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Chapter 255

The crowd watching was stunned by Jack's fearless presence and sheer

dominance. He had just taken on Leslie, Hector, and their crew, leaving them battered. Only someone this fierce would stand his ground against a bunch of ruthless thugs.

Robert's face darkened. "Since you're so eager to die, I'll make it happen!" He swung his baseball bat straight at Joshua, who had been standing in front.

Joshua barely reacted in time. He tried to dodge, but the bat still caught his shoulder. Pain shot through him, turning his face pale.

Robert's crew-cigarettes hanging from their lips, weapons in hand-saw their boss make a move. Without hesitation, they flicked their smokes away, gripping their bats and pipes, ready to follow suit.

Robert had planned to take Joshua out first to shake Jack's confidence. Instead, he only fueled Jack's rage.

Jack's voice thundered, cutting through the chaos. "If you've got guts, let's go!"

In an instant, under the stunned and breathless stares of Feena, Aemlia, Queenie, and the rest of their classmates, Jack charged straight at Robert. Behind him, Isaac let out a battle cry.

"Let's go, guys!"

Even Leslie and Hector were left wide-eyed. They had expected Jack to be tough, but they never thought he'd go straight for a gang of armed thugs like it was nothing.

Watching Jack fight like a force of nature, fists flying, fearless and unyielding, Leslie and Hector had a sinking realization. Had they made the worst mistake of their lives messing with this guy?

Isaac, a towering six foot three powerhouse from the Midwest, charged in like a freight train.

Samuel, eyes burning with fury, clenched his fists. Tears and sweat mixed on his face as he roared, "Screw it! I'm taking you all down with me!"

It was a classic case of a desperate man having nothing to lose. Right now, for the sake of his friends, Samuel was willing to risk it all against these lowlifes. And when someone's willing to put their life on the line, that's when their enemies truly know fear.

Joshua wasn't about to back down, either. Ignoring the pain in his shoulder, he let out a guttural yell, grabbed a chair, and swung it at one of Robert's guys. But before it could land, a metal pipe cracked against his ribs, sending him crashing to the ground in a spray of blood.

Jack saw it happen and snapped. His fist slammed into the guy's skull, dropping him instantly. Blood gushed from the thug's head as he hit the pavement. The others, seeing their buddy go down, rushed in for revenge. Jack grabbed a baseball bat off the ground and swung. The first one went flying, crashing onto the hood of a nearby car. The second and third weren't far behind, groaning in pain as they hit the ground.

The rest of the gang hesitated.

Across the lot, the guys in Jack's crew saw Joshua lying in a pool of blood. Their stomachs twisted. Isaac's eyes turned bloodshot.

"Do you bastards think you can mess with one of us? I'll kill you!"

At first, some of the students had been hesitant. But the sight of blood, the rush of adrenaline, and the raw intensity of Jack's fight flipped a switch in them. More of them jumped into the fray, fists and makeshift weapons flying.

Jack, covered in blood, fought his way through like a storm tearing through the battlefield.

His sheer brutality only fired up the onlookers. These guys had been forced to bottle up their aggression, told by teachers and parents to stay in line and never to throw a punch. But that night was different.

These thugs had walked onto their turf, running their mouths, calling them spineless losers. There was no way they were letting that slide.