

Chapter 110 He Dreams Again

Upon hearing Kimberly's words, Chris gave her a thoughtful look. He nodded briefly, remaining silent.

Initially, Kimberly didn't think much of it, but as she walked Chris to his car, the significance of his look dawned on her!

Chris was the most influential figure in Javille, the sole heir to the prestigious Howard family, and held significant sway overseas. Although she was the heiress of the Holden family, since marrying Declan, she had been a full-time housewife. How could her sources of information possibly match Chris's extensive network?

Kimberly felt a wave of anxiety and unease. She had been so intent on convincing Chris to support her plan that she had overlooked this crucial aspect!

No wonder Chris had looked at her so strangely earlier...

Was he suspicious of her?

Kimberly didn't allow herself to ponder it further, her expression serious as she watched the Rolls-Royce carrying Chris pull away. She turned back towards the Holden Mansion, her mood heavy.

She needed to organize her thoughts. If Chris brought this up the next time they met, she had to have a convincing explanation ready.

On the way back to Lakeview Haven Villas, the driver of the car was Leif. He received a message from Chris and quickly drove over to pick him up.

Leif sneaked a glance at Chris through the rearview mirror. Chris was sitting in the back, head bowed, engulfed in shadows, and had been silent since entering the car, which made Leif slightly anxious.

"Mr. Howard, the gifts you asked me to prepare for Mr. Holden are still in the trunk... Should I drop you off at Lakeview Haven Villas first, then deliver the gifts to the Holden family?"

Leif's careful inquiry brought Chris out of his reverie. He glanced at the rearview mirror, his brow furrowing.

He had nearly forgotten about it!

When he first arrived at the Holden Mansion, he secretly messaged Leif to buy some gifts, planning to present them to Archie. After all, it was essential to bring some gifts as a sign of respect for the first visit.

However, with all that had transpired, he had considered having Kimberly deliver the gifts to Archie, especially since Archie had retired upstairs to rest after dinner, and he didn't want to disturb him just for the sake of the gifts.

But Kimberly's earlier words had left him distracted, caught up in trying to discern how she had come by that information about the land auction, and he had momentarily forgotten the gifts!

Leif dared not say anything more. He sat up straight, appearing focused on driving even though his mind was filled with unease.

Chris's silence was imposing, carrying an authoritative chill that only intensified with his experiences. His presence was undeniably distinct; when he regarded others, it was with a dismissive air that seemed to trivialize human life. His sharp, daunting demeanor wasn't something one could naturally possess. It must be forged through the baptism of blood!

After a moment of reflection, Chris said in a deep tone, "Proceed as you suggested. Deliver the gifts directly to the Holden family's butler. It's late, so try not to disturb Mr. Holden and Ms. Holden."

"Understood."

Leif exhaled quietly, relieved, and continued driving careful not to interrupt Chris again.

Chris shifted his focus to the view outside the window, absently twirling the plain ring on his right middle finger, his face contemplative.

He wondered... Was Kimberly experiencing the same dreams as he?

How else could she know about this information?

As for her claimed sources of information, Chris was skeptical.

"Leif, cancel my plans for tomorrow evening. I need to be at the land auction. Also, compile a report on the insider information about the auction by noon tomorrow."

Leif was caught off guard. "The land auction? But hadn't you declined the organizer's invitation?"

"Changed my mind. Is there an issue with that?"

Chris withdrew his attention, his expression neutral as he glanced at Leif.

"No, no issue... But your dinner with..."

"Postpone it." Chris's response was firm, his tone resolute.

For him, grasping the heart of the matter was more important than anything else.

He needed to determine whether these recurring dreams were foresight into future events or merely figments of his imagination...

Upon arriving at his desolate home, Chris ascended the stairs expressionlessly, indulged in a relaxing bath, and retired to bed early, compelling himself to sleep.

About an hour later, sleep took him, and as he anticipated, he dreamed again!

In his dream, he found himself as a specter, observing the scene in the VIP No. 1 banquet hall of Javille's premier hotel during the land auction, closely following Kimberly.

The banquet hall was dimly lit, and when the eighth auction item was presented, Declan, seated beside Kimberly, visibly brightened with anticipation, eagerly lifting his bidding paddle.

The eighth item was the plot of land Kimberly had referred to, the auction's centerpiece, sought after by numerous influential entities. For a moment, paddles flew up across the room.

The bidding that started at one billion had escalated to 6.3 billion, and the competition had dwindled to just a few, including a representative from the Hoffman family and Declan.

The Hoffman family's representative, positioned in the front row, looked dismissively towards Declan and upped the bid decisively. "Seven billion!"

He appeared weary of the bidding war with Declan, increasing the bid by a hundred million at a time, and ultimately added seven hundred million, aiming to secure the property.

Declan's complexion turned ashen, his grip tightening around his bidding paddle, his resolve wavering.

This was seven billion!

Not seven hundred thousand, nor seventy million!

He lacked the financial resources to match the Hoffman family, one of the four major families!

"Seven billion, going once..." The auctioneer's voice echoed through the banquet hall via the microphone

Declan clenched his teeth and turned to Kimberly beside him, his eyes scornful. "Can your Holden family spare three billion? I'm short on funds."

Kimberly, taken by surprise, her expression darkening offered a rueful smile and whispered, "You know the Holden family's circumstances. I haven't been involved for over two years, and now you want three billion... It's not possible. Honey, maybe we should pass on this land and consider another?"

Declan's face was grim as he glared at Kimberly, scolding. "You're useless! You know nothing! This land is in the most thriving part of the city center, right next to the Howard Group. Moving the Walsh Group there would elevate our group's prestige and status!"