Limits 246

Chapter 246

Hector knew when to cut his losses. Weighing his options, he turned to Queenie and issued a cold ultimatum.

"If you still wanna be my girlfriend tonight, get in the car. Otherwise, we're done."

Then, he jabbed a finger at Joshua. "You'd better stay put. If you've got the guts, don't move!"

With that, he stormed toward his high-end sports car. But instead of driving off, he lingered, waiting to see if Queenie would follow.

Anya stepped beside Queenie, her voice gentle. "Queenie, don't cry. A guy like him isn't worth your tears."

Queenie wiped her eyes and murmured, "Thanks, Anya."

She struggled to stand, wanting to leave, but Anya grabbed her arm. Shocked, she asked, "Where are you going?"

Queenie let out a bitter smile before turning to face her. "Where else? If not with him, then who do I have?"

Anya's frustration boiled over. "Queenie, have some self-respect! After everything, you're still gonna go back to him?" She couldn't wrap her head around it. Why was Queenie clinging to someone who treated her like trash? Was money really that powerful?

"You don't get it, Anya." Tears shimmered in Queenie's eyes as she yanked her arm free. "I can't live without him."

Joshua suddenly stepped forward, his face a mix of desperation and heartbreak. Under the dim glow of the streetlights, Queenie looked heartbreakingly beautiful, and the sight of her crushed him.

"Queenie, please," he pleaded, his voice raw. "Don't get in that car. I'm begging you. I'll take care of you. Let's start over."

For the first time, Joshua confessed his feelings in front of a crowd. His gaze burned with sincerity, his posture unwavering, as if his entire future depended on her answer.

For a fleeting moment, something flickered in Queenie's eyes. But just as quickly, it faded. She shook her head. "Joshua, you're a good guy, but I..."

And just like that, she made her choice.

"Why him?" Joshua demanded, his voice filled with confusion. "Why are you so set on staying with someone who treats you like this?"

Queenie let out a sad but firm smile. "I'm sorry, Joshua. The world isn't a fairytale. Life is short, and I need security-for myself and for my future kids."

She didn't care about dignity if it meant securing a better life.

Queenie wasn't just another college girl chasing luxury. She had clawed her way through life, determined to escape the reality she was born into. She rarely spoke about her background, but the truth was she came from a struggling family.

Despite being a star student at the music conservatory, her parents had sacrificed everything to support her education. To stay afloat, she had taken on all sorts of odd jobs-waiting tables, running errands just to get by.

Alnewgo University had been a dream, a ticket out of the life she wanted to leave behind. But living in a city bursting with wealth and privilege, she saw firsthand the gap between her world and the one she longed for.

She wanted more. But her modest student budget couldn't sustain her ambitions.

So, she made a choice one that wasn't pretty and cost her pride, but it was one that worked.

Joshua had once been her ideal, her dream. They'd shared happy moments together. But then reality set in.

He wasn't as well-off as she'd assumed. He came from an intellectual family, sure, but that meant nothing compared to real money and power. Next to Hector's wealth, Joshua seemed insignificant.

Hector's family had status, influence, and the kind of money that could erase worries with a swipe of a card. That was the life Queenie wanted, and Joshua just couldn't give it to her.

Joshua clenched his fists. "Queenie, don't you believe in me? I swear, I'll give you a good life. I'll work hard, I'll make enough money for us, for our future kids. Just trust me."

Queenie shook her head. "Joshua, thank you, but... do you even know how much Hector's car costs? It's worth 400 thousand dollars. That's more than most people will make in a lifetime."

She let out a small, hollow laugh. "One of his car's wheels alone costs 20 thousand dollars. That's more than what a middle-class family makes in a year. Tell me, Joshua... do you really think you stand a chance?"