Limits 60

Chapter 60

Amelia asked softly, "You and Phoebe were classmates? Were you close?"

Jack paused for a moment before replying, "Not really."

Except for the final days before graduation, Jack and Phoebe's relationship had been far from close.

"Oh, I see." Amelia nodded, a faint sense of relief washing over her.

"That makes sense," Samuel said with a grin.

Ronnie, on the other hand, sneered.

"If you'd dared to claim you were close to Phoebe, I'd have gone straight to her to expose your lie."

At least Jack had the self-awareness not to boast about being close to Phoebe, saving Ronnie the trouble of confronting her.

Jack ignored the jeers, his gaze drifting toward Phoebe. He debated whether he should avoid her altogether.

But he quickly realized he was overthinking. With so many eyes on her, Phoebe wasn't likely to notice him at all—especially since he wasn't even going to be on the court.

Jack was convinced that Jordan had only brought him along to warm the bench, with no intention of letting him play.

Yet fate often took unexpected turns.

Despite Jack's efforts to avoid Phoebe, it seemed destiny had other plans for them.

Flynn led Phoebe toward the School of Music's section of the stands. However, since Phoebe was a student of the School of Finance and had come to support their cheerleading squad, she politely declined Flynn's invitation and instead sat near Jack to await the start of the game.

Phoebe's presence caused a brief stir, but the excitement soon settled.

As the match was about to begin, Jack finally felt a moment of relief-only to hear an abrupt voice call out nearby.

"Jack Holland! Don't you dare leave after the game!"

It was Bella, of course. She had appeared out of nowhere, glaring at Jack with a fierce expression.

Bella's voice wasn't particularly loud, but as she walked past Phoebe, her words carried. Standing just a couple of yards away from Phoebe, Bella's outburst naturally caught her attention.

Following Bella's gaze, Phoebe turned to see which unlucky guy had angered her so much.

The name, Jack Holland, made her heart skip a beat.

She turned her head-and there he was, standing not far away, his face frozen in

a mixture of surprise and unease.

For a moment, time seemed to stand still.

Phoebe's hand clenched slightly, her bright eyes widening as her usual serene smile faltered.

Could it really be?

It was.

The face she had seen countless times in her dream.

It was him.

Jack, meanwhile, found himself looking back at Phoebe. He could see that she

was staring at him, and he knew there was no escaping now.

Summoning his composure, he gave her a small, polite smile.

And so, in this unfamiliar city of Alnewgo, after countless days and miles, the two of them met again.

There was no dramatic fanfare, no grand stage, no luxury cars, and no lavish outfits.

It was in this quiet, unassuming moment that their paths crossed once more.