Limits 43

Chapter 43

Bella was initially frightened, but when she saw Leo effortlessly suppressing Caspian and noticing that Leo had addressed Jack as his "brother", her courage grew. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, Jack raised a hand to stop her.

Jack didn't waste words. His voice was calm and steady. "Set your terms."

Caspian clenched his teeth, his tone low as he replied, "We'll settle this one-on- one. If you beat me, I'll let it go, and like Leo, I'll call you 'brother.' But if I win, you owe my guy an apology, and we'll move on from this."

It was a calculated decision. Caspian sought a way to maintain peace with Leo while also giving his subordinates an explanation and showing Jack some respect.

Leo chuckled. He knew that Caspian wasn't just tough-he was a man of honor and a skilled fighter. If it were anyone else, Leo might have stepped in to stop the duel.

But since it was Jack, there was no need. In fact, Leo was eager to see Jack display his dominance again.

Jack's expression remained unchanged, exuding calm confidence. "Let's do this."

He stood there with his hands casually tucked in his pockets, emanating the aura

of someone ready to take on ten men at once. His sheer presence was overwhelming.

Caspian felt the provocation. Known for his strength, he had never encountered someone as audacious as Jack. A glint of menace flashed in his eyes. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Taking a deep breath, Caspian launched a powerful punch. The strike was swift and brutal, veins bulging on his arm, exuding raw force.

But Jack's hand shot out like lightning, gripping Caspian's wrist. With a sudden twist, a sickening crack echoed the joint dislocated. Before Caspian could react, Jack swept his leg, sending him flying through the air.

The entire sequence was executed with surgical precision-fast, ruthless, and efficient. Jack's dominance was absolute.

Caspian's subordinates froze momentarily, but Griffin, the one with the buzz cut, broke the silence with a roar. "Everyone, attack!"

Caspian, who was dazed and reeling from Jack's blow, couldn't stop them.

A cold smile curled at the corner of Jack's lips. He moved like a whirlwind. His first kick shattered the thigh bone of a yellow-haired lackey, making it bend unnaturally.

Bloodied teeth flew from another two lackeys as Jack's punches found their mark. Grabbing another thug by his mohawk, he used the man as a human weapon, swinging him around and knocking the others aside.

Griffin suffered the most. Jack grabbed what little hair he had, and when it didn't hold, a patch of scalp came loose. A series of bloody slaps and elbow strikes left Griffin incapacitated.

Finally, Jack snapped the leg of another lackey with a resounding crack and tossed him aside like garbage, and he landed near the trash can.

In mere moments, the fight was over. The scene was carnage, with Caspian's

crew groaning in pain, barely clinging to consciousness.

The onlookers gasped in shock, their whispers filled with awe.

"Is this guy even human?"

"I've never seen anyone this hardcore."

"He must be in the special forces! But even they wouldn't be this brutal." "Maybe he's a security guard. In novels, they're always the ultimate badasses." "No, no. He could be a chef, a cab driver, or even some sketchy parlor's attendant

By the time Caspian stumbled to his feet, his men were defeated, reduced to a chorus of moans. Jack, however, remained composed, exuding an air of invincibility. The fear and respect in Caspian's eyes were unmistakable—he was utterly convinced of Jack's superiority.

Leo chuckled, his voice lighthearted. "Caspian, didn't I tell you before? But you didn't believe me. Remember that time in Perthter City?

"Victor Grayson led over a dozen guys to ambush Lance and me. In the end, they were beaten so badly that they were begging on their knees. Do you know who took them down?"