Limits 157

Chapter 157

As murmurs of doubt rippled through the crowd, Jack steadied his mic and adjusted his guitar, ensuring everything was right. Then, without hesitation, he started to sing.

Perfect stage presence, a magnetic voice, and profound and catchy lyrics. At that moment, all the doubts in the crowd vanished. The noise gradually quieted down.

Thousands of fans, completely mesmerized, swayed their glow sticks in unison, their voices melting into the song as they sang along.

Even with a mask covering his face, Jack's eyes told their own story—a depth of mystery and charm that drew people in.

The lighting wrapped around him like a purple electric current, blending seamlessly with the breathtaking visuals of the stage. The entire performance felt almost otherworldly, like something out of a dream.

The stage effects enhanced some of it, but even knowing that, it was still mind- blowing.

But the real magic was Soul's voice. It was exactly like the one that had captivated millions online. It actually sounded even better live.

Back when Jack had first uploaded his songs, his recordings hadn't been professionally produced. There had been background noise, moments where the rawness of the environment bled through.

But here, on a world-class stage, with crystal-clear sound engineering, his voice reached its full potential. The result was absolute perfection.

The fans were completely stunned.

"He sounds so good! Really, he sounds extremely good!"

"I thought the online version was the perfect one. I can't believe the live version is even better!"

"I was ready to be disappointed by lip-syncing. But not only is he actually singing, he's surpassing every version!"

"There's no doubt now. He's the real deal. Only Soul could take 'Timeless' and push it to perfection."

"He is truly a legend. An unstoppable legend."

As his voice soared, so did the energy in the stadium. Fans screamed his name, tears streaming down their faces, completely lost in the moment.

The song ended, and the crowd erupted into one unified chant.

"Soul! Soul! Soul!"

Even those outside the sports arena, tens of thousands who hadn't gotten tickets, joined in.

Some fans were so overwhelmed they literally passed out from excitement. But even amidst the hysteria, one thought lingered in the minds of many. Why was he still hiding his face?

Some wondered if he was disfigured or had some kind of imperfection he didn't want the world to see. Others refused to believe that.

After all, plenty of people had seen him at Entrance No. 2, and the reports were all the same—he wasn't just good-looking, he was breathtaking.

Whatever the reason, his true identity remained a mystery.

And yet, it didn't matter. Because at the end of the day, his fans weren't here for

his face. They were there for his voice and his talent.

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Amelia and Alex sat frozen in the audience, awestruck. Something about Soul's performance felt too familiar.

Feena, meanwhile, stared at the stage in a daze.

The singer in front of her, the way he moved and the way he played his guitar overlapped perfectly with the image of someone she knew.