Limits 57

Chapter 57

"Do you think Jack can even play basketball?" Luna asked.

Bella responded softly, "He's not as bad as you make him out to be."

Luna brushed her hair back, a slight smirk of disdain curling at her lips. "My guess? He's just the team's water boy, perhaps even waving a towel when needed."

Bella frowned slightly but didn't reply.

Undeterred, Luna continued her mockery. "Honestly, even the bottomfeeders in my fan club are leagues ahead of him."

In Luna's eyes, Bella was deluding herself, clinging to someone so insignificant and acting like he was something special. It was exhausting to watch.

Pretending he's rich and handsome? What a joke!

Bella didn't bother arguing further; Luna was simply too shallow. Her gaze shifted back to Jack in the distance. She couldn't shake the image of his furious, twisted expression from yesterday. Her face paled, and she bit her lip hard, forcing herself

not to cry.

On the basketball court, Jordan stepped forward and motioned for the players to gather as he began outlining their strategy.

When Jack approached to listen, Jordan barely glanced at him before ordering, "Go fetch another box of water."

It was clear Jordan didn't take Jack seriously.

Instead of complying, Jack turned around and casually sat down next to Samuel.

Samuel's attention was fixed on the cheerleaders from the School of Music, his face filled with admiration.

"Wow, their cheerleaders are stunning! Every single one of them is like a delicate flower. I'm practically drooling over here."

Isaac, who had just joined them, frowned at Samuel's remark.

"Our cheerleaders aren't bad either! Don't forget, Phoebe is on our squad. Once she shows up, you'll see what it means to outshine everyone else."

While the School of Finance didn't boast an overwhelming number of stunning girls, their lineup wasn't lacking either. And with Phoebe on their side, they had a trump card.

At the mention of Phoebe's name, Samuel perked up, his eyes brightening with excitement.

"Phoebe on the cheer squad? That girl is like a star in the sky-unreachable. But if she ever spoke to me, I could die happy."

To Samuel, Phoebe was nothing short of a goddess-beautiful, untouchable, and miles out of his league. He saw himself as a croaking toad in a murky pond, while Phoebe was a phoenix soaring far above, separated by galaxies.

Isaac, too, secretly admired Phoebe but didn't dare say it aloud. Miranda would make him regret it in no time.

As they chatted, a sudden commotion rippled through the crowd.

Moments later, a pair of young figures entered the sports arena, drawing every eye in the room.

They were simply too striking.

The young man was tall and handsome, radiating confidence in his custom jersey from the School of Music. His energy was undeniable, but next to the girl at his side, he seemed almost dull.

The girl stood at about 5'7" with a high ponytail, her features breathtakingly beautiful. Her slender figure, perfect curves, and luminous eyes held an air of intelligence and grace. She exuded an ethereal elegance, like a rose blooming in a secluded valley.

She was the very embodiment of the ideal goddess in the hearts of many young

men.

The young man beside her was none other than Flynn Osborne.