

## Chapter 99 Who Was Chris Looking Down Upon

Chris was merely probing yet unexpectedly, he discovered something odd about Kimberly and Levi's connection straight from Levi himself!

Levi, caught off guard, instinctively stepped back, creating some distance between himself and Chris. His eyes briefly betrayed a hint of panic before he regained his composure, pressing his lips tightly together and adopting a defensive posture.

"Are you trying to distract me?"

Chris didn't let up, matching Levi's every retreat with a step forward, his eyes sharp and probing "It seems you're the one changing the subject. As the honorable third son of the Hoffman family, you return only to inquire about a woman. You're surprisingly well-informed about Kimberly's affairs. This can't be your first encounter."

Chris had been suspicious for some time. Knowing Levi, he wasn't the type to interfere in others' lives or show undue sympathy. Yet, he had excused the club manager because of Kimberly and had even offered her his helmet, dismissing the club's helmets as unhygienic.

Why did Levi even care?

It was only when Chris cornered Levi against a wall, forcing Levi's back against the cold surface, that Levi snapped back to the present. He pushed Chris away forcefully, his face showing clear irritation.

"It's none of your business what my relationship with her is! Listen, Chris, I suggest you step back. If you continue to press this, don't blame me for what comes next!"

Levi's intimidating demeanor might have intimidated others, but Chris remained undaunted, regarding Levi with a touch of contempt.

"Then I'll be waiting. I'm curious to see how a performer who seeks the spotlight plans to handle me."

Chris chuckled to himself, realizing he wouldn't extract any valuable information from Levi today. He turned and walked away, leaving the

scene without another word.

Levi's fury grew as he felt demeaned. His hands balled into fists at his sides, his eyes cold and threatening.

Who did Chris think he was to look down on him?

Did Chris seriously think he had no plans to take over the family business?

Indeed, Chris had provoked him deliberately. Their history was complex, inherited from the rivalries of the previous generation.

It was said that a person would never lose a battle if he understood both his enemy and himself, and Chris knew Levi very well. If Levi had wanted to take charge of the Hoffman family business, he would have done so by now, instead of opting to become an actor in the entertainment industry.

To be kind, he was an actor; to be frank, he was merely a performer craving the spotlight.

Chris believed no actor could pose a real threat to him. He quickly left the club and headed to his car, finding Kimberly already in the driver's seat. He silently entered the passenger side and buckled up, his presence filled with tension.

Kimberly was in the middle of a video call with Archie, and Chris's sudden appearance caught her off guard, especially given his unapproachable vibe.

"When are you coming home? I'm making your favorite dish today—whole red snapper with ponzu. Your dad picked up the recipe from me!"

On the screen, Archie, dressed in an apron, briefly set the phone aside as he expertly prepared the fish. He then looked up, offering a warm smile.

He exuded the charm of a compassionate grandfather.

Chris, taken aback by Kimberly's interaction with an elder, instinctively straightened up, his demeanor shifting to one of formality, his earlier frustration momentarily forgotten.

The mention of whole red snapper with ponzu stirred a deep emotion in Kimberly, casting a shadow over her eyes. She managed a smile and said, "I'm on my way home now, Grandpa. I'll see you there. I need to drive, so I'll hang up now."

Archie responded with a laugh, "Drive safely, and don't rush."

Kimberly nodded dutifully. As the call ended, her smile disappeared, and she found herself staring blankly at her phone.

She had always loved sweet and sour dishes, particularly the whole red snapper with ponzu that her father made so well. Whenever he was home, she would urge him to prepare it, as it was the only dish he could cook.

Archie was a natural in the kitchen, but her father had inherited his grandmother's lack of cooking skills. Aside from the whole red snapper with ponzu that Archie taught him, his attempts at other dishes often ended in disaster.

Her father had learned to make that dish purely out of love for her.

As she thought about the dish, memories of her late parents overwhelmed her. Tears welled up in her eyes, and a profound sadness weighed on her heart as if it were being crushed by a heavy stone.

"Hey... Don't cry!"

Chris, noticing her distress, was momentarily flustered. He hurriedly grabbed a pack of tissues and handed her several, his concern evident.

At that moment, his ongoing conflict with Levi seemed trivial. The sight of Kimberly's teary eyes filled him with worry.

Kimberly was jolted back to the present, realizing she wasn't alone. She lowered her head, accepted the tissues from Chris, and dried her tears. She took a deep breath to steady herself, then pretended to be indifferent as she avoided Chris's look, started the car, and accelerated sharply.

The Mountain Road has no speed limits or surveillance, allowing Kimberly to initially speed up to 180 km/h before easing back to a normal pace. She then asked in a detached tone, "Where to? I can drop you off."

Chris hesitated, then reluctantly answered, "Weren't we supposed to celebrate our partnership?"

It wasn't about the food. He simply didn't want to say goodbye to Kimberly.

Moreover, he still had unresolved questions about Levi that he hadn't found the right moment to ask.

As he thought about how deeply Levi seemed to care for Kimberly and their interactions, Chris felt a nagging discomfort, as if a fishbone were

stuck in his throat.

"I suddenly don't feel like going to that restaurant anymore," Kimberly said, her eyes steady on the road, her expression slightly guilty.

Initially, she had thought of canceling their celebration out of spite towards Chris, but now, with her anger faded, she simply longed to return to the Holden Mansion.

She yearned to visit her parents' room, feeling an intense desire to reconnect with them.

In her past life, she had avoided confronting the reality of her parents' deaths, steering clear of the Holden Mansion. But perhaps, having come face to face with death herself, she now understood that some things were inevitable.

"I'm quite fond of fish dishes," Chris said.