

Chapter 41 You Have A Thing For Married Women

Suddenly, a knock sounded at the door.

Kimberly jumped at the unexpected noise and instinctively tried to free herself from Chris's hold.

After all, Chris was without a shirt, and she was seated on his lap. If someone were to walk in, it would certainly lead to misconceptions about their relationship!

Chris snapped back to reality, his body responding quicker than his mind. He tightened his grip around her waist, stopping her from leaving. "Don't move."

Kimberly felt nervous, pressing her palms against his chest, and whispered anxiously, hoping not to be overheard, "Someone's at the door!"

Chris looked at her with deep eyes, remembering the first dream he had where Kimberly was so compliant with that scoundrel Declan. The sharp contrast with her current resistance toward him left him feeling inexplicably displeased.

In a low, rough voice laced with a tinge of jealousy, he asked, "Am I that embarrassing to you?"

Kimberly was momentarily speechless.

Then she said, "Mr. Howard, I am a married woman."

Her face showed nothing but helplessness, but Chris misread it as lingering feelings for Declan.

His expression turned cold as he let go of her. Kimberly quickly stood and moved aside to adjust her clothes.

Chris clenched his fist on his thigh before slowly relaxing it. He picked up



his black T-shirt nearby and put it on at a leisurely pace.

"Who is it?" Kimberly called out, feeling a bit relieved to see him covering up.

A polite, unfamiliar male voice responded from the other side, "Hello, I'm Mr. Howard's secretary, Leif Ellis. I apologize for the intrusion, Ms. Holden. Have you seen him? I checked his room, but he wasn't there."

Kimberly hesitated, glancing at Chris. By then, he had dressed and, without looking her way, moved to open the door.

Chris opened the door with an expressionless face and looked at Leif, who was standing at the entrance. His tone was filled with impatience as he asked, "What do you want?"

Leif appeared taken aback, clearly not expecting to find his boss in Kimberly's room. Realizing he might have walked in on a private moment, he grew visibly flustered, stuttering as he held up a bag.

"Mr. Howard, Mr. White mentioned you were injured and caught in the rain, which might have worsened your wound. He sent some medicine for you. Also, he wanted to know if you're still attending the event in the banquet hall tonight."

Upon hearing about the medicine, Chris's brows softened slightly. He took the bag from Leif, who sneaked quick glances into the room. Narrowing his eyes, Chris instructed, "Wait for me outside."

Leif immediately froze, nodding respectfully. "Yes, Mr. Howard."

Chris closed the door and turned to Kimberly, who was trying to hide behind it. Seeing her anxious look, he found it slightly amusing, lowered his voice, and asked, "Do we look like we're having an affair?"

Kimberly's face registered mixed feelings, caught off guard by his question.

After a moment of awkward silence, she managed a nervous laugh. "Mr. Howard, you certainly have a sense of humor..."

"I never joke."

Chris looked at her seriously, his words holding a double meaning. "Ms. Holden, you should understand my words. I mean what I say."

Kimberly's breathing quickened, and her heart started to pound.

She couldn't help but realize that Chris was genuinely serious when he said he liked her.

Kimberly looked at him, completely confused. How had things suddenly ended up like this?

Previously, their interactions were minimal, but now... was Chris really making a confession?

This seemed utterly absurd!

"Why?" Kimberly shrugged, attempting to ease the serious atmosphere between them, and asked with a smile, "Could it be love at first sight?" After a moment's thought, a new idea came to her. She looked at Chris with a mixed expression, half-joking and said, "Or Mr. Howard, is it that you have a thing for married women?"

She remembered that Declan had a friend like that, someone who enjoyed getting involved with other people's wives.

When Kimberly first heard about it, she was stunned and asked Declan.

Declan simply smiled meaningfully and explained, "It's quite normal. Some are drawn to younger women, others to more mature ones, and some to even older women. Everyone has their tastes. And of course, some people are attracted to the same gender, right?"

Hearing him say such outrageous things with a straight face left Kimberly shocked, and she later decided to avoid that friend of his.

Why couldn't people pursue straightforward relationships without resorting to such questionable behavior?

Now, standing before Chris, Kimberly felt uneasy, suspecting he might share similar interests as Declan's friend!

Not long ago, Felix had mentioned that Chris wasn't interested in men or women, so maybe he was like Declan's friend and just had a thing for



other people's wives!

Upon hearing this, Chris furrowed his brows tightly, and his handsome face darkened completely. "Are you out of your mind, or am I? Do you really see me as that type of person?"

Kimberly had never encountered such passion in a man before and instinctively flinched, feeling somewhat guilty as she observed Chris's noticeable anger.

Had she misjudged Chris?

As she remained silent, Chris seemed at a loss.

"If you're going to keep thinking like that, there's nothing I can do. Alright, I confess, I like married women. Happy now?"

Kimberly was taken aback, her expression suggesting she believed she had guessed correctly.

Chris infuriated, gave her a cold glare before he walked out, the door slammed shut behind him with a loud bang!

Was he embarrassed and angry because she had called out what he felt?

Kimberly felt confused. She sat back on the bed, gazing out at the rolling sea while her mind replayed Chris's words.

"Yes, I like you."

Remembering the pure, intense look in Chris's eyes as he confessed, her emotions were all over the place.

Kimberly heard the door close outside and the sound of footsteps fading. She knew Chris and his secretary were on their way to the banquet hall, and a wave of sadness washed over her. She walked over to the table, opened the liquor cabinet, and pulled out a bottle of wine.

Pouring herself a full glass, she stood by the window, the wine glass in hand, gently swirling the liquid. She stared out into the foggy night, sipping the wine silently, one gulp after another.


She couldn't understand why, but after upsetting Chris, her mood had

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only darkened further.



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