Limits 251

Chapter 251

Hector and Leslie's reinforcements weren't just muscle-they were Alnewgo University's elite.

Student council members. Influential figures from well-off families. The president of the university's literary society. The head of the guitar club. Even the vice president of the Taekwondo association.

The moment the crowd saw the lineup, whispers of shock rippled through them.

Leslie had managed to rally half of Alnewgo University's most prominent students to his side. The power dynamic shifted instantly. It was clear that Jack, Joshua, and their friends were in a dire situation.

A tall, broad-shouldered athlete stepped up, glaring down at Hector and his crew. His voice carried the confidence of someone who had never lost a fight.

"Who the hell thought it was a good idea to mess with Hector? Looks like we need to teach some nobodies a lesson."

His words were met with nods and murmurs of agreement from the rest of their side. They were ready to throw down.

The ladies who had followed these "big shots" to the scene exchanged looks of disdain as they eyed Jack and his friends. Their expressions said it all—Jack's group was hopelessly outmatched.

The difference was undeniable. It wasn't just about numbers. The background, connections, and sheer influence on their side made the gap even more obvious.

Leslie and Hector, now brimming with confidence, started handing out cigarettes to their crew, casually leaning against the cars as if they were already celebrating their victory.

After passing out the last cigarette, Hector smirked and crushed the empty pack under his foot. Then, turning to Jack, he shot him a look full of malice.

Jack met it with nothing but indifference.

The tension in the air was suffocating. A single move would set off the explosion.

Then, to everyone's shock, Queenie suddenly ran forward. She dropped to her knees in front of Hector, her voice trembling.

"Hector, please stop this. This won't end well for anyone."

She didn't care about pride anymore. She just wanted to prevent the bloodshed before it was too late.

But Leslie was having none of it. With a disgusted sneer, he kicked Queenie aside.

"Get lost, you worthless whore," he spat. "Why the hell do you care if we beat your ex to a pulp? You should be happy to watch."

Gasps rippled through the crowd. Even those who had sided with Hector and Leslie found themselves momentarily stunned by the cruelty of his words. But no one dared to step in.

Deep down, some people hoped Jack would somehow turn this around. They wanted to see someone finally put these arrogant bastards in their place.

But realistically, the odds were stacked against him.

At the back of the crowd, unnoticed by most, another group had arrived. Unlike Hector's crew's loud, showy presence, they sat quietly on the grass, watching the scene unfold.

Among them was Leo, Jack's newly recruited disciple. Next to him sat familiar faces—Zane, the Grant siblings, Neil and Charlotte, all people Jack had known from his days in Perthter City.

Zane and Charlotte were also students at Alnewgo University, though they belonged to different faculties.

Neil and Zane, on the other hand, studied at the nearby University of Political Science and Law. And Leo was enrolled at Chatside University next door.

They had met up for a casual gathering, never expecting to stumble into such a massive brawl.

And even more surprising?

The main event featured none other than Jack.

Leo made a move to step in, but Zane stopped him with a firm hand.

Leo wanted to step forward and help, but Zane stopped him. Zane wanted to see how Jack would handle the crisis, and since Leslie was also an old acquaintance, it wasn't the right time to take sides.

However, deep down, they were still leaning towards Jack. After all, they knew his strength. Their only concern was what kind of retaliation or underhanded tactics Hector might resort to if Jack won.

In the crowd, Leslie subtly gestured toward his reinforcements. He didn't just want

to win-he wanted Jack wiped out. He ordered them to fight with full force, and if things got out of hand, he and Hector would take responsibility for any consequences.

On Jack's side, although they seemed slightly outmatched in terms of momentum, key players like Isaac, Joshua, and Samuel were fearless. They even exuded an attitude of determination, as if they were prepared to face death without hesitation.

After finishing a cigarette, Jack casually flicked it into the nearby trash can and smiled disdainfully.