Limits 156

Chapter 156

Feena made her way into the concert venue, her VIP ticket securing her a seat close to the stage.

As she settled in, her gaze flickered toward a familiar silhouette in the front rows.

It looked like Jack, but the distance made her unsure.

The thought unsettled her.

Meanwhile, Amelia and Alex had also entered the stadium.

After relentless insistence from Amelia, Alex had finally given up on scalping the tickets and agreed to watch the show with her.

Trailing behind them were Amelia's roommate, Queenie, and an unfamiliar guy- though noticeably, it wasn't Joshua.

Not far away, Leslie had taken a prime seat in the VIP section, surrounded by a crowd of classmates.

Sitting right next to him was Phoebe, though despite his persistent attentiveness, she looked mildly uncomfortable.

A few girls who always hovered around Leslie were throwing not-so-subtle daggers at Phoebe, particularly one named Joey Yates, who was practically clinging to Leslie, using every excuse to steal his attention.

Across the arena, in a more casual seating section, a group of girls sat together, sipping on drinks and waving glow sticks, chatting excitedly about the lineup. Among them were Gigi, Remy, and Luna-Bella's roommates.

A tenor from Montana, his voice booming with incredible power, filling the entire sports arena. Every high note sent waves of energy through the crowd, shaking the venue with cheers and applause. Fireworks exploded overhead, lighting up the night sky, while fans screamed their support.

One after another, more artists took the stage, each with their own distinct style.

The audience was captivated, completely lost in the music.

But as the performances went on, some fans started noticing inconsistencies. Some singers didn't quite match their recorded voices. Some mouthed lyrics were out of sync with the audio.

The whispers started spreading. Were some of them lip-syncing?

The truth was, lip-syncing at concerts was nothing new, and most fans didn't notice or didn't care-as long as the energy was high. But for those who did notice, a bit of disappointment started creeping in.

The concert, while still exciting, had lost some momentum.

Then, a production crew rushed backstage to find Jack and tell him it was his turn soon to go up on stage.

Technically, it was only the halfway point, but after the dip in energy, the organizers had made a last-minute change. Soul's most anticipated song, "Timeless", was being moved up.

With his final act still secure at the end, this shift wouldn't disrupt the setlist too much.

The crowd had been waiting for this moment. And when the announcement came, the entire stadium erupted.

Cheers rolled through the venue like a tidal wave, the energy skyrocketing instantly. Soul's popularity was on another level.

Jack walked onto the stage, dressed in a sleek, tailored outfit, his presence

commanding the spotlight. But as soon as the lights hit him, the roar of excitement shifted into murmurs of confusion because he was wearing a mask.

Immediately, the audience reacted,

"Wait. He's hiding his face?"

"Are you kidding me?"

"Don't tell me it's not even him under there..."

"This had better not be some fake stunt."

Many fans had paid insane prices or traveled across the country just to see Soul in person.

Now, with him deliberately concealing his identity, some felt cheated. But in the end, his voice was the only thing that mattered.

And the moment he started singing, they would know if it was really him. This performance had to prove that behind the mask was the legend they came for.