

## Chapter 45 The Little Girl Back Then

After sending the message, Felix waited a long time without a reply. He felt a wave of anxiety wash over him. Could he have upset Chris? Was it because he joked about chasing after Kimberly?

Suddenly, a familiar male voice called out from behind him. "What are you doing, Felix?"

Felix jumped, almost dropping his phone. He spun around to see Rocco holding a drink, peering curiously at the screen.

"You almost gave me a heart attack, Rocco!" Felix exclaimed.

Rocco's eyes widened as he glanced at the chat between Felix and Chris. "Felix, are you out of your mind? You're insane to say that to Chris. Do you have a death wish?"

Felix pressed his lips together.

Noticing that Chris had yet to reply, Felix casually slid his phone into his pocket and leaned back against the railing. He dismissed Rocco's concern. "Relax, it's just a joke. Chris and I have known each other for years. He won't take it seriously."

Felix's eyes flickered with uncertainty as he spoke, revealing his doubt about Chris's reaction.

Chris normally responded immediately, even to simple messages. However, it had been five minutes since Felix's last message, and Chris had not replied, which was out of the ordinary.

"Don't fool yourself. This is different," Rocco said, his smile chilling. Rocco understood Felix too well. Felix, known as the most unreliable and a notorious flirt in Javille, rarely took relationships seriously.

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"What do you mean?" Felix's heart sank as he quickly said, "Explain yourself."

Rocco shot Felix a look of annoyance, his face growing grave. "If it were anything else, Chris wouldn't care. But with Kimberly..."

He paused, then continued earnestly, "I think you should message Chris right away and clarify that you're not interested in Kimberly. Otherwise, I can't imagine what he might do. It could ruin years of friendship."

Felix was silent for a moment, anxiety creeping in. From Chris's reactions to Kimberly, it was clear he viewed her differently.

Kimberly was special to Chris in a way Felix couldn't fathom.

"Is it really that serious? What's so special about Kimberly? There are more beautiful women out there. It would be ridiculous if that were to come between us," Felix scoffed, waving off Rocco's concern.

In truth, Felix found it hard to accept that in Chris's eyes, he ranked below a woman Chris had only recently met.

Rocco gave Felix a sharp look, his lips twitching slightly. "I suggest you not challenge destiny."

"Wait, is there something I'm missing?" Felix's brows knitted together as he focused on Rocco. He sensed that Rocco knew something he didn't; otherwise, Rocco wouldn't keep warning him given his usual indifference.

Rocco glanced at Felix, then stepped next to him, looking out over the bustling crowd below. He lifted his glass, took a sip, and said slowly, "You remember the cruise incident fifteen years ago, don't you?"

At this, Felix's expression grew serious as he restrained his usual skepticism. "Of course. Chris and his family were on that ship. His parents... they died in that attack. After that, Chris was gone from Javille for ten years. But how does Kimberly fit into this?"

Felix stopped abruptly, a realization dawning on him, his eyes widening. "Could Kimberly be the little girl who saved Chris back then?!"

Rocco swirled his wine in his glass, giving Felix a knowing look. "You're not completely in the dark."

"Really?" Felix stood there, stunned, murmuring to himself, "That explains

it... Why Chris holds her in such high regard. It's her..."

Kimberly went back to her room and quickly fell asleep on the bed. As the cruise ship rocked gently, she was plagued by a recurring nightmare about her past.

Fifteen years ago, she was just eight years old, participating in a summer camp organized by her school on a massive luxury cruise ship.

The voyage was initially dull, but with over a hundred children, her best friend Elena Alvarado, and the teachers' organized activities, the atmosphere was vibrant and fun.

However, the peaceful times were short-lived. On the second night, two speedboats stealthily neared the cruise ship. In moments, metal hooks latched onto the deck, and over forty burly men dressed in black scaled the sides using ropes. They burst into the most crowded area, firing at several teachers.

At that moment, Kimberly, serving as the class monitor, was engaged in a game with a teacher. Suddenly, a warm liquid splashed across her face. The young Kimberly froze, then slowly looked up into the lifeless eyes of her teacher, her mind going blank.

The air filled with terrified screams and the sound of a panicked crowd scrambling to escape.

Elena grabbed Kimberly's hand, and they ran, but a man blocked their path, aiming a gun at them with a sinister smile. "Where do you think you're going, little ones?"

Elena and Kimberly were paralyzed by fear, which washed over them like towering waves. Soon, Kimberly collected herself and, feigning calmness, she raised her hands and faced the bandit. "Sir, we will behave and won't try to escape. Please, could you not kill us?"

The bandit was taken aback; encountering such a composed child was new to him. He looked over at Elena, who was visibly shaken, and laughed softly. "Alright, I won't hurt you, but you must do something for me."

"What do you need us to do?" Kimberly's voice wavered slightly, her back drenched with cold sweat. The single thought that she could not die here overwhelmed her. Her parents were waiting for her back home. The pain they would feel if she died was unimaginable.

"I need you to help me find someone," the bandit said, his smile slight as he pulled a photograph from his pocket and presented it to Kimberly. "Do

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you recognize this little boy?"

 +120 Points at most

Kimberly examined the photo, and her eyes widened in surprise.



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