Limits 249

Chapter 249

By now, Hector's crew had also taken notice of Jack and his friends.

Especially Leslie. The moment he spotted Jack-his longtime rival-his expression soured. He had been thinking about how to deal with Jack for weeks, and now, the guy had walked right into his hands. Leslie cracked his knuckles, already looking forward to putting Jack in his place.

Hector and his guys picked themselves up off the ground, their faces twisting into ugly grins as they locked eyes with Jack and Joshua.

"Finally." Hector sneered. "You punks thought you could talk big to me before? Today, I'm gonna show you what real power looks like."

As he spoke, his crew closed in. Leslie stepped up to join them, eager for a fight.

Jack, meanwhile, had already checked on Samuel and confirmed that his injuries were nothing serious. He exhaled in relief before turning his gaze back to Hector. His expression was calm, even relaxed.

"You jumped our friend. What's your plan for fixing this?"

Joshua and the others had been a little nervous at first-Hector's crew had numbers, and they looked like they meant business. But seeing Jack standing there, completely unfazed, they found their fear slipping away. His confidence was contagious.

Hector's grin vanished. He was used to throwing his weight around at Alnewgo University, used to people either fearing him or kissing up to him. But Jack? Jack had not only fought back-he had won. And now, he had the nerve to act like he was in charge?

Hector's blood boiled.

Just as he was about to make a move, Kenneth arrived with backup-more than twenty guys from their class flooding down the dormitory steps and surrounding Hector's group.

Hector had, at most, seven or eight guys. And they had already lost once. Seeing themselves suddenly outnumbered, their confidence wavered.

Still, backing down wasn't an option. Not with the ladies they had brought along watching. Hector forced himself to smirk, masking his hesitation. He warned, "You think you can mess with me? You better be ready for what's coming."

Leslie stepped forward, adding his own threat. "If any of you lay a hand on Hector, I swear you'll regret it. You won't just get kicked out of school-you'll drag your families down with you."

Isaac, however, was too fired up to be intimidated. Hailing from the rough north, he wasn't the type to cower over a few rich kids' threats. And after seeing Samuel get beaten up, there was no way he was letting this slide.

"Guys, get 'em!" Isaac roared.

Leslie bellowed back, "I dare you guys to make a move!"

For a moment, the energy shifted. Leslie stood tall, his luxury car gleaming in the background, a symbol of his power and status. Some of the guys from the finance department hesitated.

Leslie turned his glare on Jack, his voice dripping with disdain.

"I can't believe you, of all people, are trying to act tough. Some broke-ass kid in knock-off clothes acting like he runs the place? You better hope you make it out of here today. Let's see who's still laughing when this is over."

Hector looked at Leslie, surprised. "Wait, you know him?"

Leslie's expression darkened. "I've got history with this piece of trash."

The tension in the crowd spiked-everyone could tell there was bad blood between them.

But Jack just smirked, completely unbothered. He said nonchalantly, "Then, let's settle it. Name the game-I'm in."

Leslie's eyes flashed with cold intent. "Good. You asked for this. Don't blame me when you regret it."