Limits 146

Chapter 146

The rehearsal was crucial. Any technical issues could be caught early and fixed in time. Worst-case scenario, if something went terribly wrong, they could even resort to lip-syncing.

Soul's mysterious identity had become one of the biggest talking points of the All- Star Concert. If anything went wrong, the backlash would be disastrous.

By the time Jack arrived at Eirene Music Academy's backstage entrance, the place was already swarming with fans.

And these weren't just students from the academy. They had come from all over the country.

A group was already pushing against security, desperate to break into the venue.

"We want to meet our idol! You can't keep us out!"

"This is unfair! We have the right to get autographs!"

"Let us in now!"

"Soul! I love you more than life itself!"

The security was barely holding them back. Soul's fans were on another level of crazy. The moment word got out that Soul might be inside, the entire crowd went feral, shoving harder and screaming louder.

Jack had always known Soul was getting popular, but this?

Even he hadn't expected this level of obsession.

Student council members stood at the front, doing their best to maintain order. Two gorgeous women were stationed at the entrance, blocking the door with zero hesitation.

If the crowd broke through, who knew what kind of madness would follow?

As Jack approached, one of the women quickly stepped in front of him.

She gave him a once-over, taking in his tall frame and sharp features. After a brief pause, her voice softened slightly.

"Hey, the artists are still rehearsing. If you're here to see your favorite singer, you'll need to wait in the fan zone over there." She gestured to the side area, where dozens of other fans had already gathered. "Once rehearsals are done, they'll come out and sign autographs."

Jack smirked and pointed at himself.

"I'm here for the rehearsal."

The words barely left his mouth before a wave of stunned silence hit.

For a second, the woman just stared at him, blinking in confusion.

Then, all around him, student council members exchanged glances before suddenly bursting into laughter.

"Dude, are you feeling okay?"

"Wait. Which superstar are you again? Why haven't we ever heard of you?"

"Only A-listers are allowed back there. Who even are you?"

The woman in front of him gave him a sympathetic look, like she was dealing with a delusional fan.

"We've had a lot of people try to sneak in today," she said, patiently. "I get it. You're excited to see your favorite singers. But please, just cooperate and wait over there, okay?"

She clearly thought he was just another desperate fan trying to bullshit his way in. Because every artist in that rehearsal hall was a massive star.

And while Jack was good-looking and had a certain presence, he didn't look like any known celebrity.

Jack sighed. He said, "I swear I'm here to rehearse."

He instinctively reached for his pocket, thinking he could pull out some kind of proof-only to realize he had nothing.

Felix never gave him a backstage pass.

Before he could argue further, another woman-one with a cute, playful smile— grinned at him.

"Hey, hotshot, do you even know who walks through this entrance?" she teased. "This is for the headliners. The big names. Backup dancers and opening acts don't come this way."

It was clear-none of them believed him.

And honestly, he couldn't even blame them. If he were in their shoes, he wouldn't believe it either.