Limits 238

Chapter 238

"I won't be able to sing the next song, Phoebe. A friend is waiting for me," Jack said.

Phoebe blinked in surprise. She had gotten used to Jack staying behind after every broadcast and always leaving only after she did. Now that he was suddenly cutting the night short, something felt out of place. But she quickly regained her composure and tilted her head slightly with a playful smile.

"Are you going on a date?"

Jack gave a small smile-neither confirming nor denying it. But his lack of response was answer enough.

For a fleeting moment, something unreadable flashed across Phoebe's eyes. Then, with a gentle smile, she simply said, "Alright then. I won't hold you back. Have fun."

She waved him off, turning her back to start preparing for the solo performance. But once Jack's footsteps faded into the distance, she didn't start singing. Instead, she stood there, staring out the window.

From where she stood, she could see Jack walking away, meeting Bella just outside the building. She watched as the two of them left together, disappearing into the evening light.

Her gaze lowered slightly, and after a long pause, she finally sat back down.

Jack and Bella had dinner together before heading out for an evening run.

The night was already deep when he walked her back to her dorm. Just as he was about to leave, Bella reached out, gently grabbing his hand.

"Big Bun," she said softly, looking up at him with warm, expectant eyes. "From now on, can you come back earlier after your broadcasts? I want to spend more time with you."

Her words sent a wave of warmth through him.

He smiled, nodding. "I will. Once this semester ends, I won't be doing the broadcasts anymore."

The only reason he had joined the campus radio station in the first place was Phoebe. But now that she had someone else in her heart, there was no reason for him to stay. Resigning from the radio station had already become part of his plans.

Bella's eyes lit up at his answer, her smile sweet and satisfied.

"Good!" she beamed. "Then, from now on, if I have time, I'll go and wait for you after your broadcasts, okay?"

Jack nodded.

Without warning, Bella suddenly wrapped her arms around him, catching him off guard. Before he could react, she stood on tiptoe and placed a quick, playful kiss on his lips.

While Jack and Bella's relationship was quietly deepening, his work had also reached a critical stage.

Panzer Saga and two other games had reached a stable operating phase.

But the limitations of small-scale games were starting to show. The initial hype was fading, and the industry's rampant piracy problem was taking a toll on their profits.

Given the realities of the domestic gaming market and Drakengard Games' limited resources, launching a full-scale battle against piracy wasn't realistic. Instead, the team had to focus on patching and updating the games, trying to retain as much of their audience and revenue-as possible.

Meanwhile, the development of their large-scale game had entered its final stretch.

With his unparalleled creativity and vision, Jack had his hands in every aspect of the project from grand world-building to the tiniest character details.

Even with his boundless energy, he found himself stretched thin. Time was slipping through his fingers.

However, according to Patrick, Drakengard Games was close to securing a major deal with a powerful corporate group. Negotiations were nearly complete. All that was left was for Jack and Patrick to attend the final signing.

With Bella in his life and Drakengard Games demanding more and more of his time, Jack began reshaping his priorities.

He had once been the first to arrive at the radio station and the last to leave. Now, he was the last to show up. And the moment the broadcast ended, he was out the door.

Sometimes, he didn't even wait for the last song, requesting early leave from Phoebe before slipping away.

Whenever she had time, Bella would wait for him outside. Together, they would leave the radio room behind, heading off for dinner and long walks under the city lights.