

Chapter 50 Could They Be Different People

"Absolutely!"

Felix retrieved a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from his pocket, tapping a cigarette against the pack twice before expertly placing it between his lips. He ignited it with a quick flick of his thumb.

He inhaled deeply, leaning back on the sofa with a relaxed posture, yet his voice carried a serious tone.

"You always used to mention that little girl. I've always been curious about what became of her. It's hard to believe you found her and didn't tell me. If I had known back then that Kimberly was the one who rescued you, I would have..."

Felix stopped, a sharp gleam appearing in his eyes.

"Would have what?" Chris nonchalantly picked up a bottle of wine, refilling his glass.

He swirled the liquid slowly, the soft lighting enhancing the slightly inebriated charm of his handsome features. With his bare chest and a white towel loosely tied around his waist, he looked effortlessly magnetic.

Internally, Felix cursed at him, thinking of him as a cunning devil, as he exhaled a cloud of smoke. "I should have taken care of her obnoxious husband for the sake of your beloved."

At that, Chris tightened his hold on the wine glass, his look turning frosty. He sneered, "Husband? Not for much longer."

Felix, surprised by his friend's reaction, scratched his head awkwardly, his voice tinged with curiosity. "Are you planning something against Declan Walsh?"

"He's not worth my time."

Chris lowered his eyes slightly, taking a sip of his wine, his voice carrying a note of ambiguity. "That is unless he takes a lesson from what happened tonight."

Remembering how Chris had just hours earlier publicly shamed the disgraceful siblings before Javille's elite circle, Felix couldn't help feeling deeply satisfied. It was incredibly satisfying.

Before this, Felix had felt that Chris's actions were a bit too harsh and relentless. After all, the Walsh family was an important player in Javille, especially with their recent growth in the new energy sector.

Declan's demeaning words towards his wife in public were harsh, but Felix had thought it unnecessary to humiliate him publicly. Despite the Howard family's strong connections, antagonizing the Walsh family over a woman Chris had only recently get acquainted with seemed unwise.

However, once Felix realized that Kimberly was the girl who had once saved Chris, he understood the justification for Chris's actions.

If he were in Chris's shoes, he might have been even harsher.

"Did I hear right today? Kimberly mentioned she wants to divorce Declan?"

Felix snuffed out his cigarette in the ashtray, his curiosity heightened. Now that he knew Kimberly's real story, Felix was eager to see her break free from that no-good husband and start a proper relationship with Chris.

"What if Declan won't let her go? With the Holden family losing its luster and Declan emerging as a new star in the business world with his energy project, this divorce might get complicated. Are you sure you're not going to step in?"

Chris took a long sip of his drink, then lifted his gaze to Felix, and said softly, "Right now, I can't get involved, and neither can you."

"Why not? Don't you care for her anymore?"

"I don't have a legitimate reason."

Chris finished his drink quickly, then refilled his glass, his expression dark and intense.

"I can't allow her to be falsely accused of cheating because of my own desires. I also don't want my feelings to be a burden or a blemish for her. And you, as my closest friend, mustn't get involved either. What we need to do is stand back and watch."

Chris looked at Felix intently.

If Felix stepped in, Declan, being revengeful, would definitely twist it to claim Kimberly had been unfaithful.

Everyone in Javille was aware of the long-standing friendship between the Howard family and the White family. Felix's actions and words were seen as representing Chris's intentions.

Felix stopped, his realization dawning, and he nodded gravely, shedding his usual easygoing attitude. "I understand. Don't worry. I won't do anything impulsive."

It was clear that Chris had deep feelings for Kimberly; he wouldn't be this cautious and considerate otherwise.

"Hmm."

Chris looked away, poured another drink, and clinked his glass against Felix's, the sound crisp and clear.

Felix relaxed on the sofa, sipped his drink, and wondered. "I wonder when Kimberly might become your wife."

He flashed a smile at Chris and said, "It's still a long road ahead, buddy. Keep moving forward."

Chris gave him a light kick. "What else can I do? It's not like I can just turn up at her doorstep and try to seduce her, right?"

Felix's eyes sparkled a bit. "Actually, that's not a terrible idea!"

Chris let out a dismissive chuckle. "You think I'd really do something like that?"

An hour later, Kimberly stepped out from a soothing hot bath, wrapped in a white robe, and made her way to the living room. She settled down on the sofa, preparing to savor a glass of red wine to ease into sleep.

Since discovering that Declan might have been drugging her nightly milk, she had switched to red wine.

Without something to calm her nerves at night, she would be plagued by nightmares, often bizarre and unsettling. Sometimes, she would envision herself as a disembodied spirit, observing Declan and Valerie's private moments in her previous life, or relive the horrific cruise incident from fifteen years ago.

Whether it was a side effect of her second chance at life or not, these once-fuzzy dreams were sharpening into vivid, almost tangible experiences, as if she were living them all over again.

And the image of that little boy was growing increasingly distinct.

Both kinds of nightmares disturbed Kimberly. It wasn't that she harbored any residual feelings for Declan; she was simply repulsed by the brazen couple who invaded even her dreams.

The second type of nightmare was especially vexing. It was astonishing how much a person could change in just fifteen years. Declan as a boy and as a man seemed like two completely different beings!

And they hardly resembled each other...

As a boy, Declan had delicate, almost beautiful features, like a prince from a fairy tale—refined, noble, and graceful.

As an adult, his features were rougher. Though he could look passable when not enraged, he often exuded a petty vibe.

Kimberly even entertained an absurd thought. Could they be different people?

But she quickly shook off such thoughts.

After all, Declan possessed that handkerchief embroidered with roses, a piece her mother had crafted herself. It couldn't be a fake. 