Limits 202

Chapter 202

Feena was about to burst into tears from fear, but no matter how unwilling she was, she had to comply and keep Jonathan company.

Fortunately, Jonathan currently had a lady wrapped in his arms, so there was no room for another. Plus, there were many influential figures at this high-profile event, so he had to guard his image and let Feena off this time.

At this moment, Ryan's wine glass was almost empty. He noticed Jack pouring himself a drink in the drinks section and mistook Jack for a server.

Ryan waved at Jack, trying to get his attention. "Excuse me, you over there! Waiter! Get over here, and pour us a drink. What kind of waiter are you? Why aren't you looking our way? The guests' glasses are empty, yet you're not here to top them off."

Thomas grinned slyly and said, "Ryan, look at how dumb he looks. Would he be smart enough to do that for us?"

However, Jack didn't look their way. Even if he did, he wouldn't head over either.

Mia shouted, "Are you deaf, waiter? Come and pour us a drink!"

Feena's eyes gazed toward where the crowd was looking and noticed Jack pouring himself a drink. A barely noticeable sadness flickered across her eyes.

Jack finally realized that Mia was referring to himself, somewhat catching him off guard. Then, he realized the group had mistaken him for a waiter.

Everyone present today was accustomed to a life of entitlement, where every need was attended to with a mere gesture. It was unheard of for someone to pour themselves a drink at the counter.

Jack didn't bother explaining himself. He took the bottle of alcohol and left; exchanging even a sentence with this bunch was an utter waste of time.

Amelia and Queenie stood not far away and saw the entire commotion.

Queenie mocked disdainfully, "Like I said before, he could only be here because he is working as a waiter. But we women working as waitresses and greeters are merely a way to get into high society and snag a wealthy husband. What is he, a man, doing as a waiter? Is he here to find a wealthy cougar? What a useless man."

Amelia pursed her red lips slightly, not responding to Queenie's remark.

Seeing Jack refusing to pour Mia a drink was one thing, but outright ignoring her and walking away had left her livid.

She scolded loudly, "Stop right there! What kind of service is this? Our glasses are empty now, yet you refuse to pour us drinks. I'll file an official complaint against you to reduce your salary."

She pointed at Jonathan and Thomas' glasses arrogantly, itching to charge toward Jack a couple of hard slaps to vent her frustrations.

Jonathan looked at him coldly by the side, thinking that Jack was too dense to read the room. If it were him in the past, he would have given Jack a few hard slaps.

Feena saw Jack's dumbfounded expression and assumed he was shocked by Mia and Jonathan's behavior.

She silently felt helpless for Jack but was unable to do anything.

She was merely a student, and this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to be part

of a television series-there was no way she could stand up for Jack. She couldn't even guarantee her own safety in this situation.

She could only silently pray that Jack could save an ounce of respect for himself and leave gracefully.

This was the only way Feena could think of to save his dignity.

However, Jack did not respond the way she hoped.

Jack swirled the wine glass in his hand and said lightly, "I'm sorry. This is the last of what's left in the bottle. I need to save this for myself. If you need more drinks, you can ask a waiter to pour one for you or head to the center of the hall to get one. After all, waiters are people too. They should get the respect they deserve."

Then, Jack deliberately pointed in the direction of the drinks counter.