

Chapter 646 Kill Murray Sampson

Crack! A sharp slap landed across Trinity's cheek, and a finger jabbed toward her as someone shouted, "Shameless! Do you really think you can keep fooling us and treating us like idiots?"

"Ah!" Trinity shrieked as she staggered back, reeling from the blow. A red mark spread quickly across her face.

The sight of the strike made Trinity's hangers-on scatter. The quickest of them shoved through the crowd first, desperate to slip away before things got worse. The loyalty they boasted about every day vanished in a breath. All they cared about now was staying out of danger. No one stepped forward to help Trinity, each one terrified that the fury of the mob would shift to them next.

That single slap opened the floodgates. More people pushed forward, arms raised high. Fists struck. Shoes slammed into Trinity. Spit hit her face.

"Trinity Craig, play your filthy little schemes with your sister all you want! But you lied to us and treated us like garbage, and this is what you get!"

"That's right! Time for a lesson in what happens when you cross the public!"

"Maybe now you'll learn some respect! You can't just manipulate people for your own sick games and expect to get away with it!"

The crowd closed in on Trinity. They no longer saw a wealthy daughter or a beautiful woman. To them, she was just a mangy animal to be beaten down without a shred of mercy.

Trinity dropped to the ground, curling tight to shield her head. The moment her arms protected her skull, kicks smashed into her legs. When she tried to shield her legs instead, fists thudded across her back. A raw, broken scream ripped from her throat as blow after blow rained down.

"The Craig sisters make me sick! Wanda struts around like she's born into the Campbell household, trying to snatch the real heiress's fiancé, and Trinity helps Wanda pull it off. They're nothing but garbage!"

"Who do they think they're fooling, acting like they belong in that influential Campbell family? The audacity is unbelievable!"

"Keep yelling in pain, Trinity Craig! Shout until your voice breaks! Maybe then you'll remember what happens when you try something like this again!"

Swept up in their rage, the mob kept swinging and spitting insults, unwilling to let up.

At the beginning, Trinity begged and screamed for them to stop, but her voice gradually wore down until she was only gasping in short, painful breaths. In the end, she could do nothing but fold herself up tightly on the ground, shaking and silent.

"That's enough," someone finally called out over the noise. "If we go any further, she won't live through it. Stop now!"

The crowd gave way, and Trinity was left exposed on the floor. Her swollen face looked nothing like itself, her expensive outfit was torn apart and filthy, and her tangled hair clung to her head in damp clumps. She resembled a wreck pulled out of the water more than a living person.

The man responsible for the first punch and the hardest kicks stepped aside, his gaze finding Quentin at the edge of the chaos.

Without a flicker of emotion, Quentin offered the man the faintest nod before turning on his heel and leaving without hesitation.

The man cast a glance back at the crowd and then silently slipped out of Ublento Medical University.

When the man reached Quentin, the car engine was already rumbling. He bent toward the open passenger-side window and spoke quietly. "Mr. Hudson, do you want me to handle anything else?"

"Murray can't be kept around anymore," Quentin said, his voice soft, almost gentle. He was the picture of refined civility, his tone as mild as a summer breeze, yet the calm tone disguised the weight of a death

sentence.

The man showed no reaction, his face calm as though he had heard orders like this a hundred times before. "Consider it done," he replied.

Quentin's eyes stayed fixed on the road ahead. "Do it neatly. No loose ends."

"Understood," the man answered.

The window slid up, shutting Quentin off from the world outside. A low hum rolled from the engine as the car eased away from the curb and disappeared into the street.

Left standing alone, the man drew out his phone. One number was dialed, and when the call connected, he spoke a single flat command. "Kill Murray Sampson."

No one ever tied Quentin's polished manners and quiet charm to the savagery that had rained down on Trinity.

The students at Ublento Medical University had been outraged, yes, but on their own, their fury would have amounted to nothing more than shouting and shoving. It had been Quentin's man who poured fuel on their anger, guiding it until it exploded into brutal violence.

After Quentin's man left, the students' fire finally began to die, leaving only silence behind. Yet, no eyes softened at the sight of Trinity's wrecked body. Every onlooker believed she had earned the pain. Even those who used to suck her up stayed rooted at a distance, unwilling to step forward.

The staff from the hospital wing arrived at last, and his report was merciless. Three ribs snapped, deep bruises spreading across nearly every inch of her body, patches of hair ripped out by the roots, and fingernails torn until only blood remained.

For someone raised in comfort and shielded from every hardship, such raw and relentless agony rattled Trinity's soul.


Trinity stayed curled in on herself, a low, broken moan spilling out of her mouth without end. The sound lingered even after she was lifted onto a stretcher and carried away.

Meanwhile, administrators rushed to impose order, though it was a lost cause. Enrollment day had drawn swarms of new students and their families, their unfamiliar faces blurring with the regular crowd. No one could say who had thrown a fist or landed a kick. It was mob justice in its truest form. With so many hands involved, every person shared the blame, which meant none could be punished. The school let the matter fade.

The violence had left Trinity shattered, yet in the end, there would be no one to hold accountable.

And while Trinity was wheeled toward the infirmary, the online world had already begun to erupt with the next storm.



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