

Chapter 73 Someone As Dangerous As Chris

"You're working with him and letting him get close, yet you don't really know him?" Mabel couldn't help but feel a twinge of anger. She looked at the bewildered Kimberly before her and gently poked the latter's forehead.

Staring seriously into Kimberly's eyes, she spoke each word with gravity. "Pay attention to what I'm telling you. Chris left for overseas studies at fifteen without taking any money from the Howard family. He built his success on his own, using his remarkable talents.

By the age of eighteen, he had become a powerful player in both the legitimate and underground markets abroad. He established the Angelico Group, which became the largest conglomerate there, encompassing various high risk industries. He even set up a mercenary group known for their ruthless effectiveness.

His most profitable venture is his casinos. Someone as dangerous as Chris, with such vast and mysterious experiences, might take advantage of you if you're not careful. So, I urge you, do not get deeply involved with him!"

Kimberly was stunned into silence.

After some time, she remembered a moment at the port where she saw Chris scolding Declan.

His gaze was cold and merciless, like a demon unleashed from hell.

At that moment, she had wondered how someone could exhibit such a drastic change in demeanor.

Now, thinking back, she pondered if that might be the real Chris?

Kimberly clicked her tongue in acknowledgment. "He does seem quite dangerous..."

However, she felt puzzled.

If Chris was as powerful and brutal as described, why hadn't he simply dealt with Declan more decisively in her previous life?

Instead, he allowed Declan to cause a spectacle, even challenging the Howard family.

Could it be possible that Chris had changed?

Mabel noticed that Kimberly seemed to absorb her warnings and let out a relieved sigh. "Exactly. After you mentioned the Howard family's interest in investing in the Holden Group, I spared no expense in sending people abroad to collect information."

Mabel looked somewhat distressed. "Honestly, if the Holden Group weren't in dire need of a strong partner like the Howard family, I'd prefer to avoid any deep involvement with someone as unpredictable as him. Who knows how he'll react? What if something we do accidentally triggers him, and he decides to retaliate against the Holden family?"

"Well..." Kimberly tentatively raised her hand as if in a classroom, speaking gently. "Aunt Mabel, I actually find Mr. Howard to be quite pleasant. He seems kind and not nearly as frightening as you suggest."

Mabel's expression grew concerned, her brows knitting together. "Really? Could my sources have misinformed me?"

Elsewhere, a Maybach smoothly navigated a broad roadway, heading not towards Lakeview Haven Villas but to the Howard Castle.

Inside the car, Chris lay back with his eyes shut when his phone suddenly rang, shattering the quiet.

He slowly opened his eyes, his gaze sharp and intense, radiating a chilling coldness.

This was a sharp contrast to the relaxed and casual demeanor he displayed when he was with Kimberly.

Chris pulled a different phone from his pocket, checked the caller ID with a neutral expression, and answered in a low, gravelly voice, "Speak."

On the other end, a subordinate's voice came through respectfully. "Mr. Howard, we've just learned that some inquiries about you have been made. Our team discovered they were sent by the Holden Group. I took the initiative to let them leave safely without making any moves, making sure no one noticed."

"Inquiries about me?" Chris's eyebrows lifted slightly, his thoughts turning to the sophisticated woman he had met recently who looked somewhat like Kimberly.

It had to have been Mabel who sent them. His voice remained cool and detached. "So, what exactly did she uncover?"

The other person seemed taken aback by Chris's question, pausing for a few seconds before responding in a strained tone. "She probably discovered just about everything she intended to..."

Chris's expression was distant, and he grew silent. Before he could respond, the voice on the other end rushed to explain, almost in distress, "I'm sorry, Mr. Howard, I... I was so focused on monitoring them that I forgot to block the information. Ms. Holden likely knows about your activities here."

"Enough with the excuses," Chris said sharply, his voice tinged with irritation. "Is there anything else?"

"No..." The voice on the other end was timid.

Chris, losing interest in the conversation, ended the call abruptly. He stared out the car window, his thumb unconsciously brushed over the phone screen, contemplating the implications.

He wondered if Kimberly would be alarmed once she learned of his operations abroad.

The thought made Chris increasingly nervous, worried that Kimberly might distance herself from him if she knew the truth.

Caught in his thoughts, he retrieved another phone from his suit's inner pocket, opened WhatsApp, and sent Kimberly a message, asking "Are you asleep?"

Chris waited for about ten minutes until the car came to a steady stop in

front of the castle, but it felt like his message had vanished into thin air, as there was no reply.

His heart slowly began to sink.

"Mr. Howard, we're here."

The atmosphere in the car was incredibly tense, and the driver shivered as he gathered the courage to remind him.

"Wait for me here," Chris instructed, then exited the vehicle and walked swiftly toward the brightly lit castle.

The driver exhaled in relief, pleased to see that his boss wouldn't be spending the night at the Howard Castle.

The Howard Castle, an ancestral home of the Howard family, sprawled over thousands of acres. A long road flanked by elm trees led to the castle, a ten-minute drive from the gate.

At the foot of the mountain behind the estate was a meticulously maintained orchard that bore fresh fruit, and the beautifully designed garden at the back could rival any premier tourist spot.

The estate was lavishly appointed, down to the expensive carpets that graced the floors of the castle.

Chris entered the castle with purpose, took the elevator up to the third floor, and paused before a door, lifting his hand to knock.

A soft, feminine voice called from inside, "Who is it?"

Footsteps approached, and the door swung open. Kallie, seeing the man at the doorway, widened her eyes in surprise.

"Chris? When... When did you get back?"

Chris slowly raised his head, his visage strikingly handsome. The beauty mark near his eye added a unique charm to his deep, mesmerizing eyes, enhancing his allure.

The only flaw was that Chris's gaze toward her was cold and unfamiliar, giving off a distant aura that was vastly different from the Chris she remembered.

