Limits 257

Chapter 257

At first, the girls from the shared dorm room—including Amelia and Queenie—had been praying that things wouldn't get too violent. They were especially worried about the finance students getting hurt.

But when they saw the gangsters getting their asses handed to them, scrambling to escape, an unexpected thrill ran through them.

These guys actually had guts.

And suddenly, being paired with them for the shared dorm didn't seem so bad-it was almost a badge of honor.

Leo, Zane, Neil, and Charlotte were just as stunned by the scene unfolding before them.

They had known Jack could fight. But this?

Leo clenched his fists, itching to jump in, but one look at Zane-who hadn't given the go-ahead-kept him in check.

Charlotte's eyes flickered with intrigue. "He's not just a good fighter. He knows how to lead."

It wasn't just brute strength. Jack had been controlling the entire battlefield. Under his protection, his classmates weren't just fighting back-they weren't even getting hurt.

It wasn't because the gangsters were holding back. It was because Jack was always in the right place at the right time, neutralizing the real threats before anyone could get seriously injured.

This wasn't about his classmates being great fighters. It was about Jack making sure they had nothing to fear.

Even Zane had to nod in approval. "Yeah... he's the real deal."

Watching it all unfold, Zane and Neil felt nothing but pure respect.

Jack wasn't fighting ten guys. He was taking on a hundred.

Meanwhile, Hector and Leslie had gone pale. They had never imagined that hiring some outside muscle would backfire this badly.

Coming from wealthy families, they had seen plenty in their lives, but nothing had prepared them for this—a full-scale student uprising.

They had poked the beehive, and now the entire swarm was coming for them.

Hector and Leslie were shaking as they scrambled toward their cars, trying to make a getaway. The girls who had been standing with them-usually full of smug confidence were now frozen in fear, their faces drained of color.

And those so-called tough guys-the jocks and artsy types who had been puffing their chests, smoking, and acting cocky just moments ago? They were gone, scattered like roaches the moment things got real.

"They're the ones who started this! Don't let them escape!" Someone in the crowd spotted Hector and Leslie trying to slip away and shouted.

The adrenaline-fueled students weren't about to let them get away. They grabbed rocks, bricks, anything they could find and started hurling them at the luxury cars.

It didn't matter if they were worth tens of thousands or well over a hundred thousand dollars. Against flying bricks, they were all reduced to wreckage-glass shattering, metal denting, alarms blaring uselessly into the night.

For years, Hector and Leslie had strutted around campus, untouchable, using their money and connections to call the shots. They had teamed up with outside thugs to rough up students more than once.

People had always been too scared to fight back.

But not tonight. Tonight, every grudge and every ounce of resentment came boiling to the surface.

Hector and Leslie huddled in their car, trembling, frantically calling for help while praying they'd make it out unscathed.

Finally, people from the security department arrived, followed closely by local law enforcement.

The moment they showed up, the students scattered.

The gangsters Robert had brought were sprawled out across the ground, moaning in pain, barely conscious.

As expected, Jack, Isaac, Joshua, and the others who had fought at the front were rounded up for questioning. The injured gang members were hauled off to the hospital.

Word spread fast-some of these guys had been beaten to a pulp.

It wasn't surprising. They had been caught in a full-on ambush, trapped with nowhere to run.

At the security office, the head of security—a heavyset man-eyed the group before him.

"Who started this? Who was in charge? What the hell happened?"

Jack didn't hesitate. He stepped forward. He knew he had been the one leading the charge. He had fought the hardest, gone in the deepest.

Escaping wasn't an option.

But before the officers could press him, Joshua spoke up. He laid it all out-how his girlfriend had been harassed, how the gang had been called in to back up Leslie and Hector.

Surprisingly, the security officers actually seemed to have some sense of justice.