

Chapter 98 A Haunting Memory

Kimberly looked at Chris in confusion, still unsettled by his forceful kiss just moments before. Since leaving the cafe, his mood had turned to something cold and distant, leaving her struggling to understand him.

Since it was personal, she felt no obligation to explain.

"Mr. Howard, are you really that curious in my personal matters?" she questioned. Before Chris could respond, she added, "Just remember, Mr. Howard, we're just business partners."

Her pointed remark drew a faint shadow across Chris's gaze. He glanced down at her seated across his lap, his eyes slowly trailing back up to her striking face, a glint of amusement in his expression.

"Oh, is that so?" he murmured. "So to Ms. Holden, this close contact, these impromptu kisses—all of it is just part of a 'business partnership?'"

A warm blush spread across Kimberly's cheeks as she realized just how close she was to him. Feeling flustered, she opened the car door and slid off his lap, muttering, "I'm heading back to the club to change."

With that, she spun on her heel and hurried off, leaving Chris with the sight of her quick departure.

Watching her retreat, Chris chuckled quietly, a possessive gleam flickering in his eyes. He then stepped out of the car and strolled toward the club to change as well.

Though Kimberly hadn't offered an explanation, Chris had a good idea. Declan was probably trying to win her back, assuming she was still the same forgiving Kimberly he once knew.

Chris gritted his teeth. How low could Declan stoop?

It was just like the Declan in his dreams. But with that icy hatred in Kimberly's eyes whenever she mentioned Declan, Chris had no reason to be concerned. If there wasn't deep resentment buried there, she'd never have that look.

Even Chris was taken aback by the expression in her eyes.

In his dreams, Kimberly had once been brimming with love for Declan, her

affection shining brightly and unmistakably. But as time went on, that light faded, replaced by disappointment until... That car accident! He could vividly recall her engulfed in flames, her beautiful eyes reflecting a heartbreaking hatred—an image that would forever haunt him.

Now, when she mentioned Declan, that same look reappeared in her eyes, almost identical to the one he had seen in his dreams.

This left Chris momentarily confused, as if the bizarre dreams he had experienced were not just figments of his imagination but rather memories of actual events.

Yet one question nagged at him.

Why was there no sign of him in any of those dreams?

After changing Kimberly returned to her car, only to realize that Chris was nowhere to be found. Recalling his earlier mocking tone, she felt a strong impulse to drive away and leave him behind.

She gritted her teeth but ultimately decided against it. It wouldn't be wise to abandon her business partner right after signing their contract.

Still, her frustration lingered. How had Chris managed to turn the tables and make it seem like she was the one pursuing him?

Seething with anger, she resolved on the spot to cancel the celebratory dinner.

Meanwhile, in the men's changing room, Chris stepped out and spotted a tall figure leaning casually against the wall. His demeanor hardened, and he was about to walk past when a low voice called out, "Mr. Howard, don't you have anything to say to me?"

Chris paused and turned to face Levi, whose dark eyes locked onto him with intense scrutiny. With a chilling smile, Chris replied, "I don't have anything to discuss with you, Mr. Hoffman."

Levi's expression darkened as he pushed away from the wall, striding toward Chris until they stood toe-to-toe, each exuding a powerful presence.

Chris, in his custom-tailored light-gray suit, emanated a calm authority, while Levi, dressed in a burgundy shirt and black pants, with his ash-gray hair, radiated a wild, rebellious energy.

One was the CEO of the Howard family business while the other was a celebrated actor with numerous awards in the entertainment industry.


Who would have thought that these two seemingly unrelated men were once good friends before the cruise ship incident?

"What do you want?" Chris asked, checking his watch, not wanting to keep Kimberly waiting too long.

"Stay away from her!" Levi exclaimed, lifting his chin slightly, his eyes flashing with arrogant coldness. In the sunlight, they appeared amber, his features striking.

Chris's face turned icy at Levi's commanding tone. "And why should I?" he retorted, aware that the 'her' Levi was referring to was Kimberly.

"Are you seriously asking me that?" Levi sneered, stepping closer with a warning glint in his eyes. "Chris, don't you realize you're just causing her trouble? She's a married woman now! I don't care what feelings you have for her, but I suggest you back off before you complicate her life even more!"

Levi ground his teeth as he spoke, his expression serious and a stark contrast to his usual carefree demeanor. 

Chris laughed in anger, glaring at Levi. He couldn't fathom where Levi found the audacity to speak to him like this. "What gives you the right to tell me what to do?"


Levi frowned deeply, taking Chris in with a darkening expression. "Mr. Howard, are you trying to be a homewrecker? How absurd!"

Chris brushed past Levi, his gaze sharp as he scoffed, "I find it hard to believe you've been back in the country this long without hearing about the kind of life Kimberly has with Declan!"

Levi's heart raced, and after a moment of silence, he looked back at Chris, sneering. "So what? Is that your excuse for interfering in her marriage?"

Noticing Levi's reaction, Chris came to a realization. He scrutinized Levi with an intense gaze. "What exactly is your relationship with her?"



"I will give you what you want." 

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