Limits 145

Chapter 145

Samuel stood there, his eyes glistening. He was overwhelmed with gratitude as he watched everything unfold.

Wesley suddenly shot up from his seat, his voice stumbling with disbelief. "Jack... you really lent him all your money? That's why you had nothing left for yourself?"

Samuel's face fell. "Jack, you-wait. Were you out of money?"

Jack quickly shook his head, brushing it off. "Come on. Don't be dramatic. It's not like I was starving." He nudged Wesley lightly, signaling him to drop it.

Wesley caught the hint and shut his mouth, but the look in his eyes made it clear. His respect for Jack had just hit a whole new level.

Phoebe and Feena had been watching the entire scene. They weren't stupid. They could put the pieces together.

Their expressions shifted when it all clicked. It was like reality had just slapped them in the face.

Jack hadn't lied. He had really given all his money away.

And from the way Samuel and his mother had reacted, it was obvious that Jack had given them a lot. This wasn't just some casual loan. It meant something.

Phoebe and Feena exchanged a glance, both remembering the time Jack had risked his life to save Phoebe by the river. Back then, they had seen his courage. And now, they saw something even deeper-his character.

Jack, meanwhile, casually told Meredith, "Mrs. Cooper, Samuel's right. This place is great, and the prices aren't bad at all. Just relax and enjoy your meal."

Then, turning to Samuel, he said, "I gotta go, but if you ever need anything, just let me know."

Samuel nodded, watching as Jack walked toward the exit. He stood still, eyes following his friend's retreating figure.

Phoebe and Feena did the same.

Just as Jack reached the door, a beam of sunlight poured in from outside, hitting his back.

For a split second, it almost looked like he was glowing.

Leslie, meanwhile, wasn't taking it so well. His face had been sour ever since Jack left.

He had spent the entire night flexing his wealth, throwing expensive gifts around, making it crystal clear who was rich and who wasn't. And yet, in the end, it was Jack—the guy he had mocked-who had walked away with the most respect.

Next to him, Mia scowled. "So what? He's still broke. In today's world, being nice doesn't pay the bills."

Her words hung in the air, but instead of backing her up, people just stared at her. Her tone, her attitude-it was disgusting.

Feena frowned slightly, visibly displeased. She might not have romantic feelings for Jack, but they had grown up together. She wasn't about to let someone drag his name through the mud in front of her.

Without another word, she turned to Phoebe and said, "Phoebe, I've got some things to take care of at school. I'll head out first. Let's catch up another time."

Phoebe nodded in understanding, but in the back of her mind, she regretted ever inviting Mia to her birthday in the first place.

With Feena gone and Jack already out the door, Wesley lost interest in sticking around, too. He stood up, stretching. "I think I'll call it a night as well. See you around, Phoebe."

One by one, other classmates followed suit. Nobody wanted to hang out with someone like Mia any longer than they had to.

Leslie, however, tried one last move.

"Phoebe, why don't you come with us?" he suggested smoothly. "The concert's starting soon. We can go together."

And just like that, the birthday party wrapped up.

Those who still wanted to attend the All-Star Concert lined up to get their tickets from Leslie's friends.

Outside, Jack's phone buzzed.

It was Felix, urging Jack to hurry over, as, even though Jack was Soul, the effect on stage was still an unknown factor.