Limits 155

Chapter 155

Jack smiled as he took the pen and effortlessly signed his name with a smooth, confident stroke. Then, he turned and walked into the concert venue.

Leila, who had asked for the autograph, clutched the signed card like a priceless treasure, her face flushed with excitement.

She had expected Soul to be talented, but even his signature looked incredible.

Watching Jack's retreating figure, she felt her heart race, completely captivated by his presence.

Meanwhile, the other fans in the crowd, who still had no idea what was going on, grew angry.

"Who is he? Why does he get to go in when we can't?"

"Yeah! We should all be treated equally!"

"If they don't let us in, we'll riot!"

"Let us through! We just want to see Soul!"

Leila, still holding her signed card proudly, folded her arms and smirked.

"He can go in because he belongs there. You guys? You don't."

Someone in the crowd scoffed. "And just who is he supposed to be?"

She grinned.

"Oh? You still don't get it?" She paused for dramatic effect, then declared loudly, "That was Soul."

As soon as these words were spoken, the entire place erupted as fans frenzied and rushed toward the entrance, pushing forward with renewed desperation.

"What? That was Soul?"

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?"

"I was this close to Soul, and I didn't know?"

"I need to see him! Let me in!"

The entrance exploded into madness as fans tried to break through, nearly shoving the gate down.

Leila, along with the other student council members, was completely overwhelmed.

Security had to form a human barricade, struggling to contain the chaos.

At that moment, Feena arrived with Luca, Seth, and the rest of their group.

Feena's eyes locked onto Jack's disappearing figure as he walked through the backstage hallway. Her brows furrowed slightly.

Turning to one of the student guards, she asked, "Leila, wait-you said that was Soul?"

Leila, still catching her breath from the crowd's uproar, nodded firmly.

"Yeah, that was him."

Feena's heart skipped a beat. But then, she shook her head, trying to brush off the thought.

It had to be a coincidence. Sure, Jack was talented. But to say Jack was actually Soul was impossible. Her rational mind refused to believe it. But why did something feel off?

Before she could dwell on it, another massive firework display lit up the sky, sending dazzling colors across the stadium.

The concert had officially hit its next peak.

On stage, a powerful male vocalist took the mic, his deep, resonant voice shaking

the entire arena with a song about the vast highlands. The energy in the venue soared, and the audience was completely immersed.

Meanwhile, backstage, Jack ran through one final rehearsal, making sure everything was perfect.

With the final preparations complete, he was finally escorted into the VIP section, where he would wait for his moment to take the stage.