

Chapter 88 His First Gift To Her

"Would you like to drive it?" Chris found himself asking as he saw Kimberly admiring the steering wheel, her eyes sparkling with excitement and admiration. A warm feeling tugged at his heart.

"May I really?" Kimberly looked up at him, her eyes wide and shining.

Her genuine affection for the car was evident.

"Absolutely." Chris smiled, clicking off his seatbelt and stepping out of the car. Kimberly quickly followed, unbuckling her seatbelt and sliding into the driver's seat with enthusiasm. She took a moment to feel the steering wheel, her anticipation clear.

Chris had just settled into the passenger seat when the McLaren sprang to life, speeding off with a resonant yell.

Ten minutes later, they pulled up smoothly outside a cafe, executing a perfect parking maneuver.

"We've arrived," Kimberly said, slowly releasing the steering wheel. She turned to Chris, excitement still written all over her face. "Mr. Howard, this McLaren performs wonderfully! I absolutely adore it!"

Chris chuckled, his heart pounding unexpectedly. Kimberly's skills behind the wheel was more impressive than he had anticipated, surpassing even his own abilities.

Her driving skills were exceptional, a rarity even among skilled racers.

"If you're fond of it, it's yours." Chris recovered and offered, smiling slightly as he extended the keys towards her.

Kimberly's eyes widened in surprise. She hesitated, her hand inching towards the keys but stopping short. "Are you sure? I mean, this car is quite pricey, isn't it?"

"Just dozens of million, not even close to a hundred million. It's a trivial

amount," Chris responded with a chuckle as he noticed her lingering gaze on the keys. She clearly desired them but was reluctant to take them.

Kimberly thought, "Is that something people normally say? Not even a hundred million, and it's considered inexpensive? Chris is truly on another level of extravagance!"

Kimberly quietly scoffed to herself, then watched as Chris placed the keys in her hand. She paused for a moment, looking up at him.

Chris offered a casual smile and said, "Think of it as a celebration of our successful collaboration. Just a small gesture, really insignificant Ms. Holden, please take it, and don't let my good intentions go to waste."

Who gifts a globally limited edition sports car worth nearly ninety million right after forming a partnership?

Yet, how could anyone turn down such an enticing offer?

Kimberly felt an overwhelming temptation, and suddenly, Chris seemed even more appealing. She pursed her lips. "Then... I'll accept it, thank you."

"Absolutely." Chris simply smiled, then stepped out of the car. Kimberly watched him for a moment, then hurriedly exited the vehicle.

This McLaren was one of Kimberly's all-time favorite models, and she absolutely adored it!

Regrettably, it was one of only ten in existence. Not only was it incredibly expensive, securing one usually required significant connections and influence.

As they walked into the cafe, Kimberly couldn't resist looking back at the car. The sight of the McLaren sitting there sent a thrill through her heart.

Seeing her clear joy, Chris felt no remorse about his extravagant gift. On the contrary, he was proud.

This was his first gift to Kimberly, and she absolutely loved it!

"Alright, let's head inside," he suggested.

Kimberly shifted her focus from the car and walked into the cafe alongside him. She informed the waiter about their reservation for a

private room, who then guided them to the designated booth.

Inside, Declan was already there, visibly agitated. His face brightened as Kimberly entered, but his smile turned rigid and his mood darkened upon seeing Chris right behind her.

"Why is he here?!"

Kimberly, overlooking Declan's evident hostility, took her seat across from him with composure.

Chris sat next to her, exchanging a brief, inscrutable glance with Bryce before turning to Declan with a slight, enigmatic smile. "Mr. Walsh seems less than thrilled to see me, doesn't he?"

Declan gave Chris a cold look, silently fuming over Chris's apparent nonchalance.

Nevertheless, he maintained a controlled voice. "I assumed that a personal conversation between myself and my wife was not the ideal setting for you, Mr. Howard."

Chris's expression turned graver as he allowed a small smirk. "Wife? Aren't we at the point where 'ex-wife' might be more appropriate? I was under the impression you were here to finalize the divorce. If my being here is a problem, Mr. Walsh, you might try ignoring my presence."

Declan found himself speechless, utterly dumbfounded.

How was he supposed to disregard Chris's presence when he was so blatantly there?

Unable to direct his frustration at Chris, Declan's irritation spilled over onto Kimberly, his tone turning cold. "Kimberly, what is the meaning of this?"

Kimberly sensed a headache starting to develop. She had anticipated Declan's tense reaction the moment Chris decided to accompany her. However, since she had already consented to Chris's presence, it was pointless to ask him to leave now. She shot Declan an impatient glance. "Just act as if he's not here. His presence here won't alter what we're here to discuss."

At that moment, a knock echoed at the door.

Bryce, ever vigilant, strode to the door and swung it open, revealing a server holding their coffee order.

"I'll handle this," Bryce replied, taking the tray from the server. He then closed the door and returned to the table, carefully setting the tray down.

With skillful movements, Bryce placed a latte with condensed milk in front of Kimberly and positioned an unsweetened black coffee next to Chris.

After arranging the beverages, Bryce noticed the room had fallen eerily quiet. Looking up, he caught Kimberly and Declan fixated on him with intense gazes.

Bryce blinked momentarily taken aback by their scrutiny. His pulse quickened slightly, though he managed to keep his face neutral. "What's going on? Why the stares?" he inquired slightly bewildered.

Kimberly took a sip of her latte, pondering a new idea. She gave Chris a side glance as he quietly sipped his coffee, recalling his words in the elevator about withholding the true identity of Sandra's brother for the time being. A wild suspicion popped into her head; could Bryce actually be Sandra's brother?

It dawned on her that both Sandra and Bryce shared the same last name.

Meanwhile, Declan looked unimpressed as he watched Bryce, his eyes scrutinizing the latter. "How did you figure out that the latte was Kimberly's?" Declan asked with a hint of skepticism.

Bryce paused briefly, then exhaled a sigh of mild frustration. "Mr. Walsh, you once mentioned that Mrs. Walsh prefers sweet beverages. Given there were only two options, it was simple to deduce which drink belonged to whom. Isn't that straightforward?"