

Chapter 93 Mrs. Howard

Chris felt a twinge of frustration, releasing his grip on Kimberly's chin. He leaned back, rolled down the window, and lit a cigarette, taking a deep inhale. The smoke formed rings that floated around him, momentarily hiding his face.

"Ms. Holden, I suggest that you take me up on this race. It's a chance of a lifetime," Chris said, his voice carrying a deeper meaning.

Kimberly caught the significance of his words and considered it.

It was Chris Howard after all.

Securing his promise now, even without specific conditions in mind, was better than missing the opportunity.

Who knew when she might need his assistance in the future?

"Alright, let's race," Kimberly responded with a confident smile, her mind made up. "I plan on winning."

Now that she understood what Chris was aiming at, she was ready to put everything into this race.

If she could just get through these ninety-nine days, she would be free from Declan!

But she had to ensure Chris stayed out of it. Any interference and the photo Declan held could be irrefutable evidence!

"You seem sure of yourself," Chris said with a vague smile, putting out his cigarette before getting out of the car.

Kimberly did the same, following him as they walked into the elegantly decorated club.

This was Javille's most prestigious racing club, with the entire mountain as its backdrop. Only those from prominent families could come and go

freely, a sharp contrast to the underground racing scene Chris had mentioned earlier.

After all, this was a place where the wealthy and influential gathered, while the underground racing scene attracted a diverse crowd.

"Mr. Howard!"

As they walked, numerous people bowed and greeted Chris with eager smiles, recognizing the heir of the Howard family.

Kimberly saw several faces she knew from a high-end yacht party.

The club's interior was naturally luxurious. A middle-aged man in a suit came quickly over, his head nodding in respect as he approached Chris.

"Mr. Howard, it's wonderful to see you here. How may I assist you today?"

He was the club manager, and he wore a Patek Philippe watch worth millions.

Watching Chris stop to talk, Kimberly stood by, taking in the scene and noticing the club's evident success.

Indeed, even the manager wore a watch that spoke volumes about the place's profitability.

Chris, maintaining his detached composure, looked down at the manager. His aloof and confident manner was typical when dealing with others, and given his status, it was never perceived as rude but rather fitting.

"I need two of the best-performing cars for a race with my friend," Chris instructed.

The manager glanced at Kimberly standing next to Chris and flashed an endearing smile.

"Of course, just give me five minutes to clear the track. I'll have someone ready to escort you and your partner to get changed. Is that okay with you?"

He addressed Kimberly as Chris' partner, sparking curiosity among the bystanders.

Chris gave the manager a brief nod and then walked off with a male attendant towards the changingrooms.

"This way, Mrs. Howard." a pleasant female attendant welcomed Kimberly with a warm smile.

Kimberly was taken aback.

She paused, watching Chris walk away. He hadn't corrected the attendant, and for Kimberly to deny being "Mrs. Howard" now seemed like a direct affront to Chris. With some reluctance, she nodded and followed the attendant.

As they disappeared from view, the previously quiet crowd burst into whispers.

"Mrs. Howard?! Hasn't Chris just returned? When did he get married? How come I haven't heard anything?"

"Could it be that they're not officially married yet?"

"Who is that lady? What's her background? Chris didn't correct the manager when he address her as Chris' partner."

The murmurs grew, driven by curiosity. Kimberly had been away from the public eye for over a year, and her absence meant she was unrecognized by many, even those who knew her before her marriage.

In the crowd, three young heirs who had been at Chris's welcome event exchanged knowing looks.

They had felt something was off at the luxury cruise ship party but were surprised to see Chris openly accompanying Kimberly before her divorce was finalized.

"Wow..." one murmured, clearly shocked. "Isn't this clearly cheating on Declan?"

"That's right, everyone knows Declan has been cheated on," another one mocked.

Just then, a group walked in from the racetrack. Leading the way was a tall, strong man whose long legs drew attention. He was dressed in a

white racing suit, and his short ash-gray hair and striking features gave off a fierce aura.

As he entered, the crowd called out, "Mr. Hoffman."

"Levi!"

The man who had just made the mocking comment waved at the imposing figure approaching with a serious demeanor.

This was Levi Hoffman, the third son of the Hoffman family, a prominent name among the four major families.

Levi took a seat on a single sofa among the trio, setting his helmet on a table nearby. His ash-gray hair and sharp features made him the center of attention in the room.

The three, noticing his bad mood, wondered whether to make a light comment to break the tension. At that moment, the manager returned, jogging over to Levi with a fawning smile, rubbing his hands together.

"Mr. Hoffman, I'm sorry for disrupting your race with your friends, but there's a good reason..."

"Who is it?" Levi asked sharply, his cold stare fixed on the manager. Anger was evident on his handsome face.

He had just finished his work commitments to enjoy some time racing with friends. As he settled in the car, ready for the starting signal from the staff and poised to accelerate, the manager had come rushing to announce the track was being cleared!

How could he not be infuriated?

"You better have a good explanation, or else..."