

Chapter 59 Welcome Back, Mr. Howard

The attendees at the event were all principal members of Javille's high society, each supported by substantial family influence. Every individual there held a considerable amount of power and wealth.

These young heirs, full of self-assurance, wanted for nothing, particularly not money.

When Felix proposed a bet, curiosity was instantly awakened. One amused attendee asked, "What are we betting on, Felix?"

Felix replied with a cunning and mysterious grin, "Let's bet whether Christ went to smooth things over or stir up a disagreement. What do you think?"

"I'm in!"

Most of the group eagerly agreed to participate in the bet. True to his love for excitement, Felix went all in. He risked his limited-edition sports car, a recent acquisition he had made less than a month prior. This was no ordinary car, it was valued at seventy million!

But the price tag was hardly the point. Everyone present could casually spend tens of millions as if it were mere pocket change.

What really mattered was the car's exclusivity!

Only ten such cars existed globally.

It was rumored that Chris had given it to Felix as a birthday gift.

Everyone was aware that any gift from Chris was extraordinarily rare and precious.

The other young men clearly displayed their excitement. Many had desired the car for some time and eagerly put their own cherished belongings into the bet.

Felix, with a grin, had someone document all the bets placed, feeling like he had hit the jackpot.

Was this what it meant to have powerful connections?

For Felix, earning money had never seemed so effortless.

After all the bets were placed, Felix was the only one who bet on Chris making amends. The others gathered around Felix, laughing with assurance.

"Felix, you're brave! Betting a fifty-million-dollar limited edition car just like that. This trip has been worthwhile! We're definitely going to come out ahead!"

They were all about the same age, and given Felix's relaxed and humorous nature, no one was concerned about him feeling insulted.

Felix stayed calm, a slight smile on his face. He observed the group, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Are you all really that certain I'll lose?"

From the crowd, someone yelled, "The sky could fall, and Felix would still talk his way through it! We all know Chris's temper. If he goes to apologize, I'll eat my words, upside down!"

The rest joined in, repeating the declaration, until a group formed, all promising to live-stream themselves eating something unpleasant if Felix's guess proved correct.

Felix found this highly entertaining. He reclined in his chair,

casually crossing his long legs, the picture of relaxation.

"Alright then, I expect each of you to honor your promise when the time comes."

He gestured for a bodyguard to come over.

In full view of everyone, Felix handed his phone to the guard, smiled, and said, "Track them and record it live, but make sure Chris doesn't notice you."

The bodyguard nodded, took the phone, and quickly left.

Shortly afterward, a projection screen lowered from the ceiling, capturing everyone's attention. Before anyone could ask what was about to happen, the screen, which had been blank, suddenly lit up with a live video feed. As the camera found its focus, they all saw something completely unexpected...

On the luxurious cruise ship docked on the island, a man and a woman were engaged in a heated discussion. Above them, seagulls soared against a backdrop of clear blue sky, and sunlight sparkled on the gently undulating waves.

"Ms. Holden!"

Chris, impeccably dressed in a sleek black suit, appeared stern. The sunlight caught on his costly Patek Philippe watch, highlighting his serious yet slightly anxious presence. He was holding onto Kimberly's wrist with a tight grip.

"I was wrong, and I apologize. I'll take care of it, but... do you really need to leave?"

Kimberly did not look back. Her attention was on a yacht nearby, where Lana Crawford, Mabel's most trusted assistant, stood in a business suit.

Kimberly attempted to pull her wrist away from Chris's firm grasp but to no avail. She turned slightly to meet his gaze, her

face displaying a sarcastic smile.

"Mr. Howard, your apology exceeds what I deserve. But shouldn't you be at the castle with all your guests? What brings you here? To argue with me?"

Kimberly's lips twisted into a smile, though her eyes were devoid of amusement. She looked down at Chris's hand, noting his long, pale fingers, then back at him. "Can you let go now? If someone were to see us like this, it might give the wrong impression about our relationship."

Chris's expression was complex, his eyes locked on Kimberly.

He decided not to debate her eagerness to maintain a distance between them. After a brief silence, he said in a rough tone, "The event isn't over yet. Everything should come to a proper conclusion, Ms. Holden. Leaving midway isn't a good practice. It makes me question whether you treat our partnership the same way. Are you prepared to give up at the first hint of trouble? You wouldn't want me to think that you'd give up at the first sign of difficulty, would you?"

Kimberly let out a laugh, more from irritation than amusement.

She hadn't anticipated Chris to resort to such a weak argument to persuade her to stay.

"Does this imply that if I head back to Javille now, our partnership is finished?"

As Kimberly met his gaze with a mocking look, Chris's brow furrowed slightly. Inside, a surge of panic began to rise. He knew that if he said yes, he and Kimberly would only drift further apart, reminiscent of all those dreams he'd had where they ended up going their separate ways.

He remained quiet for an extended period, enough for Kimberly's patience to wear thin. Just as she was about to

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break the silence, Chris finally said, "I just... don't want you to go."

Kimberly stopped, locking eyes with him. Was it real, or did she detect a trace of vulnerability in his gaze?

She quickly shook off the idea, staring intently back at Chris.

It must have been a trick of the mind.

With a gentle smile, Kimberly carefully loosened his grip from her wrist. "If Mr. Howard sees it that way, I can't change your mind."

She continued, "However, I will demonstrate that partnering with the Holden Group was a wise decision. I have responsibilities that need my attention. I must be going."


Kimberly turned and began to walk away. After a few steps, she stopped and looked back over her shoulder at Chris. "By the way..."

A flicker of hope ignited in Chris's dim expression. Perhaps, just perhaps, Kimberly had reconsidered. "What is it?" he asked, a note of hope evident in his voice.

Kimberly faced the man, her expression transforming into a radiant smile.

"Welcome back, Mr. Howard."



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