Limits 241

Chapter 241

Jack tossed and turned all night, unable to sleep. Even in his dreams, the twisted faces of Leslie and Christopher haunted him.

He had dreamt of throwing punches, of smashing his fists into their disgusting grins-only to wake up and realize it was all just a dream.

By the time morning arrived, he was exhausted.

After a quick wash, he dragged himself to class. But no matter how hard he tried to focus, his mind remained elsewhere.

The moment school was over, Jack rushed toward the radio station.

Even though he had already taken the day off, there was no way he was skipping this broadcast.

Phoebe was already there when he arrived, preparing for the evening's show.

He hesitated for a moment before calling out softly, "Phoebe."

She flinched slightly, her body tensing at the sound of his voice. Then she turned around, surprise flickering in her eyes.

"Jack? You're here for the broadcast?"

There was a note of excitement in her tone, but she quickly masked it with her usual calm.

Jack hesitated. He couldn't exactly say he was here to warn her because if he told her that Leslie was a complete scumbag, she probably wouldn't even believe him.

Phoebe trusted Leslie far more than she trusted Jack.

If he wanted to stop her from going anywhere near that guy tonight, he needed a better plan.

So, he simply nodded.

"Yeah. Figured I'd help out."

Phoebe smiled, not questioning why he had suddenly changed his mind.

As the broadcast began, Jack struggled to concentrate. He was thinking about how he could convince her to stay on campus that night. Telling her the truth outright wouldn't work.

If he warned her about Leslie, she might think he was just trying to sabotage their friendship out of jealousy. Worse, she might push back harder and choose to spend time with him just to prove a point.

He needed a reason to keep her here. Initially, he thought maybe he could ask her out for dinner but he had done it once and got rejected by her. The chances of her saying yes this time were even slimmer.

Then he figured perhaps he could say he wanted to borrow some books from Phoebe. That sounded like a pretty good idea.

Jack could say he wanted to review some professional material that evening. Given Phoebe's personality, she would definitely prioritize helping him find the information he needed.

With his plan in mind, Jack forced himself to focus on the broadcast.

Half an hour flew by.

As the show wrapped up, Phoebe began tidying up. Jack was just about to speak when he heard footsteps echoing from the door. And then, he saw Leslie walk in.

Leslie had clearly put effort into his appearance today. His casual outfit was polished yet effortless, his hair neatly styled with mousse, and a trace of expensive cologne clung to him.

Jack had to admit—Leslie looked good. And apparently, Phoebe thought so too.

For the briefest moment, her eyes flickered with something-maybe mild appreciation before she gave him a polite smile.

"You're here?" she asked.

Leslie flashed what he clearly thought was his most charming grin.

"Phoebe, remember the friends who came to your birthday party? One of them is celebrating tonight, so-"

Jack panicked. He couldn't let this conversation continue. Without hesitation, he cut in.

"Oh, right. Phoebe, can I borrow your 'History of Finance' book? I kind of ruined my copy and really need to review some material."