

Chapter 135 Use Me And Then Just Push Me Aside

They had been going at it all night long!

Only with the first light of dawn sneaking through the window did the intense energy in the room start to calm into silence.

By the time Kimberly woke up, it was already late evening.

She lay confused for a moment before her mind cleared. Shifting slightly, she felt a deep soreness throughout her body, painfully intense!

Particularly in one specific area!

Kimberly's face drained of color as she sat up, biting down on her teeth in discomfort. Noticing Chris's hand over her, still holding the pink little toy that had been part of last night's activities, rage flooded through her!

He was still gripping it, even in his sleep!

No longer able to contain her anger, Kimberly snatched the toy from his hand and threw it into the trash can next to the bed, already brimming with tissues, where it landed with a heavy thump!

The noise woke the man who had been deeply asleep. He blinked open his drowsy eyes and pulled her close. "What's wrong? What was that sound?"

Kimberly shoved him away sharply, her memory of him using that toy without her agreement the previous night igniting her anger even more.

"You shameless man!"

Chris was still half-asleep.

It took him a moment to catch on. Looking toward the trash can, he quickly pieced it together.

He moistened his dry lips. "I'm shameless? You seemed to enjoy it last night.."

"You! Shut up!"

Kimberly was speechless, her anger making her chest rise and fall rapidly. Despite the discomfort, she got out of bed, grabbed her crumpled dress from the floor, and stormed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Chris touched his nose, realizing she was genuinely upset.

Recalling the way she had walked just now, he felt a twinge of guilt. Reaching under the pillow, he grabbed his phone and texted Leif.

"Bring two sets of clothes and pick up some ointment from the pharmacy."

He didn't explain the type or purpose of the ointment, but Leif got the message immediately.

In the adjacent room, Leif, working despite the dark circles under his eyes, couldn't help but smirk. He was fully aware of the agitated night Kimberly and Chris had just had.

The reason he was staying at the hotel was clear, to ensure no one else occupied the room next to theirs, potentially overhearing their activities.

After playing the role of guardian to their love affair all night and then rising early to manage work, Leif was nearly exhausted. He paused to take a deep breath before typing on his phone.

"Understood. Do you need any... Contraceptives?"

In the adjacent room, Chris's face became grave upon receiving Leif's message. He pondered for a moment. Indeed, he had used an entire box of condoms last night.

However, to mitigate the effects of the drug on Kimberly, there had been an instance where he hadn't used protection...

Remembering her insistence that she didn't want to become pregnant, Chris looked down, his lips tight, and responded, "Yes."

On the other side, Leif saw the message and frowned in disapproval, silently accusing his boss of being irresponsible.

Despite everything, he still expected Kimberly to take contraceptives!

Was this not simply a matter of using her and then acting as if nothing had happened?

Leif shook his head in disbelief, stowed his phone, grabbed his car keys, and exited the room.

Ten minutes later, he stood at the door of the presidential suite, bag in hand, ready to ring the doorbell.

The door soon swung open from the inside, revealing a man clad in a white bathrobe. Leif kept a courteous smile as he passed over the bags.

"Thanks," Chris accepted the bags with a small nod and then began to close the door.

"Should I wait for you in the next room?" Leif asked.

Chris paused, his expression thoughtful, and asked, "You were in the room next door last night?"

Leif replied calmly, maintaining his composed demeanor, "Yes, the event organizers booked the hotel, and most of the guests were at the auction. I was concerned someone might overhear something sensitive next door, which could harm both your and Ms. Holden's reputations, so I decided to stay there."

Upon hearing this, Chris gave a barely noticeable nod and responded, "Well done. Wait for me in the next room, I'll get in touch soon."

"Yes, Mr. Howard."

Once the door shut, Leif headed back to the neighboring room.

Chris brought the bags over to the bed, pulled out the one with women's clothing, and walked over to the bathroom door, knocking gently.

"I've had Leif fetch some clothes and other items. Would you like me to hand you the clothes?"

With a soft click, the bathroom door unlocked slightly. A delicate hand emerged, and Chris passed the bag through without peering inside.

When Kimberly stepped out of the bathroom fully dressed, she was met with the sight of Chris's tall, muscular figure donning a shirt, his back marked by undistinguished scratches.

The sight made Kimberly flush with embarrassment as memories of the previous night washed over her. She quickly averted her gaze, unable to face him directly.

Chris, sensing her movement, finished buttoning his black shirt with methodical movements of his long, slender fingers and then turned to face her. "I'm ready."

At his announcement, Kimberly seemed to relax. She glanced up at him briefly, then walked over to the sofa and sat down. She grabbed a bottle of mineral water from the coffee table, taking a few sips to quench her dry throat.

Her voice rough, she said, "Mr. Howard, let's agree to forget what happened last night."

Chris stopped adjusting his tie and looked sharply at Kimberly, who was now seated on the sofa, his eyebrows knitting together in surprise.

"What did you just say?"

Kimberly took a deep breath, trying to manage her swirling emotions, then placed the water bottle back on the table and met his gaze with a composed detached expression.

"I believe you understood me. We're both adults. There's no reason for us to be bound by one night's mistake. Let's consider it a dream and return to being just friends, alright?"

As she spoke, her face was impassive, suggesting that this was the most logical resolution.

Chris's normally charming eyes now conveyed intense emotion. His face grew stern as he gripped his tie tightly, sat down on the coffee table in front of her, and fixed Kimberly with a piercing look. His voice was low and filled with frustration. "Are you trying to set boundaries between us?"

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Ms. Holden, it's unfair to use me and then just push me aside like this!"

Chris felt almost maddened by her words.

Imagine that! What sort of cold-hearted person was she?

"..."

Kimberly, struck by a sudden sense of guilt, blinked, her features reflecting a touch of helplessness.

"Yes, I sought your help last night! But that doesn't mean we need to be entangled forever. If you're seeking compensation, just name it. As long as it's within my means..."

Chris's gaze remained deep and intent, his demeanor that of a man scorned. He adjusted his loosely tied tie and replied, "All I want is you. Nothing else matters to me."

Kimberly paused, her features creasing slightly in confusion. She had momentarily forgotten that Chris was the scion of the Howard family.

What she possessed, he had. What she lacked, he did not need either.

"That, I'm afraid, is not possible," she said.



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