Limits 204

Chapter 204

Everyone turned toward the voice, only to see a proud and coldly elegant woman approaching gracefully.

She held a wine glass in her hand, draped in an impeccably tailored gown. She exuded pride and elegance, capturing the attention of the men around her. The men couldn't help but steal a few extra glances at her.

Jack's gaze naturally landed on this woman of regality and authority, and he was surprised by how familiar she was. She was the woman with the afro he had interacted with in Perthter City, Charlotte Grant.

Back then, Charlotte had an afro, and she had ventured through the game Skybound Wars with Zane and her brother, only to be crushed by Jack in an overwhelming defeat.

Jack never expected to bump into her here.

As fate would have it, paths would always cross in unexpected places. Bumping into Charlotte in Alnewgo was like meeting an old friend in a foreign land.

On the other hand, Feena's eyebrows furrowed, and she recognized Charlotte as familiar. However, Charlotte's hairdo was different from the woman's, so Feena couldn't immediately recognize her.

Ryan, Thomas, Mia, and the rest didn't know Charlotte, so they stared at her, dumbfounded.

However, it was enough that Jonathan recognized Charlotte.

Just moments ago, Jonathan maintained an air of superiority, looking down on everything and everyone. Yet, when he laid eyes on Charlotte, his expression shifted. Then, a bright and saccharine smile appeared on his initially cold and aloof face.

He enthusiastically approached her and said, "Char, I didn't expect to see you here! Why didn't you let me know you were coming? I was just about to look for you too!

"Is your brother, Neil, here too? Let me bring you and your brother out when I find the time. Coincidentally, my father is also looking for a time to visit your father."

No matter how hard Jonathan tried to remain calm, a hint of ingratiation remained between his brows.

Everyone knew perfectly well that if it weren't for Charlotte's extraordinary status, Jonathan wouldn't have humbled himself this way.

However, the crowd couldn't wrap their fingers around it. Jonathan's father was already a man of great power and position. Why did he have to curry favor with Charlotte?

Could it be that Charlotte's power was shockingly greater than his?

Charlotte glanced at Jonathan briefly and said nonchalantly, "That won't be necessary. My father has been very busy lately and needs his rest. Please let your father know not to look for my father. Otherwise, don't blame me for not warning you if your father offends my father in any way."

Then, she combed her hair, looking at Jonathan's embarrassed and humbled manner with a flicker of disdain, saying, "Plus, you're interested in looking for my brother, huh? What's the matter? Have you forgotten how pain feels after your wounds have healed? Do you want my brother to give you a good beating so you can really learn your lesson?"

Charlotte's retort left the crowd flabbergasted.

This lady's brother beat up Jonathan, and the expression on his face was proof that the incident really happened.

Now, everyone was dumbfounded and curious about who Charlotte was.

Jonathan smiled wryly and said, "You're such a joker, Char. You were right; it was my fault that I angered Neil the last time. This time, I want to apologize to Neil and also pay a visit to your father."

However, Charlotte wasn't buying his charade and even went as far as exposing Neil's pitiful past. "Save your apology. I knew exactly what happened. At that time, my brother was in a foul mood and intentionally found fault with you. It's his fault, so there's no need for your charade."

Jonathan's expression darkened terribly. Being exposed in front of everyone that he was beaten up was one thing, but being exposed of his lie was even more embarrassing.

However, Jonathan didn't dare to throw a tantrum and even forced a smile.

At the very least, this proved that Jonathan was nothing in front of Charlotte. If Charlotte wanted to toy with Jonathan, Jonathan wouldn't even dare utter a word of protest.