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Chapter 172

However, the person soon returned to their seat, looking disappointed. It turned out Phoebe was just at the restaurant for a simple performance. She wasn't accepting any song orders.

Someone else didn't want to accept that and stepped forward to order a song, even clamoring about having the money to pay for it. They were willing to any sum as long as she played the song of their choice. However, she turned them down firmly.

The other men in the restaurant were disappointed when they saw her looking angry. No one else approached her to try their luck.

Joshua didn't think that was the end of it, though. He urged Jack, "Go on, Big Jack! I'm sure Phoebe will play a song that you choose. Think about how jealous everyone will be of you if she does! Maybe you'll win her heart—that'll make you a legend on campus!"

Isaac, Ronnie, and Samuel chimed in. In truth, Jack wanted to hear more of Phoebe's playing. Though he saw her at the campus radio station daily, the time they spent together was far too short. Besides, it was always a pleasure to spend time with her, no matter how long or short. Even just looking at her from a distance was a moment to savor.

Still, he knew there wasn't much hope in getting Phoebe to play another song. She'd already turned down several people and was packing her things to leave.

"Hurry up and show us that miracles do exist! Maybe it'll work out in your favor!" Joshua said.

Isaac seemed to be enjoying this. He nodded and said, "If you ask me, I think you're special to Phoebe, Jack. I don't know where I get that feeling from, but I trust my gut."

Even Samuel joked with Jack. "I think Isaac is right—maybe Phoebe really does have a crush on you! Allowing my childhood friend to marry the woman of my dreams is better than letting any other man have her."

To the others, Samuel sounded like he was just joking. Jack couldn't help feeling tempted upon listening to their words, though.

The alcohol helped to boost his courage. Besides, he'd already been rejected many times in the past. What did once more matter?

So, under the double whammy of alcohol and his friends' encouragement, Jack boldly swung a fist. His tone was brave, yet he stammered, "I'll do it! Joshua, t-tell Phoebe that I want her to play 'My Heart Remains.' Tell her... tell her I'm the one asking."

The alcohol was getting to him, so his voice was louder than he thought. Everyone in the restaurant heard him loud and clear. Their gazes landed on him, including Phoebe's. She was astonished, seemingly not ever having expected him to say such blunt, almost preposterous words.

Meanwhile, the men who harbored feelings for Phoebe were seriously pissed by Jack's arrogance.

"Who's that bastard? How shameless can he be?"

"Jack Holland? Is he famous? I've never heard of him."

"I bet he's just something the cat dragged in!"

"How dare he order the woman of my dreams to play him a song! I bet she'll slap him hard enough to wake him up! Just wait!"

"Yeah! We can call security to throw him out the window once she does!"

The patrons started whispering among themselves, their gazes filled with scorn and mockery as they looked at Jack. His words were indeed too bold and forward. In fact, he regretted them once they were out of his mouth.

He'd been goaded by Joshua and the others, and it didn't help that the alcohol was numbing his mind. That was why he'd said what he'd said. The patrons' reactions woke him up, though.

Still, it was too late. It looked like he was going to turn into a laughingstock. He'd

made a fool out of himself and disrespected Phoebe in one fell swoop.

Even if they knew each other, she would likely turn him down under the circumstances. She was a proud woman, after all.