

Chapter 40 How Do You Plan To Take Responsibility

"It's me," a deep, masculine voice responded from the other side of the door.

Kimberly hesitated for a moment but then decided to open the door. There stood Chris, dressed in a simple black T-shirt and trousers.

He appeared to have just showered; his short hair was messily damp across his forehead, and the air around him carried a fresh mint scent.

He glanced up, noticing Kimberly in her bathrobe. He seemed surprised for a moment and quickly turned his gaze, focusing on her face instead of letting his eyes wander. He swallowed hard.

"Did you just finish showering?"

Kimberly nodded, looking at him in confusion. "Mr. Howard, do you need something?"

"Yes..." A hint of red colored Chris's cheeks. He held up a bag. "Could you help me with some medicine?"

"You're injured?"

Kimberly was taken aback, swiftly pulling him inside and closing the door behind them. She led him to the sofa and took the bag from him, which contained gauze, iodine, and other basic first-aid items.

She glanced down at Chris, who was seated on the sofa, her face showing a trace of concern. "Where are you hurt?"

Chris's ears flushed red. When he heard her question, he took off his T-shirt, revealing a muscular physique that radiated masculinity. His smooth lines and perfectly toned muscles included an impressive set of abs.



Kimberly momentarily lost her composure.

She had never seen a man undress so casually before, and the sight of his well-defined physique made her cheeks heat up.

"You..."

Chris looked at her intently, then turned around slowly. A severe wound marred his back, running from his shoulder down to his waist, the flesh raw and bloodied.

The injury looked like it was caused by a sharp object, certainly not a recent one.

Kimberly's brow furrowed with concern. She lightly touched the area near the wound. Chris grunted, his muscles tightening, his presence both captivating and intense.

Kimberly focused, applying iodine to the wound with a cotton swab, and asked, "How did this happen?"

Chris looked away, his large hand gripping the armrest tightly as he braced against the pain. His voice was rough as he explained, "I was attacked by enemies when I returned from overseas yesterday."

Kimberly's hand shook a little as she looked up at the back of Chris's head, taken aback.

So, Chris had been injured since last night.

And yet, he had carried her upstairs today and had even confronted Declan not long ago?

"Did your injury get worse because of me?"

Kimberly's emotions were mixed as she looked at the terrifying wound on his back, her hand shaking more noticeably.

Chris's deep voice responded, "Don't worry about it too much. My injury isn't related to you."

He was lying!

Kimberly saw through his deception immediately, but she chose not to call him out. Instead, she silently cleaned and bandaged his wound.

The newly applied bandage was soon stained with fresh blood, a clear sign that the wound had reopened.

"All done."

Chris exhaled deeply as he slowly turned around. A shine of cold sweat covered his forehead, and he looked even paler.

Kimberly quietly pulled out a wet wipe and gently dabbed the sweat from his brow. Touching his warm skin, she paused, startled. "You have a fever!"

She then realized, feeling somewhat guilty. With his wound reopened and after being out in the rain earlier, it was no wonder he had a fever.

"Stay here. I'll find someone to bring some medicine."

Feeling partially responsible for his condition, Kimberly quickly moved to leave the room, but Chris's strong hand caught her wrist.

Kimberly stopped, cautious not to hurt Chris, and turned to see his deep, dark eyes. He managed a weak smile and asked, "Ms. Holden, are you... worried about me?"

"Of course, you're injured. How could I not be?" Kimberly frowned slightly, her eyes filled with concern as she looked at Chris. "Don't worry, I'll take full responsibility."

"Really?" Chris chuckled softly, gently pulling her closer and guiding her to sit on his lap. He looked down slightly, observing her flustered expression with a faint smile. "How do you plan to take responsibility?"

Kimberly instinctively tried to pull away from his hold, but then she heard Chris groan in pain from the movement. Her hands hesitated, pressing against his chest, feeling the heat from his fever.

She couldn't help but look up at him, her eyes widening slightly as she nervously asked, "Do you like me?"

At this point, if she didn't understand what Chris meant, she would be foolish.

"Yes, I like you."

Chris's gaze was intense as he looked at her flushed face, and his mind wandered back to the dream he had the night before.

After being attacked by an enemy and losing consciousness on his flight back home, Chris dreamt a long, detailed dream.

The dream felt astonishingly real as if it had actually happened. In the dream, he found himself in a soul state next to Kimberly, observing her life unfold with Declan after they married.

From their engagement to the wedding, he was invisibly present, watching as she brought one hundred million into the Walsh family, saving them from financial ruin. Yet, the only wedding gift she received from the Walsh family was a jade bracelet worth hundreds of thousands.

No one in the Walsh family respected her, all because of Declan's attitude toward her.

Initially, things seemed alright, but six months later, when her parents passed away, Kimberly was left desperate. Despite her need, Declan did not attend the funeral. Afterward, when she returned to Lakeview Haven Villas, Declan coldly informed her that she was dismissed from the Walsh Group and advised her to focus on becoming a dutiful wife.

Chris was so furious that he trembled all over. He wanted to rush over and hit Declan, but he couldn't do anything. All he could do was watch helplessly as that scoundrel brainwashed Kimberly. She transformed from someone who never cooked into a skilled chef rivaling a five-star restaurant.

This dream continued until Chris returned to his home country. During a charity auction hosted by the Howard family, Declan and Valerie publicly slandered Kimberly, labeling her as mentally unstable. Declan even gave Kimberly's necklace to Valerie, allowing her to showcase it at the auction.

That was the first dream Chris had featuring Kimberly.

When he awoke, he found himself back in his home country, lying in his bed. He promptly prepared to attend the charity auction.

However, contrary to the dream, Kimberly appeared at the auction



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wearing an emerald necklace and dressed in a beige gown, completely stealing the spotlight!




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