Limits 254

Chapter 254

Fighting Hector and Leslie's crew had been one thing. It was just a bare-knuckle brawl between students and nothing too serious. In the worst case scenario, the school would hand down some minor punishments. After all, both sides had held back, knowing the consequences of going too far.

But this was different. The thugs standing before them weren't students. They weren't bound by the university's rules, nor did they care about consequences. They didn't throw punches-they swung weapons like baseball bats and iron rods.

Some of those bats even had dried blood on them, as if to remind everyone that these weren't empty threats. These guys weren't playing by the same rules. To them, breaking bones or even killing someone wasn't a big deal.

If things got out of hand, they'd just go to prison for a while. So what? With the backing of powerful families like Leslie and Hector's, getting bailed out was just a matter of time.

The students had hesitations. The thugs didn't.

Fear spread among the finance students. Even the ones who had fought bravely moments ago now felt their hands go cold. But Jack remained unfazed.

He stood motionless, rooted to the spot like a rock. His gaze was indifferent, almost bored as if he wasn't the least bit concerned about the armed thugs in front of him.

Robert, the leader of the gang, didn't even look at Jack at first. He acted as if the fight was already decided, like they were nothing more than prey trapped in his net.

He strode over to Leslie, speaking with an air of finality. "Leslie, you're done here. Leave these losers to me."

A lanky thug beside him chuckled, tapping his iron rod against his palm.

"Boss is right. You don't gotta dirty your hands, Leslie. We'll take care of this. These college kids ain't got no spine. Won't be long before they're begging us for mercy."

The other thugs cackled, their laughter dripping with arrogance.

Leslie, however, wasn't as relaxed. He glanced at Jack and the others, then warned, "Don't underestimate them. They're tougher than they look."

Robert sneered. "Do you think that matters? Let's see how tough they are against a metal bat."

He swung his iron rod through the air with a sharp whistle to make his point, then grinned.

"Do you want to hear a real story? Back in the day, I knocked up some chick from the Alnewgo University of Technology. When she tried to make trouble, I made sure she 'solved the problem'- permanently. Guess what? No one dared to say a damn word."

The entire crowd felt the sheer filth in his words.

Even Leslie frowned slightly. He wasn't a good guy, but Robert's lack of boundaries made even him uncomfortable. But he didn't say anything.

The finance students, however, were furious. They might have been scared, but this was their school. Their home turf. Getting humiliated like this in front of so many people, especially the ladies, was unacceptable.

Robert took another step forward, pointing his blood-stained bat at Joshua.

"I'll give you one chance. Get on your knees and apologize."

Joshua swallowed, instinctively stepping back. His voice wavered as he forced himself to stand his ground.

"D-Do you think we're scared of you?"

Robert let out a cold chuckle. "Once I leave you crippled for life, we'll see how tough you still are."

Isaac, Samuel, and the others braced themselves, knowing they were in deep trouble.

But just as Robert was about to take another step, Jack finally spoke.

His voice was calm and unhurried as he said, "Get the hell out of here in ten seconds, or you'll regret it."