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Chapter 247

Joshua stood there, speechless. He understood the message hidden in Queenie's words—she believed he would never be able to earn that kind of money. Even if he did, by the time he got there, he'd be old, and it wouldn't matter anymore. There was nothing left to say. He couldn't give her the life she wanted, and he knew it.

Money was hard to make, and life was even harder. Queenie, having been through her own struggles, understood this reality far better than he did. Her choice was inevitable.

The brutal truth of the world had shaped her decision.

She didn't want to settle for something small and modest; she wanted the luxury and prestige that came with the Lamborghini, even if it meant losing her dignity, getting slapped around, and crying herself to sleep every night. She was willing to pay any price for that lifestyle.

To her, being with Hector meant securing a future where her children would have access to the best resources and opportunities. They would never have to struggle, never have to scrape by, never have to feel limited. Even if Hector never treated her well, at least from the outside, she and her future kids would appear to be living the dream.

But if she chose Joshua? Then her children would have to fight the same battles she did-working their whole lives just to afford a home, shackled by debt, struggling under the weight of responsibility.

Joshua was a good man, but she wasn't willing to live a life of mediocrity.

Without hesitation, Queenie stepped into Hector's car, and the sleek sports car pulled away, carrying her decision with it. Nothing and no one could change her mind.

Joshua stood frozen, staring at the fading tail lights. Her words echoed in his mind, cutting deeper than he ever thought possible.

A short distance away, his dormmates-Jack, Isaac, and the others-watched in silence. They saw the way Joshua's eyes turned red, the way the tears slid down his face.

Joshua had always been the strong one, but at this moment, his silent tears exposed just how broken he was. His dignity lay shattered. He couldn't understand it. Why would Queenie rather be with someone who hit her than be with him? Was money really the only thing that mattered?

Maybe, after enough time and hardship, he would come to understand. Maybe one day, he would even forgive her.

Isaac couldn't bear to see Joshua like this. He walked up and clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't let it get to you, man. Just keep grinding. One day, she'll regret it."

Joshua just shook his head, his voice hollow. "It's too hard... Maybe she was right all along."

Isaac's expression darkened. "What the hell are you talking about? What kind of man says that? Do you know how many billionaires started with nothing?

"Your parents are academics, and you go to Alnewgo University-your starting point is already better than most! And what about your dreams? You work your ass off, make something of yourself, and I guarantee you, she'll be the one regretting everything."

Isaac was trying to fire him up, but Joshua's response was cold.

"Really? Do you think it's that simple? Then, you're wrong." His voice was heavy with cynicism.

"The world's richest man owned a bank. Bart Brewen's grandfather was a wealthy oil tycoon. Even the former richest man in Ashia came from money.

"This isn't some lawless era where anyone can rise up from nothing. The world is stable now, and the class system has been solidified. If you're not born into the right circumstances, success is just a pipe dream."

In times of chaos, heroes could rise from nothing. But in a world that ran on connections and generational wealth, someone like Joshua had no real chance.

Isaac opened his mouth to argue, but nothing came out. He couldn't refute it. Joshua had a point, and deep down, they all knew it.

After a long silence, Joshua let out a breath. "Do you want to drink? Let's get wasted tonight."

"Hell yeah," Isaac said without hesitation.

Jack nodded, and Ronnie-who had been listening the whole time immediately took off toward the campus store, returning with two full cases of beer and a spread of snacks.

The dorm lit up with laughter and conversation. The guys drank without restraint, drowning their frustrations in alcohol.

Joshua, usually the one who never touched a drop, drank the hardest. He downed ten bottles before the alcohol finally hit him, and in a confused state, began crying.