Limits 252

Chapter 252

"Did you get everyone you need?" Jack asked. His mocking tone pushed Hector over the edge.

Hector's face twisted with rage as he roared, "You're asking for it!"

His crew, a pack of overconfident rich brats and jocks, sprang to their feet, cracking their knuckles and rolling their shoulders, getting ready to throw down.

Leslie flicked his cigarette butt to the ground and crushed it under his shoe before pointing straight at Jack.

"Get 'em! Especially that loudmouth-beat him into the ground!"

Hector wasn't far behind, his voice ringing with fury. "Do you think we're pushovers? It's time to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

With those orders, the floodgates opened.

Like a raging tide, Hector's and Leslie's men surged forward. The crowd erupted -some shrieking in terror, while others egged on the fight with gleeful cheers. Phones were whipped out, cameras were flashing, and videos were being live streamed straight to the campus' forums.

Even the toughest guys on Jack's side, like Joshua and Isaac, felt a wave of unease. The sheer numbers against them were overwhelming.

But Samuel was built differently. Wiping the blood off his face, he let out a roar and charged straight into the chaos.

Jack was right behind him.

A silver flicker cut through the air-Jack had tossed his lighter mid-run, and it smashed directly into the nose of a towering guy nearly six foot three. The impact sent a sickening crack through the air, and the guy let out a pained howl, crumpling to the ground with blood pouring down his face.

"Get them!"

"These bastards actually dared to fight back? Break them! Don't worry about the consequences—I'll handle it!" Hector shouted, rallying his guys.

The scene was pure anarchy. Samuel fought with wild desperation, throwing punches and dodging blows like a man possessed.

Jack, however, was different. Every move was calculated-his punches landed with precise force, sending opponents sprawling. Those who tried to take him on one by one ended up flat on the pavement.

Seeing this, the smarter ones began steering clear of him, leaving the weaker ones to be cannon fodder.

But the rest of Jack's crew wasn't so lucky.

Samuel, despite his tenacity, took several heavy hits. Joshua and Isaac held their own thanks to their height and build, but many of their classmates weren't fighters. Against trained athletes and street brawlers, they were clearly outmatched.

Jack quickly assessed the situation, realizing they were at a disadvantage. He bellowed over the chaos, "Stick together-follow me! We move as one!"

Like a rallying banner, Jack became the focal point of their group, leading them in coordinated charges instead of scattered brawling.

Under his command, the group from the finance faculty repositioned themselves, shielding their weaker classmates and launching targeted strikes. Their movements became precise, almost tactical.

And just like that, the momentum shifted.

Despite their superior numbers and physical strength, Hector and Leslie's crew had no strategy. They had assumed they could simply overwhelm Jack's side through brute force. But now, their formation was crumbling.