

Chapter 101 Maybe You Should Get Your Eyes Checked

"Oh, Mr. Howard, what a delightful surprise! Please, come in." Archie may have misunderstood the situation, but he didn't comment further. His smile returned, albeit a bit less bright than before, as he warmly welcomed Chris into the mansion.

Kimberly's arrival with Chris clearly indicated that she had finalized a cooperation agreement with the Howard family. This unexpected turn of events left Archie quite astonished.

Many companies aspired to partner with the Howard Group, known for their stringent conditions. To even be considered for collaboration, a company needed to demonstrate exceptional technical prowess and the potential to lead in its industry. Otherwise, they wouldn't attract the Howard Group's interest.

Archie was amazed that Kimberly had managed to secure an agreement with the esteemed heir of the Howard family in merely one afternoon!

"Mr. Holden," Chris greeted Archie with a polite nod, his demeanor calm.

He proceeded to enter the mansion with Archie. Chris was surprised by the warm and respectful reception at the Holden Mansion, but he was perceptive. He sensed that Archie might have confused his visit with someone else's, perhaps thinking it was Elena's visit, which explained the warm greeting.

Elena... That name sounded very familiar to him.

Chris gave Kimberly, who was quietly trailing behind a thoughtful look before returning his attention to Archie with a hint of regret in his tone. "This being my first visit, I regret not bringing a gift. Please forgive me, Mr. Holden."

Archie, momentarily caught off guard by Chris's courteous statement, then smiled and waved it off. "No need to worry, it's just a small

< Chapter 101 Maybe You Should Get Your Ey... 🎁 +120 Points at most oversight. Having you here is a privilege for the Holden family, Mr. Howard."

Considering Chris's status, it was unlikely anyone would expect a gift from him during a visit.

Furthermore, with the imminent partnership between the Howard and Holden families, Archie, who placed high value on politeness, would have warmly received any of Kimberly's acquaintances, regardless of their status.

Chris's smile became more heartfelt. He found Archie's genuine and welcoming nature quite endearing. They engaged in friendly conversation as they moved down the corridor towards the main hall.

"Bring three cups of coffee," Archie directed, taking an apron from a servant and putting it on. He then smiled at Chris and said, "Please make yourself comfortable, Mr. Howard. I have soup simmering in the kitchen. Dinner will be ready shortly."

Chris was pleasantly surprised and let out a chuckle. "Mr. Holden, it seems you are cooking yourself today. That's quite an honor. May I assist you?"

Caught off guard by Chris's offer, Archie paused, visibly surprised, and looked back at Chris. He hadn't expected such genuine assistance.

Indeed, Chris's expression was earnest, his manner utterly respectful. One might assume he was not merely a distinguished guest but perhaps a future grandson-in-law on his first visit!

Struck by this amusing thought, Archie took another moment to reassess Chris before saying, "Alright then. I'd appreciate your help, Mr. Howard."

"You're welcome," Chris responded, his smile warm and genuine.

A servant promptly offered him an apron, which Chris put on effortlessly, following Archie into the kitchen without any hint of arrogance.

Meanwhile, Kimberly settled on the sofa, feeling a bit restless. She sipped her coffee, caught off guard by Chris's willingness to help Archie in the kitchen. Just then, a message from Declan popped up on her phone, shifting her focus away from the two men.

Back at the cafe, Declan had persuaded her to unblock him on WhatsApp for easier communication, and she had agreed.

She looked down at her phone to see a string of messages from Declan waiting.

Half an hour earlier, he asked, "Where are you? Did you end up at the racing club? Damn it, Kimberly, don't act so carelessly. We're not even divorced yet, and here you are, seen publicly with another man. How do you think that makes me look?"

Even through the screen, Declan's angry and impulsive words were clear.

Kimberly figured someone must have tipped Declan off about her and Chris at the racing club. She scoffed, curious about who could be spreading the news.

She kept reading. Five minutes earlier, Declan had sent another text, saying, "Are you heading back to the Lakeview Haven Villas or the Holden Mansion later? I've got something for you. I'll come over."

It appeared that Declan was losing his composure because she wasn't responding. His next message read, "Is Chris holding your arm down so you can't even answer me?"


Kimberly rolled her eyes at this.

She responded casually, "What's the big deal about us going to the racing club? We were just enjoying ourselves, and it was crowded. Don't overthink it."

She wasn't certain if anyone had caught or snapped a photo of the moment when Chris had her pinned against the car door and kissed her, but since Chris had directed everyone to look away, it was unlikely that anyone had dared to disobey.

Declan replied almost immediately—an unusual occurrence. "I'm overthinking? With all those eyes on you two holding hands, you think I'm overthinking?"

Declan sent a photo, causing Kimberly's heart to race. She quickly opened it. It showed a high-resolution image of her and Chris exiting the racing club, viewed from behind. Anyone who knew them could easily

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identify them.

In the photo, they appeared quite compatible.

For some unknown reason, Kimberly saved the photo to her phone's gallery, then calmly replied by tapping on her screen, "Maybe you should get your eyes checked. Take a closer look and see if we're really holding hands."

In the image, it was evident that Chris was merely grabbing her wrist.

Kimberly calmly took another sip of her coffee, noting Declan's lack of response. She sent another message, saying, "What did you want to give me?"

Declan's response came quickly this time. "Where are you?"

Kimberly's eyes narrowed slightly. She could tell Declan was growing suspicious about her and Chris. If he persisted, he might try to collect evidence of supposed infidelity.


"The Holden Mansion."

A minute ticked by without a reply. Kimberly raised her eyebrows, thinking that her mention of the Holden Mansion might have tempered Declan's suspicions. Just as she was about to set her phone aside, it vibrated again.

She picked it up and read the new message, her eyes widening in shock.

"Come out and meet me. I'm at the gate of the Holden Mansion."



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