

Chapter 94 Don't Forget Me Again

"Believe it or not, I can ensure your club never operates in Javille again!" Levi's gaze was cold and threatening, his powerful presence completely unleashed.

As he uttered these words, not only did the manager's face drain of color, but everyone around also shifted uncomfortably.


In Javille's elite circles, there was a saying: "Never cross Levi Hoffman, a force of nature and the third son of the Hoffman family!"

No one doubted Levi's words. As the head of one of the most formidable families in the area, the Hoffmans held sway comparable to the discreet yet influential Howard family.

While the Howard family dominated the economic scene and was a significant player in the business sector, the Hoffman family wielded substantial political power.

Levi's grandfather, Kenton Hoffman, was a prominent military officer in his younger days, and Levi's second uncle was a top government official in Javille, boasting extensive connections in both political and military circles. The Hoffman family was not one to be taken lightly.

As the sole heir, Levi had been sent to the military from a young age. His return was marked by a surprising twist when he entered the entertainment industry and quickly won two awards within a year.

Typically, the Hoffman family would not have permitted such a career in showbiz but Levi, being their only child and the apple of their eye, was given the freedom to choose his path. 

For Levi, closing down this racing club was no big deal.

The manager was so terrified that he collapsed to his knees before Levi, pleading with a desperate expression, "Mr. Hoffman, I truly didn't mean

to disrupt your race, I..."

The manager faltered, struggling to find the right words. Levi's patience was running thin. Abruptly, he seized the manager by the hair, pulling him forward harshly, and then stamped down hard on the manager's back.

A bone-chilling crack sounded, the unmistakable noise of bones breaking.

The manager collapsed at Levi's feet, twitching in pain, his face twisted in agony, yet he clenched his pale lips tight, refusing to cry out.

Because... Levi hated hearing others scream in pain!

"Who do you think you are? I gave you a chance, and you wasted it. I see no reason to keep this club running!" Levi, like a demon rising from the depths, twisted his lips into a chilling smile as he pressed his boot into the manager's broken ribs. As he watched the manager nearly faint from the pain, his eyes sparkled with cruel amusement.

Levi stood high above, gazing down like a devil in human form.

The room fell silent, everyone watching Levi with fear, yet no one dared to intervene on the manager's behalf.

Though Levi was a reckless troublemaker in private, he projected an image of innocent charm on screen. With his good looks, he played the role of an innocent and naive character, sometimes smiling like an angel who had descended to earth, a true gentleman. Whether he was an angel or a devil depended entirely on his mood.

Kimberly stepped out of the women's changing room dressed in a white racing suit, noticing the tension in the air. She frowned slightly and approached. "Hello, is the track ready?"

At her question, Levi abruptly looked up at her, causing everyone to gasp. Was this woman oblivious to the danger she was walking into?

Levi was already angry about his race being interrupted and the track being claimed, and now this woman dared to ask about the track. Was she intentionally provoking him?

As the crowd anticipated a violent outburst, they were met with an unexpected calm. Many blinked in surprise, only to see Levi contemplating the woman in front of him. After a pause, he removed his

foot from the manager's back and stood upright "So it was you, Ms. Holden, who claimed my track."

Those who had seen Kimberly with Chris earlier were stunned.

Who? Ms. Holden? Kimberly from the Holden family who was already married?

Kimberly sensed the intense gaze and calmly assisted the manager to his feet. Staff members quickly stepped in to support the shaken manager. Only then did she address the strikingly handsome Levi, her expression showing a trace of bewilderment. "Do you know me?"

Upon hearing that she had taken his track, Kimberly apologized, "I'm sorry, sir. Would you mind waiting a little longer? My friend and I will finish our race and free up the track for you immediately."

Though it was Chris who had arranged for the track to be cleared for their wager, Kimberly felt it was proper to offer an apology as she was directly involved.

Levi's eyes intensely focused on Kimberly. He subtly rubbed his fingers together, then cracked a smile, magnanimously forgiving her. "No problem, it's just a race, only a few minutes. I can wait."

He moved closer, his tall figure overshadowing Kimberly. Despite her height of 5'7", she seemed quite small next to Levi.

Kimberly looked perplexed as Levi leaned in to whisper, his voice low and soothing yet carrying an underlying significance. "My name is Levi Hoffman. Don't forget me again."

Kimberly was startled. What did he mean by not forgetting him again? Had they met before? She couldn't remember at all!

Before she could ask further, a cold voice cut through, "What the hell are you doing?" It was Chris speaking.

Kimberly instinctively stepped back, creating space between herself and Levi, and faced Chris's cold stare. As she looked into Chris's deep, compelling eyes, a wave of panic briefly washed over her, but she quickly collected herself and calmly explained, "I was just checking with the manager to see if the track was ready."

The fragrance of jasmine that Kimberly carried began to disperse, and Levi's expression grew more intense. He stood taller, casting a sidelong glance at the newcomer. Recognizing Chris, he quickly pieced together why the manager had dared to offend him without giving an explanation. "So it's you. When did you return?"

Chris gave him a cold look, grabbed Kimberly's wrist, and pulled her behind him in a protective gesture. "Not long ago."

Everyone around was confused. What exactly was unfolding here?

They were still processing Levi's unexpected restraint towards Kimberly, and now Chris was here, acting as her protector. They were utterly baffled. What was going on?

Why were both the heir of the Howard family and the heir of the Hoffman family showing such concern for a married woman?

Levi subtly noted Chris' hand on Kimberly's wrist, then returned his gaze to Chris' indifferent face, smiling. "Are you planning to race against Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Howard?"