Limits 175

Chapter 175

The thermometer showed that Bella was burning up a fever of 104 degrees Fahrenheit. Jack immediately lifted her onto his back, and she compliantly wrapped her arms around his neck. She wasn't exactly lucid, but her expression still carried a hint of sweetness.

Once they were gone, Gigi chuckled and said, "Thank God we had a guy to help. None of us could've carried Bella otherwise."

Luna, however, sneered. "Hmph! Look at how Bella still ended up with that loser. Honestly, I don't understand what's so great about him. Plenty of handsome guys are interested in her, yet she's still hung up on a worthless bum like him!"

Gigi wasn't too happy to hear that. She retorted, "I don't think it's right for you to say that, Luna. Jack might not be rich, but he cares about Bella. He's good at basketball, too. I think he has a number of strengths, anyway."

Luna snorted. "How can you be as naive as Bella, Gigi? Can a guy's nice personality put food on the table? Can playing basketball help him make a living? All relationships need to be built on a material foundation. Besides, what can a loser like him give Bella aside from being nice to her?

"Can he afford anything? He can't even pay for a cup of coffee with her or take her to a movie. For all we know, they'll have to squeeze in a cramped apartment in the future while being paid a meager salary.

"Who knows how many people will look down on them? If that's what life turns out to be like, I don't think that's the type of relationship we should go for."

Gigi was rendered speechless. Though she felt love should be pure and untainted, she had to admit Luna made sense.

Luna concluded, "Bella will end up suffering if she remains hung up on that loser. He's not worthy of her leaving her life in his hands."

Naturally, Jack had no idea how scornful Luna was of him. He was busy taking Bella to the infirmary, so he had no time to chat. As he headed down the stairs, he ran into Phoebe again.

She was still on the phone, but her gaze remained fixed on him as he carried Bella away. She stared at him without blinking, seemingly deep in thought...

Bella's temperature had increased to 105.8 degrees Fahrenheit by the time Jack brought her to the infirmary. The high fever scared the nurse, so she swiftly prepared an IV drip for Bella's treatment.

Bella felt a little better as the liquid slowly flowed into her veins. She asked Jack softly, "Can you hold me? I feel like I'm freezing."

He did so without hesitation. She smiled sweetly and murmured, "Thanks for caring for me like this, Big Bun. I thought you would've ignored me."

Jack sighed at the sight of her frail complexion. "Why have you fallen sick again?"

She blinked cheekily before asking, "Does your heart ache, knowing that I'm sick?"

He chose not to answer that. However, she wrapped her arms tightly around him and leaned her head against his chest. She said softly, "I got into a fight with my mom yesterday and caught a cold after kicking the blanket."

He asked reproachfully, "How can you neglect your health like that?"

"I don't care about that!" Bella raised her head and looked into his eyes. "Have you missed me throughout this time?"

Jack lied, "No."

A hint of disappointment flickered in her eyes, but she soon switched the subject. "I've been dreaming of you recently. Do you know what's up with that?"

Jack's heart clenched at her words, not knowing whether she was being serious. Instead, he chose to turn away and tried to distract himself.