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Chapter 248

Samuel held Joshua's head against his shoulder, patting him in an attempt to comfort him.

"Come on, man, don't cry. Just shake it off and move on. It's just a girl! I've got enough 'educational material' on my hard drive to keep you entertained for a lifetime."

To prove his generosity, Samuel even offered Joshua access to his carefully curated collection-dozens of gigabytes worth of "study materials" stored on his USB drive, completely free of charge.

By the time they had eaten and drunk their fill, it was already past 2:00 pm, but there were still two more general education classes left for the afternoon. None of them felt like going, so they decided to settle it with a game of rock-paper- scissors.

Samuel lost. Cursing his luck, he grabbed his stuff and dragged himself downstairs to sign the attendance sheet for the rest of them while the others crashed back into their beds for an afternoon nap.

Not long after, Jack was jolted awake by the ringing of his phone.

It was Feena. She wanted to know where his dorm was-she planned to come over and ask him for advice on music. Even though "Soul" had become a joke, Jack's reputation as a vocal powerhouse hadn't changed.

After giving her the address, Jack got up and was about to head downstairs to meet her when the sudden sound of hurried footsteps echoed in the hallway.

A moment later, their neighbor, Kenneth Lincoln, burst into the room, his face full of panic.

"Guys! You need to get downstairs-now! Samuel's getting jumped!" Jack's expression shifted instantly. "Where? Who's attacking him?" "Downstairs! Look out the window-you can see it happening right now!"

Jack rushed to the window, and sure enough, a crowd had gathered below. Samuel was being held down in the middle of the chaos, fists flying. The sound of shouting and the occasional slap echoed through the air.

Screams from bystanders rang out-ladies shouting in alarm, guys yelling in frustration.

"Let's go!" Jack didn't hesitate, sprinting out the door.

Joshua, Isaac, and Ronnie were jolted awake by his shout. Without even stopping to put on proper clothes, they stumbled out of bed, slipped on their sandals, and charged downstairs after him.

Meanwhile, Kenneth ran off to alert the other dorms.

By the time Jack and the others reached the scene, Samuel was already covered in blood, but he was still fighting back.

The one leading the attack was none other than Hector. Clearly, he had come back for revenge.

And Samuel had just happened to be the unlucky one to walk straight into it. Besides Hector, two other guys were throwing punches, ganging up on Samuel. Around them, a group of well-dressed young men had formed a circle, egging them on like it was some kind of street fight spectacle. It was obvious these were the people Hector had called to back him up.

And among them was someone shockingly familiar—Leslie.

Leaning casually against a sleek Audi A7, Felix stood with a few other rich kids, watching the scene unfold. His body language made it clear-he was on Hector's side.

Seeing Samuel getting overwhelmed, Jack's blood boiled. Without a second thought, he grabbed the nearest buzz-cut guy and slapped him—twice, hard. The sound cracked through the air.

The guy yelped in pain.

Hector, on the other hand, was attacking with pure rage, like he had a personal vendetta against Samuel. Just as he was about to throw another punch, Jack kicked the buzz-cut guy away and sent a brutal kick straight into Hector's back.

Hector went down hard, rolling across the pavement like a ragdoll before struggling to get back on his feet.

Joshua, Isaac, and Ronnie saw their chance and jumped in, quickly taking down the remaining guys. One by one, Hector's lackeys hit the ground.

Jack rushed to Samuel and helped him up. "Are you okay?"

Samuel wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and grinned defiantly. "I'm fine. If I go down, I'm damn well taking a few of them with me."