Limits 300

Chapter 300

The tennis club vice president, Steven Zess, was almost jumping with joy when he saw the "admiration" in Charlotte's eyes. Being able to show off his skills before such a beautiful woman was something that made him feel immensely proud of himself.

When it was finally Charlotte's turn on the court, Steven wondered how he could display his perfect skills without making her lose too badly. Soon, however, he realized he'd been worried about nothing.

After a few intense rounds, Steven, who claimed to be the second-best player in the city, was running all over the court due to Charlotte's sharp attacks. He wanted to dig a hole to hide himself in when he saw what she was capable of.

It was finally Jack's turn on the court. Though he'd only played tennis twice, he had his outstanding balance and hand-eye coordination to help him. He also had sharp vision and quick reflexes-neither he nor Charlotte could score much better than the other.

The match was neck-to-neck, and they volleyed the ball dozens of times. It seemed they'd met their match. Steven had originally been smug, but he and his companions couldn't help feeling shocked as the match continued. They didn't expect to run into two experts that night.

The other tennis enthusiasts were attracted by the high quality match and put down their rackets to see how things turned out. They occasionally cheered or exclaimed; each unexpected move made them applaud wildly.

Jack finally realized that Neil hadn't been exaggerating earlier. He'd gotten the chance to witness firsthand what Charlotte could do on the court. She looked like nothing more than a beautiful and demure woman, but she had explosive strength and potential hidden within her.

Jack had boundless stamina, plenty of strength, and lightning-fast reflexes, but Charlotte wasn't at a disadvantage in this match. They battled it out for many rounds.

However, as time passed, she started losing stamina and energy. At the same time, Jack's understanding of tennis deepened. He used his strength and reflexes to gradually gain the upper hand.

When the match was over, Jack walked off the court and handed Charlotte a bottle of water. She drank half before looking at Steven. "Do you want to have a few rounds with me?"

He didn't answer. Instead, he grabbed his racket and fled without a word. Charlotte looked around to see all the tennis enthusiasts lowering their heads, not daring to meet her gaze. Though men liked to show off in front of beautiful women, none of them wanted to do it if they would only end up being humiliated. Ultimately, Jack was the only one who had the courage to take Charlotte on. She was covered in sweat and panting heavily after a few intense rounds.

It was getting late, and the courts were about to be closed for the night. Charlotte and Jack reluctantly left.

It was cold outside, so she put on the jacket she'd brought. She looked at Jack and said, "I didn't expect you to be so good at tennis."

He replied humbly, "Thanks for the compliment. I still lost to you, though."

She shook her head. "You've only played a few times. Looks like I have to continue practicing, or you'll surpass me in no time."

She'd always loved tennis-it was a sport that was filled with energy and strength. However, she'd failed to find someone who could keep up with her.

People like Steven would only end up as playthings to her at one point, this had made her feel lonely, even losing interest in the sport. Today, however, the prowess Jack had displayed had ignited her desire to win. It made her rekindle her interest in tennis.

So, she suggested, "How about you play tennis with me when you're free, and I'll teach you Kranish?"

Jack nodded. "Sure!"

To him, occasionally having a 30-minute tennis match was a pretty good way to pass the time.