

Chapter 18 Wants To Marry Her

Kimberly barely knew Chris.

This was Kimberly's first time seeing Chris look so serious and intense, and it caught her off guard.

After she composed herself, she realized Chris had gently placed her on a large, soft bed. He covered her with a thin blanket and adjusted a pillow behind her head for extra comfort.

Feeling his thoughtful and detailed care, Kimberly felt unsure how to respond. Having spent so much time looking after the troublesome Declan, she found it strange to be cared for by someone she hardly knew.

Chris quickly picked up on Kimberly's discomfort and tension. He pressed his lips tightly together, his eyes showing a mix of emotions, and he took it upon himself to say, "I've called the family doctor. He should be here soon."

Kimberly looked up at Chris, still wearing his serious expression, her feelings a tangle of emotions. "Did you call... the Walsh family's doctor?"

"How could I?" Chris replied, his tone dripping with sarcasm. Catching Kimberly's gaze, he moderated his expression, returning to his usual calm. "With Declan's attitude toward you, do you think he'd send his family doctor to look after you?"

His sarcasm was aimed not at Kimberly but at Declan. Chris thought Declan was a complete jerk.

Chris had never thought Declan would treat Kimberly as poorly as Chris himself had treated her when they were kids. ⓘ

Thinking about this, Chris's eyes briefly flashed with anger.

If he had known things would end up this way... He should have heeded the advice he received back then and cut Declan out of

It would have prevented Kimberly's current suffering.

"True..." Kimberly said, her eyes downcast and a wry smile playing on her lips. She hadn't caught on to Chris' strange behavior. If she had, she might have discovered the "truth" earlier. ⓘ

"The thing you said earlier in the garden," Chris said as he regained his composure and looked intently at her. Noting that her complexion looked better, he added, "I don't agree with them. Well, you said only after marriage did you realize that the only people who truly cared about you were your parents."

Kimberly paused, remembering those words, and stared at Chris in surprise. He stood leaning against the doorframe, one hand in his pocket, gazing at her earnestly. "You feel that way because you married the wrong person. If your marriage were happy and fulfilling, if you had married a reliable, responsible, and loving man, things would naturally be different."

Chris' words took Kimberly by surprise, and she had to concede that he was right.

Chris made a point; had she been married to a better man, her previous life wouldn't have been so tragic!

However, the truth was she hadn't married such a man, and her marriage was destined to fail.

"You're right, but... Where in this world can you find such a good man as you describe?"

"Who says you can't?" Chris returned her gaze earnestly, his eyes intense as though he was trying to prove a point. "Am I not one?"

Kimberly found herself speechless, momentarily unsure how to respond to that.

She just smiled, choosing not to say anything.

To Chris, her silence seemed like disagreement. He frowned,



visibly upset. "You don't think I am?"

Kimberly found his reaction both amusing and confusing. She didn't understand why Chris was making such a big deal about this, especially since she hadn't expressed any opinion.

Noticing Chris's deep concern, she felt she couldn't keep quiet as before. After a brief pause, she said, "Firstly, Mr. Howard, we've only met twice and barely know each other, so I can't say whether you're a good man. Secondly, even if you are, it doesn't concern me. After all, you're not planning to marry me, so I don't have a say, right?"

Her final words held a mix of humor and sincerity, an attempt to lighten the uncomfortable mood.

But Chris, unexpectedly, gazed at her deeply and said softly, "If you were willing, it wouldn't be impossible." Kimberly was unaware that he would indeed be happy to marry her!

Kimberly's eyes widened in surprise, her mind momentarily blank. It seemed Chris wanted to marry her.

She stuttered, "You..."

Then it hit her, and she frowned slightly, her voice taking on a serious tone. "Mr. Howard, such jokes aren't funny at all. Please refrain from making them in the future."

Chris felt a sharp pain in his heart, ready to argue that he wasn't joking. But before he could say anything, Kimberly coldly added, "I'm not divorced yet, and even if I were, I wouldn't consider remarrying soon. And Mr. Howard, let's remember our agreement. I hope we can remain purely as business partners."

Chris felt as though he had been drenched in cold water. He just frowned and remained silent, observing Kimberly for a moment. Seeing her stern face, he understood that persisting with the conversation would only upset her.

He did not want Kimberly to think less of him.



"I apologize, I overstepped," Chris said, returning to his usual lighthearted manner, his smile easy as if he had only been teasing Kimberly.

Kimberly let out a quiet sigh of relief.

She realized Chris had only been teasing her!

Fortunately, she hadn't taken his words to heart!

If she had been less experienced, she might have easily been taken in by Chris' charm.

Watching Kimberly's response, a shadow passed over Chris' eyes, his heart sinking.

It seemed Kimberly had truly forgotten him—forgotten everything that had transpired between them.

And she wasn't prepared to give him a chance.

A wave of frustration washed over Chris. How could that bastard Declan be allowed to marry her, yet he could not?

Suddenly, the sound of quick footsteps came from outside, and soon Maggie entered with a young, handsome man. "Ms. Holden, the doctor is here!"

Kimberly turned her attention to the young man following Maggie, noting the medical kit in his hand. Seeing that he was a stranger, she looked curiously at Chris, who appeared somewhat calm. "Mr. Howard, who is this?"

There was a trace of irritation in Chris' eyes. He glanced between Kimberly and the young man, avoiding direct eye contact. "This is my personal doctor, Rocco Braxton. Rocco, please take care of Ms. Holden."

Rocco gave Chris a puzzled look and responded, "Of course, Mr. Howard!"

He set the medical kit down beside the bed, and as he opened it,



Kimberly couldn't resist peeking inside. It was completely full. After a quick examination of Kimberly, he announced, "Ms. Holden does indeed have a health issue."

At his words, a tense atmosphere enveloped the room.



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