

## Chapter 92 Bet

The McLaren sped off, hurtling toward the outskirts. As it climbed the Mountain Road, it kept its speed, narrowly dodging oncoming sports cars on multiple occasions.

Kimberly's nerves were stretched tight, her fingertips paling as they clung to the handle.

This was thrilling!

For the first time, she truly grasped the essence of "The Fast And The Furious".

It felt just like a scene from the movies, with Chris showcasing his impressive driving prowess.

By the time the McLaren came to a smooth stop at the entrance of the Mountain-top Racing Club, more than an hour had gone by.

Kimberly released a long breath as Chris finally came to a stop. Her tense nerves began to ease, leaving her with just a touch of fatigue once the excitement wore off.

Looking out the car window, she noticed an extravagant club nearby, encircled by hundreds of high-end sports cars, each valued at no less than five million. Stylish young men and women were stepping out of the club, their laughter mingling in the air, their eyes occasionally drifting with envy toward their exclusive, limited edition McLaren.

Kimberly asked, "What is this place?"

The intense hour-long drive had calmed half of Chris's inner uneasiness. His face was expressionless as he looked at the attractive woman next to him, reaching instinctively for his pack of cigarettes, pulling one out but not lighting it.

"A racing club."

Racing?

Kimberly blinked in surprise, turning to face the man beside her, slightly confused. "Why have you brought me here?"

Was it because she had mentioned her fondness for racing not long ago?

The sun was setting, bathing the sky in vibrant shades of red.

"Aren't you interested in racing?"

Chris took the cigarette from his mouth. His expression was a whirlwind of emotions, difficult to read.

He remembered how, just a while back at the cafe, he had stepped outside only to return and find Kimberly agreeing to a ninety-nine day relationship with Declan, that rogue. The memory fueled a fresh wave of anger in his heart.

"Why? Do you really like him that much? After all he's done to you, why would you give him another chance?"

Chris was on the brink of losing his composure. He leaned in closer, his large hand resting against the car window beside her, forming a semi-embrace that trapped her while still keeping some distance.

Kimberly, taken aback by Chris's furious look, realized his reaction stemmed from her arrangement with Declan.

"Are you... jealous?"

Chris's long lashes fluttered as he gazed down at the beautiful woman beside him. His lips pressed together, he denied it, saying, "I'm not. I just can't understand why you would do this."

Back at the Howard Group, Kimberly seemed resolute about severing ties with Declan. Yet, in the short span of less than ten minutes after he had left the cafe, she had reversed her decision.

This puzzled him.

What had happened in those ten minutes?

Kimberly gave him a quick look, doubting Chris's denial.

If he wasn't jealous, then why was he behaving like this?

But since he wouldn't acknowledge it, she felt no need to reveal his clumsy lie. Instead, she said, "I have my reasons. But Mr. Howard, you appear quite curious about my personal matters?"

"Can't I be a little curious?"

Watching her maintain her calm demeanor, Chris struggled to hold back his irritation.

She was on the verge of reconciling with Declan, so how could he reveal his feelings for a woman who was practically married?

"Sure, but it's not necessary."

Kimberly brushed a stray lock of hair behind her ear, her gaze drifting frequently towards the club outside. The distant sounds of cheers and applause from inside piqued her curiosity.

This was her first time at such a venue, and with her interest in racing, she was naturally drawn in.

Chris found himself momentarily at a loss for words. Noticing her interest, he narrowed his eyes slightly. "Want to try it out?"

"Can I?"

Kimberly's focus returned to the rugged stern man before her.

If anyone else had witnessed Chris's dark mood and felt the intense aura around him, they might have cowered. But Kimberly showed no signs of fear, perhaps because she believed, deep down, that Chris would never hurt her.

This realization made her furrow her brows in surprise.

Why was she so certain that Chris wouldn't harm her?

Could it be because he showed her affection and treated her differently?

Even Kimberly found this idea a bit unsettling...

"Sure. Let's race. The loser has to agree to a condition set by the winner.

"What do you say?"

Chris was oblivious to her thoughts. His mind was preoccupied with images of Kimberly laughing with Declan and the unsettling dreams he had been having.

In those dreams, Kimberly continuously forgave Declan's wrongdoings easily swayed by his sweet words, oblivious to her own tears and suffering.

With this thought, Chris tightened his fists, determination flashing in his eyes.

This time, with him by her side, he was resolved to prevent Kimberly from making the same mistakes he envisioned in his dreams!

"A condition?"

Kimberly's brow creased slightly in thought. With the Howard and Holden families recently entering into a strategic partnership, she couldn't think of any specific condition to suggest to Chris at the moment.

Then, an idea struck her, and she looked at Chris with a scrutinizing expression. "Mr. Howard, by bringing me here and challenging me to a race, are you trying to make me withdraw from my agreement with Declan?"

Chris looked at her for a few moments, then snorted softly, lifting her chin. This time, he didn't try to hide his intentions.

"Ms. Holden, you're quite perceptive to see through my plans."

Kimberly thought his motives were obvious. If she hadn't noticed, she might as well be blind!

Kimberly blinked, her smile turning sweet, her eyes twinkling charmingly.

"But I'm not sure what condition to set for you. This race might be significant to you, but for me... It's not really meaningful."

Chris's expression, which had momentarily softened, turned serious again. After a brief pause, he looked at her. "Are you so confident you'll win?"

Kimberly smiled. "Don't you think so too?"