Limits 142

Chapter 142

Seeing the shock on everyone's faces, Leslie's chest swelled with pride. He gazed at Phoebe with a deep, affectionate look and said softly,

"Phoebe, I picked out this pink Z4 just for you. I hope you'll like it."

But to everyone's surprise, Phoebe remained calm. She shook her head gently. "Leslie, this is too much. I can't accept it."

A stunned silence fell over the room. It was a BMW, and she was turning it down?

Jack, however, immediately realized something. Phoebe and Leslie weren't actually together. If they were really a couple, there was no way she would reject a gift like this.

And from the way Leslie's expression faltered, it was clear he hadn't expected this response either. His carefully planned moment had just gone off script.

But he wasn't ready to back down. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a small velvet box. Inside was a ring, its surface gleaming under the lights.

Leslie lifted it high and, in front of everyone, made his move.

"Phoebe," he said earnestly, "this ring is for you. I'm not asking you to marry me— just to be my girlfriend. I love you, truly."

The entire room erupted.

Gasps, whispers, excited shrieks—no one had expected Leslie to pull a public confession like this. Cheers and applause broke out, and the energy in the room shot through the roof.

Jack's fingers curled into fists under the table. His gut tightened. He was hoping Phoebe would have her head on straight right now. She couldn't say yes to this guy.

Then, someone in the crowd shouted,

"Phoebe! You and Leslie are perfect together! You have to say yes!"

"Yeah! Say yes! Say yes! Say yes!" Leslie's friends seized the moment, chanting in unison and pressuring her.

The voices grew louder. The entire room was now urging her to accept. Phoebe's face paled, her fingers clutching at the edge of the table.

She hesitated, looking around the room before lowering her gaze. Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"Leslie, I... I'm not ready yet..."

A wave of silence crashed over the crowd.

Saying she wasn't ready was just a polite way of saying no.

Leslie's expression flickered. His jaw tensed.

"Phoebe, can't you see how much I care about you?" His voice was more urgent now. "Why are you hesitating?"

His friends immediately jumped in to support him. "Phoebe, come on! Leslie's everything a girl could want. He's rich, successful, and crazy about you. Do you know how many girls would kill for this chance?"

Phoebe shook her head, looking visibly uncomfortable. "It's not that... I just... I wasn't expecting this..."

Jack, who was watching her carefully, could tell that she wasn't entirely opposed to Leslie, but she was definitely not ready for this level of commitment. Maybe deep down, she wasn't even sure about him at all.

And that realization made Jack feel a hell of a lot better.

Leslie, however, struggled to keep his expression in check. His face darkened, then smoothed into something resembling composure. Forcing a calm smile, he said,

"Phoebe, take your time to think about it. I'll wait for you."

Then, shifting gears, he turned to the crowd.

"And to celebrate Phoebe's birthday, I have a special gift for all of you! Tonight, I'm treating everyone here to the All-Star Concert at Eirene Music Academy. Anyone who wants a ticket can get one from my friends."

The room exploded in excitement.

That concert was impossible to get into. Even with five times the price, tickets were nearly unobtainable and Leslie was just handing them out?

Then again, the guy had just casually offered Phoebe a BMW, so clearly, money was nothing to him.

And finally, it was Jack's turn to present his gift.