

Chapter 138 Could Chris Have Been Reborn

Kimberly gazed at Chris, her emotions depleted. Witnessing his distress, she refrained from aggravating him further, yet she also couldn't commit to anything more.

She remembered how Chris once confided in her that deceit was what he hated the most.

So, she chose to be honest with him.

"Mr. Hoffman and I are just friends."

Hearing this, the tension in Chris's expression eased. He reached out, caressing her cheek gently, returning to his usually tender demeanor, and quietly acknowledged her statement.

Before Kimberly could elaborate, Chris drew her onto his lap, his voice soft and concerned as he said, "Did you use the ointment I gave you earlier?"

Kimberly's cheeks warmed as she remembered the ointment Chris had handed her in a discreet package, realizing its purpose only after she had read the instructions.

She hesitated. "No, I haven't yet..."

The ointment was intended for internal use, but she was in too much discomfort to even consider applying it. She had planned to wait until the pain lessened.

Chris's brow furrowed, concern flickering in his eyes. "Do you need my help with it?"

He vividly remembered how intense their previous night had been.

From the evening into the early hours, it had lasted over eight hours, ending with Kimberly losing consciousness. He had gently cleaned her afterward with a towel, regret washing over him as he remembered how sensitive and inflamed her skin had appeared.

It was his first time as well, and he was baffled by his loss of control the instant his skin touched hers.

Even now, the memory stirred something within him.

Kimberly, sensing the growing tension, noticed the unmistakable warmth pressing against her through the fabric.

She swiftly stood, slipping from his grasp, her voice firm. "No, thank you!" She was at her breaking point.

"Mr. Howard, perhaps it's best if you focus on yourself for a while!"

Chris was taken aback for a moment before he grasped the awkwardness of the situation. He cleared his throat softly and rose to his feet. "Make sure to apply that ointment... Oh, and take this as well."

He produced a packet of contraceptive pills from his pocket and offered it to her.

Kimberly avoided his gaze, wary of revealing too much emotion. When she did glance over and saw the packet, her face showed a mix of feelings.

She took the pills silently, and a quiet fell over them.

"Mr. Howard, that's thoughtful of you. Saves me a trip to the pharmacy. Thank you."

Kimberly mustered a polite smile, then turned to fetch a disposable cup, filling it with warm water, ready to take the pills.

Chris observed her movements closely, a twinge of sorrow striking him as he noted her readiness to use the contraceptives. Unable to continue watching, he walked towards the bathroom, his tall frame appearing to carry a heavy weight of sadness.

As the bathroom door shut behind him, Kimberly clenched the white pill tightly, her body tensed. She waited until the sounds behind her ceased, hesitated briefly, and then discreetly threw the pill into the trash bin, covering it with a few crumpled tissues. ①

She turned back to the closed bathroom door, listening to the running water inside and took a sip of water to calm her dry throat.

Kimberly had been suspicious from the moment she asked the question earlier.

How had Chris known that Declan planned such a scheme against her?

The possibility struck her. Could Chris, too, have been reborn?

The thought caused Kimberly's expression to turn more serious, her heart racing wildly.

If she could relive her life, why couldn't someone else?

The more she considered it, the more she recalled suspicious details from her interactions with Chris. For instance, his reaction when she shared her plans wasn't just surprised but observing as if he knew more than he let on.

Initially, she had thought Chris was just interested in the land deal. But reflecting on it, Chris hadn't participated in the auction in her previous life. This time, his involvement seemed solely to support her, and throughout the auction, he hadn't bid on anything except plot number 8.

And then there was their encounter last night..

In her previous life, her recollections of that night were blurry and dark, but she vaguely remembered the man's build and the intense sensation he had evoked, strikingly similar to what happened last night.

If Chris had truly been reborn, then everything would make sense.

Kimberly's grip on the cup tightened as a wave of exhaustion swept over her. She realized that the man she had sex with in her previous life had been Chris, not Declan.

This explained why Declan had distanced himself after their encounter. When she had happily announced her pregnancy to Declan, his shock and subsequent complex expression made sense now.

There was no joy in the thought of impending fatherhood, only a sense of cold indifference.

Initially, she had assumed Declan was simply overwhelmed by the news. Later, she believed his lack of affection meant he did not desire the child, attributing his coldness to a lack of love. She had scorned him for his seeming cruelty, thinking that even a wild beast cared for its young.

However, he had refused to help as both she and their child were lost to a fire.

It dawned on her that the child was never Declan's.

Therefore, Declan could afford to be indifferent, which was why he never accompanied her to the hospital for prenatal check-ups; the child she carried belonged to his greatest rival.

Overwhelmed by these revelations, Kimberly felt an immense fatigue. She threw the cup in the bin and made her way to the door.

Opening it, she nearly bumped into Leif, who was poised to knock. Both paused, taken aback.

Leif recovered first, offering a sheepish smile. "Ms. Holden... Good afternoon. Is Mr. Howard around?"

Kimberly's face was impassive as she replied, "He's in the bathroom."

Her attention was then drawn to a man restrained by bodyguards behind Leif, gagged with a towel, his eyes wide and frantic, making muffled noises as if desperate to communicate.

Kimberly arched an eyebrow at the sight of the man in a hotel uniform. Recalling earlier conversations with Chris, she turned back to Leif with a querying look.

"Is this the person who drugged me?"

Leif, realizing Kimberly must have been filled in by Chris, nodded affirmatively. "Yes, that's him."