

## Chapter 46 Why Save me

The boy in the photograph appeared to be around ten years old, sporting short, jet-black hair that hung casually across his forehead. His eyes were particularly gentle, accompanied by a subtle smile, and his features were finely crafted, more beautiful than those of many girls.

He stood confidently, clad in an impeccably tailored white suit, embodying both elegance and grace. Positioned under the spotlight on a stage, with a grand piano set behind him, he seemed to thrive in the applause and cheers of the audience, radiating brightness and energy.

Kimberly instantly recognized the boy, and the reason was straightforward. Just the previous evening, she had been chosen to perform at a talent show. Spotting a piano, she took to the stage.

After her performance, while she was soaking in the admiration and envy from her peers, a tall, slender boy stood and seriously critiqued her, saying, "You played several notes incorrectly. Your performance of that piece was disrespectful to the art."

Anger surged through Kimberly, bringing tears to her eyes. She was a prominent figure at her school, consistently shining at various events. To be criticized publicly by a stranger was infuriating.

"Who are you to judge my performance? Are you any better? If so, prove it!"

Chris, already noticed by all the girls for his striking looks, gazed intently at the frustrated girl on stage and simply replied, "Alright."

He then walked to the piano, sat down, and began to play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" with his long fingers. The room filled with his melodious, elegant music, captivating everyone.

Even dressed simply in a black T-shirt and shorts under the spotlight, Chris exuded a princely aura. Despite his simple attire, he resembled a fairy tale prince, each movement radiating refinement.

Kimberly was taken aback by his ability to play so beautifully, his skill slightly surpassing her own recent performance of "Fate Symphony."

Just slightly.

Embarrassment flushed her cheeks as she tightly gripped the hem of her dress, glaring at Chris before she hurried off the stage, pulling along her best friend, Elena.

She couldn't stand to watch the crowd bestow on him the praise and applause that she felt deserved to be directed at her.

That glory should have been hers!

After his performance, the music lingered in the air for a moment before the audience burst into applause.

Chris, however, contemplatively looked at the now-empty space before him, pursed his lips, and silently exited the stage, vanishing from the banquet hall.

This encounter marked the first between Chris and Kimberly. He found the young girl quite beautiful, albeit with a notably fiery temper.

Kimberly was deeply upset with Chris, who had abruptly taken over the spotlight that she believed should have been hers. Lacking his piano prowess, she could only brood and quietly learn more about his background.

She discovered that Chris was two grades her senior, the son of the school's honorary director, and had recently triumphed in a national piano competition. His parents had brought him here for a break, coinciding with the school's summer camp.

"I know him," Kimberly said, lifting her gaze and tilting her head slightly. "Do you want me to find him?"

The bandit, admiring the intelligent and beautiful girl before him, nodded emphatically. "Yes, can you help me find him and bring him here?"

"I can."

Upon hearing Kimberly's confident response, the bandit's face broke into

a smile. "Very good."

He seized Elena by the collar, pulling her close, and fixed his gaze on Kimberly. "Proceed. Complete this task, and I promise you and your friend will be free. I won't harm either of you."

Elena's face was pale, and her body trembled. "Kimberly, I'm so scared..."

A resolute expression crossed Kimberly's face. She nodded reassuringly at her best friend. "Don't worry, I'll be back soon to rescue you. Trust me."

Tears gathered in Elena's eyes as she nodded emphatically. "I trust you! Be careful, and stay safe!"

With a nod, Kimberly turned and walked away. As she moved through the evening twilight, her small silhouette cast a long shadow, filled with determination.

Chaos reigned on the cruise ship, with menacing figures armed with guns chasing down children. They aggressively grabbed each child, tossing aside those who were not their target onto the deck, where many children and teachers were already encircled by several men in black.

Kimberly, who had been trained in dance and taekwondo from a young age, used her agility to evade people, popping up only when they had passed.

She reached the guest rooms and saw Chris being restrained by a bloodied thug. The thug was lying on the floor, but his grip on Chris's ankle was like vice.

Kimberly frowned, preparing to intervene, when suddenly a woman rushed out of the room, yelling at Chris, "Chris, run!"

The woman, wearing a chic, well-fitted dress, frantically grabbed a porcelain vase and struck the thug on the head. The thug did not pass out but pulled out a gun and fired several shots at her.

"Damn it, you bitch!"

The woman was hit, and as she fell backward, her white dress became stained with blood.

"Mom!"

Chris's eyes widened in horror as he screamed.

But all that followed was the sound of his mother's body hitting the floor, a pool of crimson blood spreading around her.

Kimberly stood frozen in shock, realizing the woman was Chris' mother. But as the thug tried to rise, she sprang into action. She snuck up as he staggered to his feet and smashed a brick down on his head!

The thug swayed, blood now covering his head, and turned a fierce glare towards Kimberly, who shut her eyes tightly and struck him again.

With a groan, the thug collapsed, motionless.

Kimberly cautiously opened her eyes, gave the downed thug a gentle kick to ensure he was incapacitated, then dropped the brick and pulled Chris by the hand to flee.

They found a secluded corner, and Kimberly took deep breaths, surveying the surroundings quietly.

Suddenly, Chris released her hand. She turned to see his eyes, now devoid of yesterday's sparkle, looking at her blankly. In a raspy voice, he asked, "Why did you save me?"

"Should I have just watched you die instead?" Kimberly responded.

"Wouldn't that have been better?" Chris murmured, a bitter smile crossing his face, devoid of hope. "My dad and mom are both dead. What's the point of me living?"



Special bonus over 40% 🔥

Claim Now