

Chapter 142 Did She Not Want To Marry Him

Kimberly regained her senses only after settling into the plush seats of Chris's limited edition Rolls-Royce, though the recent events still seemed unbelievable.

"Are we heading to the courthouse?" her voice echoed softly, wrapped in a haze of confusion.

From beside her, Chris's deep voice rang out, saying, "Yes."

Chris noticed her distracted look and his expression grew cold. "Do you hesitate to leave him?"

How could that thought even arise?

She had been looking forward to divorcing Declan at the earliest opportunity.

Kimberly's forehead creased slightly as she turned to face Chris. They were alone in his car, with Declan and his crew trailing in another vehicle. Chris was positioned across the seat from her, leaving space ample enough for two additional adults.

Night had fallen. Neon lights streaked through the windows, illuminating Chris. The warmth previously seen in his eyes had disappeared, replaced by a detached coolness. His sharply defined features appeared sculptural, each angle perfect.

Dressed in a black shirt paired with tailored trousers, his attire accentuated his muscular, trim legs. The strength in his limbs was palpable, even through the fabric.

Recollections of Chris's sturdy, towering form from the night before flooded her thoughts.

Scenes from their intimate encounter replayed in her mind—his intense

gaze, his large hands firmly encircling her waist...

Feeling a wave of embarrassment, Kimberly looked away and casually flicked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, trying to maintain her composure. "Divorcing him isn't as straightforward as it might seem," she explained.

Chris's eyes narrowed, his mouth setting into a firm line. "What do you mean?"

Her avoidance of eye contact led him to suspect she might be having second thoughts about the divorce. Why else would she dodge his question and look away?

"We haven't even started drafting the divorce papers," she said. "I've prepared a template, but it includes a condition he'll surely reject."

Kimberly's expression tightened as she gazed out at the passing scenery, her face etched with discontent.

She quickly realized that divorcing was far more complicated than marrying had ever been!

The more she dwelled on these frustrating realities, the more she resolved never to enter into marriage again.

To her, marriage seemed to offer no advantage whatsoever.

Chris scoffed coldly, abruptly drawing her onto his lap. His thumb caressed her lips, his eyes intense and probing "Is it truly that hard? Are you really so reluctant to leave him? If that's the case, why seek my help last night instead of his?"

Kimberly was deep in thought about how to get Declan to agree to the divorce when Chris's abrupt gesture took her by surprise. Annoyed, she knocked his hand away. "Will you cut it out? I'm trying to have a serious conversation here!"

Chris slightly lifted his head, locking eyes with her. Noticing her grave demeanor, his gaze dropped to her lips, which were still tender. He absentmindedly rubbed his thumb where it had brushed her lips, his expression masking his thoughts.

"So, what's the reason he won't sign the divorce papers?"

"It's because I need him to return the money I lent him," she responded.

She gazed at Chris with earnestness, seeking wise counsel. Chris was the only one capable of dealing with the rogue, Declan.

It was only under Chris's pressure that Declan had even agreed to show up at the courthouse.

"He owes me two hundred million. He recently acquired Plot No. 8 and had borrowed a billion from me. It's unlikely he can scrape together the two hundred million for me."

"I'll provide it," Chris said abruptly, his eyes piercing. "Not just two hundred million. If you agree to stay with me, I'll offer you ten billion."

Kimberly felt trapped. "What does that mean? That money was a gift from my parents before they died. All I want is for him to pay it back!"

Her fixation on retrieving the money had prolonged the divorce proceedings with Declan.

Chris's brow furrowed, his look intensifying. "You realize he's not in a position to return it right now!"

"But that money belongs to me! Just because he's broke doesn't mean I shouldn't reclaim what's mine!"

Kimberly's frustration grew. Her resolve not to yield on the money issue was firm.

This money was more than just currency. It was invested with her parent's love and their hopes for her prosperous future.

As Chris's frown deepened, her irritation surged, and she attempted to rise from his lap.

"Forget it. You don't understand my feelings. There's nothing left to discuss. Let me go!"

However, Chris tightened his grip around her waist, his eyes searching. "If I can persuade him to sign the divorce papers, but you won't receive the

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money until the divorce is officially granted, would you want to proceed with the divorce?"

This proposal visibly excited Kimberly, her earlier vexation giving way to anticipation. "Absolutely! As long as he commits to repaying me, I'm willing to wait a bit longer. Will you help me with this?"

Chris's eyes gleamed as Kimberly ceased struggling and sat quietly on his lap. Suddenly, he straightened up, his large hand cradling the back of her head, stopping just shy of her lips. His breathing became slightly hurried.

"I can assist you, but... I have my terms."

Kimberly's eyes, clear and wide, mirrored his attractive features. Her heart fluttered as she sensed his warm breath against her cheek.

A slight blush tinted her face, and she faltered, "What are your terms?"

Chris's gaze drifted upwards, his lips parting to speak, but a gentle hand pressed against his mouth. Surprised and confused, he asked, "What are you doing?"

With a grave and earnest look, Kimberly set things straight. "Let's be clear, Mr. Howard. I have no intention of falling into the marriage trap again. If you're rethinking of marriage as a condition, then you might as well remain silent."

Chris stayed quiet, his eyes locked on hers in silent contemplation.

He found himself unable to fully grasp Kimberly's intentions.

At first, he doubted she would ever leave Declan. However, she appeared genuinely elated when he proposed helping her. Now, she insisted she had no desire to marry again.

Was it truly that she didn't want to marry, or was it him she didn't want to marry?

Or perhaps she was merely using this as a pretext to avoid finalizing the divorce, and secretly planning to accept Declan's conditions?

