

Chapter 117 Who Will You Choose, Me Or Him

"Ms. Holden, Mr. Howard has arrived, and he's waiting at the gate for you," Ansell said, beaming as he knocked on the door where Kimberly and Mabel were.

"Already?"

A spark of excitement shone in Kimberly's eyes as she grabbed her black, diamond-studded handbag from the dressing table and quickly headed for the door, seemingly eager to meet her beloved.

Watching her, Mabel shook her head, her emotions mixed.

So this was what Kimberly meant by not being interested?

It seemed she was unknowingly smitten!

"I'll come with you," Mabel said just as Kimberly reached the door.

Kimberly took hold of her aunt's wrist and hurried her outside, clearly in a hurry.

To Mabel, it appeared that Kimberly was eager to meet Chris, but she was unaware that Kimberly's real rush was to attend the land auction!

If Kimberly had heard Mabel's thoughts, she would have been at a loss for words.

For Kimberly, the pursuit of revenge far outweighed romantic interests!

Outside the Holden Mansion, a black Rolls-Royce and a black Mercedes van were parked. As Chris exited the car, seven or eight robust men in suits stepped out of the van, their presence so formidable that even stray dogs scurried away.

"Mr. Howard!"

At that moment, a lively, breathless voice called out. Hearing this, Chris turned around, and his gaze landed on Kimberly, who was approaching in elegant high heels. Admiration lit up his face.

He had thought Kimberly's traditional crescent-white dress at the auction in the previous life was stunning enough but today's black ensemble, shrouded in a mysterious allure and highlighted by her glowing smile, was even more stunning. She looked like a portrait come to life.

It was only when Kimberly and Mabel reached him that Chris came back to reality. His gaze locked on her, he smiled warmly and openly expressed his admiration.

"Ms. Holden, you look absolutely beautiful tonight."

"Thank you," Kimberly responded, her smile broadening as she took in the sight of the tall, finely dressed man before her. His bespoke black suit accentuated his muscular shoulders, trim waist, and long legs, his strikingly handsome features were a source of pride for her to accompany.

"You're looking quite sharp yourself," Kimberly complimented, echoing Chris's own words.

Surprisingly, a blush crept across his face, and he shyly looked away, clearing his throat discreetly.

Could it be that he was feeling shy?

Kimberly felt like she had entered a new realm, giving Chris a mesmerizing smile. It was the first time she had seen him act shy!

Chris tried to maintain his composure under her intense scrutiny. He turned to Mabel, offering a warm smile and reaching out his hand. "Ms. Holden, it's a pleasure. I'm Chris Howard."

When Chris had visited two nights ago, Mabel had remained in the car and hadn't made her presence known. This was technically their first proper meeting.

Mabel responded with a courteous smile and accepted his handshake. "I've heard a lot about you. You certainly live up to your reputation. I trust you'll take good care of my niece tonight, Mr. Howard."

"You're too kind, Ms. Holden," Chris responded smoothly, his eyes shifting back to Kimberly. Before he could say more, Kimberly stepped up confidently and linked her arm with his, her smile bright.

"We should be on our way, Mr. Howard."

Chris paused, momentarily taken aback by her forwardness, his eyes

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following her hand on his arm. He quickly caught on as he noticed a black
BMW pulling up.

Kimberly's bold move was clearly meant to provoke Declan using Chris.

His heart, initially fluttering, settled down. Chris acknowledged her
silently and, with a gentlemanly gesture, opened the back door of the car.
Kimberly gracefully entered, followed by Chris.

Just as they were about to leave, the BMW screeched to a stop next to
the Rolls-Royce. The rear window lowered, revealing Declan's grim face.
He stared hard at the black-tinted window of their car. Even though he
couldn't see inside, the idea of Kimberly's earlier proximity to Chris ignited
his fury.

"Kimberly! Get out here! I know you're in there. Don't be a coward!"

Inside the Rolls-Royce, Kimberly remained cool, unaffected by Declan's
outburst. Feeling Chris's intense gaze, she looked up into his deep eyes.

"Who will you choose, me or him?" Chris's voice carried a significant
weight.

Kimberly hesitated, sensing the gravity of his question, but chose to
respond lightly, smiling. "Isn't it clear? I choose you, of course. I wouldn't
want to ride in his car, so if you wouldn't mind, Mr. Howard, could you
please drive me?"

Chris's eyes displayed a trace of helplessness. He pondered whether
Kimberly saved her shrewdest tactics exclusively for him.

In his dreams, she hadn't shown such astuteness and insight!

"Alright," Chris answered, turning to gradually lower the car window. His
remarkably handsome face met the cool air as he fixed his gaze on the
visibly upset Declan in the other car, his tall figure fully protecting
Kimberly.

"Where is Kimberly?! I know she's in your car! Let her out and come with
me! I'm her husband!" Declan insisted aggressively.

In response, Chris's usually stoic face gradually shifted into a smile that
didn't quite reach his eyes.

Normally, his face was impassive, but his smile was unnerving.

"So what if you're her husband?" Chris retorted. "She chose me over you."

With that, Chris rolled up the window, and the Rolls-Royce began to glide away.

Declan stood frozen for a moment, then exploded in anger. "Follow them!"

Was this a declaration of war from Chris?

Absolutely!

It was maddening!

Declan had never felt such fury. He felt his dignity being crushed under Chris's defiance. How dare Chris, an outsider, challenge him, the rightful husband?

"Yes, Mr. Walsh," Bryce responded, poised to accelerate, when a black Mercedes van abruptly cut in front of them!

Bryce's expression shifted as he swiftly maneuvered the steering wheel, watching the van dart off in an S-pattern, as if merely toying with him and Declan.



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