Limits 132

Chapter 132

In the end, Samuel left with heartfelt gratitude.

Jack, on the other hand, now had exactly 50 dollars left in his account, along with some cafeteria meal credits. Eating wasn't a problem, but with Phoebe's birthday coming up, what kind of gift could he even afford?

Still, he had no regrets. If he had more money, he'd have given Samuel even more.

He couldn't imagine what Samuel's family would go through after losing his father.

Around noon, Jack got a call from Bella, asking him to grab lunch.

Her dad, Phillip Cole, was coming to visit that evening, and she wanted to go over a few things so they could fake it convincingly.

When Jack came downstairs, Bella was already waiting by the dorm entrance. They walked to a cozy little restaurant, and she ordered a few of his favorite dishes.

But throughout the meal, she kept throwing sarcastic jabs at him.

Jack finally put his cutleries down and asked, "Bella, what's with the attitude? I don't remember pissing you off."

Bella scoffed and shot him an annoyed glare. "You seriously don't know?"

Jack raised an eyebrow. "I have no idea."

Bella crossed her arms and huffed. "You've been too busy drowning in your little love bubble, playing perfect couple with a certain radio station princess."

Jack blinked, caught off guard.

"How do you even know about that?"

He hadn't told anyone he was working at the station.

Bella smirked coldly. "What, do you think I'm deaf? Did you think I wouldn't recognize your voice?"

Not to mention, when she had heard Timeless Years the other day, she had instantly known who was playing the guitar.

Nobody else could play like that, let alone match Phoebe's piano-playing so flawlessly. The chemistry in that duet had been enough to upset her.

Jack tried to explain, but Bella wasn't having it.

When the food arrived, she stubbornly refused to talk to him, pouting in silence.

Jack, deciding her tantrum wasn't worth the effort, just focused on his meal.

Seeing that he didn't even bother to defend himself, Bella got even more frustrated.

So, in a spur-of-the-moment impulse, she slipped off her shoe and kicked him under the table.

Jack, caught off guard, flinched from the sudden pinch on his foot. Reflexively, he reached down to grab whatever had just attacked him and ended up holding something warm, soft, and surprisingly smooth.

He looked down a second and realized he was holding Bella's foot.

Her delicate, fair-skinned toes curled slightly under his touch, a striking contrast to the red polish on her nails.

His gaze flicked back up, meeting Bella's flushed face.

She looked like she had not expected him to actually grab her.

Her expression was a mix of embarrassment, irritation, and something else—

something softer, something Jack couldn't quite put his finger on.

Bella quickly tried to pull away, mumbling, "Let go."

But Jack smirked, tightening his grip slightly. "Oh? So, you can mess with me, but

I'm not allowed to fight back?"

He expected her to snap back, to yank her foot away and call him a jerk.

But instead, Bella's face turned a deep shade of pink.

She bit her lip and lowered her gaze as she muttered softly, "Whatever... Do whatever you want."

She didn't pull away and just let him hold her foot.

Jack suddenly found himself at a loss.

What was this?

He had expected Bella to get mad, maybe even kick him harder. But instead, she was just sitting there, flushed and still, letting him hold onto her like she wanted him to.

Meanwhile, Bella's thoughts were in complete chaos.

A woman's feet were usually one of the most sensitive parts of her body, and yet, when Jack touched her, she didn't feel uncomfortable at all. In fact, it felt kind of nice.

A quiet thought crept into her mind.

She would just let him hold her feet if he liked it. It wasn't a big deal, anyway.