

## Chapter 58 Care To Make A Bet

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The ancient castle, nestled in the heart of the island, had stood the test of time for over five hundred years. Its interiors had been transformed into a lavish display of wealth and luxury.

The wealth was evident everywhere, from the paintings on the walls to the antiques throughout the castle. Even the candelabras on the dining table and the artisan rugs on the floors were items that could garner astronomical sums at auction, enough to sustain an ordinary person's fantasies of luxury for a lifetime.

Chris was seated on a raised platform, his striking face devoid of emotion as he observed the revelers below. He gently swirled a glass of red wine, the deep hue catching the sunlight and casting entrancing reflections.

Sunlight streamed through the high windows of the castle, bathing Chris in light that accentuated his handsome features and lent him an almost otherworldly glow, his cool, distant demeanor adding to the effect.

He appeared as though he had stepped out of a portrait, the dignified and sophisticated lord of the manor.

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Chris briefly looked at the plate. Although the presentation was visually appealing, he showed no interest.

Images of Kimberly on the deck, backlit by sunlight, came to his mind. He recalled her saying, "Yes, I'm waiting for you."

His grip on the wine glass tightened as he wrestled with his feelings.

He doubted whether Kimberly truly grasped the significance of her words, especially the intensity of her gaze as she spoke.

Her words had struck him with the force of a tidal wave.

The bodyguard remained standing, his arms beginning to ache as he waited for a reply that did not come. Eventually, he mustered the courage to look up at Chris, who was deep in thought.

"Mr. Howard?"

Chris returned to his senses, his cold stare settling on the bodyguard. His voice was detached. "Have you discovered anything about the matter I asked you to look into?"

The bodyguard quickly set the tray down on the table and stood attentively.

"Sir, we haven't received any updates yet, but our team has reached out to the Webster family. We expect to have news shortly."

Chris's expression became more serious, and he simply acknowledged with a "good," remaining silent afterward.

After a brief moment, as if struck by a sudden thought, he asked abruptly, "Is Ms. Holden still on the cruise?"

The bodyguard hesitated for a second before responding carefully, "Yes, sir... We've sent several teams to extend invitations to her, but Ms. Holden has declined each one. She expressed no interest in joining such trivial events."

His voice faded to a whisper as he repeated Kimberly's exact words.

At this news, a coldness seemed to envelop the surroundings, the air growing chillier, causing the bodyguard to shiver.

The bodyguard swallowed hard, bowing his head and avoiding Chris's gaze, overwhelmed by the intense atmosphere.

"Meaningless, is it?" Chris's voice was cold, and the laugh that followed was chilling. "So that's her opinion..."

The air around the bodyguard grew heavier.

It was only when Chris waved him away dismissively that he felt the tension lift. He quickly descended from the platform, his uniform sticking to him with cold sweat.

"My God... You can't imagine the pressure from Mr. Howard. I thought it was over for me!"

"Stay strong, buddy."

His colleagues offered him sympathetic looks. He wiped the sweat from his brow, ready to share his ordeal, when a look from a fellow guard made his heart sink.

Just two minutes later, he was back on the platform. Chris looked at him with an icy gaze, took a sip of his wine, and asked, "Do you have any updates?"

The bodyguard, his voice shaky, relayed the latest information.

"Yes, sir. Ten minutes ago, our team entered Caligae Webster's villa. They located Camila Webster and checked her phone. It confirmed Ms. Holden's account. Camila had only sent those photos to Miss Braxton. And we found out something else..."

Chris put down his wine glass, his gaze turning cold. "Found out what?"

The bodyguard bowed his head, his voice barely audible as he continued, "Our investigation revealed that the last call on Camila's phone was to Miss Braxton. It occurred early this morning."

Chris's eyes narrowed, his tone becoming more menacing.

"So, she reached out to Kallie after being scolded by her family?"

"That's correct."

The bodyguard tried to blend into the background. His knees shook, and his complexion was ashen. He felt deeply wronged. He wasn't responsible for the leak, so why should he suffer Chris's intense scrutiny?

Chris suddenly stood and strode out of the castle, his movements swift. The reporting bodyguard hurried after him, glad to be off the platform.

As Chris and his entourage left, the assembled crowd exchanged looks of intrigue but said nothing.

It was obvious to any observer. Chris was on his way to find Kimberly. Yet no one dared to follow, fearing what might happen next.

As Chris and his entourage exited the castle, whispers quickly filled the ballroom.

"What's going on?"

"Something seemed off. Kimberly never showed up, and with Chris looming over us, I kept quiet. But seeing how he stormed off... he's definitely on his way to find Kimberly."

"It seems like they disagreed, but I didn't think it would escalate so quickly. What's your take? Is he out to make amends or just ramp up the argument?"

"He's surely out to confront her... It's hard to imagine Chris lowering himself to apologize to a woman, much less to someone else's wife!"

This opinion was widely held among the attendees, who then turned their attention to Felix, who was nonchalantly enjoying his drink. With a mischievous grin, Felix asked, "Anyone up for a bet?"