

Chapter 95 Chris And I Are Just Friends

The title Mrs. Walsh struck Chris's heart like a dagger, instantly darkening his expression. A warning was clearly visible in his eyes.

"This is none of your concern," Chris said sharply.

Levi's smile was knowing as he clearly recognized the unspoken threat in Chris's eyes. Chris was warning Levi not to interfere.

In fact, that was precisely why Levi mentioned it. He aimed to provoke Chris and reveal Kimberly's current married status in front of everyone.

On one hand, it was meant to provoke Chris. On the other, it was intended to test him.

Yet, Chris seemed determined to keep any personal details under wraps.

"Indeed, it's none of my business," Levi said with a shrug, his tone casual. "But isn't it somewhat inappropriate for you to be here late at night racing with someone else's wife, appearing quite intimate?"

Chris's eyes narrowed, his frustration mounting as he thought about Kimberly's arrangement to meet with Declan. He was about to speak when he felt Kimberly pull her hand away. He paused, feeling a hollow sensation in his chest.

"Mr. Hoffman, you are mistaken. Chris and I are just friends. There's nothing romantic going on," Kimberly said firmly, her voice steady. She addressed Levi with poised clarity.

At that moment, Kimberly had no time to think about whether she was embarrassing Chris. With so many people from Javille's upper circles around, she couldn't let any misunderstandings about her relationship with Chris circulate, as that could spark rumors of her cheating during her marriage.

Her own reputation was not her primary concern, but she did not want to ruin the Holden family name.

Moreover, it was Declan who had been unfaithful in their marriage, not her. She and Chris were innocent, and she was stubborn about not being blamed for something she hadn't done.

Kimberly's clarification visibly affected Chris. He glanced at her, his lips tightly pressed.

Nothing romantic?

Even though Chris was aware that Kimberly held no romantic feelings for him, hearing her publicly affirm it felt sharply painful.

Levi raised an eyebrow, a flicker of satisfaction in his eyes. Noticing Chris's discomfort, he smiled. "It seems I was mistaken, Ms. Holden. My apologies."

"It's alright," Kimberly responded politely, though her gaze remained cool. "As long as everything is clear now."

Kimberly didn't think highly of Levi, having seen his harsh side earlier, and now he was purposefully making her marital status a topic of public discussion.

Kimberly couldn't openly discuss her impending divorce from Declan due to their agreement, which only added to her frustration.

Levi was truly a jerk.

All because she had taken his racetrack. But she had apologized, and Levi had acted as if it were no big deal.

Now Levi was revealing her identity and suggesting that she was having an affair with Chris. What a jerk.

This was clearly revenge.

Kimberly decided not to engage further with Levi's trivial behavior. She turned to Chris and asked, "Mr. Howard, shall we begin?"

"Now," Chris responded, eager to leave Levi's presence. With a cold look,

he led the way to the racetrack, Kimberly close behind

"Interesting," Levi said with a chuckle as he followed leisurely.

Naturally, the rest of the crowd didn't want to miss the unfolding drama and headed outside to the racetrack.

Two race cars, one black and one white, were already in position. Kimberly, dressed in her white racing suit, accepted a helmet from a staff member and was about to head to the white car when she was interrupted.

"Wait a moment."

Kimberly stopped and turned to see Levi approaching. He took the helmet from her hands, handed it back to the staff, and then offered her his own helmet. She frowned slightly.

"Mr. Hoffman, what does this mean?" Kimberly asked, her brow furrowing.

Levi kept his smile but responded indirectly, "Ms. Holden, this is your first visit to our racing club, right?"

Meanwhile, Chris sat in his car, narrowing his eyes as he watched the two figures in white. From a distance, they could almost be mistaken for a couple that matched perfectly, and that thought made him grip the steering wheel even tighter.

A sharp, almost dangerous look flashed in his eyes.

Chris had known Levi since childhood. Their families had been close before a falling out drove them apart.

Even without direct contact, Chris wasn't clueless about the strange way Levi treated Kimberly.

Levi, known for his unpredictability and recklessness, had never shown any particular interest in a woman before.

Could it be that Levi had feelings for Kimberly too?

The onlookers around were holding their breath, shocked by the unfolding scene.

"Yes, this is my first time here. Is there an issue?" Kimberly responded, nodding slightly, her expression puzzled.

Levi's smile widened slightly, his eyes intense with an emotion Kimberly couldn't quite identify. "Since it's your first visit, and you don't have personal gear, using the club's racing suit is fine. But the helmet... It's better not to wear one that others have used. Who knows how clean they are?"

Kimberly paused for a moment before lifting the white helmet Levi had handed her. She raised an eyebrow, her expression amused.

"But this helmet belongs to you."

She was practically questioning what made Levi's helmet different from the club's.

"Sorry, but this one's brand new and has never been worn," Levi replied with a gentle smile.

He then carefully placed the helmet on her head, adjusting it to fit perfectly despite its original sizing for a man. After ensuring a good fit, he tapped the helmet lightly and looked pleased.

"Perfect fit. Just for you."

Kimberly blinked slightly taken aback, and touched the helmet, impressed by its quality.

"Go on now. I'll be here waiting to celebrate your win," Levi said.

He leaned against the railing with a smile. The wind tousled his ash-gray hair, and his carefree demeanor suggested there was more beneath the surface.

"Thanks," Kimberly replied.

She gave him a final glance before elegantly turning towards the white race car. She climbed in, settled herself, and focused ahead, gripping the steering wheel tightly.

The sharp sound of the starting gun echoed through the air.

In an instant, the black and white cars surged forward like arrows released from a bow, vanishing from the spectators' sight. Above the stands, a large screen broadcasted the race live.

"Hey, you actually know Kimberly Holden?"

Mateo Hoffman approached his cousin Levi, his eyes sparkling with curiosity and a hint of gossip.

Levi kept his focus on the screen, smiling casually. "Kimberly Holden. The top socialite of Javille, who's captured the entire city's attention. It wouldn't be surprising if I knew of her, would it?"