

Chapter 151 Is This A Pattern For You

As soon as Kimberly voiced her thoughts, a heavy silence fell over. Everyone froze, their eyes widening in shock, the air thick with tension as they held their breaths.

Was Kimberly losing her senses?

That was Chris, the heir to the Howard family!

While most would be thrilled at the prospect of his visit, Kimberly seemed eager to see Chris leave!

Christian's face tensed, his wrinkles deepening around his eyes as he nervously peeked toward the dining room. Even Mabel, who wasn't particularly fond of Chris, fretted that her niece might upset such an important guest.

The most delighted person there was undoubtedly William!

Caught off guard initially, William's lips twisted into a grin he couldn't quite mask, his face twisting awkwardly as he tried to conceal his joy.

He had heard from Declan about Chris's plans to invest in the Holden Group, a revelation that had darkened his days with worry since he knew his betrayals wouldn't go unnoticed.

If the Holden family were to regain its strength, Mabel would certainly not let him off the hook. When it came time to face the music, he'd be trapped, with nowhere left to run.

If he could disrupt the partnership between the two groups, even if Howard Group chose not to collaborate with Walsh Group, it would still be a win for him and Walsh Group.

Therefore, he hoped the cooperation would collapse and that Kimberly would provoke Chris, creating a rift between the families!

In the midst of the strained silence, Chris continued to cut his steak calmly, lifting a piece elegantly to his mouth, showcasing his impeccable manners.

Kimberly's frown deepened as she observed his quietude.

She immediately regretted her abruptness, realizing she should have handled the situation with more grace. The idea of a permanent link with him unsettled her.

She hadn't even taken Declan, her ex-husband, to visit her parents' graves. Who was Chris to her? Their relationship was still undefined!

"You..."

Before Kimberly could continue, Chris looked up slowly, meeting her eyes with a serene smile. "It turns out, I was somewhat familiar with your parents. Paying a visit as an old friend should be acceptable, shouldn't it?"

Kimberly was startled by his reply!

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "You knew my parents?"

"More than just knew them," Chris responded calmly.

As Kimberly looked like she wanted to delve deeper, Chris turned to Archie and said, "I believe you said we were leaving in half an hour. We should finish up quickly to avoid being late."

Archie nodded solemnly, checking his watch before addressing Kimberly. "We're leaving in ten minutes. Are you going to eat something?"

This was the first time he felt irritated with his granddaughter. Couldn't she see that Chris was interested in her? Why was she so keen on sending him away?

If she pushed away the man he saw as a potential grandson-in-law, he would definitely hold Kimberly responsible.

Kimberly was speechless, unsure of what to say next. She nodded distractedly, letting go of her intention to continue the discussion.

Without waiting for Archie's cue, Ansell stepped in with a smile, hoping to

lighten the mood. He asked Kimberly, "What would you like for breakfast?"

Kimberly was clearly preoccupied, her eyes still on Chris. She gestured dismissively and said, "Just some porridge please. Thank you, Ansell."

"Alright," Ansell responded, quickly heading to the kitchen.

Shortly after, a servant brought over Kimberly's breakfast. She ate mechanically, her thoughts consumed by Chris's statement earlier.

He had claimed to have known her parents.

But Chris had moved overseas in his teenage years, hadn't he?

She couldn't recall him visiting in the intervening years, nor had her parents ever spoken of any connection to Chris.

Was he fabricating a story just to accompany her to the cemetery?

Yet, if it were a lie, why hadn't her grandfather called him out? Instead, it seemed they were collaborating, suppressing her queries.

Everything felt overly bizarre!

Time passed quickly, and soon after they finished eating, the family departed the mansion in a stately convoy, entering a lineup of stretch limousines parked at the gate.

Despite the decline of the Holden family, they remained one of Javille's four great families, bearing a century-old legacy with deep roots.

Kimberly walked toward the second limousine where the driver held the door open for her. Instead of climbing in, she turned and called out to Chris, who was about to board another vehicle. "Mr. Howard, why don't we ride together?"

Chris stopped, his eyes on Kimberly. Her gaze was intensely curious, her face glowing more radiantly than a blooming rose.

He could tell she had an agenda!

Chris arched an eyebrow, understanding that Kimberly's offer to share a ride meant she wanted answers. Otherwise, she wouldn't suggest such public proximity. He chuckled quietly.

"I wouldn't dream of declining such a kind invitation."

With that, he walked over to Kimberly and got into the car with her.

The door shut with a thud, isolating them from any outside observers.

The Holden family looked on with confused expressions, unable to grasp the sudden shift in dynamics. Just moments before, Kimberly seemed keen to distance herself from Chris, yet now she had invited him to join her. Surprisingly Chris had accepted!

"What are you all waiting for? Get in the cars and let's go!"

Archie, observing the change, felt reassured. He stroked his beard and chuckled as he entered the first car, pleased that his granddaughter seemed to be thinking more practically.

As the leader of the Holden family, Mabel joined Archie in the first car, while Kimberly and Chris settled into theirs. Following were Christian's and William's families. At the end of the procession, two black Mercedes vans transported Chris's bodyguards, ensuring his security.

Once inside the car, Kimberly instructed the driver to raise the partition. She then turned to Chris, her gaze focused on his handsome face, with a hint of tension in her expression. "Mr. Howard, you mentioned you were acquainted with my parents?"

Chris, though expecting her curiosity, found the situation slightly irksome.

He met her gaze, his smile subtle. "Is this a pattern for you?"

"What do you mean?" Kimberly appeared briefly puzzled by his question.

"Welcoming me with a smile when you need me, then try to push me away when you don't?"



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