Limits 128

Chapter 128

One morning, Jack was jolted awake by a phone call from Wesley, a student from the neighboring tech college.

To his surprise, Wesley was also scrambling for concert tickets and had even resorted to calling him for help.

Jack couldn't help but chuckle. It seemed like this concert had become an obsession for everyone. Was Wesley really this desperate, reaching out to him of all people? He should've gone looking for Feena instead.

Given her rising fame in the music industry and her close ties with Donald, Jack figured she had the best shot at securing extra tickets. After all, she was one of the headlining performers for this event. If she couldn't get them, no one could.

But Wesley wasn't hopeful. The gap between him and Feena was too wide now, so she might not even acknowledge his request.

After hanging up, Jack lay back in bed, turning over the idea of asking Felix for some VIP tickets to share with his friends.

Just as he was lost in thought, he noticed Samuel entering the dorm with a pale face. His entire demeanor was off-his steps were sluggish, his eyes distant, and his whole presence carried a weight of unease.

Jack had been observing him for days now. Samuel had been in this state for a while. But every time Jack asked what was wrong, Samuel brushed it off, refusing to talk.

Jack decided not to push him further.

That afternoon, after class, Jack headed to the campus radio station.

Ever since landing the gig, he had spent half an hour every day in the station with Phoebe, sharing stories, playing music, and reading poetry.

Their chemistry was undeniable, and their broadcasts had quickly gained a loyal following. Some students even started using the station to send messages of love and encouragement to friends and crushes.

Jack looked forward to this time with Phoebe. She had a special place in his heart —one that, in some ways, had even surpassed Feena.

Back then, when he pursued Feena, it was because she had given him the illusion that he might just reach her if he tried hard enough.

But Phoebe was like an untouchable goddess, someone so far above that all he could do was admire her from a distance.

When Jack arrived at the radio room, Phoebe wasn't there yet.

Out of habit, he turned on the broadcasting equipment and tidied up the space while waiting for her.

Not long after, the soft click of heels echoed through the hallway.

A moment later, a striking figure appeared at the doorway. It was Phoebe.

She was wearing white sneakers, a knitted sweater, and a long black skirt. Her flowing hair cascaded like a silky river down her back, making her beauty almost breathtaking.

Jack found himself daydreaming and imagining Phoebe one day asking him, "Will you marry me?"

Of course, it was just a fantasy.

But honestly, being in the same room with her, even if they weren't doing anything, was enough for him. He could sit there all day, simply watching her move and listening to her voice, and never get bored.

As soon as she arrived, their daily broadcast routine began.

Phoebe picked up the script she had prepared and softly recited a poem, her voice like a gentle melody.

Jack listened intently, completely captivated.

When she finished, he handed her a warm cup of water-something he had gotten into the habit of doing.

Phoebe accepted it naturally and flashed him a radiant smile.

"Your turn to read now."

Jack nodded and began his part. His deep, magnetic voice had already won over a lot of female listeners.

Phoebe glanced at the clock when he finished and realized they still had some extra time.

"There aren't any more messages today," she said. "How about you sing a song that was requested?"