

## Chapter 33 At Least I Have A Decent Appearance

The sky darkened over time, and soon, it started raining. Neon lights mingled with the raindrops on the windows of the Maybach.

Inside the car, Kimberly and Chris were deep in their work, paying no attention to the outside world.

Chris's hands were notably attractive—slender, with well-defined joints. He tapped the laptop screen gently, his voice soft and enticing. "This part needs some revision."

His breath, warm and close, tickled her ear, a place she was particularly sensitive.

Kimberly tensed up, her eyes suddenly meeting Chris's smooth, striking profile. He was engrossed in the laptop screen, his thick eyelashes casting long shadows.

Chris's good looks were indeed breathtaking!

Not getting a reply from Kimberly, Chris felt a bit confused. He slowly lifted his gaze to meet hers. His beautiful eyes, filled with emotion, mirrored her face with a special tenderness.

"What's wrong?"

Jolted back to the present, Kimberly quickly looked away. She clutched her laptop and scooted towards the car door, her voice uneasy as she cleared her throat. "Nothing."

It was undeniable, Chris was remarkably handsome, especially from up close. His face was a visual treat!

Chris noticed her blush and let out a soft chuckle.

He was surprised to see Kimberly acting shy around him.



Could it be...

"Do you find me attractive?"

"What?"

Kimberly's eyes widened in surprise as she caught his teasing look.

Suddenly, it clicked for her, and she felt her cheeks flush with warmth.

She realized then that Chris had noticed her staring.

How embarrassing!

Chris looked at her, a playful smile playing on his lips.

"I mean, do you think I'm good-looking?"

His straightforward question caught Kimberly off guard. Flustered, she stuttered, "Yes, very good-looking."

Chris laughed softly, his attractive features brightening with a charming smile.

"I may not be skilled in many areas, but at least I have a decent appearance. Ms. Holden, that seems to be enough for you."

Kimberly turned her head away awkwardly, her embarrassed reflection visible in the car window.

She was puzzled by how quickly the mood had shifted to something so personal!

And what was Chris implying with his comment?

What did he mean by "that seems to be enough for you"?

Chris observed Kimberly, who seemed to shrink from embarrassment, with a hint of amusement. He decided to stop teasing her, reclined in his seat, crossed his legs, and spoke with a serious tone. "This project proposal is quite solid, but it needs some refinement. How long will you need, Ms. Holden? I'm ready to sign the contract whenever you are."



He was referring to the agreement for the partnership between their companies.

Kimberly's spirits lifted, and she looked at Chris. "Really? Then... how about next Monday?"

It was Thursday already, and she planned to visit the company to finalize the collaboration with Mabel. Three days seemed sufficient to wrap everything up and have the contract ready by Monday!

Chris nodded, his response smooth. "Sure, but Ms. Holden, please make sure to send me the updated proposal and contract over the weekend for my review."

His attention to detail was particularly sharp since he had recently taken the helm of the Howard Group. He aimed for excellence in every endeavor.

"Absolutely, Mr. Howard, I'll ensure it meets your expectations."

Kimberly confidently reached out her hand, her eyes ambitious. "Then let's look forward to a fruitful partnership!"

She recalled Chris's tendency toward meticulousness in his work. In the past, Declan had secluded himself for ten days, striving to create a proposal that Chris would approve.

During that time, Declan had rarely left his study, only emerging for meals, during which he would often express frustration over Chris's exacting standards, labeling him as overly demanding.

Kimberly remembered that Declan had revised the proposal countless times until, unable to watch any longer, she had stepped in to help, ultimately gaining Chris's approval.

If Declan could manage it, Kimberly was sure she could too!

She felt assured in her capabilities, believing they were at least on par with Declan's, and she wasn't going it alone—Mabel was there to support her.

Chris observed her briefly, then offered his hand, teasing as he shook it. "Ms. Holden, you seem quite sure of yourself?" He let go of her hand





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"Is that alright? Wouldn't it be a bother?"

Chris looked at her as he opened his car door, the scene flanked by two lines of bodyguards under black umbrellas, arranged perfectly. His tone was calm as if deciding on dinner plans. "As long as you're interested, there's no trouble at all."



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