

Chapter 112 The Gifts From Him

The explanation was straightforward, all his dreams took Kimberly's perspective!

It was no surprise that once when he tried to find himself, he felt dizzy and instantly returned to Kimberly's side the moment he stepped away.

Chris' gaze was introspective and deep. Always sharp-witted from a young age, he quickly pieced together clues that might explain these odd dreams. Yet...

His lips pressed tightly together, his eyes reflecting a chilly determination.

Were these dreams snippets from his past, or glimpses into his future?

If these were scenes from his previous life... then perhaps he understood why Kimberly had always looked at him with such cold, cautious eyes.

Chris had wondered if maybe Kimberly had erased the harrowing cruise incident from fifteen years earlier from her memory. The cruise where a boy had risked everything to make her wish come true, even colliding with enemies.

These mysteries enveloped Chris like a vast, intricate web, urging him to decipher them. He could no longer dwell in confusion.

With a clearer mind, Chris' furrowed brow eased. He threw back the blankets and rose from the bed, making his way to the bathroom.

He knew he needed to approach this slowly, one step at a time.

At the Holden Mansion, Kimberly was roused by her alarm's chime. Without opening her eyes, she reached beneath her pillow, switched off the alarm, and lay still a moment longer before gradually sitting up.

Her hair disheveled from sleep, she pushed it back, cast off her bedding

and strode to the bathroom. Catching her reflection, she noticed her skin was youthful and vibrant. Pleased, she allowed herself a small smile.

This was a stark contrast to her previous life's worn and pale appearance—after three years in a failing marriage, she couldn't tell if it was pregnancy or Declan's harmful substances that had ravaged her body. Back then, her skin was ghostly, and her vitality sapped as though she were a phone that wouldn't charge. Even a brief walk would leave her gasping.

But now, she looked radiant, her features fine, her skin and hair glossy, and her lips a vibrant red.

Content, Kimberly shaped her lips into a pleased smile. She turned on the tap, freshened up, and slipped into cozy loungewear. After applying a facial mask, she slid into her slippers and descended the stairs.

In the spacious living room, Archie was seated on the sofa, admiring a stunning piece of art. He looked genuinely joyful.

The butler, observing Archie's happiness, couldn't resist commenting. "Mr. Howard really thought this gift through. It seems to match your taste exactly."

Kimberly, overhearing this, glanced up and noticed the coffee table laden with various gift boxes, her expression one of mild surprise.

Were all these gifts from Chris?

Why would Chris suddenly send so many presents?

Archie, caressing the beautiful artwork, laughed. "It's not just thoughtful. This piece alone is worth a fortune..."

He then gestured towards a red gift box next to him, unveiling a century-old, highly valuable herbal root, somewhat showing off as he discussed it with the butler. "This ancient herbal root is invaluable, and the other supplements are the finest and most upscale available, not to forget this luxury massager..."

Archie's eyes sparkled with excitement, and he proudly raised his head. "It's not just about the value. These are sincere gestures from Chris. To think that an heir of the Howard family put so much thought into these gifts; besides Renee, I'm likely the only one who gets such privilege!

Ansell, I really appreciate this grandson-in-law!"

Ansell, the butler, noticing Archie's delight, also smiled, though with a hint of envy. "I can see that, but... Please keep this between us, Mr. Holden. Refrain from calling Mr. Howard your grandson-in-law around others. It's not official yet, and Ms. Holden hasn't divorced Mr. Walsh. Spreading such news could tarnish her reputation."

Upon hearing Declan Walsh's name, Archie's current grandson-in-law, Archie's smile quickly vanished, and he scoffed dismissively, "It's just a matter of time. I'll keep it under wraps, don't worry, I'm not new to this."

Ansell fell quiet, seeing Archie's mood dampen.

But... Grandson-in-law? This was the first time Kimberly had heard about it. The divorce wasn't even final, yet Archie was already planning her next marriage? That was absurd! Speechless, Kimberly cleared her throat, and as she descended the stairs toward the living room, she called out, "Grandpa!"

Startled, Archie quickly looked up at the sound, and, seeing Kimberly, his eyes flickered with a guilty spark. He feigned casualness and beckoned her over. "Kimberly, come here."

Kimberly smiled, sat next to Archie, and affectionately hugged his arm. Her eyes drifted over the stack of gift boxes on the coffee table, and she feigned surprise. "These gifts..."

"They were delivered by Mr. Howard's secretary last night. I only found out this morning." Archie struggled to keep his smile from broadening but he keenly watched Kimberly's face, eager to gauge her reaction.

Kimberly, catching Archie's subtle glances, found his antics amusing and decided to play along, feigning concern. "Grandpa! We shouldn't accept these gifts. There's no special occasion. If word spreads that we've accepted Mr. Howard's presents, who knows what people might think!"

Archie's smile faltered, and he quickly shielded the artwork on the coffee table. "Why shouldn't we accept them? After all, it's simply Mr. Howard showing goodwill. Given our families' collaboration, what harm is there in me, as the elder, accepting a few gifts from Mr. Howard?"

Archie's eyes widened, his mustache twitched, and he said with increasing conviction, "I'd like to see anyone dare to gossip about us!"

It was obvious that Archie truly cherished the artwork; the gift had clearly won his heart.

A playful smile danced in Kimberly's eyes, though she pretended to be troubled. "But Grandpa, these items are far too valuable. How could I possibly return such a favor?"

Archie glanced at Kimberly, then at the artwork he was protectively covering his lips twitching with hesitation. After a moment, he made up his mind and said softly, "No worries, no worries... I'll ask Ansell to purchase some gifts. You can then bring them over to the Howard Mansion and present them to Renee."