

Chapter 61 Fake Coincidences

"If we head to Javille now, how long will it take us to get there?" Chris asked.

Felix couldn't suppress a grin when he heard this. He knew that bringing up Kimberly's husband would unsettle Chris.

The White family was a powerhouse in the shipbuilding industry. The luxury cruise where Chris's welcome party was being held was crafted by the White Group, and Felix was more familiar with the ship's specifications and speed than anyone else.

"What's with that grin?" Chris, irritated by Felix's evident amusement, couldn't resist giving him a kick.

"How rude... Am I not even allowed to smile now?" Felix cleared his throat, setting aside his playful attitude. "At full speed, it would take us eight hours. Aren't we scheduled to leave tonight? You should get some rest on board, and by the time you wake up, we'll be back in Javille. Why do you ask?"

Chris didn't respond, lost in thought.

Eight hours to Javille...

That would mean he'd arrive five hours after Kimberly. In those five hours... anything could happen.

The more he dwelled on it, the more his unease grew. Suddenly, he stood up, overlooking Felix. "This is getting tiresome. Prepare everyone to leave. I'll be on the cruise."

Without waiting for a reply, Chris walked away, leaving Felix no opportunity to refuse.

Felix watched him leave, a knowing smile curling his lips.

Truthfully, Felix had no plans to resist Chris's demand to return. He had intentionally agitated Chris just to test his urgency to return to Javille for Kimberly.

Felix signaled to his assistant, who quickly came over. "Mr. White, what do you need?"

"Let everyone know we're leaving immediately. Anyone not on board in ten minutes will have to stay behind with the castle."

After issuing his orders, Felix stood up leisurely, straightened his suit, and followed Chris outside.

Ten minutes later, the entire party was assembled on the cruise, which then sped off towards Javille.

When Kimberly and Lana arrived at Javille Harbor in their boat, the evening was setting in. The sky was flush with the vibrant colors of the sunset, adding a magical atmosphere.

Lana handed over the rented boat to the crew at the dock and kept pace with Kimberly as they walked away from the harbor.

"Ms. Holden has arranged a car for you. She suggested you come home tonight. Today is the monthly Holden family dinner. It's been a year since you joined the Walsh family and you haven't been to one since. Your grandfather has really missed you."

Kimberly paused, a flicker of emotion crossing her face. After a moment, she smiled and nodded in agreement.

"Alright, I'll come with you to the mansion. It's been too long since I saw my aunt and grandfather. I've really missed them."

Lana gave Kimberly a curious look, not knowing Kimberly was contemplating a divorce from Declan. "The Holden estate is really your home, isn't it? Was it Mr. Walsh who kept you from coming back before?"

When Declan's name came up, a chill flickered in Kimberly's eyes, and her smile faded. "No, not exactly."

While Declan was part of the reason, he wasn't the only one. Kimberly had her personal reasons too.

Kimberly's remaining family consisted of only Mabel and her grandfather, Archie. Her grandmother, Ruth, had been devastated by the death of Kimberly's parents, falling into a coma from which she never awoke. Despite consultations with top doctors worldwide, the diagnosis was unanimous—Ruth would never regain consciousness.

The death of Kimberly's parents had been a devastating blow to the



Holden family, casting a heavy shadow over the mansion. It was a gloom that never seemed to lift.

Ruth lay in a vegetative state, and Archie had aged rapidly, his hair turning grey from sorrow. The elderly man seemed to cling to life only for his wife, and it was evident he often thought of giving up. Only Mabel's and Kimberly's visits kept his spirits up.

Kimberly was deeply attached to her grandparents. It wasn't that she didn't miss Archie; she missed him terribly. But returning to the Holden family always brought back the memories of the funeral she was dressed in black, and holding her parents' framed photos.

She was reluctant to face those memories again. She didn't want to return to the Holden Mansion because she hadn't come to terms with her parents' absence.

She couldn't accept that they were truly gone.

Kimberly was avoiding the reality of her parents' death.

As for Declan...

Declan hadn't explicitly stopped her from going to the Holden family dinners, but the Walsh family had started scheduling their own family dinners on the same day.

At first, Kimberly believed it was merely a coincidence. Later, she overheard a servant from the Walsh household discussing the family gatherings, and it finally hit her. Could there truly be that many coincidences in life?

Everything had been planned from the very beginning.

The Walsh family had never had a tradition of family dinners before. Although they were a large family, the Walshes had long divided their estates, each branch living separately, unlike the Howard family, who all lived together.

For Declan's parents, seeing their son was as simple as making a phone call. They didn't need a monthly dinner as the Holden family did.

The Walsh family dinners began only after Kimberly's parents died. Once, she asked Declan why they suddenly started having monthly dinners, and his response was unclear.

'The dinners were always a thing. We just didn't need them before because we all lived close and saw each other daily. But now that I've

married you and moved out, it's different."

The sad thing was that the Kimberly of the past was innocent and hopelessly in love with Declan. She believed him completely. Even when she later discovered that the Walsh family dinners were intentionally arranged to keep her from staying in touch with the Holden family, she still chose to ignore it.

In addition to that, Kimberly's wish to escape her own sadness led her to stop going to the family gatherings at the mansion altogether. Eventually, when the Holden Group faced a crisis and went bankrupt, Mabel took Archie overseas, and Kimberly barely saw them again.

Lana simply nodded, wisely choosing not to comment further. This was Kimberly's personal affair, after all.


As they exited the harbor, they noticed two luxury cars nearby. One was a Rolls-Royce from the Holden family, and the other was a Bentley from the Walsh family.

Kimberly's pace slowed, her expression chilling at the sight of the Bentley.

Why was the Walsh family's car here?

In the next moment, the Bentley's door swung open, and Declan's father stepped out. His face showed no emotion as he glanced at Kimberly. "Get in the car. I will drive you to the hospital to see Declan."



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