Limits 140

Chapter 140

Feena agreed with a smile.

Just as Leslie was about to call Jack and Wesley over, Mia suddenly interrupted, pointing at Jack and saying, "Oh, he's the campus radio host Phoebe personally introduced."

The moment Mia said that, Leslie's expression darkened for a split second. It was brief, but Jack caught it right away.

Jack let out a dry chuckle. Mia really had a talent for stirring up trouble. Every time she opened her mouth, she managed to make his life harder.

But he wasn't intimidated by Leslie's hostility. If Leslie had feelings for Phoebe, then he'd just have to deal with the fact that Jack wasn't going to avoid him. Besides, Jack had never been the kind of guy to back down from a little tension.

Leslie quickly regained his composure, putting on a friendly smile as he greeted Wesley-but he completely ignored Jack, acting like he wasn't even there. Phoebe was too busy chatting with Feena and didn't notice any of this.

With Phoebe's arrival, the party officially kicked off.

The dining hall was lavishly set, with a feast of high-end dishes. The dinner began after a brief welcome speech from Leslie on Phoebe's behalf.

Jack, Wesley, and Feena sat at the same table as Phoebe and Leslie. The atmosphere was warm, with guests taking turns wishing Phoebe a happy birthday.

But Jack stayed mostly quiet. He could feel the subtle tension from Leslie, Mia, and Thomas. Their exclusion of him wasn't overt, but it was obvious enough.

As the evening went on, the lights in the restaurant suddenly flickered and dimmed. Moments later, a staff member wheeled in a cart carrying a massive, towering cake.

It was a nineteen-tier masterpiece, marking Phoebe's nineteenth birthday.

The cake wasn't just huge-it was stunning. The craftsmanship was impeccable, and the highlight was the top tier, where a delicate sugar sculpture of a princess sat, eerily resembling Phoebe herself.

Mia wasted no time in making sure everyone knew just how extravagant it was. She said, "Phoebe, Leslie had this custom-made just for you! The sculpting was done by a famous pastry artist from Sorva-someone who's worked for Euphoria royalty. Isn't it breathtaking?"

Phoebe was clearly touched. She smiled warmly at Leslie and thanked him sincerely.

Wesley leaned over to Jack, muttering under his breath, "Damn, this guy is really pulling out all the stops for her."

Phoebe began cutting the cake and handing out slices. It was big enough for everyone to have a piece. Before digging in, the guests joined together in singing happy birthday, showering Phoebe with well-wishes.

Then, someone started the tradition of giving presents.

One guest placed a wrapped gift on the table, and soon others followed suit,

setting their presents in front of Phoebe.

Wesley placed his own carefully wrapped gift among them.

Jack hesitated for a moment but eventually put his gift up there, too. The box looked decent enough on the outside—at least, as long as no one opened it right away, he might just get away with it.

But, of course, fate had other plans. Thomas, ever the opportunist, spoke up with a sly grin.

"Since we're all here, why don't you open the presents now, Phoebe? We'd love to see what everyone got you!"

Jack's stomach dropped. Of all the things that could go wrong tonight...He was cursing Thomas internally. And hoping Phoebe didn't agree with Thomas' suggestion.

If she actually went through with it, the students who couldn't afford expensive gifts would be mortified.

Thankfully, Phoebe frowned slightly and shook her head.

"I don't think that's a good idea. I'll open them later."

She was graceful and thoughtful as always, understanding that not everyone came from privilege.