Limits 138

Chapter 138

After talking it over, Jack and Wesley decided to meet up at the hotel where Phoebe's birthday party was being held.

They thought it would be a simple birthday celebration, but the moment they arrived, they were stunned by the scene in front of them. The entrance was decorated with bright lights and banners, and one colossal sign read, "Happy Birthday, Phoebe!"

The entire place looked like it was set up for a grand event. Luxury cars lined the driveway, adding to the extravagance.

Wesley let out a low whistle. "I heard some rich guy's been chasing after Phoebe. This whole setup looks more like a wedding than a birthday party. Maybe the rumors are true?"

His tone had a tinge of jealousy. After all, he had known Phoebe for years, and just like Feena, she had always been the kind of girl guys like him and his buddies admired from a distance. Now, watching her move into a world that seemed far beyond their reach, he couldn't help but feel a little down.

Jack nodded but felt uneasy. Phoebe had never been the type who liked flashy displays like this. If anything, she had always kept things simple. But time had a way of changing people. And honestly, what girl didn't like a little glam and attention?

Compared to the expensive gifts and high-end crowd inside, the watch he had picked out for her felt insignificant. But still, he had put real thought into it. He could only hope she'd appreciate it.

Wesley sighed. "Man, compared to Phoebe and Feena, we're really falling behind. Phoebe's making a name for herself in college, Feena's about to become a big star, and we're just... stuck."

He had wanted to keep up with them back in the day, but now it felt impossible.

He consoled himself by reminding himself that at least he still had some status— he was a class leader, after all. Jack, on the other hand, wasn't even a dorm rep.

Just then, Jack suddenly turned to him and said, "Hey, Wesley, spot me some cash? I spent all my money on Phoebe's gift and don't even have enough for food."

Wesley gave him an exasperated look. "Jack, when did you become this broke?"

He teased but still pulled out some cash without hesitation, handing it over.

Right at that moment, a familiar voice called out behind them. "Wesley! Jack!"

They turned around and saw a tall, elegant figure standing nearby.

It was Feena.

She wore dark sunglasses, a crisp white blouse, and light-washed jeans. The outfit was effortlessly stylish, and paired with her heels, she had an air of effortless confidence.

Feena had also been invited to the party. She greeted them warmly, but when she took off her sunglasses and got a proper look at Jack, she paused for a brief second.

He looked different.

Jack looked sharper than usual, dressed in clothes carefully picked out by Bella. He had also been working out, and it showed. His posture, his presence- something about him had changed.

A strange feeling stirred inside Feena. It was like she was seeing him for the first time.

The three of them headed inside, where the party was already in full swing. The place was packed-not just with Phoebe's classmates but also with a crowd of well-dressed young men. Jack figured they were probably friends of Leslie, the guy who had supposedly thrown this over-the-top party for Phoebe.

The three old friends naturally gravitated toward each other, catching up on life.

Wesley, in particular, couldn't stop asking Feena about her experiences in the music competition-who she'd met, what it was like behind the scenes, and if she had rubbed shoulders with any major celebrities.

Eventually, the conversation shifted to the All-Star Concert happening at her college that night.