Limits 137

Chapter 137

As soon as Jack walked in, Samuel struggled to his feet. His voice was weak, but his tone was firm.

"There's something I need to ask you."

"Go ahead," Jack said.

Samuel hesitated for a moment before finally forcing out the words.

"I... need to borrow another five thousand dollars." His voice cracked slightly. "My dad... He passed away today."

Jack froze.

Samuel had already spent everything he had borrowed before, draining it all on medical bills and basic living expenses in a city as expensive as Pearl. But in the end, it wasn't enough to save his father.

And now, he didn't even have enough for the funeral.

Jack didn't say a word. He reached into his pocket, pulled out his bank card, and placed it in Samuel's hand.

"There's ten thousand dollars on this card. Take all of it. If you need more, call me."

Samuel's hands trembled as he gripped the card. His eyes glistened with unshed tears.

"Thank you," Samuel said gratefully.

Right now, when everything felt like it was falling apart, Jack was the only person helping him.

Jack patted his shoulder. "Do you want me to come with you?"

Samuel shook his head quickly. "No. It's already been taken care of."

He didn't want Jack to see the tiny, run-down funeral home where his father's

body would be laid to rest. He didn't want anyone to witness the bare minimum he could afford.

Jack understood and didn't push further. He merely said, "Just let me know if you need anything."

Samuel nodded, then turned and walked away.

Jack stood there for a moment, watching Samuel's back disappear down the hallway.

He had never lived in Nordon, where Samuel grew up, but he understood hardship when he saw it. Samuel had made it to college, but his family had scraped together every penny just to send him here, borrowing ten dollars from their neighbors at a time.

The country was growing fast, but for people like Sam, in places like his hometown, there was still a long road ahead before they'd see real change. Jack exhaled, shaking off the weight of that thought.

Then, a more immediate problem hit him he had just given away everything he had.

With only 80 bucks left in his pocket, he was officially broke. And Phoebe's birthday was today.

Jack wandered into the high street near campus, hoping to find something decent for a gift.

Walking into a boutique, he scanned the shelves, overwhelmed by the sheer number of choices-until he saw the price tags.

Everything was way out of his budget. Eventually, he spotted a knockoff ladies' watch.

It looked decent enough, even though it was definitely not high-end, but it cost 120 dollars.

Jack frowned and approached the store owner. "Hey, can you lower the price a little?" he asked.

The owner glanced at him. "How much are you thinking?"

"30 dollars?" Jack tried.

The salesgirl gasped dramatically. "What are you, a thief? Security! Someone's trying to rob us blind!"

Jack quickly raised his hands in surrender. "Chill! I'm just broke, okay?"

Lowering his voice, he added, "Look. It's for a girl that I... kinda like. But I only have 80 dollars, and I still need to eat."

The store owner sighed, looking at Jack like he was some kind of pitiful stray dog.

After a brief pause, he waved him off. "Fine. Take it for 80 dollars. I'll even throw in a gift box."

As Jack left, the owner muttered under his breath, shaking his head.

"'''Man, these poor suckers. Starving themselves just to buy gifts for a girl who probably doesn't even care."

Jack didn't hear him.

Holding the small, neatly wrapped box in his hands, he finally felt a little more at ease. The gift wasn't anything fancy, but at least it was something.

Then, his phone rang. It was Wesley.

It turned out that Phoebe had invited all of her old classmates in Alnewgo to her birthday party, including Feena.