Limits 221

Chapter 221

Jerome shook his head and let out a soft sigh as he asked, "Feena, do you remember what I told you about that incident on the bus?"

Feena blinked and nodded. "Of course I do! You've told me so many times, Grandpa."

Wesley and the other girls immediately perked up, interested in the topic.

Sidney said, "We were just talking about that! Wesley thinks it was some badass ex-military guy who saved everyone, but Phoebe says it was just a student. We argued about it for a while but couldn't come to a conclusion."

Wesley stuck to his opinion. "It had to be an ex-soldier, no doubt. Right, Mr. Lowell Senior? I mean, those criminals were tough, right? I heard they had some combat training and weapons. No way some random student could take them down!"

He looked expectantly at Jerome, figuring that as someone who had been there, he would have the final say.

Jerome stroked his beard and smiled. "Well, you're both right... and wrong. At the time, I didn't know who saved me either. And you're right-the criminals weren't amateurs. Ordinary people wouldn't have stood a chance against them.

"But you're wrong about one thing. It wasn't some battle-hardened soldier who saved me. It was a high school senior. After he saved everyone, he suddenly remembered he had to take his college entrance exam. The officers on duty even drove him to the test themselves!"

His words carried the weight of someone with firsthand experience. Wesley still had doubts but felt awkward pressing further. Even Jerome himself had found it hard to believe at the time.

The attacker had been vicious and strong enough to overpower multiple grown men. Yet, somehow, a high schooler had taken him down. And what was even crazier was that the kid had disarmed him barehanded.

After a brief pause, Jerome continued, "Later, I asked some friends in law enforcement to help me track down that brave young man. It turns out that I wasn't the only one looking for him. The local authorities and even city officials were trying to find him to give him the recognition he deserved. But there were too few clues, and since the kid never stepped forward, the whole thing eventually faded away."

He stopped again, this time turning his gaze toward Jack.

Jack shifted uncomfortably. He already had a feeling where this was going.

Sure enough, Jerome smiled knowingly and said, "It's been over a year, and I thought I'd never find that young hero. But today, I finally did."

Everyone around them, including Feena's father, Silas Barrett, froze in shock. They had no idea who Jerome was talking about.

Silas couldn't help but ask, "Dad, who are you talking about?"

Jerome slowly pointed at Jack. "It's you, young man. Are you still going to deny it? I've been searching for you all this time, and here you are, right under my nose. What a twist of fate! You've done a damn good job keeping this under wraps, huh? You never once stepped up to take credit."

Every pair of eyes locked onto Jack. Their jaws practically hit the floor. Out of all the possibilities they had considered, none of them had expected this.

Jack felt the weight of their stares. But there was no escaping it now. He met Jerome's sharp gaze and chuckled. "You've got a great memory, Mr. Lowell Senior."