Limits 237

Chapter 237

Jack took the cup of water just as footsteps echoed from outside.

Leslie walked in uninvited. The moment Phoebe saw him, her brows knitted slightly.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, her tone cool.

Leslie had originally planned to wait for her downstairs, wanting to confront her about why she had been avoiding him lately. But after hearing her duet with Jack, jealousy had clearly gotten the better of him.

His expression was dark as he muttered, "Nothing, I'm just thirsty, so I thought I'd come up and grab a drink."

He walked straight to the water dispenser and poured himself a glass, but his gaze never left Jack. His eyes were sharp, filled with an unspoken warning for Jack to stay away from her.

Jack sighed internally. So, Leslie saw him as a rival now? What a joke. There was nothing between him and Phoebe, yet somehow, he was the one taking the blame.

And if Leslie had actually seen the man Phoebe had been with yesterday-the tall, confident guy she had smiled so brightly at-he'd probably be losing his mind right now.

Jack almost felt like clearing up the misunderstanding.

Even though he didn't like Leslie, he disliked that other guy even more-the one who had effortlessly captured Phoebe's attention in a way neither of them ever could. For a brief moment, Jack considered telling Leslie everything, just to send him after the real competition.

But he dismissed the thought just as quickly because he thought it was petty of him to do so. And if Phoebe found out, she would definitely not forgive him.

So, instead of dealing with any of this, Jack took a sip of water and headed for the bathroom, deciding to just remove himself from the situation entirely. As soon as he stepped away, his phone buzzed. He then saw a picture of Bella's smiling face lit up the screen.

She was calling him.

"Big Bun, when are you coming back? I want to have dinner with you," she said sweetly.

Ever since they had made things official, there was a certain glow in her voice whenever she spoke to him, as if he was the only thing in her world.

"There's one more song left," Jack replied. "Then I'm done for the night."

"Is it a love song?" Her tone instantly shifted.

Jack hesitated. That pause was enough. Bella knew.

She stomped her foot in frustration. "Don't sing it. Just come back."

"But..."

"No buts," she said with a huff.

Then, after a brief silence, her voice softened. "Jack, you know how I feel. When you sing with her... it makes me feel uncomfortable. I just want you to be with me. Can you come back and spend time with me instead?"

Bella was always confident and never insecure. But when it came to Phoebe, even she felt a rare sense of unease. She wasn't afraid of losing to just anyone. But Phoebe was different.

Even if nothing was going on between them, Bella couldn't shake the feeling that she needed to keep Jack close.

Jack's resolve wavered immediately.

Her voice, her plea-it was impossible to ignore.

His heart softened. "Alright. I'll tell them, then I'll come find you."

Bella's mood instantly lifted.

"Okay! I'll be waiting for you downstairs."

Hanging up, Jack let out a breath and headed back into the studio.

At some point, Leslie had left.

Phoebe sat at the desk, waiting for him, her usual calm expression back in place.

Her demeanor had shifted now that Leslie was gone. She even smiled warmly as she said, "Alright, Jack. Let's get ready for the last="

But before she could finish, Jack cut her off.