

Chapter 86 Are You Going To Dine With Her

Hadn't Kimberly been working tirelessly on this cooperation agreement with Chris, dreaming of its completion day and night?

Overwhelmed with excitement, Kimberly's hands trembled as she lifted one of the contract copies and began reading it thoroughly. When she encountered a clause making her entirely responsible for the cooperation, she hesitated.

Well...

Feeling somewhat helpless as her initial excitement waned, Kimberly gathered her courage and, pointing to the clause, she looked up with a tentative smile. "Um, Mr. Howard... I'm merely a shareholder in the Holden Group. I don't hold any executive role or management authority there, so this clause..."

Chris glanced up, his gaze fixed on her, a small smile playing on his lips.

"Is there an issue? Isn't this your family's company? Surely, you could assume a position there with just a simple request. Or are you implying that you're only involved in securing investments and have no intentions of managing the subsequent responsibilities?"

Chris seemed slightly troubled, a hint of helplessness in his demeanor as he reached for the document in her hands. "If that's the situation, I may have to reconsider our partnership with the Holden Group..."

Startled by the possibility of him pulling out of the deal, Kimberly clutched the contract tightly to her chest, stepping back slightly with a beaming smile. "Oh, please, I would never shirk responsibility! Rest assured, Mr. Howard, I am fully committed to fulfilling our agreement and ensuring the success of our partnership."

Determined not to let Chris's doubts deter her, Kimberly swiftly grabbed the pen from the table, turned to the contract's final page, and quickly

signed her name.

She repeated the action on the second copy, her movements brisk as though worried Chris might retract his offer.

Once signed, Kimberly handed the pen back to him with a smile, her eyes gleaming brilliantly, reflecting only his distinguished features.

"Here, it's your turn to sign, Mr. Howard."

Seeing the eager anticipation in her eyes, Chris's heart fluttered with a rare feeling of satisfaction and joy.

Chris held her gaze for a prolonged moment before he hummed softly in acknowledgment. Under her watchful eye, he took the pen and added his signature.

Kimberly exhaled a deep sigh of relief, her eyes instinctively scanning his signature. It was meticulously crafted, each stroke deliberate and aesthetically pleasing.

She cherished the art of calligraphy, a practice that soothed her spirit. Whenever her thoughts were tumultuous, she would seclude herself in her study, shut out the world, and immerse herself in calligraphy to refine her temperament.

She believed handwriting could reveal much about a person's character and disposition.

Compared to Declan's unruly scrawl, she found Chris's writing with each stroke bold and vigorous, much more appealing. It exuded a commanding presence, mirroring his assertive and strong character.

Chris's expression was one of deep satisfaction as he admired their names on the document. He then capped the pen, opened a drawer, and retrieved a stamp. With firm pressure, he sealed both copies of the contract with a crimson imprint.

A wave of profound emotion washed over him as he made a silent vow to one day replace the Howard Group stamp with one on their marriage certificate.

Holding two copies of the contract, Chris gathered his composure and handed one to Kimberly, his eyes gleaming with a friendly sparkle. "It's

been a pleasure working with you, Ms. Holden."

Kimberly took the contract with a sense of achievement, carefully placing it in her laptop bag, feeling like she had just navigated her way through a long, dark tunnel to see the daylight.

She felt she had actively redirected her future.

"I'm genuinely excited about this, Mr. Howard!"

A subtle smile played on Chris's lips, his eyes betraying his joy. "As am I."

As Kimberly gathered her belongings, Chris walked alongside her, casually asking as they headed out, "After your appointment with Mr. Walsh, do you have any other plans?"

Plans?

A look of puzzlement crossed Kimberly's face as she shook her head, clutching her laptop bag, and stepped into the private elevator with Chris.

She had intended to return home for dinner with her grandfather, having promised to spend more time with him lately.

However, catching a glimpse of Sandra's envious stare from a distance, Kimberly hesitated, a mischievous smile creeping across her lips.

Recalling Sandra's earlier attempt to defame her in front of Chris, accusing her of malicious motives and almost disrupting the cooperation, Kimberly's annoyance flared.

With a playful grin, she turned to the man next to her, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "There's this good restaurant I know, ideal for couples. It has such a romantic setting, and I've yet to try it. Would you care to join me, Mr. Howard?"

Ideal for couples?

Chris was momentarily surprised, maintaining his composure while his heart skipped a beat.

Just as he seemed ready to accept, Sandra, unable to contain herself, rushed towards the elevator. She managed to wedge her hand between the doors just as they were closing, her eyes watery as she faced Chris.

"Mr. Howard, you're scheduled for dinner tonight with Mr. Hoffman from the Hoffman Group. It's been on your calendar for a week. Did you forget?" Sandra interjected.

Watching Sandra block the elevator, Chris's brow furrowed slightly, his face emotionless. "No, I haven't forgotten."

Before Sandra could express her relief, Kimberly's face fell into a mask of disappointment and sadness, her eyes lifting to Chris with a touch of grievance.

"But I need you." Kimberly paused strategically, her tone dripping with closeness. "I really wish you could come with me."

Sandra's gaze snapped to Kimberly, her eyes blazing with fury.

At that moment, she felt like she could lash out at Kimberly.

Such a cunning woman!

Chris shot Kimberly a knowing glance, amused by the unfolding drama, puzzled by her decision to provoke Sandra.

Chris let out a soft chuckle, his voice carrying a hint of indulgence saying, "Alright, alright, as you wish."

Sandra, caught completely off guard by this public show of favor, stared at Chris in utter disbelief, her emotions teetering on the edge. "Mr. Howard!?"

Chris paid her no further attention, his voice cool and detached. "Please inform Mr. Hoffman that something urgent has come up tonight, and we'll need to reschedule our meeting for tomorrow."

Sandra stood frozen, her complexion turning pale. She struggled to recognize the Chris standing before her.

Chris had always been known for his relentless work ethic.


When she remained silent, Chris's gaze turned cold. "Was I unclear?"

Tears welled up slightly in Sandra's eyes as she clenched the elevator door, her resolve hardening.

This time, she was determined not to yield or compromise.

"Mr. Howard, are you implying that the urgent matter you referred to involves dining with this seductress?"



 Congratulations! You've won
30 minutes of free reading time!

Claim Now

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.

