Limits 299

Chapter 299

Charlotte was a free-spirited woman. Her talent and beauty were enough to put her at par with the likes of Phoebe and Feena.

She couldn't be bothered to listen to Neil's endless nonsense, so she started chasing him away. "Alright, you're done here. Begone with you, fatso!"

Neil nodded and smiled at Jack. "I don't have to worry about anything since you're here. Help me keep an eye on this crazy chick-remember to kick aside any guy who tries anything funny with her."

Charlotte rolled her eyes and growled, "Are you leaving or not?"

Neil's smile turned awkward. "Alright, alright. You guys go ahead with your studies I'm heading back."

He turned to Charlotte. "Don't worry too much about what's happening at Claymonton, okay? Uncle Frank and Aunt Lisa will be fine."

He waved and left. Once he was gone, Charlotte and Jack engrossed themselves in their studies.

Charlotte displayed her intelligence when teaching Jack Kranish. She used the simplest methods to make the complicated language easy to understand and grasp. It was much less taxing for Jack to pick it up.

She seemed distracted that day, though. Something seemed to be bothering her. He thought about what Neil had said earlier and guessed something had happened to their uncle and aunt. However, as an outsider, it wouldn't be appropriate for him to probe.

After a while of studying, Charlotte suddenly put down her book and asked, "Can you play tennis?"

He told her he knew a bit about it. She asked, "Can you come and play with me, then? I feel quite depressed today."

She led him out of the classroom so they could change and grab the equipment they needed. Night had already fallen, but Jack wasn't worried other female students would see him waiting outside Charlotte's dorm.

He didn't wait long. Charlotte emerged from the dorm in a light summer outfit-it was the middle of winter, yet she wore a mini tennis skirt and a pair of pink tennis shoes. Her socks were thick, but there was no hiding her long legs and curvy figure. She exuded youth and vivacity.

It was no wonder everyone said women who played tennis were the most sexily dressed athletes.

"Let's go!" She waved at him and led him to the indoor tennis court.

He couldn't help asking, "Aren't you cold?"

She smiled. "I am now, but I won't be once we start playing."

When they arrived at the tennis court, they found a number of people playing there. There weren't any free courts, so Charlotte joined someone else's game.

Some of the young men were pretty skilled tennis players. When someone as beautiful as Charlotte wanted to join them, they immediately agreed, afraid she would change her mind.

Jack couldn't help smiling in resignation when he saw how eager they were to have Charlotte with them. They would soon regret it!

One of the men was rather handsome. He claimed to be the vice president of the tennis club. As he played with his companion, he explained the rules of tennis and some tricks to Charlotte.

He thought he was being smart-he even showed off his skills to make himself look good. He delivered a backhanded smash, making his opponent run around the court.

Charlotte listened closely and occasionally nodded. She looked like an obedient child.