Limits 121

Chapter 121

Soul was Jack's online alias. He had blown up on the internet, but he had never

once mentioned it to anyone. No one knew he was Soul.

Now, out of nowhere, Felix had said it right in front of Jack, catching him completely off guard.

He turned to look at Phoebe and saw the same puzzled expression on her face. Clearly, she had never connected Jack to the internet's rising music star, Soul. She probably thought Felix had mistaken him for someone else.

So, Jack played dumb. "Sorry, I have no idea what you're talking about."

Felix, however, smirked as he saw right through the act. "Alright. I get it. You don't want to talk about it. I still don't know your real name, but I'd love to chat about something. Are you free this afternoon? Let's grab a meal and talk."

Felix looked at him with hopeful anticipation.

Jack hesitated for a moment but ultimately decided to give Felix his number.

For one, Felix had been discreet. He had figured out Jack's identity but wasn't making a scene.

For another, Jack needed to know-how did Felix find out?

Felix was practically buzzing when he got Jack's number. He begged him repeatedly to call later that evening before finally leaving, glancing back at him every few steps. He was so excited he completely forgot about finding Luca, which had been his original plan.

Watching Felix's reaction, Jack came to a realization.

Felix had come looking specifically for Soul. Luca was just his backup option.

After all, in the online music scene, Jack had achieved far more than Luca ever had. His popularity was on a whole other level.

Jack and Phoebe left the dorm together.

On the way, Phoebe kept stealing glances at him with her curious eyes, like a kid trying to solve a puzzle.

It was clear she wanted to ask about what had just happened, but since Jack showed no intention of bringing it up, she finally gave in to curiosity and asked softly, "Jack, why did that guy call you 'Soul?""

Jack put on his best clueless face. "No idea. He seemed pretty random to me."

Phoebe frowned slightly. Her gut told her Jack was hiding something. But since he wasn't willing to talk, she pushed down her curiosity and switched topics.

"The radio station interview is coming up. You got this!"

Phoebe admired Jack, but the competition for a radio host spot was tough. She was a little worried about how he'd perform under pressure.

When they arrived at the campus radio station, a crowd of students was already gathered, waiting for their interviews.

The moment Phoebe walked up, a wave of guys turned to stare at her with fiery admiration. Some looked like they were about to start drooling.

Then they noticed Jack walking beside her.

Suddenly, he was public enemy number one.

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The interviews finally began.

The process included a talent showcase and a speech assessment to test each candidate's voice, presence, and improvisation skills.

The first guy to step in was a chubby dude. He attempted a poem about youth, but his performance was so bad he got rejected on the spot.

Next was a guy who strolled in while casually picking his nose. His pronunciation was so awful it was almost comedic. He didn't make it past the first round.

The third candidate was a bald dude who, instead of following the format, decided to read a love letter he had written to Phoebe. The judges kicked him out immediately.

Some of the interviews were downright ridiculous, but a few candidates stood out.

One guy, wearing glasses and a small mustache, composed a poem on the spot. His command of language was impressive, and his voice had a natural charisma that captivated the room.

Even Phoebe was impressed.