

Chapter 136 I Only Want You

Kimberly was certainly trying to establish boundaries with Chris.

Though she had been drugged only the night before, she was not completely out of it. She vividly recalled Chris's words whispered just before he was intimate with her.

Chris had promised to take responsibility. But responsibility for what? The implications were clear.

Yes, Kimberly harbored feelings for Chris, yet that didn't mean she was ready to dive into another relationship or marriage!

With Declan as a cautionary tale, Kimberly felt scared. She didn't dare to reach for the elusive thing called love again, fearing she might make the same mistakes.

Human emotions were wildly unpredictable. Who could say for certain that Chris wouldn't change?

A complex emotion flashed through Chris's eyes as he took in Kimberly's earnest expression, causing a pang in his chest.

Just moments before, he had reveled in the closeness with his beloved, but Kimberly's firm stance now cast him into gloom.

His emotions were like a roller coaster, climbing to great heights and then crashing down, leaving his heart feeling both sour and bitter.

"Why?" Chris's voice broke the silence after a lengthy pause, rough and slightly shaky. "Give me a reason."

Kimberly's eyes widened slightly, taken aback that such words would come from him.

She had assumed someone as self-assured as Chris wouldn't beg for her to stay.

It was at this moment she began to entertain the possibility that ... Chris might genuinely care for her.

"Mr. Howard, remember—I am still married."

That phrase again!

Chris's eyes turned a deeper shade as he responded coldly, "I haven't forgotten."

Not only did Kimberly remind him of her marital status, but Declan also never missed an opportunity to point it out in Chris's presence. They constantly reminded Chris of this fact!

To Chris, it seemed as though Kimberly was using her marriage as a convenient shield to fend him off. "Do you really think I couldn't make him sign those divorce papers right away? Ms. Holden, don't dismiss me with such a flimsy excuse!"

Kimberly found herself at a loss for words, her frustration mounting.

She was stating a fact, so how could it be seen as an excuse?

Yet facing Chris's penetrating gaze, she fell silent.

Perhaps she did bear some responsibility..

Kimberly's eyes flickered with a hint of guilt as she tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear. She quickly composed herself and sighed softly, saying, "Why does this have to be so complicated? Must it really be this awkward?"

Chris was caught off guard, he stared at her intently before pulling at his lips slightly. "Awkward? Does my desire to take responsibility make you feel uncomfortable?"

He realized he had posed a naive question as Kimberly's indifferent response made him feel as if he were embarrassing himself.

Kimberly leaned back against the plush sofa cushion crossing her elegant legs. She subtly furrowed her brows, coping with a lingering ache that served as a stark reminder of their encounter the previous night.

She didn't directly respond to Chris' question but instead voiced her frustration. "Have you ever considered that I might not want you to take responsibility for me?"

Her words were a soft but clear indication to Chris that a future together wasn't possible.

"Heh..." Chris felt a chill settle over his heart, his lips curling into a sardonic smile. His eyes, tinged red, fixed on her. "If you don't want me to take responsibility then who? Declan?"

Kimberly instinctively scowled at the mention of Declan, a wave of disgust washing over her. She was about to retort when Chris cut her off. "Do you know who drugged you?"

Caught off guard by his question, Kimberly momentarily forgot to challenge his earlier statement. "Who?"

She had thought back to the previous evening in the bathroom. The drinks she shared with Levi had come directly from the event's organizers, and she had been cautious to check for tampering.

It surely wasn't the beer.

Beyond that, the only thing she consumed was a plate of grilled skewers...

Yet, those skewers had been prepared by the onsite barbecue chef and served by a waiter, never passing through Levi's hands. It couldn't have been Levi!

So who was it?

Under her puzzled gaze, Chris remained detached, casually handing his tie to her. "Tie this for me, and I'll tell you."

Kimberly bit her lip, her eyes flashing with irritation as she sat up to assist him. "Do you realize how irritating it is to withhold the truth?"

Chris looked down at her, his voice filled with sarcasm. "Do you realize how obnoxious it is to sleep with someone and then refuse to take responsibility?"

Noticing her silence, Chris couldn't help but mock her, saying, "Last night