hi?"

Feena glanced in the direction he pointed and saw a bunch of thugs covered in tacky tattoos, all eyeing her like wolves. Among them was that crude buzz-cut man. Not a single decent-looking one in sight.

"Get lost!" she said coldly.

She was consumed by her feelings for Jack and ignored any attention from other

men.

"You've got to be kidding me!"

Otto's face twisted instantly.

"You goddamn slut! How dare you disrespect Wallace? Do you have any idea who he is? Don't push your luck!"

Feena was startled by how fast he turned hostile. "What do you want?" she snapped, stepping back. She wanted to leave but worried Jack wouldn't be able to find her in the crowd.

"What do I want? I want to have some fun, bitch!" he cursed as he lunged, grabbing at her.

Startled, she quickly backed away, not wanting the sleazy Otto to touch her.

This only increased his interest.

"Look at you, playing hard to get! We'll see how feisty you are with the guys in bed later. Come on, let's go!"

"Get away from me!" Feena kept backing up as Otto grew angrier.

"What the fuck, you little slut? Tonight, we're all gonna fuck you, and you'll get a mouthful of our meat."

She stumbled back in fright, facing imminent danger.

Luckily, Jack appeared, turning the corner from the direction of the restroom.

She dodged and screamed, "Jack, help me!"

Jack rushed over as soon as he heard her cry for help.

Without a hint of fear, Otto spoke with overbearing confidence. "Scream all you want, bitch. Ain't nobody saving-"

Jack backhanded Otto, sending him to the ground, then delivered a brutal kick. How dare anyone harass Feena on his turf? That was a suicide mission.

She quickly darted behind Jack, her fear instantly turning to relief when she saw him. But knowing men like Otto never worked alone, she tugged at his sleeve. "Jack, come on. Let's go!"

Despite Jack being a formidable fighter, she was still worried he'd get the short end of the stick.

He smirked. "It's fine. This is my turf."

She blinked, confused. "Your turf?"

But Otto, after being knocked to the ground, didn't run. Instead, he flew into a rage.

"How dare you hit me? You're dead!"

He grabbed a bottle within reach and brought it crashing down on Jack. Jack's hand lashed out again, delivering a stinging slap.

The slap left Otto dazed, spinning in place like he'd just done two full turns.

Not far off, Calista, Wallace, and the others had been watching the scene unfold with casual curiosity—until that moment. They hadn't expected to witness that.

Seeing Otto get beaten, Calista couldn't help but smirk.

How could anyone have dared to lay a hand on one of Wallace's lackeys? Jack was in deep trouble now-not even a miracle could have saved him.

She crossed her arms, ready to enjoy the show.

Meanwhile, Wallace was shaking with rage.

Jack should have thought twice before he crossed someone with powerful connections. Striking his lackey was no different from slapping Wallace across the

face.

In a flash, he sprang to his feet and stormed toward Jack.

Chapter 724

"Damn it! Stop right there!" Wallace shouted.

Jack ignored him completely. Grabbing Otto, he slapped him back and forth across the face dozens of times, then followed it up with a brutal kick to the side. Otto collapsed on the spot, coughing up blood.

Calista, who had been watching to laugh at Jack's misfortune, was stunned. She had always known Jack liked to fight, but never expected he would actually dare to go wild here in Alnewgo-and so ferociously, at that? He even had the guts to hit Wallce's lackeys?

She was caught off guard and couldn't help but reevaluate the man she once knew.

Wallace's face turned ugly when Jack ignored him. "You bastard! How dare you act like I don't exist?"

The lackeys around him couldn't believe Jack had not only ignored Wallace but dared to hit them. A few of them grabbed liquor bottles and charged at Jack.

Feena cried out in fear, "Watch out!"

But Jack wasn't scared of small fry like them. There happened to be some empty bottles and a stool nearby. As the lackeys charged, Jack grabbed a bottle and smashed it over the head of the one in front, knocking him down instantly. The lackeys behind him couldn't dodge in time and were knocked dizzy by the collision.

As the remaining one closed in, Jack swung the stool sideways, landing a solid hit on one of their heads. The man let out a scream and dropped.

Jack followed with a flying kick that took down another. Two more tried to grab him, but he twisted their heads and smashed them together. They passed out on the spot.

In a flash, all of Wallace's lackeys were taken down. The last two standing went pale and didn't dare move. No one wanted to get beaten half to death just for a group scuffle.

Wallace and Calista stared at Jack in shock. Calista had never imagined Jack could fight like this. He completely shattered her expectations.

Wallace hadn't expected it either-his guys were down in seconds. This guy actually had some skills.

No wonder he dared to bring such a gorgeous woman out alone.

Still, neither Wallace nor Calista showed any fear. Wallace was a big shot around here. He had at least a hundred men under him. No matter how good Jack was, he couldn't fight a hundred people. What could one guy really do?

Wallace sneered. "So, you're trained, huh? No wonder you had the balls to bring a hot chick out alone. But do you even know who you messed with today?"

Jack glanced at Calista like she was a stranger, then turned his cold gaze on Wallace and said with absolute confidence, "Get on your knees and beg. Maybe then I'll spare you."

Both Wallace and Calista froze in disbelief, thinking they had misheard.

What? Did this guy just tell Wallace to kneel and beg?

Calista was the first to react, pointing at Jack and snapping, "Jack, when did you grow a pair? Talking to Mr. Fowler like that? Do you even know who he is?"

Jack looked at her blankly, so Calista puffed her chest and declared, "Listen up, Jack. This is Wallace Fowler of Sundermount. He's got over a hundred men at his command. If you don't want to die, you better kneel and apologize!"

Wallace, surprised that Calista knew Jack, asked, "Who is he?"

Calista gave Jack a disgusted look, then turned sweetly to Wallace. "Babe, he's just a redneck. We used to go to school together, that's all. All my old classmates were useless trash anyway."

She flat-out denied any past relationship with Jack-way too embarrassing to admit.

Wallace nodded in agreement. "You're right. Studying just turns people stupid. What good is a degree? It'll still end with me screwing them over. Damn!"

At that moment, the sound of footsteps came from outside. The fight had finally drawn the bar's security.

Chapter 725

A group of men dressed in black barged in. Leading them was the same head of security who had earlier stopped Feena from parking. His face was dark with

anger.

"What the hell is going on here?"

Wallace pointed at Jack and cursed. "This idiot's trying to wreck your damned place! I tried to stop him, and he actually dared to hit my men. You deal with this however you see fit."

The attendant clearly recognized Wallace.

"Mr. Fowler, give me a moment. I'll handle this."

Calista laughed mockingly. "Jack, you're still not kneeling and begging? Do you really want Mr. Morano to break both your legs?"

"What Morano? Sounds like a shitty name." Jack sneered in disdain.

Jax Morano's expression changed. "Do you have a death wish—"

Before he could finish, Jack raised his leg and kicked him square in the face.

"That's for failing to recognize who you were messing with."

Jax screamed as he was sent flying. Calista shrieked in fear.

"Ahh! What are you standing around for? You useless idiots, kill this redneck already!"

The moment they saw their leader go down, the security guards lost it. One after another, they rushed at Jack.

But it didn't matter. He took them down effortlessly, dropping each one like they were nothing more than paper targets.

Feena had felt a flicker of fear at first, but seeing how fierce Jack was, she finally relaxed. Still, she stayed on alert in case these thugs pulled weapons. She even quietly picked up a beer bottle, ready to back Jack up if needed.

"You guys are useless. Are you even trying? Can't even take down a loser like him?" Calista shouted, furious that all these people couldn't handle Jack.

Wallace was enraged too. Hearing Calista screeching in his ear, he exploded and slapped her hard. "Shut the hell up, you noisy bitch! Goddamn whore, stay quiet!"

Calista yelped in shock, completely stunned by the slap. She didn't dare say another word. After all, she was just Wallace's mistress. Without him, she was nothing.

Feena couldn't help but laugh when she saw Calista get hit by her own man.

Calista, humiliated, didn't dare go after Wallace and instead turned her anger on Feena. "You slut, why are you laughing like that? Keep laughing, and I swear I'll claw you to death!"

She lunged toward Feena. But unlike Calista, Feena wasn't raised to be so crude. She shrieked and ducked behind Jack.

Calista reached out to grab Jack. Before she could even figure out what happened, Jack flung her to the ground with a heavy toss, and she rolled over on the floor.

Lying on the floor, she pointed at Jack and screamed, "You damned redneck loser, you're dead! You actually dared to hit Mr. Fowler's woman? You're done for!"

As if on cue, the roar of countless motorcycles echoed from outside. Bright headlights flooded through the glass doors and windows, casting harsh, distorted shadows across everyone's faces.

Calista cheered, "They're here!"

Wallace grinned viciously. "Now, neither of you will be getting out of here. The guy's getting crippled, and the woman-well, we'll all be taking our turn with her tonight!"

His men had made the call earlier, and judging from all those motorcycles, backup had definitely arrived. Anyone who dared provoke them was just asking to die.

The gang swaggered up and kicked the doors open with a bang. But before they even stepped in, a wave of pressure rolled through the room like a bloody gust of power.

Leading them a giant of a man-six foot five, easily over 200 pounds. His bare chest was covered in scars, looking like a demon who had clawed his way out of hell.

Seeing someone so intimidating, Calista screamed in excitement, "Jack, you're dead meat! You dumb redneck, you even dared to hit Mrs. Fowler!"

Chapter 726

"Mr. Fowler, are these men your people?" Jax asked.

But Jax was disappointed. Wallace also looked blankly at the group to men who had barged in, clearly not knowing who they were either. From their demeanor alone, though, they were definitely the top-tier kind of trouble.

Jack didn't recognize them either. Feena, hiding behind him, gripping his arm tightly with a hint of nervousness.

Just then, the towering man strode forward and, under everyone's gaze, gave Jack a slight nod. He then said, "Mr. Holland, we're late. We almost let these bastards disgrace you. I sincerely apologize, Mr. Holland."

Jack raised an eyebrow. "And who exactly are you people?"

The man scratched his head. "Right. I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Vin Hartley, under Mr. Jonsen. One of our guys who was dancing earlier recognized you and said some fools were trying to mess with you.

"I heard about it and rushed over with a few dozen lackeys. There are still

hundreds more on their way. Leave these lowlifes to us."

Who dared lay a hand on Jack? They seemed to have a death wish.

Jack quickly realized that these were Boris' men. Boris might act like a little brother around him, but clearly he had his own following. One of them must have recognized Jack and went to report.

Feena let out a breath of relief. Since they were Jack's people, there was nothing to fear. But she also grew curious. Since when did Jack have followers like this?

Wallace's and Calista's faces darkened on the spot.

Damn it! These guys were here for Jack? What the hell was going on?

Wallace cast a confused look at Calista. Hadn't she just told him this guy was some loser from the countryside? When did he become a big-shot gangster? Calista's face turned pale. She had no idea when Jack started being addressed as "Mr. Holland".

Wasn't he just that idiot from Perthter City? What happened?

After reporting in, Vin turned and glared at Wallace.

"After we took down Victor, Mr. Jonsen already had plans to deal with you. He thought he'd let you jump around a few more days. Didn't think you'd come looking for death yourself."

Wallace's heart tightened. Just hearing Boris' name made him flinch. Calista immediately ducked behind Wallace, too scared to even show her face.

"Who dares touch our boss? You must have a death wish!"

As tension peaked, another gang of thugs roared in on motorcycles, kicking up wind as they swarmed the area. Their presence didn't have quite the same force as Vin's crew, but they had the numbers.

One buzz-cut guy hopped off his bike with a huge long-handled combat blade resting on his shoulder, chewing gum as he strutted in coolly. Wallace lit up at the sight of him.

"Julian, finally, you're here! Any later, and I'd be dead by now!"

Julian ditched his gum, popped a cigarette between his lips, and strolled in like he was headlining a show-chest puffed up, confidence cranked up to max, every step screaming attitude.

But ever since Jack's men had beaten him senseless at Vermilion Mountain, he had been limping-so his walk was more of a lurch now.

A large group of his lackeys followed behind him. After getting crushed by Jack, Julian had disappeared. Turns out he had quietly joined up with Wallace, planning

to team up with Victor and revive things in Narthorn District.

But then, he heard Victor had gone down too. So, Julian went back into hiding.

And now, once again, he had crossed paths with Jack.

In an instant, Vin's crew was surrounded by Julian's men.

Chapter 727

Vin's expression changed too. He turned to Jack and said, "Mr. Holland, don't worry. Our support will be here soon. I'll hold them off for now. You should get out of here."

"Oh? Planning to run already?" Wallace straightened his back. "Do you think you can outnumber me? You must not know how to spell death."

Julian limped over and cursed loudly, "Who the hell is that? Who's trying to outnumber us?"

Calista pointed at Jack. "It's him. He even killed our lackeys."

"Son of a-what the hell!"

Julian opened his mouth to curse, but the moment he saw Jack's face, he nearly stumbled and fell.

Jack, on the other hand, gave a harmless smile.

"Julian, didn't expect you to still be breathing. I let you go back to Vermilion

Mountain, and now here you are working for this two-bit punk?"

Julian's eyes bulged wide as saucers. He stammered, "It's... It's you?"

"Surprised?" Jack asked calmly.

Julian's legs turned to jelly. He remembered all too clearly how powerful Jack was. After he escaped, he had hoped Victor would take Jack down and make a comeback.

Who knew that coward would end up going down in flames?

Even Facebook had taken a hit. There were even rumors that the fall of the Cline family was tied to Jack. Not to mention, the once-untouchable King of Alnewgo, Axel Kane, had ended up dragged into the mess too.

Julian had seen firsthand just how dangerous Jack was not just brutal, but smart too. He was still a student at Alnewgo University. And they say the only thing scarier than a thug was a thug with brains.

Julian had learned that the hard way. Jack wasn't just educated he was a damned top student.

Never in a million years did he think Wallace had picked a fight with this walking disaster. And the worst part was that this was Jack's turf.

Julian's clutch slipped from his shaking hand, and he dropped to the floor on the spot.

Seeing Julian visibly afraid of Jack, Wallace flew into a rage.

"Julian, what the hell are you doing? Who is this guy? Why the hell are you scared of him?"

Once upon a time, Julian had been top of the food chain. But now, even someone as low-rank as Wallace had the nerve to bark at him.

Julian was too scared to speak. What could he say that Jack had beaten the fear into him? If that got out, how would he survive in the underworld?

His lips started twitching from fear. It was hard to tell whether he had gone dumb from terror or was just pretending to be crazy.

Julian knew who Jack was, but Wallace didn't.

Seeing Julian acting like a coward, Wallace ignored him and turned to bark orders with a smug face, "Guys, surround that bastard for me!"

"Are you looking to die? Do you even know who you're standing in front of?" Vin snapped, stepping in quickly. "Victor's been taken down, Facebook's crumbling- and the man standing right here? That's Mr. Holland."

He was hoping dropping Jack's name would be enough to shut things down before it got ugly.

What? What did Vin just say?

Wallace's jaw dropped in fear. He looked at Jack, then at Vin, then finally at

Julian, who was still curled up like a beaten dog.

The new rising boss of the underworld-his name echoed through the streets. He had wealth, power, and people.

Even Sebastian had taken a heavy hit at his hands. The fall of Cline Corporation was thanks to him too.

Chapter 728

Compared to that, someone like Wallace-this so-called boss-was nothing more than a petty thug who rounded up a few lackeys to collect protection fees.

He was such a small-time figure that after Victor was wiped out, no one even remembered people like him.

Boris, Caspian, and the others couldn't be bothered to deal with nobodies like that.

Who would've thought he would dare to stir up trouble for Jack here?

Wallace finally understood. No wonder Julian had freaked out and played dumb the moment he saw Jack. So Jack was someone this terrifying.

But Wallace was still a thug who had seen blood. Now that he had completely offended Jack, he figured he was as good as dead anyway, so he actually started laughing like a maniac.

"What, you think you're untouchable just because you took down Victor? Don't get cocky. Mr. Franco will come for your life sooner or later. Let's see how long you last."

No one who ever crossed Sebastian lived to tell the tale. Besides, Wallace still had the numbers on his side. He wasn't afraid of what Jack could do. Worst case, he would skip town after tonight and never return to Narthorn District. What could Jack really do to him?

But Wallace might not get the chance to see that day.

Just then, Vin got a call. After answering it, he hung up with a wicked grin.

"Feeling bold, huh? Good. Just wait. You're gonna get what's coming to you real soon."

As if on cue, the deafening roar of engines erupted outside. It sounded like the whole bar was about to collapse. Moments later, a security guard crawled inside, trembling, and whispered something into Jax's ear.

Jax's face turned pale. He looked at Jack in disbelief, like he had just heard the most absurd thing in the world.

It turned out that dozens of vehicles had surrounded the bar, and nearly a hundred men with metal pipes and weapons had jumped out, sealing off every exit. A gang of burly men stormed inside like a gust of wind.

Vin lit up at the sight. "Over here! Mr. Holland's here!"

The bearded man leading them, Hank Rourke, was one of Boris' guys. The moment he saw Jack, he knew this was the boss of his boss. He quickly approached, bowed to Jack, and shouted, "Mr. Holland, sorry I'm late. Are you okay?"

The whole place fell silent.

These people were here to protect him? Anyone familiar with their past battles felt a chill down their spine.

Calista, Wallace, and all the lackeys stared wide-eyed. Seeing Hank lead over a hundred men to surround the bar completely, Wallace was gripped with dread. Compared to Jack, he wasn't even a speck of dust.

Even Wallace's own lackeys instinctively stepped away from him. People joined gangs to survive, not to die. When it came to risking their lives, only a few of Wallace's core members might stay loyal. The rest would save themselves if they could.

But those core members had already been knocked out by Jack earlier.

Jax was shrinking back too. He wanted to run, but the place was surrounded. He didn't even have the guts.

As for Calista, she was even more of a wreck. Her legs trembled, and she stuttered, unable to form a single word.

No one could be more shocked than Calista right now.

In her memory, Jack had always been a broke, powerless loser with bad grades. Other than being somewhat good-looking, he had absolutely nothing going for him. She had never looked at him with an ounce of respect.

But now, when she tried to humiliate him again, she realized that this person she

had always scorned had turned into something terrifying.

Calista had no idea what Jack did, but even Wallace-who used to act so

arrogant was now shrivel up like a scolded mutt in front of him?

What terrified Calista even more was that she had just offended Jack.

What now? Was Jack going to kill her?

No way. She wasn't ready to die.

Calista tried to hide behind Wallace, only to realize Wallace was barely keeping himself together, like a paper shield in a storm.

His posture had shriveled into something pathetic, all hunched up and useless, as cowardly as it got.

Chapter 729

At some point, Vin had already dragged Wallace into a corner and was slapping him across the face. His screams echoed through the bar.

Seeing Wallace beaten half to death, Calista shamelessly stepped up to Jack and said, "Jack, do you still remember us? We used to date, don't you remember?"

Whatever Jack's identity was didn't matter anymore. What mattered to Calista now was making it out of this place alive. She hoped to stir up some old memories in Jack and beg him to let her go. If she could get back together with him, even better.

Back then, she left Jack because he was just a broke loser. But now it was different. Jack had become the terrifying boss of the underworld.

Plus, he was way more handsome than Wallace, and he used to be gentle too. Calista naively thought that with a little charm, she might be able to win him back.

But Feena, standing behind Jack, wasn't having any of it.

Since when did some random mutt get to call herself Jack's girlfriend?

Feena knew all about what happened between Jack and Calista. She immediately snapped. "Who the hell are you? Shameless! Get Lost!"

Jack was her treasure. Feena would never let any other woman lay a finger on him.

"You..."

Calista's expression changed at the insult.

Under normal circumstances, she would have exploded and started a catfight on the spot. But tonight, with everything going on, she had to swallow her pride.

Putting on a pitiful face, she looked at Jack and said, "Jack, don't you remember how we used to be? Are you really going to just stand there and watch another woman bully me?"

She even forced out a few tears to try and win his sympathy.

Jack looked at her with a mocking smile. He waited for her to finish the whole performance, then asked, "That's it?"

"Jack, what do you mean?" Calista asked, sensing that something was wrong from the look on his face.

Sure enough, Jack's eyes turned cold. A sneer tugged at the corner of his lips.

"Who are you? Do we know each other? That face of yours looked like a damn shoehorn. Who the hell would date you? You were just calling me a redneck a minute ago. What now? Slapped yourself in the face already? Don't you have any shame?"

Every word from Jack made Calista's face grow even paler.

In the end, she collapsed to the floor, speechless with fear. It was over. Completely over.

Feena had her sights set on Jax next. Earlier, he didn't let her park and gave her attitude. She hadn't forgotten that. Women can be petty-Feena was no exception.

"Jax Morano, right? You wouldn't let me park earlier, and now you're trying to bully us?"

"I... I..."

Jax was terrified, glancing around in despair.

He had always thought he could read people, but today he had clearly misjudged. He had no idea who Jack really was.

Now he didn't know what this fierce young man was going to do to him, and panic crept in fast.

Before Jack could speak, the perceptive Vin stepped up and said, "Mr. Holland, why don't you take your lady out and enjoy your evening? Leave things here to me. I promise I'll help her vent her anger."

Eating off this bar's table and still daring to betray it? Ganging up with outsiders to mess with Jack?

Sometimes, people didn't get the message until they were hit where it hurt. That was the only way they ever learned.

Jack nodded and walked out of the bar with Feena.

Chapter 730

Then came the sound of Vin shouting from inside the bar. "Anyone not involved, get the hell out. I've got serious business to handle."

The crowd of young bystanders quickly scrambled out.

Vin waved his hands. "Alright, guys. Bring out the full arsenal. Let's show them what pain really looks like."

The screams of Calista, Christopher, Jax rose and fell in waves.

They wouldn't die. Vin was a law-abiding citizen, after all. He wouldn't kill anyone.

But broken arms, shattered legs, and having a layer of skin peeled off? That was unavoidable.

They had brought it entirely upon themselves-especially Calista.

Though Jack was easy going by nature, back then she had plotted with Shawn to harm him at the school gate and tried to ruin him completely. No matter what, she had to pay a heavy price.

Jack finally returned to his normal academic life in Alnewgo University.

Feena had indeed gone to Tarthy City to pursue her career. Jack missed her, but it was her dream, and he couldn't bring himself to hold her back.

Time flew by. Before he knew it, the second half of junior year was already halfway over. Graduation was just around the corner.

During this period, Genesis Games' stock price hovered just above ten billion dollars, but Haven Net was expanding rapidly, its user base hitting new highs again and again.

If Haven Net ever went public, it would be a tech giant without question.

As for Wendy, she never reached out again. She was currently helping the Pentime Group manage the family business, but she was still a student at Halewick University, with a lot of coursework left. Maybe she had already left for further studies in Federia.

Phoebe and Bella had also disappeared from his life.

He wondered how Bella was doing at The Montclair Conservatory. Was she soaring through the musical world like she had hoped?

Was Phoebe still the academic star of Brightland University, still as exceptional as ever?

And now, had Bella moved on, found someone new? Had Phoebe also ended her single days and found someone to love.

Jack didn't know.

Sometimes, he thought of them as fleeting guests in his life. They had left memories as brilliant as summer blooms, but in the end, drifted away like dandelions scattered by the wind.

He cherished what they once shared-but what mattered more was treasuring the present.

That summer, Emily and Quintis invited Jack to vacation in Tarthy City. The idea was tempting.

Feena had signed with Starlight Entertainment and was spending a lot of time there.

To say Jack didn't miss her would be a lie. A summer in Tarthy City might mean reuniting with her and easing the pain of separation.

But Jack also wanted to return home and spend time with Jeffrey and Helena.

His younger sister Joanne was preparing for her college entrance exams, pushing through the final stretch. After the exam, Jack planned to bring them all to Alnewgo for a vacation.

Jeffrey and Helena had spent their whole lives in the small town of Perthter City

for the sake of raising Jack and Joanne.

Now, it was time for them to enjoy life.

What surprised Jack most was that one day, just as he was heading to the cafeteria, he ran into Bella's former roommates-Luna, Gigi, and Remy.

The three women were also on their way to get lunch.

Remy was pestering Gigi nonstop about her boyfriend Josiah, asking how he was doing these days.

Word was that Josiah had landed an incredible job and was already an executive at a company with potential to become a global powerhouse. His salary was so high that Remy was speechless just hearing about it.

But Gigi didn't know how to answer her. Even she had no idea what exactly Josiah did. She only knew one thing-he was no longer short on money.

He had crossed class lines and leveled up.