Limits 133

Chapter 133

Bella told herself that she had already kissed Jack, so letting him hold her foot like this wasn't a big deal.

But another voice in the back of her mind whispered-If she let him do this so easily, would he think she's too easy? Would he start looking down on her?

Just as she hesitated, something in the corner of her eye caught her attention.

A man and a woman had just walked into the restaurant.

The guy was tall and handsome. And the woman... was Phoebe.

Bella's lips curled into a teasing smirk.

A moment later, the two walked right past their table.

Jack, who had his back to the entrance, finally noticed Phoebe.

His body tensed slightly, and though he kept a neutral expression, a faint trace of disappointment flashed in his eyes.

Phoebe, however, didn't see him.

She was too focused on chatting and laughing with the guy next to her. In seconds, they had walked past and taken a seat further inside.

Jack kept his face impassive, pretending not to care.

But Bella saw right through him.

Grinning mischievously, she leaned in. "Jack, did you see who just walked by? Alnewgo University's goddess, Phoebe! Why don't you go say hi?"

Jack shrugged. "Oh? I didn't notice."

Bella snorted. "Sure you didn't."

Then, she tilted her head toward Phoebe's companion. "Who's that guy? It looks like he's just stolen our campus queen."

Jack frowned. "They're just having a meal. Don't be dramatic." But even as he said it, his voice had a slight hesitation.

He knew the guy. It was Leslie. He was the same guy who had picked Phoebe up in his Mercedes.

Jack had heard plenty of rumors about him. Wealthy, powerful, the heir to a

massive business empire. If anyone had a shot at winning over Phoebe, it was a guy like that.

Bella smirked. "Oh, so it does bother you."

Jack said nothing.

Bella was thoroughly enjoying this.

She muttered under her breath, saying Jack deserved this. He was always messing with Phoebe. It was great for him to feel the feeling of getting played by someone else.

Seeing Jack Stew in silence, she took it one step further.

"This restaurant has private rooms, you know? It's mostly for couples."

She arched a brow. "Why else would they come here?"

Jack's expression darkened.

Bella felt victorious-until she suddenly realized something. If this place was for couples, then didn't this make them a couple, too?

She stole a glance at Jack. But he didn't react.

Bella felt an unexpected pang of disappointment.

Their teasing banter lost momentum, and both of them just focused on eating, suddenly in a sour mood.

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After lunch, Bella told Jack to come to her dorm to pick something up.

When she returned, she handed him a shopping bag.

"Put these on," she said. "My dad's coming tonight, and I don't want him seeing you dressed like a slob."

Inside the bag were the outfits they had picked out during their mall trip. Jack had tossed them aside before, but Bella had secretly retrieved and ironed them, just in

case.

And today, it finally came in handy.

Jack frowned. "Clothes aren't about price-they just need to be clean and presentable."

Bella pouted, her voice softening into a playful whine. "Please, Jack? I really don't want my dad to think my boyfriend has no fashion sense."

Jack sighed in defeat. Grabbing the bag, he headed back to his dorm to change.

Bella grinned and followed after him, practically bouncing with excitement.

When Jack stepped out again, dressed in the sleek, fitted outfit she had picked, he looked completely different.